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# WOMAN'S HOME COMMISSION

July 1921



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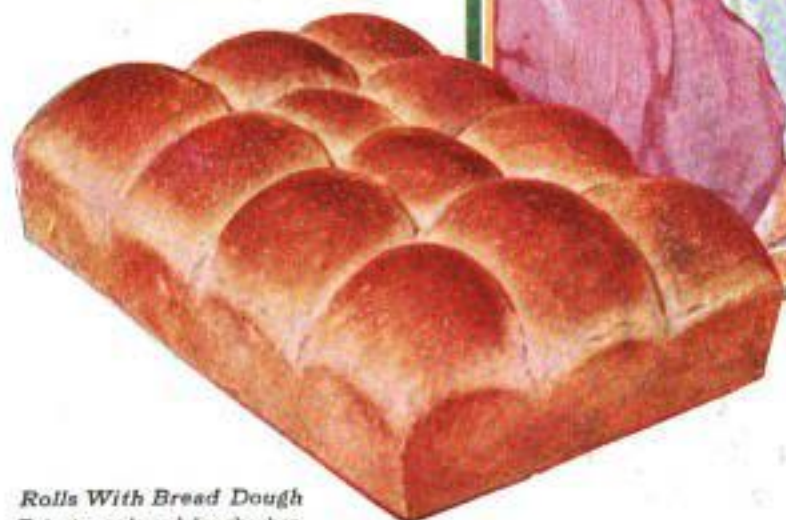


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*For piping hot rolls  
at meal time*



**Rolls With Bread Dough**  
Take 4 cups bread dough when ready to mold into loaves. Shape into round balls. Set in a buttered pan; place in icebox until meal time. Then brush with melted butter. Bake.



*Out of the ice box—  
into the oven*



*Mould a part of your bread dough into rolls  
and keep in the ice box for the next meal.*

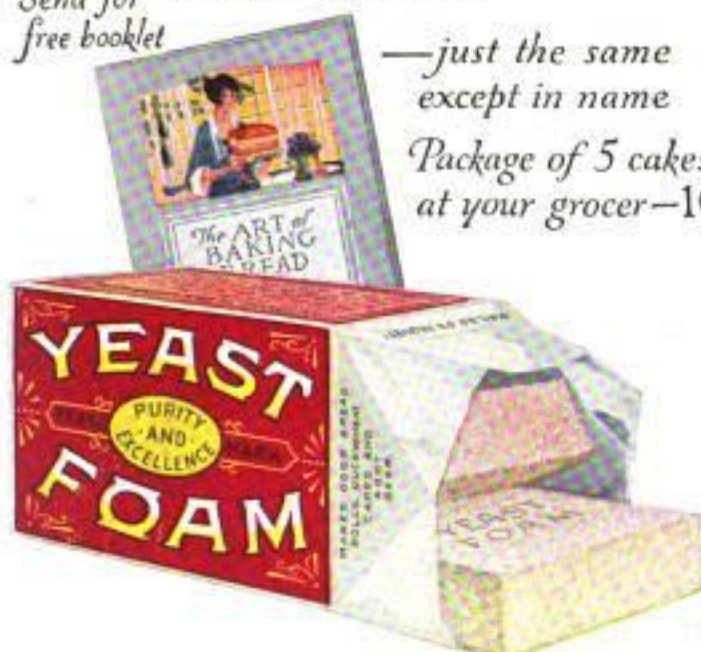
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JULY 1921

## WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO  
 George D. Buckley, President  
 Lee W. Maxwell, Vice President and General Business Manager  
 Thomas H. Beck, Vice President  
 J. E. Miller, Vice President  
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 EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 7

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## Edna Ferber's New Novel "The Girls"

*Will begin in next month's "Companion"*



**T**HIS story is about Great-aunt Charlotte Thrift, spinster, aged seventy-six; her niece and namesake, Lottie Payson, spinster, aged thirty-two; and Lottie's niece and namesake, Charley Kemp, spinster, aged eighteen and a half. If you are led by this to exclaim, aghast, "A story about old maids!" you are right; it is. Perhaps, though, after all, one couldn't call Great-aunt Charlotte an old maid . . . perhaps, too, the term is inappropriate to vigorous, alert, and fun-loving Lottie. For that matter, a glimpse of Charley in her white, woolly sweater and gym pants might cause you to demand a complete retraction of the term. Charley is

of the type before whom this era stands in amazement, and something like terror; Charley speaks freely on subjects of which Great-aunt Charlotte has never even heard. . . .

This is the substance of Miss Ferber's introduction to her story. "The Girls," by the creator of "Emma McChesney," is a slice of American life; true, humorous, pathetic, joyous, thrilling, a really big, sincere piece of writing, that seems to us here in the COMPANION office to rank with the best American novels of this decade. We are proud to offer it to our readers. It will begin in the August number, and will be published in three long instalments, ending in October.

Important Notice: The Table of Contents for this number will be found on page 86

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# EDITORIAL



## The One Indispensable Job

**T**HE best modern institutions to provide for the taking care of foundling babies or orphan babies under two years of age are pleasant places to look upon. The first time you walk through the dormitories of such a place, and see all the little cots, the spacious room, the sunlight streaming in, the ample provision for ventilation, the neat, white-capped nurses, you incline to agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw that an enlightened State will in the end take care of all babies in a proper institution, and save them from the disordered existence of that disorganized and haphazard place—the average home.

Yet institutional babies, in spite of care, in spite of careful watching, in spite of good conditions all around them, die in numbers far greater than babies intrusted by Providence into the hands of even the most ignorant of mothers. Institution babies died in such appallingly large numbers through so many years, that in the end they made what strikers and propagandists of various sorts call "a demonstration," and the wise baby specialists admitted it. The babies demonstrated that they had to have mothers; they had to have the personal, unremitting, loving care which any woman, if she has a heart, can give, and which the most excellent institution, however hard it tries, cannot give.

*Mothering* is what little babies need, and they will not thrive without it. Good food is not enough, and not even light and air and perfect hygienic surroundings are enough; they have got to be brooded, or they die; all the things that are not included in the régime of the best of institutions—the little tiny attentions that only love can give, the little special understanding, the love, the petting, even if not always judicious—they must have.

The theorists can talk: the babies have had the last word on the question. Enough of them have died to prove the point of the need of each little child. If he is to grow up normal and useful, even a comparatively poor mother is better than a good institution.

*Mothering* remains the one indispensable job in the world—and the mother the one indispensable person.

## To the Gold Star Mothers of America

**S**HORTLY after the declaration of the Armistice, in November, 1918, an American woman went over the Argonne battlefield with her husband. The sky was serene and the cannon had ceased to roar; but over and under and through everything was the ruin of war—the shattered, blasted trees, shallow ditches where men had taken hasty refuge, pits made by bursting shells, and mounds that still sheltered the dead where they had fallen.

But along with the gray desolation there was the hushed beauty and serenity of the "big timber" forest itself. On the very top of one of the great hills the woman found some ivy growing. The broken branches of the trees around it were shriveled with the gases from the shells and blackened with fire; but the ivy was growing out again, a sign and symbol of life pushing forth anew in the midst of death.

The woman dug up the ivy and carried it in a paper package on the five days' motor trip back. In Paris, the French gardener at her friend's house revived it. When it was time to sail for America, the ivy was at least alive. In her stateroom, homeward bound, she placed it near the air, and it suddenly began to grow. It has continued to grow ever since.

Now there are hundreds of little ivy plants from that one shoot, and more are coming all the time.

Any American mother whose son was lost in the war, and who would like to have one of these plants as a sign of green remembrance—and as a token from another American mother whose own sons are far too young to have been in the great war—is asked to write to Mrs. Frank Vanderlip, Scarborough-on-Hudson, New York. In writing, please give the boy's name, regiment and number, and the mother's full name and address.

## "Orchard Street" and "Main Street"

**M**R. BARTON'S "Orchard Street" stories began in May, with "The Girl Who Wasn't Done Right By." Another, about "Steve Carter, Who Won the War," is in this issue, on page 21. Already a few comments on the similarity of Mr. Barton's description of Orchard Street to Mr. Lewis's description of Main Street have come in, and here is Mr. Barton's letter to answer them.

DEAR MISS LANE: Of course we won't be believed, but don't you think we ought to tell folks the facts about "Orchard Street" and "Main Street"?

You remember the evening at the Algonquin Hotel a year ago last summer when I got to reminiscing, as old men do, and told you about the street I used to live on, and what had happened to folks on that street in twenty-five years.

And you said, "That would make a fine series of stories for the COMPANION; go ahead and write them."

So I went ahead, and wrote two of them. And then I had to go to work for a while at the business that feeds the B. Bartons, and it was several months before I got the others written. And just as the last one was on the fire, out comes Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" with a bang. And there you are.

It just goes to show the penalty you pay when you let business interfere with your pleasure—writing for the COMPANION being my chief pleasure. If the first "Orchard Street" story had come out the same week as "Main Street," then everyone would have said, "Isn't it interesting how great minds run in the same grooves, only Lewis's runs so much faster and better than Barton's. And they both have red hair and children and everything."

As I say, they won't believe us. But I wish you would publish this, so I can take it home and show it to my wife. And, Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, papers please copy.

Sincerely yours, BRUCE BARTON.

## A Working Democracy

**A**NY day in the week there can be seen in the big general reading-rooms of the central branch of the New York City Public Library an active, live, working democracy: without prejudice as to race, color, condition, or age, the goods of the library are at the disposal of everyone who seeks. Here the principles of democracy our country stands for are in splendid working order; here we may see a fine democracy going steadily forward.

The books are intended for the people, and they are used by the people. Belonging to all of us, we are all alike free to use them.

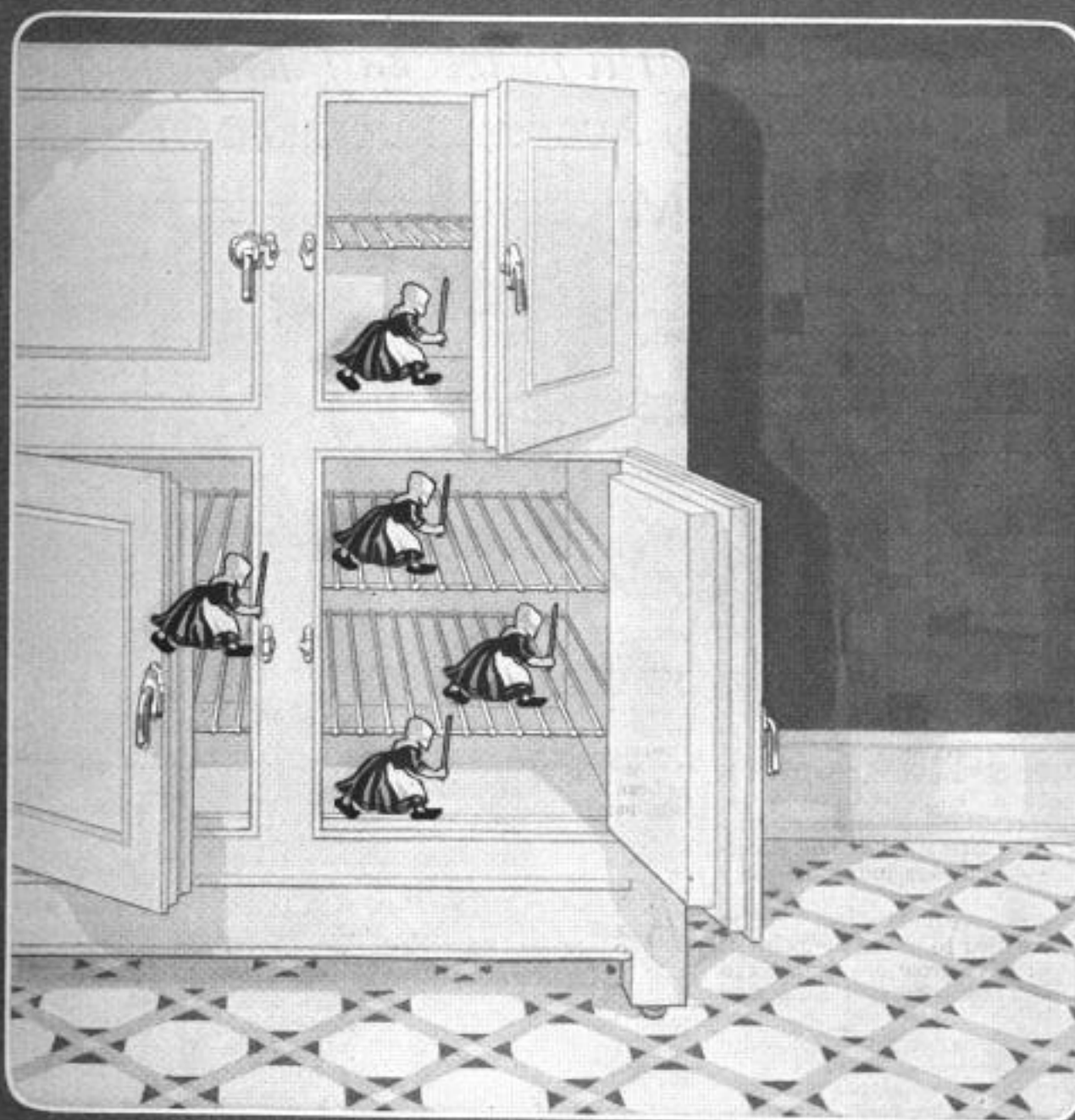
In the vast and heterogeneous population of our largest city the scene becomes one of drama. Here an old Jewish reader, with a long patriarchal beard, bends his black skull-capped head over a ponderous volume; next him a young American girl consults a book on textile design. There, an eager-looking young Russian is asking for books on music, and beside him a placid mother is requesting books for her children. To everyone the same attitude of sincere service is shown. Everywhere is the atmosphere of quiet and of work.

Similar scenes are enacted in all our public libraries. Everywhere they are an active agency for the dissemination of news in the great world; of information, technical and general; of education. Everywhere they supply a concrete example of what democracy can do and how it does it.

Our numerous public libraries are something we may well be proud of. And we may well wish to extend their work. For, unfortunately, sixty per cent of our population are without library service. Committed as we are to universal public schools, and to compulsory education, convinced as we are that this is a necessary basis for a self-governing people, we ought surely to provide the great after-school educational possibilities of free books in free libraries to all our population, and not merely to a scant forty per cent of it.

The American Library Association is working steadily away at its enlarged program, and its goal is to put more books within the reach of more people—and more! Everyone who cares for free education, everyone who is interested in this laboratory of democracy, everyone who is in step with the progress of America, will want to support the A. L. A. in its valuable and progressive efforts.





# Clean and Sanitary

Keep your refrigerator hygienically clean and sanitary with Old Dutch Cleanser. Perfect cleanliness preserves food and guards your family's health.

Free from dangerous caustics, acids and alkalis. Won't scratch the surface nor harm the hands.





# Keeping Well in Summer—

*Is merely a matter of knowing how*

By AUGUSTA RUCKER, M. D.



**H**EAT in itself, no matter how great, cannot overcome the resistance of a properly nourished, suitably clothed body and a well-poised mind. The woman who tells you that she is "all worn out with the heat," probably is worn out by a combination of worry and indigestion, perhaps complicated with badly fitting shoes and insufficient sleep.

In formulating a health program for women, they may be classified loosely in three groups, composed, respectively, of the home women, the women at home who also are mothers, the women whose work lies outside the home in shop or office. The taking of a health inventory, however, at the beginning of the heated season, can be recommended to every woman, whatever her field of activity.

The health inventory is not simply a physical examination, in which all emphasis is placed on defects, but, as its name implies, is a taking of stock: the cheering discovery that you have splendid lungs, even if two of your teeth need filling; that your heart is perfectly sound, though your posture be defective. The health inventory should be made by a physician who looks upon an individual as an aggregate of live forces, rather than a bundle of weaknesses.

After taking an inventory in a shop, the next step is to replenish the stocks that are "low." An exactly analogous process should be followed by the woman who has been "inventoried." She should build up the weak spots in body, mind, and disposition (a really comprehensive health inventory takes all three into account); attend at once to all superficial defects; and try to make the whole woman a strong, attractive, and serviceable creature. Now, it is an interesting fact, and one reason for taking a health inventory at the beginning of summer, that this is the best and easiest time for forming many desirable health habits.

In summer it is easy and pleasant to take cold baths, eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, drink a great deal of water, enjoy fresh air, outdoor exercise, a minimum of clothing. The home woman, the mother, the business woman, may each adapt these and other good-health habits to her individual needs and circumstances.

## You Can Change Your Scenery

**A**S THE home woman is in the majority, let us take her case first. She is the woman who so often gets no formal "vacation," who remains in her winter surroundings and feels that the burdens of winter housekeeping still press down her shoulders. But she can change all that—even though she does not go away. Perhaps the most vital and invigorating part of any vacation is the temporary revolution in one's ideas and methods. The woman who stays at home cannot change the scenery outside her house; but she can change the scenery inside it; she can change her food, her dress, her work, her whole daily régime. In certain ways, she has more freedom of action than the apparently independent business woman.

Camping out in a tent is generally admitted to be a delightful way of spending the summer. The woman who remains in her house as its mistress should make that house as nearly like a tent as possible, and should camp out in it.

Every entangling alliance with draperies, curtains, portières should be broken. These things, together with the rugs, should be bundled off to the cleaners. Cotton slips over all the furniture, and the putting away of all superfluous ornaments and pictures will save an enormous amount of dusting. It is a good idea even to "strip" the dining-room, using paper dishes, napkins and doilies, in place of china and linen.

The picture of the poor housewife bending over the hot stove on a broiling summer's day is an affecting one; but—except in the farm kitchen where a number of hard-working men must be served with hearty meals—the housewife, with a little intelligent planning, can avoid this to a great extent.

## What to Eat—and Why

**B**Y RISING early, many of the dishes for dinner and for lunch or supper, can be prepared in the early morning. Fowl or fish should take the place of red meat in the summer dietary; twice a week is often enough for this last-mentioned food. At many meals it is sufficient to serve eggs, salads, or a cheese dish, in combination with fresh vegetables and fruit. All vegetables that can be taken raw—such as endive, romaine, celery, lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage (as "cole slaw"), cucumbers—should be used as much as possible, since they are rich in that newly discovered and valuable food substance, vitamins. Fruit should be eaten in its delicious raw state, instead of being cooked in pies and puddings.

In hot weather, when the body loses so much moisture through perspiration, it is almost impossible to drink too much water. Ten or twelve glasses a day are not an

excessive amount. The water should be cool, but not iced, and some of it may be drunk with the meals, provided it be not used to wash down half-chewed food.

If the man of the house can come home at noon, it is a good idea in summer to serve the principal meal of the day then, for the night's rest will be better after a simple supper than after a heavy dinner, and sleep is more important in summer than at any other time. For that reason, the home-maker who wishes to keep well through the hot weather should undress early every afternoon, go to bed for an hour or an hour and a half, and sleep as much of that time as possible. The siesta is a regular part of the life of dwellers in hot countries; they learned its value long ago. From her nap, the home woman should arise rested and refreshed, ready for a dash under the cold shower and a pleasant afternoon and evening reading, sewing, porch visiting, or just calmly contemplating. The women of this generation do too little quiet thinking. Yet a calm habit of mind has an enormous influence over the physical health, particularly in summer.

If the home woman cleverly has shut her windows at about eight o'clock in the morning, and either pulled together the outside blinds or pulled down curtains and Japanese screens on the inside, she may open her house just before sunset, and enjoy cool, comfortable rooms for her night's rest. She should sleep at least eight hours, and spend a longer time in bed. Every summer night she should take a cleansing bath in warm water.

## Simple Rules for Clothing and Exercise

**O**NE of the most health-giving advantages enjoyed by the woman at home in summer is that she may wear a minimum of clothing. An under garment of silk or cotton, cut in one or two pieces as the wearer prefers; a one-piece outer garment, hanging from the shoulders, collarless and short-sleeved; stockings rolled in the Scotch fashion, and either sandals or those Japanese slippers which cannot be kept on unless the foot is arched—make a supremely healthful, comfortable and suitable costume for a woman in the privacy of her own dwelling. Not hers the "harness" which the business woman must carry, in hot weather as in cold!

Every woman who manages her own home gets exercise, in one way or another; yet in summer, as in winter, I advise ten minutes of setting-up drill every morning, wearing as few clothes as possible. In this way all the muscles are brought into play. If she cares for outdoor sports, by all means let her indulge in them, choosing the late afternoons, so as to avoid the fiercest rays of the sun.

If the simple, constructive program for health during hot weather which I have just outlined is important for the home-maker, it is even more important for the mother, on whose well-being depends that of her baby. The same rules hold good for her—simplification of her work, comfortable clothes, lots of sleep, a calm spirit; simple food composed largely of eggs and milk, fruit, green vegetables and a great deal of water—this positively is the best hot-weather diet, even for the nursing mother.

Broadly speaking, the business woman's problem of keeping up to the mark in summer is the same as



**DOCTOR RUCKER**, graduate of the University of Texas and of the Medical School at Johns Hopkins University, is Chief Pediatrician at the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. She also has been in charge of the health of the women employees in a large industrial plant in New York. Her ten years' experience in dealing with health problems lends authority to the simple yet constructive program here outlined.

that of other women, but the business woman must use different methods of solution. She cannot do her hard work in the early part of the day, or take an after-lunch siesta. She must adopt other means of guarding her health.

The first and most inclusive, perhaps, of the expedients that suggest themselves, is what might be described as a change of gear. When an automobile has to go up a long hill, or over an unusually difficult piece of road, the experienced driver changes from high to low. The wise business woman puts her working energy on low gear, during the hot weather. Not that she becomes a business slacker. But she takes things a bit more easily; she avoids a physical or mental rush—and accomplishes more, in the long run, because she also avoids a hysterical or nervous breakdown.

The summer dietary of the business woman is an exceedingly important factor in keeping her well. She should eat freely of eggs, cheese, fruit and the leafy vegetables, lightly of fowl, fish and sweets, sparingly of red meat. She should drink milk, and also large quantities of water daily.

An occasional glass of soda, or an occasional dish of ice cream, is not harmful, but a succession of iced drinks or delicacies taken into the body delays the stomach juices in doing their work; in a word, slows down all the digestive processes.

When her business is over for the day, how can she best recuperate? The woman inclined to stoutness should go to a gymnasium and enjoy a good hour of hard physical exercise, topped off by the cold shower. The slender woman should undress, use warm water for a cleansing wash, open the windows, and lie flat on her bed for an hour, relaxing completely, sleeping for half the time if possible. After the respective antidotes for fatigue poison just described, both stout and slender woman should be ready for dinner and a pleasant evening.

## Comfortable Clothes

**L**IKE the woman at home, her wage-earning sister will do well to begin her summer day with a cool, invigorating shower, plunge or sponge bath. She cannot, however, duplicate the loose and comfortable dress of the home-maker. Most business women wear corsets, the trim, tailored suit, the silk shirt. A one-piece dress of dark silk is also possible; but it should have a removable wash lining or gimp.

Her hat should be light in weight, should fit her head comfortably, and should shade her eyes. She should select a low shoe or pump with a straight inner line, a flexible shank and a low heel. Stockings should be of silk or cotton, not lisle.

On Saturday or other free afternoons the business woman should play tennis or golf, take long "hikes," indulge in some form of exercise which makes her perspire profusely and leaves her deliciously tired.

Summer should be for all a season of health and happiness, of the storing of energy, rather than its depletion.

Not summer heat, but the fear of it, the ignorance of how to adjust one's self to it, is responsible for breakdowns. If each woman, this summer, will resolve not only to eat, drink, dress, sleep, play and work sensibly, but also to think sanely, she will provide the firmest of foundations on which to rear her structure of health.



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**Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.**



Actual photograph of sweater after 55 washings with Ivory Flakes. This sweater and statement of original owner on file in the office of the Procter & Gamble Company.



This wool sweater had 55 washings before this picture was taken

A Chicago girl wore this coral wool sweater and washed it fifty-five times during the past three years. After the first twelve washings she altered the neck and arm-holes with some of the *unwashed* yarn. Much to her surprise, *the new yarn could not be told from the old!* And through the other forty odd washings, the sweater has kept its color, its woolly softness, and its original shape. It looks good for another three years' wear.

Its owner credits this remarkable record to the fact that she used nothing but Ivory Soap Flakes for every one of the fifty-five washings. Ivory Flakes gave her the unequaled purity of Ivory Soap plus the convenience and safety of *rub-less* laundering. She says each washing took only five minutes.

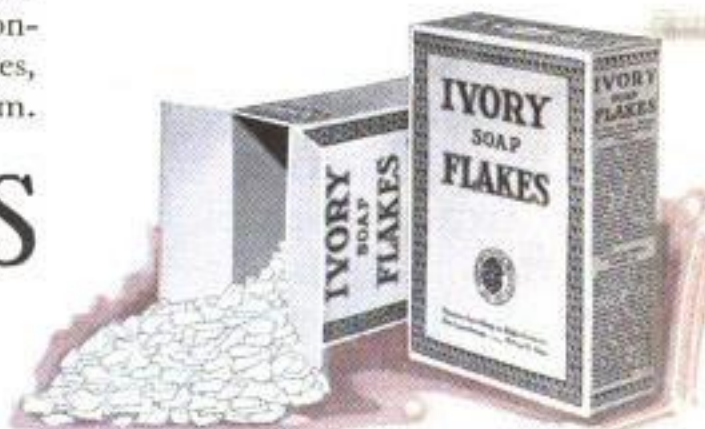
You may never need to wash a sweater as often as this one was washed, but you undoubtedly own garments which you do not want to subject to the dangers of rubbing and of doubtful ingredients in soap. For such delicate pieces, Ivory Flakes will give you the utmost convenience and safety. Use it for woolens, silks, satins, laces, chiffons. It will harm nothing that water alone will not harm.

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*Makes pretty clothes last longer*

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with directions for the care of delicate garments. Address Section 12-GF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.





# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Gertrude B. Lane, Editor

Volume 48

July, 1921

Number 7



*Richard read aloud to Milly while she darned his socks. The two seemed to have buried their familiar hatchet*

**W**E CALL it moving to New York to make a home for Richard," Thatcher wrote. "Between ourselves, my dear Isabel, I am not entirely certain that Dickie wants a home made for him; but he is too amiable to say so, and I don't task leading questions. He has a confounded charm, expects to get everything by it, and he does—look at his walking out of college into such a house as Ordway and McAllister. The whole trouble with Richard... Milly, praise be, has no charm. She is the same sunburnt Brunhilda with a nice little peeling nose and the biceps of a blacksmith... You will be a great comfort to me. Leaving the college is a wrench; but I have been saying I was going to leave for sixteen years, and I recognize God's right to call my bluff. I ought to earn as much as Brewster College pays the head of its art department, without undue strain. And with Richard earning his own wool socks... This letter is a fair sample of what you have to expect. But you always liked problems, and mine will give you endless copy for the magazine. (Milly eats it up from cover to cover.) Run a series of articles on the struggles of a solitary male parent..."

Isabel's disciplined mind went through the motions of considering the suggested articles. Her magazine was always a loved presence at her side, and everything that life brought her was offered first to its insatiable needs. Then she read the letter again and again, sitting very still before it, warning herself that there was no sense in being so glad.

"I hate waste, even in emotion," she said resolutely, her brown eyes steady in her nice brown face. She could see so well, with the wisdom of her forty-

## The Eye of the Needle

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ILLUSTRATED By H. J. MOWAT

three years, how she had lost Dan Thatcher, and that, given a chance, she must lose him again in the same way. Even as a girl of eighteen she had dimly understood; but she had loved him, she had had so much to give him, it was all so right and fine—how could she pretend to hold back? When his hand had found her own frank hand held out, Thatcher had chilled, lost enthusiasm. Isabel, desperately hurt, had shrunk away, and so brought him back again, ardent male at his old business of pursuit, and no more analytical of himself than of her. In her agony of relief, she had run back to him—she could not help it! And so the drama had repeated itself for a torturing year, until his path had been crossed by a sketchable girl who knew how to run away the whole time. She had kept on running away all the years of her marriage, and his letters, the year after her death, had been genuinely heartsick.

"Now I am going to be wise," Isabel announced, eyes

held straight on the truth. If she had been mature at eighteen, twenty-five years later she had a surprising youngness, as though, after that shattering disappointment, she had stored away her youth and saved it for this time. "I will not forget for an instant what I know," she insisted. "I can't change myself—there are things I can't learn, with Dan. If I hope, I shall go toward him. And so I am never going to let myself hope."

It was easier after he came. From the first moment it felt natural, as though their lives had been running along side by side all these years. Thatcher, more lean and rangy, his wild bush of sandy hair turning gray, his long fingers much in evidence, still liked to hold forth—he had always been a torrential talker; and Isabel, quietly pleasing to look at, her dress as smooth and finished as her brown hair, still liked best to listen and comment and reward his happy hits with her deeply amused smile.

The children, of course, held the center. Milly with her tramping step was only a little girl of eighteen, helplessly shy, pathetically honest; but the perturbing Richard had a charm—a flexible sweetness, a monkeyish humor—that struck Isabel as unfair; no one had a right to go through life leaving an ache of loneliness, a sense of having missed the party, in everyone he passed. Richard made it seem a festival to dine with her—but immediately after dinner he excused himself to keep another engagement. He was cheerfully forbearing with his father's annoyance, kissed Isabel's hand, enlivened his exit by falling over his own feet, then brought back his overcoat, so that he need not miss anything while he was shaking it on over his resplendent evening dress.

"I'll come again soon, thank you," he said. "Only it is too silly to call you Aunt Isabel. That's all right for the kid, but you and I are almost contemporaries. Can't we





The room was very still after he had gone

think up some compromise?" He smiled engagingly. "You might try Miss Bronson," his father said, in a very bad humor.

Richard, feigning nervousness of the paternal hand, sidled out of the room, grinned back from the doorway, and let himself out with a lively bang. Isabel was smiling after him.

"Oh, yes, that's the way all the ladies look at Dickie," scolded his father. "He has done an abominably rude thing—he hadn't any engagement when he promised to come here, but because he is funny with his legs and has a monstrous impudence, no one but me ever thinks of holding him to account."

Isabel smiled at him from a deep brown velvet chair that became her like a frame. Having them there was like the end of a long, hard journey. She had no care for past or future; the rich present enfolded her in utter content. "Have you many friends here?" she added, thinking to divert Thatcher from his grievance; but that only led to a fresh one.

"Milly and I haven't, but Richard is in society," he said fretfully. "Brewster has a rich old tradition, you know. There is always an inner circle of gilded youth—very gilded, very exclusive; I'd rather Richard had got in with a bunch of horse thieves!" His long fingers shot up through his hair as though only a raised mane could express his exasperation.

"A rich man must expect to have his boy spoiled by money, but for a poor man to have his boy spoiled by other people's money—I call it tough!"

Milly made abrupt entrance into the conversation: "Dickie expects to be rich."

Thatcher looked even comically alarmed. "In heaven's name, how?"

"He thinks Aunt Camilla will leave her money to us."

Thatcher fell back with a relieved hoot. "Oh, don't you worry about Aunt Camilla's millions! Her church has them all roped and ready to be pulled in as soon as she passes on. Eccentric old party—inherited a fortune in Chile generations ago and became a sort of recluse," he explained to Isabel. "She doesn't even know that Milly has her name; I saw to that! I don't like bids for bequests. Milly wasn't named after her, of course; there was always a Camilla in her mother's family. The hope of money—Lord, what it can do to a young life! Or to an old one!"

Milly was in the grip of her overmastering honesty. "But Aunt Camilla does know about me," she said, troubled eyes lifted straight to his. "Dickie and I sent her a snapshot last year, that one of us both in the canoe."

His mobile face twisted into a variety of threatened emotions. "What the deuce did you do that for?"

Milly went sturdily on. "Well, we are about all the relatives she's got left, and we thought it would be fun

if she did leave us some of her money." "You, too!" He was saddened past indignation. "Blessing, what would you do with a lot of money?"

"Spend it," was the instant answer.

He groaned, then laughed a little, with an arm tightly about her. "You can't save them, you can't change or influence them," he told Isabel over her head. "The whole generation is against you, and they go with the tide. What did she answer?" he added to Milly.

"She sent us two religious picture cards," was the frankly disgusted answer. "We didn't get even a Christmas present. But Dickie thinks the picture of us will strike in in time. It was a jolly one."

"If I thought that," her father began, then left the threat suspended.

RICHARD, of course, did not "come again soon." He did not even make a dinner call, and when Isabel went to dine with his family he telephoned at the last moment that he was detained and not to wait for him. He did not turn up at all, of course; but the next day he sent Isabel violets with a card inscribed, "For Dear Editor"—he had found his name for her—and illustrated with a spidery little Richard on stick knees, apologizing.

Thatcher, coming in that evening, refused to be softened by it.

"Richard does just what seems pleasant at the moment," he held forth. "Then he smoothes it over with a little affection. But it never occurs to him that affection has any obligations. In his bright lexicon there's no such word as self-denial. If that old lady down in Chile—" He paced frowningly up and down the room, absorbed in his problem. Then he took from his pocket an amateur photograph and laid it before Isabel. "What do you think?" he asked.

She privately thought that the picture must strike in in time with any woman old enough to be moved by the beauty of youth. The two young things in the canoe were in their bathing suits, bare arms and legs as lovely as sculpture, grave young faces looking out at the future over bare shoulders from wind-blown hair.

"I'd rather see them crippled for life than cursed with that old woman's millions," he went on presently, and meant it. "I've been watching it all these years in the college. It is harder for a rich man's child to enter the kingdom of common sense—They can't work, Isabel! And they can't even play with any satisfaction. It's dashing from one thing to another, more and more excitement, no plain places, no quiet times! Lord, don't you realize the magnitude of this thing?"

She looked about her comfortable, pleasant room. "Ah, I like money," she murmured.

He had her there; his long fingers triumphed. "But you've earned it! You can work—how you have worked! It is in every line of your being, the good discipline of work. That's what I want for my children."

He wanted it so desperately that he hurt her, for it did not seem possible that he could ever want anything else. She could refuse hope, but she had no door to shut against these insidious disappointments.

"Now I have written a letter, and I want your opinion of it," Thatcher went on, moving to the couch beside her and bringing out a heavy envelope. "It's difficult to tell an old lady you never saw that she mustn't leave her money to your children: I have to explain all America to her first. Read it as if you were eccentric and pious and probably in your dotage, and see what you make of it."

Any born editor must have responded to such an appeal; and his elbow on the back of the couch, just above her shoulder, was absurdly comforting. When Isabel had finished with his torrent of words, it was cut down by half, crystal clear, free of any possible offense, and the clock was at midnight.

"What a wonder you are, Isabel!" He rose reluctantly, smiling down on her. "I'll have it typewritten."

"You are going to send it, then?"

The cool question, coming on top of several hours' work to perfect the letter, deprived him of words. Some generalization about woman seemed to be gathering, but she did not wait for it.

"You are playing fate, you know; tak-

ing the children's lives into your own hands," she warned him. "If you play autocrat, even for the best of motives, down you'll go. When Richard knows you have done that, he will think of you as an enemy."

"As well that as never think of me at all," was the bitter answer. "Loving your son is a thankless business, Isabel."

"He knows he has you, any minute he wants you; and so he wants something else," Isabel explained, quiet eyes on his face. "That is a common enough experience, isn't it?"

He admitted without interest that it might be, and took a gloomy leave.

The letter was mailed, but the subject was not settled; they argued it for weeks. It was not the only problem. Making a home for Richard meant little more than making his bed, and Milly was left much alone in a strange city, at a time when she should be having friends and fun. Isabel, leaving the office at night, often found the girl waiting to walk home with her, her young body expressing a forlornness that was never acknowledged. Isabel wanted to find friends for her, but Milly steadily refused.

"They wouldn't like me," she said at last with her candid suddenness. "Father has been at Dickie for not letting me in on any of his good times, and Dickie says I couldn't possibly train with New York girls. He was perfectly nice about it," she added with her sturdy justice; "and there's no sense in his staying home just because I'm not invited. You can see that."

"Suppose we found some girls you could train with," Isabel began; but Milly had no faith.

"I never was popular even at home, except when I was winning swimming and tennis matches," she explained. "You see, I can't trust my taste. I get excited, and I think of something great to say or do, and then, that night in bed, I see how perfectly awful it was. But I never know any better, the next time. I guess I can't learn."

No mortal words could have gone so straight to Isabel's heart. It seemed to break in her side over all young things who could not learn.

"Milly, should you like to work in my office?" she asked.

The astonished radiance of Milly's face was answer enough. Then her humility began to gasp out her unfitness.

"It's a very small position and a tiny salary," Isabel interrupted. "But it is a start, and you can work up if you will." Her hand tightened its hold. "Work is the only salvation, Milly, for those who can't learn. It's better than Aunt Camilla's millions!"

Milly did not subscribe to that. "If we had the money, Dickie says I'd be all right," she [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



"Don't you want love, child? Or is it just that you don't want me?"



# The Truth About Vivisection

By ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES



**I** WAS led to make a study of vivisection because I discovered that the hearts of many kindly, humane people were being wrung by stories of brutality and torture practiced upon animals in the interest of so-called science.

I made a careful and thorough study of the literature prepared and circulated by the opponents of vivisection, and I was struck with horror at the statements made of wanton, even demoniac cruelty on the part of the physicians, apparently of everyday occurrence in the experimental laboratories of the world. All my life I have been a lover of animals, and my work has been chiefly along the line of caring for our dumb brothers and safeguarding their interests. Naturally, it was of the greatest moment to me to examine into these reports, and to use such influence as I possess in protecting the animals I loved from any such needless and terrible torture as was described in these circulars. If these statements could be proved true, vivisection should be abolished at once and I, as a lover of animals, would be among the first to throw off my coat and work for its abolition.

I am going to take my readers along with me in my investigation and let them decide for themselves the merits of the case.

One of the circulars I examined was a pamphlet of sixty-three pages, recently issued by the New York Anti-Vivisection Society. It is entitled "Medical Opinions Against Vivisection," and claims to voice the sentiment of over 250 medical men "of the highest intelligence and honor." Of course, it is not possible in the space of a magazine article to speak of every one of these men; but let us take, say, nine fairly representative ones. I will give them all the titles with which the pamphlet credits them.

Elliotson, John, M. D., Author "Elliotson's Human Physiology," "Practice of Medicine," Edinburgh, Scotland.

Clay, Charles, M. D., Manchester, England.

Berdoo, Edward, F. R. C. S., L. S. A., L. R. C. P., etc., London, England.

Townsend, Stephen, M. D., F. R. C. S., London, England.

Tait, R. Lawson, LL. D., L. R. C. P., L. R. C. S., F. R. D. C., Former Vivisector, Birmingham, England.

Bell, Sir Charles, F. R. C. S., F. R. S., Prof. Surgery, University of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Treves, Sir Frederick, Bart., M. D., G. G. V., O. C. B., LL. D., F. R. C. S., Sergeant-Surgeon to King George V., etc., etc., London, England.

Editor, "Medical Times and Gazette."

Editor, "Edinburgh Report," Scotland.

## Who Are These Eminent Doctors?

THE array of medical opinion, of which the above is a fair sample, certainly looks very formidable. The average reader would naturally exclaim, "Why, there must be something wrong about vivisection, or all those eminent doctors would not be so violently opposed to it." Just as in any court of law the reliability of witnesses must be established before their testimony can be accepted, so I thought I would look into the records of these physicians, and also read exactly what they themselves had to say on the subject of vivisection.

I found that Dr. John Elliotson was not an eminent physician; he was a mesmerist, and founded a mesmeric hospital. He was born one hundred and thirty years ago, and knew nothing whatever of modern methods.

Dr. Charles Clay was born one hundred and twenty years ago, and knew nothing of modern methods. His specialties were geology and archeology.

Dr. Edward Berdoo was born eighty-four years ago. He is the author of "Browning and the Christian Faith," "A Browning Primer," "The Browning Encyclopedia," "The Biographical and Historical Notes of Browning's Complete Works," etc., etc. However eminent Doctor Berdoo may be as a student of Browning, his fame is apparently not based on his achievements in medicine or surgery.

Dr. Stephen Townsend reports himself as a novelist, surgeon, and actor, on the stage for years, playing prominent rôles in "Sowing the Wind," "Slaves of the Ring," "Black Tulip," etc.

Now we come to a really eminent surgeon—Dr. Lawson Tait. Doctor Tait was opposed to vivisection, but later changed his opinion. This recantation the circular did not allude to.

Sir Charles Bell was a very eminent Scotch surgeon, born one hundred and forty-seven years ago. He died nearly eighty years ago. Had he been opposed to the

vivisection of his day, when anesthetics were unknown, it would not necessarily mean that he would have been opposed to modern vivisection, which is a

totally different thing. It would be like quoting Christopher Columbus in an attempt to prove that modern ocean travel is slow, uncomfortable, and dangerous. But, as a matter of fact, Sir Charles Bell's fame is based on vivisection. He is chiefly known for his discovery of the distinct functions of the dorsal and ventral roots of spinal nerves, and for his study of the functions of certain other nerves. His final proofs were secured through experiments on animals, and it is difficult to understand why his name was used as an opponent of vivisection.

## What Doctor Treves Really Said

SIR FREDERICK TREVES is another of the famous men quoted in the circular. This surgeon felt that certain experiments he had performed on the intestines of dogs had done little but unfit him to deal with the intestines of men. Here at last was something definite. I decided to look further into his statements, and I found in the London "Times" of April 18th, 1902, the following statement by Sir Frederick Treves:

Those who are familiar with the controversial methods of the anti-vivisection party, will not be surprised that certain of my remarks have been cunningly isolated from the context, and have been used in advertisements, pamphlets, and speeches, to condemn all vivisection experiments as useless. The fallacy of vivisection can hardly be said to be established by the failure of a solitary series of operations dealing with one small branch of practical surgery. No one is more keenly aware than I am of the great benefits conferred on suffering humanity by certain researches carried out by means of vivisection.

Now we come to the editors of "The Medical Times and Gazette," and "The Edinburgh Report," respectively.

The first of these journals was published in "the dark ages" of medicine, and was dead and buried long before the birth of modern methods. The second I can find no trace of. No such journal is listed in the Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon General's office in Washington. This is the most complete list in the world, and includes every medical journal of the least value.

I went through the entire list in the same way and found to my amazement that most of the testimony was of the same unconvincing character. Space does not permit my going into the list in greater detail in this article.

But let us go just a little further before we leave "Medical Opinions against Vivisection." On page 2 we are informed that only twenty-five per cent of the medical fraternity favor vivisection. If that could be proved true it would be a significant fact. I determined to look into this statement.

The only way we have of determining the attitude of medical men as a body is through their recorded actions at their great meetings, where sometimes several thousands of individuals are represented. I found that the British Medical Association and the American Medical Association, as well as the American Association for the Advancement of Science, had passed, unanimously, strong resolutions in favor of vivisection. I happen to have before me a copy of a resolution unanimously approved by the International Medical Congress which met in London in 1913. This congress was composed of distinguished physicians and surgeons from all over the world. The first sentence runs as follows:

Resolved: That this congress records its conviction that experiments on living animals have proved of the utmost service to medicine in the past, and are indispensable to its future progress.

I have never seen nor heard of a resolution passed

The man of whom John Burroughs said, "He is a sane and accurate naturalist;" the man of whom Theodore Roosevelt said, "He has the highest reputation in all forms of work for the care of animal life;" the man who is known the country over as a lover of animals, has investigated the whole question of vivisection for the COMPANION. The result of his investigation is here published.



against vivisection by a recognized medical society or any other scientific body.

What could the pamphlet mean by stating that only twenty-five per cent of the medical fraternity were in favor of vivisection?

The opponents of vivisection base their whole campaign on two propositions:

1. That animals are ruthlessly tortured in the laboratories to gratify the curiosity of heartless doctors who gloat over the agony of their helpless victims. (This is not an exaggerated statement of their case.)

2. That no benefit to mankind or to animals has ever been derived from vivisection.

Again, if these propositions are true—if they are even approximately true—you and I, and all the decent people we know, should join hands in driving vivisection from every state in the Union.

Let us see if they are true. Let me take them up one at a time.

Before 1846, practically all surgery, whether on human beings or animals, was painful, because no effective anesthetic was known. Vivisection was done in those days, and of course the animals suffered. But even then the surgeons were not trying to torture animals, they were seeking newer and safer ways of performing operations—more light on the functions of the various organs of the body, with a view to advancing medical science for the benefit of man. And that they did so advance their science is a matter of history. To mention only one advance they made, Harvey, according to his own testimony, discovered the circulation of the blood through vivisection.

## An Occasional Heartless Doctor

NOW there have been a very few surgeons, before and since the discovery of anesthetics, who have not had proper consideration for the animals they used in their experiments. Just as we occasionally find a reckless chauffeur who drives his car at high speed through a crowded thoroughfare, so occasionally we find a heartless doctor who seems indifferent to the pain he inflicts on animals. One such man was Mantegazza, an Italian surgeon whose book "The Physiology of Pain" was published forty years ago. Another was Dr. B. A. Watson, of Jersey City, who performed some very cruel experiments in studying the effect of "shock." Both these men have long been dead. No one attempts to defend the cruelties they were guilty of; they have been severely censured by the medical fraternity.

The other vivisectors whom the anti-vivisectionists often refer to are Magendie, Brachet, and Claude Bernard. Magendie died in 1856, Brachet in 1858, and Claude Bernard in 1878; but I found that the literature usually mentioned them as if they were still living, and as if such painful operations as they sometimes performed from fifty to a hundred years ago in France were of daily occurrence in American laboratories of the present day. This is not only untrue but it struck me as very unfair, and an insult to the humane people to whom the appeal is being made.

Now I began to look into the character of the doctors who are engaged in animal experimentation. With a sincere wish to learn the absolute truth, I visited many laboratories both in this country and abroad, some of them, like the Rockefeller Institute, several times. I have seen many operations on animals—five within the past month—and although I usually visit these places unheralded, I have never seen anything in the nature of cruelty to animals. I do not say that there is no suffering in research laboratories, because there is. Perhaps two or



three per cent of the animals used suffer more or less actual pain; many more suffer some discomfort, but it is so little compared with the pain and discomfort from which human beings and animals are saved by these experiments that it becomes insignificant.

Instead of the "brutality and heartlessness" I have read about, I found nothing but kindness and consideration. A few days ago I was in a laboratory of a great cancer hospital in Buffalo, New York. On the door of the operating-room was posted a set of rules which I would like to give in full. As space will not permit this I will quote from two or three.

I. Vagrant dogs and cats brought to this Laboratory and purchased here shall be held at least as long as at the city pound, and shall be returned to their owners if claimed and identified.

II. Animals in the laboratory shall receive every consideration for their bodily comfort; they shall be kindly treated, properly fed, and their surroundings kept in the best possible sanitary condition.

IV. In any operation likely to cause greater discomfort than that attending anesthetization, the animal shall first be rendered incapable of perceiving pain and shall be maintained in that condition until the operation is ended. Exceptions to this rule will be made by the director alone, and then only when anesthesia would defeat the object of the experiment.

These rules, imposed by the doctors themselves, are posted in practically every laboratory in the country, and are conscientiously lived up to.

At Johns Hopkins University, where I went last week, and where many dogs are kept for experimental purposes, there is a sign in the Hunterian Laboratory, which reads, "Any attendant who strikes a dog is to be discharged at once."

Even were the surgeons as heartless as we have been led to believe—a preposterous thought—they would still give the animals every care, for the selfish reason that their own success depends on it. If you have ever tried to hold even a small dog or cat which has made up its mind to get away from you, you will realize how absurd it would be to try to perform a delicate surgical operation on that animal, no matter how securely he might be tied, unless he were first rendered insensible by anesthesia. For the same reason, even a heartless doctor would see to it that an animal was well taken care of both before and after the operation, because neglect would militate against the success of the experiment.

### The "Parlor" Dog

IN ANOTHER recent pamphlet put out by the anti-vivisectionists much is said about the Pavlov experiments, so called because a famous Russian physiologist of that name first performed them, with a view to obtaining pure gastric juice; that is, gastric juice unmixed with the food taken into the stomach. In the pamphlet the feelings of the reader are harrowed by a revolting description of the sad plight of dogs doomed to supply this gastric juice.

Now, speaking very briefly, the chief operation involved consists of dividing the stomach into two parts, a large part and a small part, separated from each other by a double layer of mucous membrane. In the large part digestion goes on just as it did before the operation. The small part, known as a Pavlov pouch, has a little hole in one end, and the edge of this is attached to the edge of a small opening of the same size in the abdomen. The wound quickly heals, and there is no more discomfort than one has from a natural opening—the mouth or nostrils, for example. The Pavlov pouch being separated from the rest of the stomach, no food can enter it. But, interestingly enough, when the dog eats his food—just as other dogs do by the way—gastric juice is secreted, not only in the stomach itself, but in the little pouch which was once a part of the stomach. From this it is allowed to trickle into a cup or jar, and pure gastric juice is obtained.

A few weeks ago I was in the Physiological Laboratory of Chicago University, and I was looking for the room of a professor with whom I had an appointment. Presently my attention was attracted to a door by the sounds of scuffling feet, the laughter of several men and above all the joyous barking of a dog. I opened the door and there were several doctors, playing with a little yellow dog with a broad white bandage around her middle in the form of a belt. They were romping with her and she was thoroughly enjoying herself. The doctors later introduced her to me as "Buster—a member of the staff." This is a "Pavlov" dog, and, as I wrote to Mrs. Baynes, "it is one of the happiest, best-cared-for little dogs I have ever seen." The original operation was performed under ether eight years ago.

### Is Anything Accomplished by Vivisection?

NOW for the second contention made by the opponents of vivisection—namely, that no benefit to mankind or to animals has ever been derived from vivisection.

Here again, if this contention were based on the facts, you and I would jump straight to our feet and vote against vivisection. Let us look the facts fairly in the face.

Many years ago I had a little brother, not quite three years old, who came down with diphtheria. A doctor was called, and he did all that a doctor of those days could do. But he was almost as helpless as my mother, who watched the child die in all the agony of strangulation. And this was a very common experience in those days. In literally thousands of cases, weeping and often frantic mothers stood by the bedsides, begging, pleading,

for little lives, while the surgeon stood by with jaw set and scalpel in hand, ready to take the last dread measure and open the trachea (windpipe) to prevent actual strangulation.

To-day, such scenes, in diphtheria cases at least, are practically unheard of. As soon as it is known that a child has diphtheria it is given an injection of diphtheria antitoxin, and if this is given on the first day the child recovers as a matter of course. In cases where the injection is not given until the second day, the death rate is between four and five per cent; if delayed until the third day, the death rate is about twelve and a half per cent; if postponed until the fourth day sixteen and a half per cent. These figures are given by the Hospital for Contagious Diseases, New York City, and represent observations on 2,849 diphtheria patients.

Every up-to-date hospital for the treatment of diphtheria, all over the world, and practically every physician of standing, uses diphtheria antitoxin. The decline in the death rate of diphtheria patients dates from 1895—the year in which this antitoxin was introduced. Tracheotomy (cutting of the windpipe) became a rarer and rarer operation, and to-day, as far as diphtheria is concerned, is unnecessary.

By a series of most careful and painstaking experiments on mice, guinea pigs, rabbits and a few monkeys, Loeffler discovered this blessed antitoxin which, it has been estimated, saves the lives of a hundred thousand human beings every year. And it will go on saving them in the years to come, at least until some better cure is discovered. I do not know of any finer use to which a couple of hundred guinea pigs and rabbits could be put. Even if it were life for life, would you not vote to sacrifice a guinea pig or a rabbit to save the life of a child?

### The Fatal Childbed Fever

ANOTHER terrible scourge, which the more elderly of my readers will have heard of, was puerperal or "childbed" fever. It used to cause the death of from three to five out of every hundred mothers. During epidemics it killed twenty, forty and sometimes even as high as fifty-five out of every hundred. In some cases the mortality was so frightful that a maternity hospital would be closed, because half the women entering it were practically doomed to die of childbed fever.

Then, Pasteur, the great bacteriologist—the great vivisectioner, if you will—came along and by animal experimentation discovered the microbe which caused the fever. His work was followed up by the great surgeon and vivisectioner, Lord Lister, and the experiments of these two laid the foundation of modern surgery. Their experiments proved that infection of wounds was caused by germs. Aseptic methods began to be used—that is, every effort was made to keep wounds free from harmful germs.

Antiseptic hand-scrubbing, sterilized instruments and uniforms, and scores of other precautions were taken by doctors and nurses and, behold, the deadly puerperal fever is practically wiped off the list in the maternity hospitals. I have recently noted one series of over eight thousand births without the loss of a single mother from this cause. In the days before Pasteur and Lister there would certainly have been two hundred and fifty deaths in that series.

If you could see those two hundred and fifty mothers lined up with their babies in their arms, would you condemn them to painful death, and all their relatives to grief, in order to save from less painful death an equal number of guinea pigs, rabbits, and billy-goats—or even dogs, much as we love them? Of course you wouldn't—nor would anyone who has imagination enough to enable her to think straight, and to see things in their proper proportions. But that saving of life was in a series of 8,000 mothers. This isn't a question of eight thousand or eight million mothers. The discoveries of Pasteur and Lister, and those of their brave and distinguished followers, affect the mothers of every civilized country in the world, and not this year and next year, but every year as long as the human race exists.

### Deaths from Typhoid

IN THE Spanish-American War, of which I am a veteran, nearly seventeen per cent of the soldiers—that is, one in every six—had typhoid fever. It was the cause of six times as many deaths as all other causes put together. I speak with feeling, for I was one of those who had it. In the World War there was practically no typhoid fever, for the very simple reason that a vivisectioner named Wright had discovered a vaccine which prevented the soldiers from contracting it. It was used by the armies of all the civilized countries engaged, and practically every soldier was treated with it. It is estimated by Colonel William H. Arthur, late commandant of the Army Medical School, and now medical director of the Georgetown University Hospital, that this vaccine saved the lives of at least thirty thousand boys in the American army alone, and that it saved at least two hundred and sixty thousand more from three or four months of illness and incapacity. And this is in the American army alone.

Of such vast importance to the world are the results of such experiments as are being carried on by vivisectioners that in cases in which, for some reason, animals do not afford a suitable medium for their work, they sometimes offer themselves as subjects. An instance is that of the American Commission appointed in 1900 to make an investigation of the deadly yellow fever in Cuba. It had existed perpetually in Havana, and occasionally it in-

vaded this country, especially the Southern states, where in one epidemic it destroyed 16,000 persons. It constituted one of the principal reasons for the French abandoning the Panama Canal project. It had taken a toll of 22,189 workmen, and no life in that pestilential zone was safe from it.

### How Yellow Fever Was Wiped Out

WHEN the American Commission, headed by Major Walter Reed and Dr. James Carroll, was appointed by Surgeon-General Sternberg, no one had any clear proof either as to the cause of the disease or the means by which it was spread. As animals are not subject to yellow fever, it was necessary for men to volunteer. Dr. R. P. Cook and several private soldiers of the American army slept for twenty consecutive nights on the mattresses on which yellow fever patients had died, clad in the pajamas and covered with the terribly soiled bed clothing in which those patients had spent their last days. This and other experiments too awful to describe they subjected themselves to; but, as they remained perfectly well, they proved that yellow fever is not contagious. Then Doctor Reed believed that the disease was spread by mosquitoes; so he and Doctor Carroll and several others allowed themselves to be bitten by mosquitoes which had previously bitten yellow-fever patients. Very soon most of the volunteers were down with yellow fever, and some of them never got up again. One of these was Doctor J. W. Lazear, a member of the commission who, after several days of delirium, died in convulsions. But they proved Reed's theory to be correct, and then the army, by wiping out the mosquitoes, rid Havana of yellow fever forever. Later, General Gorgas in the same way cleaned up the Panama Canal zone.

The above are only a few of the many advances in medicine made through animal experimentation.

The achievements in surgery have been even more striking. Before the days of Lister, abdominal operations were rarely done, and when done were usually fatal. Now they are performed daily in thousands of hospitals, and thousands of people are saved who in the old days would have died of "inflammation of the bowels" (appendicitis), and other diseases for which surgeons dared not operate. In the Civil War if a man was shot through the bowels, he died. In the World War thousands of cases of this kind made complete recovery. Why? Because the surgeons knew just what to do—how to sew up the holes—how to join the ends of the severed tubes so that they would not leak, and so that they would heal perfectly. The skill required to do this was gained through vivisection. It is safe to say that for every animal used in those experiments, a hundred human lives were saved in the World War alone.

Compound fractures used to kill two out of every three patients—over sixty-six per cent; to-day the mortality from this cause is well below one per cent. This saving of life was brought about by animal experimentation.

The same may be said of surgery of the chest, surgery of the head, indeed, surgery of every kind.

The whole question is one of proportion. All history will bear me out when I say that no bodily sacrifice, whether of animals or of men, is too great to be made, provided the cause for that sacrifice is proportionately great.

### Was Doctor Grenfell Justified?

IT HAS always been an axiom that a man's life is of greater consequence than an animal's life.

When Doctor Grenfell was afloat on an ice pan, and killed three of his faithful dogs that he might get their skins to keep himself from freezing, the world applauded him for the brave, resourceful man he is. It was considered better that they should suffer and die than that he should suffer and die.

He was not hardened by causing that suffering; he was touched with gratitude. He had a tablet erected to the memory of those splendid dogs, and the names of Moody, Watch, and Spy will go down in history with that of Grenfell himself and the other heroes of the Labrador.

Yet I know that Doctor Grenfell will not misunderstand me when I say that the killing of those dogs was selfishness personified when compared with the work of the vivisectioners. He killed three dogs, his personal friends, to save one life—his own. The vivisectioners take no such toll as that. For every animal they cause to suffer and die, they save unnumbered human beings from suffering and death. As I have said, the question is one of proportion. The greater the cause, the greater the sacrifice which it justifies.

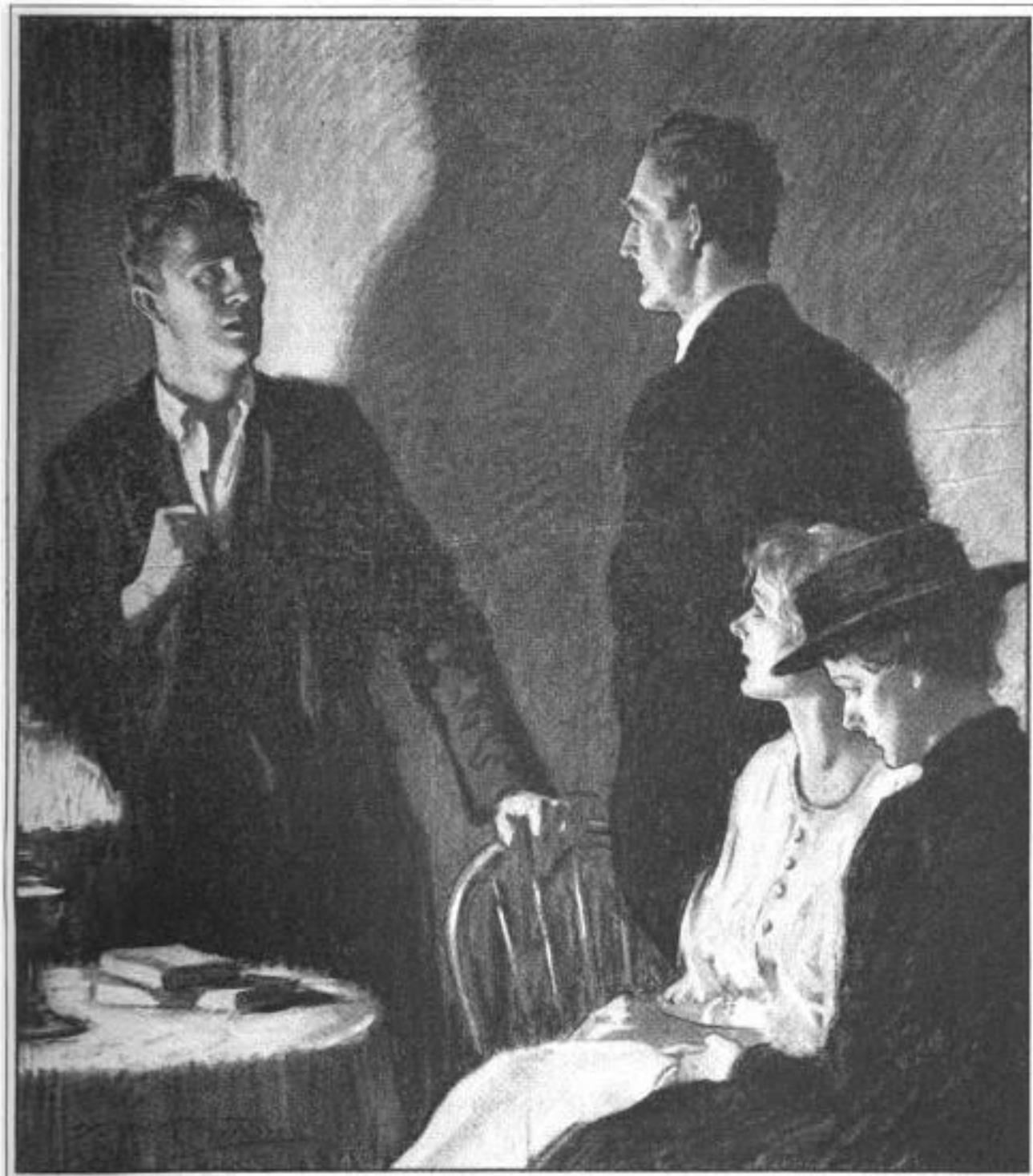
In this article I have sought to give facts, and allow my readers to make their own deductions. I honestly believe that some of the people who are preparing literature against vivisection are either making statements which they know to be untrue or misleading, or are deliberately closing their minds to the truth in its larger aspect.

The Editor of this magazine, believing as I do that all of you are entitled to the truth and that you will welcome it, has given me the opportunity to put it before you, stipulating that I shall make no statement without ample evidence to support it. I should not present this case, nor would the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION publish it, if we did not both believe that it is of the utmost importance to the human race, and to animals as well, that medicine and surgery be allowed to advance, unhampered by ignorance, prejudice, and sentimentality.



# The Apple Country

By ELSIE SINGMASTER  
ILLUSTRATED By F. WALTER TAYLOR



Boyer stared. This astounding proposition was not to be taken in quickly

HAVING finished his supper, Boyer pushed back his chair and rose. His wife looked up at him from her place at the other end of the table, her face white and anxious in the harsh light from the little unshaded lamp. The kitchen was a poor place and both she and Boyer were poorly dressed.

"Where are you going?"

Boyer turned his head in a vague gesture which might point anywhere.

"Oh, to the store, I guess."

Mrs. Boyer smoothed the cloth over the edge of the table with a hard pressure of her fingers. Neither she nor Boyer was fifty years old, but from both youth had long since departed.

"You wouldn't like to stay here this evening?"

"Oh, I'll be back soon."

He took his hat from the nail behind the door and stepped out without looking at his wife again. She did not look after him but still sat pressing the tablecloth

against the edge of the table. One might have suspected that Boyer sought some evil place or companionship, but he did not look like a man of bad habits of any sort. Mrs. Boyer listened, and was not surprised that he made no pretense of going to the front gate and thence to the road and to the store, a mile away. He went through the garden and into a little field and so on through other fields up the hill. After a long time she rose and began to wash the few dishes from which they had eaten. Then she took a bushel basket filled with lima beans which had dried upon the stalk and set about hulling them, her eyes filled with the gravest apprehension.

Boyer reached the end of his small domain; then he climbed a fence and set off diagonally across a wide corn field. The corn had been cut and shocked and he was able to make rapid progress. The field seemed, as he penetrated farther, to be boundless; it belonged to an ampler estate than his little place down by the roadside. He walked fast, though the upper section rose steeply. It was as though his desire had quickened, an intention only a little removed from indifference had strengthened

to a passionate longing. Suddenly he began to breathe heavily, and he took the last steps almost on a run.

Having reached another dividing fence, he paused in the act of climbing over, and perched for an instant on the upper rail. Below him lay the broad corn field, his own little fields, his tiny, dilapidated house and the white road, all brightly illuminated by the September moon, which was high in the sky. The road divided lengthwise a beautiful valley of a long oval shape. On the lower ground were fields, and above them, a stranger would have said, thick woods. But the trained eye would have seen that they were not woods but orchards, and even the stranger would have recognized the sweet all-prevailing odor to be that of ripening apples, acres of apples, literally square miles of apples.

The farmhouses in the valley lay in the deep shadow of encircling trees, and Boyer could see but one gleaming roof far away, that served as a mirror for the moonlight. He observed, either in imagination or in fact, its somewhat ornate design, its sloping surfaces, its airy towers. The house which it covered was from this distance and in this light like a castle of dreams. But Boyer looked at it with an angry intensity which proclaimed it no imaginary building. His journey was apparently not directed by any soft passion.

Presently he stepped down on the other side of the fence and there stood still, sniffing the air. There was no other odor than the odor of apples; either it was that with which he sought to fill his nostrils, or else he failed to distinguish what he sought. He was now in a bit of cleared woodland from which all the large trees had been cut and in it he climbed to the summit of the ridge which bounded the valley.

From there he looked back once more. He commanded now a far wider prospect; his own place was lost under the shadow of the hill, but the large house far away stood out boldly against the sky. From the point where he stood to the distant boundary of the valley rolled an unbroken sea of trees upon whose leaves the moonlight glittered. Apparently high ground as well as low served for raising apples.

Suddenly he slipped from the fence and was lost in shadow, as though he had slipped into the sea itself. Putting out his hand with a gesture like that with which the weakening swimmer in an actual sea might reach for a floating spar he touched a bough bending to the ground with its weight of heavy fruit. He could see the apples plainly; but as if to strengthen sight with touch he began to feel them, pressing the hard, smooth globes gently and tenderly. He went slowly from tree to tree. At sight of a laden bough he smiled; where here and there he came upon a bare branch, he examined it with a concerned and anxious expression. One might have thought that the trees were his. Once they had been his, but they were now a part of the vast estate of Thomas Hoar, who lived in the great house.

The moon rose higher in the sky. It was a warm night for September and a night singularly free from dampness. Nature seemed to be considering the apples; not only did she give them uninterrupted sunshine by day, but she seemed anxious to continue the ripening process at night.

Having examined a dozen trees at the edge of the orchard, Boyer stepped into one of the aisles between the rows. The aisle was still broad, the trees were comparatively young, this was, indeed, their first bearing year. He walked a little distance, then turned aside and approached directly a single tree, somewhat smaller than the others. Dropping to his hands and knees he crept under the low boughs and laid his hand upon the trunk. He found there the lip of an old scar, and felt carefully of it, as a physician might do to assure himself that healing was perfect. He crept round as if seeking for fallen fruit, such as lies before harvest time beneath imperfect trees. But he found none, and rising he examined the branches. All were bearing. The tree had apparently lost little time, and would eventually do as well as its fellows. Boyer went on his way as if he were pleased.

Suddenly he stood still. The odor had deepened and sweetened. The globes on the trees were no longer green touched with red, they were golden. Again he stopped to examine and to sniff.

"They should begin to pick these to-morrow," he said aloud.

He took an apple, held it to his cheek, looked at it hungrily, dropped it as though it burnt him, and went on.

He came out in a moment before a little house. It had once been a dwelling; but now it, as well as the barn near by, was used for apple-packing, and no one lived there. Piled on the porch were barrels—evidently they would begin to pick to-morrow. Meanwhile, no one guarded Hoar's property, and he himself sat far away in his castle, secure and proud. There was to Boyer something maddening in this security. He pressed the latch of the door; it was not fastened and he stepped into the little hall and looked about. The rooms were filled with barrels, and the sight seemed grossly to offend him. He climbed the stairway, his hand fingering a loose match in his pocket. Only one window in the second story was free of barrels, and thither he walked and lifted the sash. He was now above the low tree tops and he could see once more the castle and the intervening sea. But he did not look at the great house, he looked at the yellow globes of the Grimes Golden apples near by; he looked out at the barn and down at a circle of white shells which had once enclosed a little flower bed. Presently he shut his eyes.

Then suddenly, hearing voices, he opened his eyes wide. His first thought was for the ignominy, even the danger of his own position. He had no business here, no matter



the land surrounding the little house had once been his, no matter if he had set out these trees. He thought with rage of Thomas Hoar. He had believed him careless; but he was not careless, he had guards about, after all, and they had caught him; and, no matter how he explained, they would tell of his being here. He was a respected member of the community, even though he had had such bad luck; but no one would respect him if he were caught wandering here at night. And what would poor Mary say?

When the voices grew fainter and no one came into view he sighed with desperate relief. Perhaps two persons had taken a short cut over the ridge, perhaps two lovers were wandering about—where could there be found a more heavenly spot? But he did not care who they were, whence they came, or whither they went, if only he could get away unseen. He would slip down and away quickly.

But before he reached the door he was halted by hearing the sound of voices again. He returned to the window and looked out. Two men had come out of the barn, and crossing the yard stood directly beneath him in the shadow of the little house. He did not recognize them, though he knew all of Hoar's many employees by sight. They were, he supposed, watchmen, and this was their appointed rendezvous.

Then again he was terrified. He heard a faint tinkling bell and remembered that there was a telephone in the house. He did not know where it had been placed, and he could not decide from the sound whether it was upstairs or down. The sound was in itself not alarming, it merely indicated that some other house on the rural line was called, but it might be that the guards would come in to send a message. He leaned out of the window as far as he dared and listened with all his being. What he heard was no guards' exchange of information; it seemed like an echo of his own evil thought.

"A match would send it flaming," said a low voice.

The second man laughed heavily: "That wouldn't be much loss."  
"It's a wonder he don't take better care of his things." This, too, seemed like an echo.

"He!" There came a fearful oath. "He lays up there like a fattening pig, he does, he don't think of nothing. And suppose a few barrels did burn, that would make nothing out to him, blast him!"

Boyer's tongue felt dry in his mouth. He smelled suddenly the fumes of liquor. They talked wildly, perching drink would overcome them and he could get away. Who could they be?

Then suddenly he knew. Three years ago the keeper of an evil resort at the cross-road had been deprived of his license and, driven away by a committee of which Hoar was the chairman and the moving spirit, had sworn vengeance. His threats were laughed at, his maudlin pleas for the wife and children whom he brutally abused were not listened to, and someone had made it possible for his wife to escape from him. Boyer had known him by sight and had been present at the trial—it was unquestionably the voice of this Jewett. He was quite sure of it.

"He done me up, ruined me, took away my luck. We're going to take away his luck! This end of the land ain't his by rights. He took it from a poor man when he was down and out, orchards planted and everything. I'll bet he'll get ten thousand dollars out of it this year, and the next year more and more, and for years to come more and more."

The stranger, whose part was not clear, responded with an oath. Perhaps he, too, had suffered at Hoar's hands, or perhaps he was merely a companion who, like the hotelkeeper, took pleasure in evil for its own sake. What they were going to do was still a mystery to Boyer. He leaned a little farther out the window and looked down upon them. He could see that each held a gleaming, heavy knife.

Still he was puzzled. If they planned murder, they prepared far indeed from their quarry. Was it possible that Hoar contemplated a visit to this distant orchard to-night, and that they had somehow got wind of it? Were they going to leap upon him, to destroy him hideously? Would he come alone? Boyer remembered suddenly a rumor about Mrs. Hoar which his wife had repeated to him. Would she come with him in her youth and loveliness and expectancy, and meet her end? Much as he



## Summer Sky

By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

Where are the cloud people going?

One after another they pass:

A king on his throne, a giant swan,  
I watch as I lie on the grass.

Now I see lions with flying manes

Swim through the cloudland sea.

Now a princess, reclining on pillows of cloud,

Drifts past without glancing at me.

If I were in cloudland on my private cloud

Do you think she would ask me to sup?

It looks very restful, the traveling there.

I wonder how one could get up?

hated Thomas Hoar he did not wish him to be murdered.

Then Boyer understood that no such depth of wickedness was contemplated. The hotelkeeper spoke again, making a motion with his knife.

"You must get all round the tree, and be sure to get a good strip of bark off, low down. We can work together. He'll get this year's crop, but no other. We ought to do a hundred trees a night, beginning at the far end. They'll be picking the early apples first; they won't think of the Winesaps for two weeks."

So great was Boyer's relief that it seemed as though the crime which they contemplated were a small one. It seemed to him almost a joke. He drew back and watched them go. Before they stepped into the shadow the hotelkeeper laughed.

"I'll bet that old Boyer'd help us if we gave him a chance. I'll bet he hates Hoar like poison."

So startled had Boyer been by the experience, so concerned for his own safety, so truly appalled by the danger to Hoar's life, that it did not occur to him until this moment that he had any share in this strange drama. For a long space of time, he still did not appreciate the fact. He stared frowning over the sea of dark trees to the towered castle on the distant hill, his thoughts incoherent, vague, his future behavior dependent upon which should

come first to the surface. Alas! the sentence last tossed into the welter was the first to reappear.

"Old Boyer!" so they spoke of him like that!

It was true, he was old, he was approaching uselessness, he had been dragged down by his bad fortune. Suddenly he lost all hope. All this should have been his, and it had been taken away from him and given to a man who already had far more than enough. His good years were gone. He believed that Hoar had watched and watched, had known of his notes which needed renewal in the bank, had known of his bills unpaid at the store, had known of the long account at the doctor's after the children had died, and had lain in wait for him. He should have held on to his farm, and now he would have been rich. Now it was merely Hoar's "Number 20." He meditated while the two evil men stole farther and farther away among the lovely trees. Working quietly and cleverly, they might well remain for two weeks unsuspected, serving unconsciously another hate beside their own.

The beauty of the night increased, if that were possible. Little clouds formed and brought into visibility the steady progress of the moon across the heavens. Little creatures moved quietly about. The trees seemed to show a new loveliness, the aroma of the fruit grew sweeter.

Boyer heard the bell of the telephone tinkle musically once more; it offered a reminder of the ease with which he could summon help, but he did not heed. The trees, his trees which he had planted and had cared for, and had loved and caressed, might almost be said to lift suppliant hands, but he did not see. He stood leaning against the window, motionless, thinking of his wrongs, while in a distant aisle of the orchard the lovely moonlight shone on bright knife blades.

Two hours later Boyer came down the hill. He walked rapidly and heavily and like a man who has endured to the limit of his strength. Sometimes he staggered drunkenly. It was now eleven o'clock, and he had but one desire—to get home and to bed and to forget in sleep the passions of the evening.

When, just above his house, he saw a man a few yards in front of him he drew back into the shadows of a corn shock. No one had any business in his little field at this hour. Presently the figure stood still and looked in his direction, and to his amazement he saw Thomas Hoar. Hoar seemed to be searching the landscape for something which he did not find, and in a moment he went down the hill, Boyer following him, passing from shadow to shadow behind him.

Reaching the fence which divided his little plot he saw with astonishment that Hoar's car stood in front of his gate and that Hoar himself had entered his house. He began to run. He scented no mischief; he did not imagine any misfortune to Mary or to himself; he was merely heavily confused and troubled. When he reached the house he peered into the window. He could see Mary on the settle with a strange young woman

beside her. Scarcely believing his own eyes, he recognized Mrs. Hoar. Beside the table stood Thomas Hoar, his hands resting upon it. His back was turned to the window, but Boyer could see that he was talking and that Mary was looking anxiously up at him. He saw her shake her head as if she were troubled, and suddenly she began to cry. Still more confused, Boyer showed himself suddenly in the door. His face was pale, his eyes dilated, his clothing disordered.

"Why, Milton?" cried Mary. "I've been so worried about you. I didn't know where you could be."

If Boyer's mind had been clear he might have reflected on the strangeness of the chance which had brought Hoar to his house this evening of all evenings in the world.

"I was walkin' round," said he. "You had no call to get frightened." He spoke sullenly, but gently. He had always been a kind husband.

"Mr. Hoar came to see you."

Boyer lifted his eyes to Hoar's prosperous figure, and met his direct gaze. Hoar was a grave-looking man, but he did not look like an unkind or a mean man. He spoke immediately without taking a chair, or waiting for Boyer to sit down, as though he could not explain too quickly his amazing errand.

"Boyer, several years [CONTINUED ON PAGE 58]



# What is Your Business Goal?

*If it is really success, and not merely marking time, this talk is addressed to you*



OR the girl to whom work is something more than a stop-gap between school and matrimony, the trail has been broken by the successful modern business woman, the new producer-organizer type. What such a woman would say to the beginner may be summarized thus:

Get the best education possible, in high school, college, business school, or all three; but graduate with the understanding that you still have a world to learn.

Take the best job you can find in your own home town; but don't worry if it is in the Freshman class of jobs.

Earn and ask for advancement—and save your money. Keep your eyes open for good investments; put your money where it will work for you.

And when you have a little capital and more experience, divorce yourself from the pay roll and start your own business. Borrow money to start it, if necessary; if, in your home town, you have earned a reputation for integrity, initiative, industry, and courage, your bank will finance you, as, in similar circumstances, it would finance your brother; and your business can be made to pay.

Take a chance on a real success—instead of spending your life in the shelter of a salary.

The woman who does business in her own right is the business woman of to-day and of to-morrow. She is no phenomenon, but a normal growth. In the Far West, the Middle West, the big cities of the East, the Southern states—yes, even the South, where the clinging vine is supposed to be indigenous—there is nothing extraordinary about finding the woman who makes \$10,000, \$20,000, \$30,000 a year. She is on the land; she is in the small towns and the big ones. As organizer, sometimes she is executive head of one of Big Business's big departments; sometimes she is vice president or treasurer of the firm, second in command and, for weeks or months, in entire charge during her employer's absence. In ever-increasing numbers, however, she is winning to "the producer end of the game"—the ownership and management of a business all her own, be it a tea room or a tombstone factory. (This last enterprise is conducted most successfully by one of St. Paul's leading business women!)

## Women Who Earn Big Incomes

OFTEN she started on the proverbial shoe string, like a clever woman I know who clears \$25,000 a year from a restaurant she owns and runs in Philadelphia. She pawned her engagement ring for \$200, to obtain enough money to buy second-hand equipment for her first little lunch-room. Even now she is proud of the fact that she managed to buy three pie plates for a cent!

No one can meet Alice L. Baker, of Paducah, Kentucky, without feeling the atmosphere of courage and authority which positively radiates from her. She manages a large concern dealing in railroad ties, personally directing the work of many men. They tell an illuminating story of how she met a small labor crisis. A negro gang employed to unload ties from barges on one side of the river went on strike and, furthermore, threatened to shoot any negro "strike-breakers" brought over from the other side. Miss Baker herself promptly marshaled a squad and had them landed beside the waiting barges. The strikers were waiting, too.

"You won't shoot," she told them; "you won't dare to interfere with me." Then she ordered her boys to unload the ties.

But they were afraid.

"I'll give a dollar to the first boy who lifts a tie!" she cried.

One old colored man moved forward, looked at the ties, then at the hostile group on the bank.

"Ah sho' does hate to lift that tie, mistis!" he sighed. Miss Baker stepped deliberately between him and the strikers.

"Look here, Uncle," she said quietly, "those boys are not going to shoot; but I'm standing between you and them, and if they do fire they'll hit me first!"

"Uncle" and the others jumped to the ties. There was no shooting. But Miss Baker stood guard till the job was done.

Even if the threat of bullets is not in the air, it takes courage for a woman to deal in a large way with business enterprises of which women, until recent years, have been completely ignorant; to take business chances in the investment of her profits; to pocket business losses without whining.

The woman playing her own hand in business must have the courage of her decisions. Naturally, she should not be so silly as to refuse to hear advice from a clever man who knows something of her problems; but, on the other hand, she must get over the idea of taking any man's advice, just because he is a man! Two women



By

LENA MADESIN PHILLIPS

of my acquaintance started a multigraphing business in New York. The first year they cleared fifty dollars a month. The second year the partnership was dissolved and the woman who "carried on" made five thousand dollars. I asked her if she could explain the discrepancy, which could hardly be altogether due to normal growth.

"My partner had three brothers," she said; "and during our first year whenever we planned anything one of them stepped in and told us how wrong we were, and what we ought to do!"

Belief in herself is a form of courage which is absolutely indispensable for the producer-organizer type of business woman; both before and after she has "arrived;" confidence, not hardened to the point of conceit, but molded into correct self-valuation. She must form a just appreciation of what her services are worth, and then she must refuse to take less.

## Decide What You're Worth

THE woman in business should be careful to avoid the attitude of humility when her work or her value as a worker is set beside that of a man. To illustrate:

Miss Ruth Fleisbach was assistant secretary to the local chamber of commerce at Hayes, Kansas. A man was secretary because a man always had been secretary; but Miss Fleisbach did the work. She is a young woman, hardly more than a girl, but one day she took her courage in both hands and told the men who make up that chamber of commerce that, if she was to continue to do the work of secretary, she wanted the name of secretary. Some of the members were surprised at her protest, especially since—as they pointed out—she was drawing a good salary. But the majority saw the point, dispensed with the superfluous male—and now Miss Fleisbach has the name as well as the game.

I know of another woman who was offered a job in New York as director of pageantry. Somehow, she found out that this post commanded a salary of \$2,400 a year if the incumbent were a woman, and \$3,000 a year if held by a man.

"Why is this?" she asked. "If I take the position, will I have less work to do than the man who might take it?"

"No," was the answer. "The work is just the same, in either case; but—well, you know, a man is supposed to be supporting a family, and then, too, \$2,400 a year is the highest sum paid any woman in our organization, and we could hardly give more than that to a newcomer."

My friend had been out of a job for several months. But she thought it over, and then she said to those who had made her the offer, "If that position is worth \$3,000 a year it is worth \$3,000 a

year, whether a man or a woman fills it. I am too good a feminist to consider it, with the condition that you make, so just leave me off your list of candidates."

Within a week a letter came to her offering her the post at the man's salary—\$3,000 a year!

That little story illustrates the instinctive attitude which the business man assumes toward the new type of business woman, who is not contented any longer with the lower wage, the inferior job. It is to his interest to keep her a subordinate in the office, who will save him time and worry and make him comfortable, just as it is to his interest to keep woman in the home—where she also may make him extremely comfortable.

## Don't Be Satisfied With a Rut

WHY blame the man for this point of view, even if it is a little selfish? It is perfectly natural! Why expect him to hand us the plums of business on a silver platter, when it obviously is our duty to climb after them—and not to be content with windfalls, or with the fruit on the lowest branches?

Women have not demanded enough from the business world. They have been too easily content, too little inclined to reach out. The individual woman worker has crawled into her individual niche as a snail crawls into its shell; satisfied if she can keep her job, make both ends meet—even if she has to make over her dresses, perhaps indulge in a trip to Niagara Falls once in four or five years. Many women, of course, have been so burdened with the care of dependents that

they have felt they could not take chances; to be concrete, they did not dare even to ask for a "raise," since in so doing they ran the risk of being "fired."

But if the young woman, entering the business world, is not tied hand and foot by such obligations, by all means let her refuse to be satisfied with a rut!

Naturally, to make and take opportunities, she must be fit for them. She never will be fit if, besides being a business woman, she tries to be a laundress, a dressmaker, a bargain-chaser, an embroiderer, a maid of all work.

It is grotesque to think of a business man going home to spend the evening darning his stockings, putting fresh cuffs on his shirts, washing his handkerchiefs, and knitting a sweater for his sister's Christmas present. Yet the business woman often does all these things; then wonders why she goes to the office next day with the edge off her brain and on her disposition. Of course if, once in a while, she wants to do a bit of embroidery because she enjoys it, there is no reason why she should deny herself the pleasure. But she must learn the lesson, if she is to succeed, that she cannot combine being a business specialist and a domestic Jill-of-all-trades.

Business women do not waste their money; they inherit the knowledge of how to squeeze pennies from the generations of women who had to keep house on an inadequate allowance. But business women who are after the prizes must learn not to waste energy, not to waste time.

Energy is wasted when it is dissipated on a hundred [CONTINUED ON PAGE 77]



Lena Madelin Phillips is the founder, organizer and executive secretary of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. At its next convention, to be held in Cleveland, July 19-22, there will be represented more than 300 clubs from 47 states and the District of Columbia, with a membership of about 75,000 women. Miss Phillips is the daughter of a Kentucky judge, and was the first honor graduate, either among men or women, in the law school of her state university. She practiced law in Kentucky, gained a general business experience, and later engaged in war work for the Y. W. C. A. Miss Phillips is particularly well-fitted to point a goal and offer helpful advice to the girl just beginning to make her way.



# A Little Matter of Business

By  
MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM  
ILLUSTRATIONS by HENRY RALEIGH



WHEN Philip Brooks-Mainwright asked Diana Reynolds to marry him, he made it plain that it was a business proposal and nothing more. He told her baldly that of course he knew she did not care for him in a sentimental way, any more than he did for her, but he thought, things

being as they were for both of them, that they might strike a bargain. He went into his business affairs very fully, and explained with almost unnecessary explicitness in what bad shape he found things when his brother's death in Flanders in the very closing hours of the war so unexpectedly brought him the title and estate. Then he went on into further uninteresting details, exactly as if he were talking to his solicitor, and apparently expecting no answer. It was more than Diana could stand.

"This is all very interesting," she said, flicking the ears of her mare with her riding crop; "but I hardly see what it has to do with me. I am very sorry that Rupert mortgaged the timber and auctioned the family plate, but if I understood you correctly at the beginning, you said something about marriage, and it occurs to me that you ought not to let me in on this intimate family history until you have my answer. After all, it is barely possible that I may not succumb to your ardent wooing, and then think how embarrassed you'll be."

Philip turned a bright pink from the top of his soft collar to the roots of his short blond hair.

"I am trying to talk sensibly to you about a serious matter," he said sternly; "but, of course, if you, as usual, prefer to be witty at my expense we'll drop it."

"Oh, I do beg your pardon," said Diana in her meekest voice; "I am the one to be embarrassed. But until you wandered off into those sprightly details about fertilizers and mortgages I thought you were making a proposal of marriage. Will you please go on?"

"I was trying to tell you exactly how little I have to offer you, but briefly it all comes down to this: I have practically nothing but my title and family connections, and all that. If anything happens to me, there will be nothing for my mother and sisters, and they will have to spend the rest of their lives being passed around from one relative to another, practically beggars. I can't go off to India and leave them like that, and I go in a week. I thought you might care enough for the title and all to give the Mater a decent allowance and see the girls properly married. It would not take much, and Lady Mary said you would like the title."

They were riding slowly through a winding English lane bordered on either side by giant lime trees. Though it was late December the golden sunshine filtered through the barren branches and spread about the two riders like light from rare old yellow stained glass.

Diana gave a sudden hard little laugh. "You picked a picturesque spot for your romantic proposal, Phil," she said gayly. "It is so lovely here I find it hard to say no to anything or anyone. But you forgot one most interesting detail—yourself. After all, this is the twentieth century, and now that the submarines have been stopped a trip to India is not such a dreadful affair. You talk as if you were planning never to return. But I think your mother told me you were to be gone six months."

The man gazed straight ahead of him. "Yes, that is the risk you must run," he said, half to himself. "Still, it is a good gamble. I want your word never to mention this: none of the family knows yet—in fact, only myself and two or three at the war office are in the secret. But I am going to India on a special mission. You know, I was born in India when my father was stationed there, and I lived there most of the time until I was twelve. Then, when I was commissioned, I went back for another six years, so I'm really half Indian. My foster mother, or nurse, was a native, and she had a son born the same day I was, and we played together from the day we could toddle. I was always a queer, dreamy chap—Rupert was the darling of the family—and the climate was too much for the Mater, so I ran wild most of the time in the compound, and I fear I cared more for my brown-skinned mother and brother than I did for my own family. Gentle people they are, the Hindus, and my foster people were of the North country, the best breed. India is a great playground for an imaginative boy. The color of it, the mystery, the vividness of its life, are beyond telling.

When they talked of sending me back to England to school I was frantic. Of course I talked the jargon like a native, and Rutton Singh, my foster brother, loaned me some of his clothes and stained me all over with walnut juice, and we ran away and were gone for a month before they traced us. It was a wonderful time, that month."



"This is all very interesting," said Diana; "but I hardly see what it has to do with me"

Phil caught his breath sharply and brought his mind back to present affairs with an effort.

"India's my real love," he said apologetically; "you must not let me get started on her. But, to make a long story short, I have never forgotten the language, and when I was a subaltern stationed there I used to use my leave to go off with Rutton Singh and play native for a while. Naturally enough, I picked up more or less valuable bits of information in the bazars and passed them on to the Chief. Great sport it was, and pretty soon the Chief made a habit of giving me special leave every time he wanted to know what the natives were up to. Then the war came and I was sent to France with my Sikhs. The other day my old Chief sent for me—high up in the war office he is now—and wanted me to go back to India and ferret out what's going on. You know there's a lot of beastly underhand work being done over there. Some think the Germans are back of it, but I'm not sure. They may have a hand in it, but there are other influences at work. Great chaps the Mohammedans are to stick together when it comes to religion, and there's a silly religious war threatening all over the East. Worst of it is, the Hindus and Mohammedans are working together for the first time in their lives. There's a lot of money being spent, and wherever it comes from no one knows; but I'm going to try and find out. I may be gone six months, or a

year, or longer, and the odds are good that I won't come back at all. Not that I don't want to go—it's a chance worth living for. But I have a sort of feeling or premonition, that I'll stay over there. Of course, I am only telling you all this as my excuse for asking you to marry me. Naturally, you understand, I'd leave you right away. I meant to tell you that at first."

"I couldn't, Phil. I may as well be frank and admit I would like the title and the position and connections and all that, as you say. It isn't easy for a girl to be all alone as I am, even if she has money. As long as the war lasted and I was working, I felt I had a place—was needed—but now I don't belong anywhere. I'm twenty-six, and you know how many chances a girl of twenty-six has of marrying these days in England. And now that Lady Mary has two widowed daughters she feels she ought to live with them, so I have to hunt a new chaperon. It would be easier and much more comfortable to buy a position and the freedom and dignity of matrimony. But if you—if anything happened I should feel personally responsible. It would be like gambling with Death."

"That's bally rot. I shouldn't go around trying to let a Pathan stick a knife into me just to make you a widow. I'd try my hardest to save my precious skin, you had better well believe. But if I had to go it would be a lot easier knowing you were back here taking care of the Mater. She is such a helpless sort. But I dare say she'll get along some way and, after all, I'm not dead yet. Shall we take this at a canter? It's getting late."

They were nearly home before either spoke again, and then Diana broke the silence.

"Phil," she said hurriedly, "suppose I did marry you and you came through safely, what would you do with me?"

"I've hardly thought of that, Di, I'm so sure I won't; but don't you suppose we could manage to worry along as well as most people? I'm not one of your cave men, and I don't want you to marry me unless you feel you'll get enough out of it to pay you. You must consider it only as a business proposition."

"You made that plain enough. And how else could I consider it? But it isn't such a bad plan for me. I'm very tired of being an outsider. My mother was English, my father was Irish, and I was born in New York, and I've never had a country, really. And so I think I'll claim my privilege to change my mind and say 'Yes.'"

There was an awkward silence for a few moments, and then—

"Thanks awfully, Diana. That's jolly good of you, you know. You can't imagine what a load it takes off my mind. The Mater will be deucedly glad."

He stopped abruptly. "That speech hardly seems adequate to the occasion, does it? But the books on etiquette never mention what a chap is to do in a case like this. I'm really awfully grateful and all that."

Diana laughed a bit unsteadily. "Do you know Phil, that that is the nearest attempt at a joke I ever heard you get off? Perhaps if you get married often enough you'll develop a sense of humor."

Two weeks later, stretched out in a wicker deck chair on a slow-going P. & O. steamer, Phil read his first letter from his wife:

BROOKS-MANOR, January 15th, 1919.

DEAR PHIL: Your mother and the girls are writing to you, and they have reminded me so pointedly that I must post my letter to-day to catch your steamer at Brindisi that I am forced to write to you or tell them why not. I thought they might have guessed that ours was a marriage of convenience, but perish the thought. Your mother is too sweet and good ever to imagine that anyone could marry from any but the highest motives, and of course she could never for a moment conceive the absurd possibility that I, or any woman, could know you and not be madly in love with you. Yesterday I essayed a mild joke about you—oh, just a little joke—but I never shall again. If I had got up in church and in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury made a joke about the Deity it would not have been considered any more blasphemous.

But please do not think that I am making fun of you—of my family. Because you have never been without one, I fear you will never understand how much it means to me to have a family of my own.

When I came down to Brooks-Manor I was dreadfully afraid that your mother and sisters might not want me. And I found that they were equally afraid that I might not want them. But one night I cried because I was lonely, and they thought I was crying for you, and cried, too. They were the first women who had cried with me since my mother died. Since then they have been so good to me. They spoil and baby me beyond telling.



Because I am your wife, your mother and Joan and Beatrice actually love me, and while I feel that I am sailing under false colors I accept all they offer with open arms. But I wanted to tell you that I already feel that I have received as my half of our bargain a hundred times more than I counted on, and I shall try to make it up to you through those you care for.

Good-by and good luck. I hope you will write me sometimes, and that you will believe me and not misunderstand when I tell you that I, like everyone in this house, pray daily for your safe return.

Affectionately your friend, DIANA.

Diana was glad always that she had written that letter. Phil replied very promptly, thanking her. He had worried a good deal, he said, for fear he had done an unfair thing to her, but now he felt better. The Mater and the girls adored her, their letters being nothing but paeans singing her praises. For the rest, his letter was full of details concerning ship life, and he asked her to write again.

After that there were not many letters, though Diana sent occasional packets to a certain trusted officer in Delhi, and at long intervals they had word from Philip. It was impossible for him to write often, he told them in his letters, and more impossible to describe his daily life. But after the first weeks Diana was conscious that the languor, the ennui, the bitterness and distaste for living that Phil had brought home as war's heritage were vanishing as if by magic, and that he was once more the alert, capable young officer with a boy's love of adventure and excitement whom Diana had first known.

I was never so happy in my life [he wrote]. I feel like a character in the most exciting novel ever written—only it isn't a novel—it's something bigger. It's more like being the caliph of a second Thousand and One Nights. I'm on the trail of the most marvelous, thrilling mystery. Sometimes I feel near enough to put my hand on it, but just as I reach out it eludes me. It would need a Shakespeare, a Kipling, a Homer to tell it. You won't hear from me for some months now, so don't expect letters. If you don't get word after four months go to the Chief. I can communicate with him when I can't with you; but it's all clear sailing for me these days, so don't let the Mater imagine things.

They waited patiently for news the four months Phil had given them, and then another week, watching eagerly every day for the post. Then, when no word came, Diana and Joan went up to London to see the Chief. He greeted them cheerfully, patted their backs, told them not to worry, told them of the wonderful work Phil had done and sent them home happy and reassured. They went back again in another month and the great man was as cheerful as ever, but some way not so reassuring, and after the second month, the sixth since the last word, Diana went alone.

"I must know," she told the kindly old Chief. "I just must. It isn't any kindness not to tell me."

"My dear young lady," said the Chief unhappily, "I haven't anything to tell. There are a thousand reasons why he may not be able to communicate with us. And if he were a prisoner, or suspected, any investigations we might make would lead to his undoing. But you may be sure that every possible thing that can be done to aid him is being done."

"I know," said Diana; "but can't you find Rutton Singh?"

"Your husband sent Rutton Singh back to Benares when he found they were being followed, and slipped away alone. Rutton Singh identified him too easily, so Captain Brooks-Mainwright thought it would be better to go alone."

"Does Rutton Singh know that my—that Philip has not been heard from?"

"Three months ago Rutton Singh started off to hunt for your husband. Now, he has disappeared, and we cannot find trace of him. But you must remember that the Orientals have infinite patience. Rutton Singh will get word to us sooner or later, in some manner, I am very sure of that."

"And in the meantime, is there nothing we can do?"

"In the meantime we can only hope for the best."

The days that followed were nightmares for Philip's family. It was not as if they knew that he was dead; they could not, would not admit that he might be dead.

And yet, and yet—

As the weeks passed and months followed each other, and every possible clue ended in disappointment and they had never a word of Philip, hope died. Diana, difficult as the situation was for her, proved a tower of strength to which the others clung. Diana was anxious to go to London to live, even planned for a while to go to Serbia

with a nursing corps, but her new responsibilities held her. For Philip's mother, her mother now, was failing before her eyes. "He might come back and not find us here," she would say with trembling lips and hands, and Diana yielded always.

It was when they had quite abandoned hope that the telegram came. Little Miss Dawson, who ran the post office, brought it up herself in trembling excitement. It was from the Chief, and stated briefly that Rutton Singh had found Philip and was bringing him home. "Captain Brooks-Mainwright very ill but improving," concluded the message.

Later the Chief himself came down to tell them all he knew. Patiently Rutton Singh had wandered from village to village, from province to province, tracing his beloved foster brother. Clue after clue he had followed which he had been forced to abandon, only to start on another. At last he had found him practically by accident almost up at the Khyber Pass in a tiny native village belonging to one of the half-forgotten hill tribes. The tribesmen had stumbled across him almost dead, they said, lying in a snow drift with a wound on his head, and had nursed him back to life. Until the stain began to wear off they did not know he was a white man. Then, when their unbidden guest gradually won back to a precarious hold on life, they found he could not tell them who he was or from where he came. Poor and wretched as they were, they let him stay on with them, and somewhere Rutton Singh heard a rumor that there was a white man in the mountains. When his foster brother came, Philip did not know him; but he was willing enough to go with him as he was told. So on foot, on horseback, by bullock cart and litter, Rutton Singh had brought him to the railroad and on to Bombay and a ship for home.

"Of course you understand," the Chief said, in concluding his tale, "that his mind is still a little—well, not quite normal; but there is no need to be discouraged. We don't know yet how he got that head wound nor what he was doing, trying to cross into Persia. But he'll tell us all in good time. What he needs now is good food and rest and careful nursing. That, my dear ladies, will be your task."

So they were prepared to find him changed; and yet it was a shock when they met him in London to find he knew none of them, not even his mother. "I cannot remember," he would say pitifully, putting his hand to his head and evading their eager glances. So they brought him back to the Manor House, where he was born, and put him to bed and fed and tended and nursed him tenderly. There was nothing else to do, the doctors said. Yes, there was hope of his mind returning, but under the circumstances it was impossible to tell. Fortunately, the women of the household had all had ample nursing experience during the war, and Diana for a time had served in a

as usual, lying in a sunny corner of the garden in his steamer chair with Diana digging in a bed of larkspur beside him. "The bees remind me of the Hindus," he said suddenly.

"Because they are so busy?" she asked, startled.

"Because there are so many of them and they buzz around so," he said.

Diana dropped her garden tools and gloves and sat down on the edge of his chair. "Do you remember India?" she said gently. "Or does it hurt you to remember?"

"No, nothing hurts me any more. I feel so safe and warm and comfortable here, and the pain and cold and hunger a thousand years away. Sometimes I remember things for a moment, and then they go before I can put my hand on them, like dreams; some things I just know, but I don't know why I know them."

"Can't you remember us at all, or your home, or this garden?"

"Not clearly. I know I have seen gardens like this and that it is an English garden. Some way I know that I am home." He took her hand, her left hand, and played with her wedding ring idly. "It seems queer, doesn't it, that a chap can't remember his own wife? Somewhere in my brain must be memories of you, sacred, beautiful memories of our life together that I would not have parted with for anything on earth. I keep reaching out trying to find them, but I can't."

"You'll have to make new memories," said Diana softly. "And didn't I tell you that you sailed for India the day we were married?"

"But I want to remember meeting you and falling in love and all that. I must have loved you, cared for you most awfully. I know that, because I love you so much now. I'm never really happy except when you are with me, and I'm happiest when you are alone with me like this."

"Do you know, Diana, that you have never kissed me since I came home? Aren't you fond of me now? I know I'm only half a man."

Diana turned away her head. "I care for you," she said huskily, "more than for anything else on earth."

"How long have you cared? Please tell me."

"For ages. Oh, for six or seven years I think—ever since I first met you. We were at a hunt and we rode together and got lost, and you brought me home. It rained and you kept scolding me all the way back for being reckless. And I laughed at you and made fun of you, and you were very angry. But some way I think I began to love you then."

"Probably I began to love you, too."

"No, I think not. I don't believe you even liked me very well at first."

"When did I begin?"

"I don't know myself. Perhaps some day you will remember, when you are better."

She jumped suddenly from the chair, and kneeling began to dig again very busily.

"Di, dear."

"Yes?"

He reached over suddenly and snatched her hat off and then slowly, only half daring, began to pull the pins from her hair one by one. "I've wanted so long to see you with your beautiful hair down," he coaxed. "I know I must have always liked girls with white skins and grey eyes and lots and lots of blue-black hair."

"Indeed, you didn't," said Diana, drawing away from him and twisting her hair back in a coil. "You preferred a little blonde with big blue eyes. You never even saw me when she was around."

Phil laughed—his first real laugh since he came back. "Was she a little kitteny thing named Maisie? I seem to remember her vaguely. It's memories like that that madden me, when I want to remember you and the first time I held you in my arms and you told me you loved me, and things

that really matter, and would be beautiful to remember."

"You will remember after a while," said Diana unsteadily. "You must be content with what you have now. You have remembered two things to-day, India and Maisie."

It was all that Diana could do to speak calmly, and she escaped as soon as possible, torn by a host of conflicting emotions. She knew she ought to be happy, for certainly Philip's memory was returning and he had told her he loved her. But it had been Maisie he remembered, that miserable little Maisie thing who had caused her so many wretched hours. And [CONTINUED ON PAGE 85]



When his foster brother came, Philip did not know him

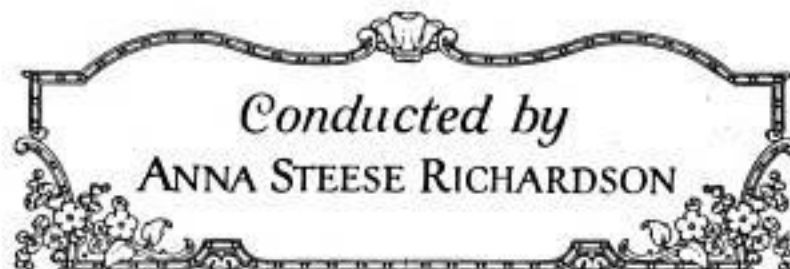
hospital for shell-shocked cases. Her training proved invaluable.

The invalid gave little trouble. As he grew stronger he spent most of his days lying in a steamer chair in the garden. He read little, talked little—seemed content to lie silent in the sun. But from the first he clung to Diana, almost ignoring the others, and asking for her constantly when she was absent. It made his mother almost jealous, but Joan, perhaps fortunately, was engaged at this time and planning an early marriage.

Questions seemed to confuse and bother him, but one memorable day he mentioned India voluntarily. He was,



# The Good Citizenship Bureau



Illustrations for this page will be found on page 62 of the Picture Section

## "At Your Service"

THE following helps are available through the Good Citizenship Bureau:

1. "Good Citizenship Made Easy"  
A booklet of practical suggestions. Price, 10 cents.
2. Good Citizenship Leaflets  
As follows: (a) "How to Register;" (b) "Primaries, and Why They Are Important to You;" (c) "How the President is Elected;" (d) "Nominations;" (e) "Law-Making;" (f) "Taxes and Where They Go." Price, 4 cents each.
3. "American Life and Politics in Fiction"  
A list of 68 worth-while novels covering various phases and periods.
4. "This Government of Mine"  
A list of the 47 best and most entertainingly written books on American history, biography, travel, etc.
5. "Put a Two-Cent Stamp to Work"  
A list of institutions in different states which supply help to all interested in civic betterment.
6. "The Good Citizenship Bureau:  
What It Has Done and What It Can Do for You."
7. "Your Community and Its Government."
8. "Simple Facts About Local Politics"  
This textbook on how cities, towns, and counties are governed also contains club programs. Price, 10 cents.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 will be sent on receipt of postage (2 cents for each leaflet).

Address Good Citizenship Bureau,  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, New York City.

THIS is the ideal time to look your town over, and to decide what work you, as club leader, organized worker, or individual voter, shall stress during the fall and winter season. In the slang of the July is a good month in which to give your community the "once-over." The proceeding give you a surprise.

For example, with the schools closed and children of all ages on vacation, when could you better make a survey of child-life in your town—not one of those rigid surveys of health and school standards, children in industry and so forth, but just an informal study of the social and moral conditions under which the young folks of your community are growing up?

Do they figure in your town's social life as assets or liabilities?

Are they a constructive force or a destructive element? Do they contribute in any way to the enterprise and good spirit of your town, or do they defy law and order, and impede progress?

This sort of informal survey is easily made, and does not require an unwieldy organization.

In the cool of the morning, suppose that you and a woman or two, chosen from your list of personal friends or neighbors, stroll a few blocks out of your way when going to market. Or in the cool of the evening, saunter up and down your Main Street. Or some day devote a mid-afternoon to learning what becomes of the children who obey the maternal admonition to "run along and play where it is cool."

From any one of these strolls, you will return to your home with something to think about. Whether you are a mother or merely a taxpayer, you may feel more charitable toward the youth of your town. You may even decide that they are not getting a square deal.

To get best results from this informal survey, try to see your town with the eyes of an outsider. As a traveler who crosses the threshold of many cities and towns in the course of a year, I will try to make this clear:

Last year, I attended two conventions where children made a genuine contribution to the success of the meeting and to the comfort of guests. One was in a city of perhaps fifty thousand population. Members of the reception committee, charming in tub-frocks and sports suits, met us at the different railway stations; but our bags were captured and we were tucked into the right busses or motor cars by Boy Scouts. The other gathering was a health conference in a small county seat. Here Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts worked together; the boys acting as messengers and the girls as assistants to the nurses and Red Cross workers, who supplied luncheon for those attending the all-day clinic.

### Making Use of the "Gang" Spirit

THE influence of these organized young people showed throughout the towns. All other children seemed informed about the gatherings, and eager to show courtesy to visitors. From this you can see how the perfectly natural tendency of the child to do things in groups, often mis-called the "gang" spirit, can be directed in right or in wrong channels.

Here are two contrasting pictures:

In one good-sized town near which a mail car had been robbed, I saw some very young boys staging a hold-up on such an open lot as is often used for ball games. Various weapons were being flourished, from cap pistols to shotguns, all of them presumably unloaded.

In a small city near New York, I found a motion picture firm making films. Of course the usual crowd immediately gathered, interfering with director and camera man. No policeman was at hand, but a lad of perhaps thirteen flung back his coat to display a badge, and asked the director, "Want me to hold back those kids for you?"

And he not only held back children of his own age, but influenced the curious of more mature years. He was a Junior Policeman, selected from his class at school to aid the municipal police in keeping order.

Children are born "joiners." They hate to do things

alone. They will do almost anything in groups, even to upholding the law.

When these groups are properly influenced, children become an asset, a constructive force in your town. They contribute to its progress, its appearance, and its spirit. When they lack good influence and direction, they

are quite generally led by some lawless spirit who is daring and resourcefulness dazzle and attract them.

Two organizations should be supported by business men in every town that lays claim to enterprise and public spirit. These are the Boy Scouts and the Boys' Y. M. C. A. And a factor for clean living and wholesome thinking in the community is some such organization for girls as the Camp Fire Girls, the Girl Scouts, or the Junior Y. W. C. A.

If you have none of these organizations in your town, do let us put you in communication with national officers of these bodies, so that you may learn what a simple matter it is to organize your young people along healthful, modern lines. Write to the Good Citizenship Bureau, and we will gladly send you helpful suggestions and information about national societies for young people. A few moments' time, a two-cent stamp, and you have done your community good civic service. For, once you read this literature, you will realize what the young folks of your community need.

### How to Secure Quick Results

MEANTIME, what can you do as an emergency measure for the youngsters who would respond quickly to any direction of vacation energy?

First, an impromptu fire-prevention campaign. Fourth of July, day of fire disasters, is at hand. Why not organize your young citizens for protection on that day—and thereafter?

In every town there are individuals who will lend their services to such work, even in mid-summer. Consult with your city officials, especially the fire department, with your local fire insurance agents, with members of your local American Legion, with your organizations of children, if you have any, in schools or churches. Between now and the Fourth, hold several get-together meetings, and with a little supervision these different bodies will work out a Fourth of July celebration which will be something bigger than a mere celebration. It will be the beginning of a Fire-Prevention Campaign among your children—and some of their unthinking elders. For excellent information concerning such a campaign, and helpful literature, write direct to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 76 William Street, New York City. This board supplies a booklet, "The Teaching of Fire Prevention," which is now used in many schools throughout the country. A brief letter, a stamp or two, and you have a powerful body cooperating with the young people of your town in a fascinating and profitable campaign.

How many mothers are divided between their real need of an afternoon rest, a few hours of quiet in their homes, and the deadly fear that "Johnny" will slip off to the river for a swim? How often have you, approaching a city by a railway bridge, watched very young boys plunging into a dangerous river from barges or broken piling?

And have you not thought instantly, "How fine if those children had a swimming pool?"

Swimming pools are not cheap, but they are a good civic investment. Inland cities which are not located on rivers require a good supply of city water and a place in parks or on other city property for a municipal pool. Sometimes city finances will not permit this valuable expenditure for the safety and health of its youth; but this is just the season of the year to start a popular subscription for a pool. In summer everybody appreciates the comforts of bathing. Often a Chamber of Commerce, a Rotary or Kiwanis Club can be interested in this campaign.

Cities located on rivers or bays can support public baths at small expense, and when everything else fails the chiefs at different fire houses can be empowered to give shower baths at certain hours daily, using the city's hose and water supply.

These are good days for looking over your school grounds.

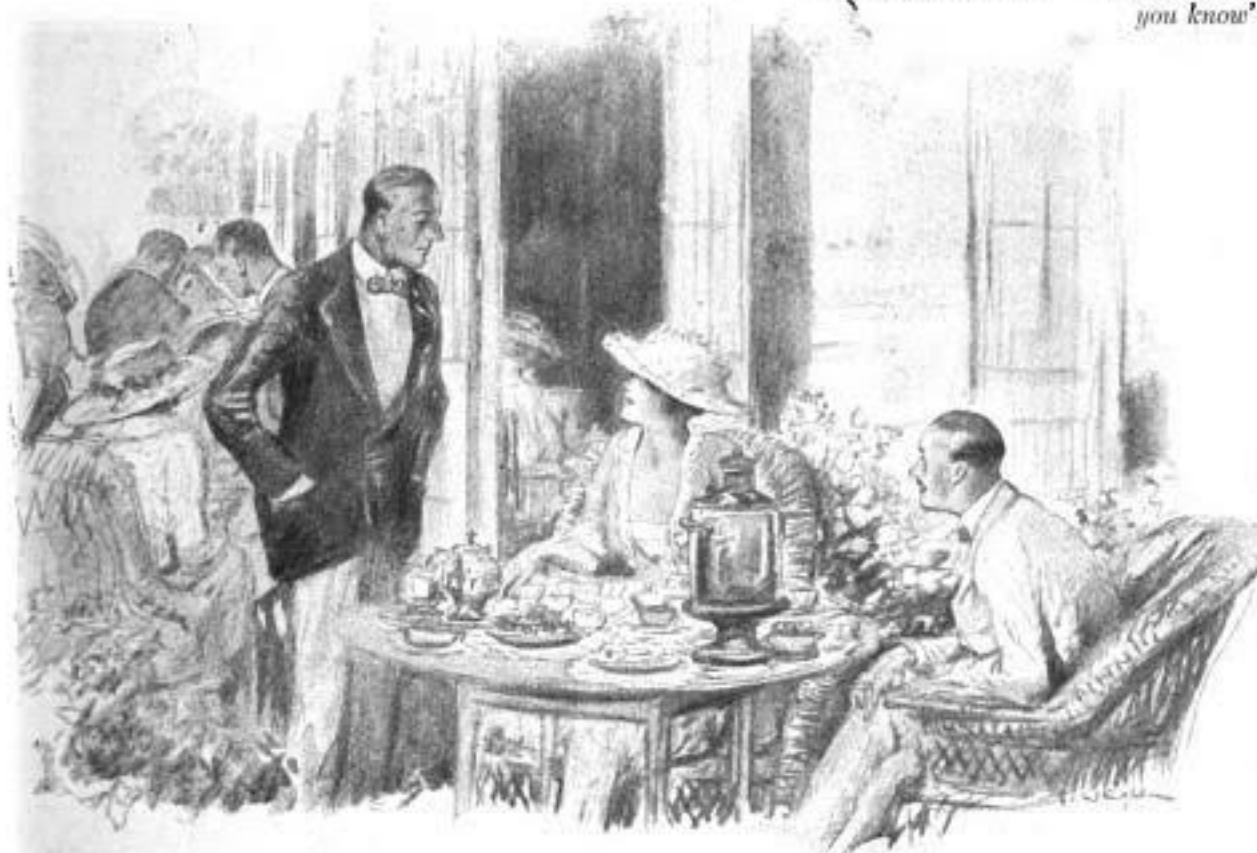
Are they used during the summer months, or does this valuable city property lie idle? In many progressive towns, a part of each school yard is devoted to community vegetable and



Any small stream or shallow pool will make a paddling place for the younger children



"Lemon," he said. "I'm used to it, you know"



## An Island in a Thousand

**F**EW of the fragments of the mysterious Chase's biography gleaned by Judge Brewster were authentic. But it was true that in his tender youth Chase had run away to sea, and that he knew more than a little about sailing. He was well aware that the tug captain would have had time to haul the houseboat into deep water. Not even Eliot Brewster was better pleased than he at the final turn of affairs. He had urgent business on the island.

It was a commission of the utmost delicacy. If he found what he had come to seek, he would in due course realize a gross profit of some sixty thousand dollars on an investment of nothing at all. Half of this tidy sum would belong—in a loose sense of the word—to another gentleman of speculative instincts who was now an unwilling guest of the Dominion of Canada. But Chase felt that so much money might be a bad thing for one who lacked enough wit to keep him out of jail.

Another factor of interest was that the loot should be where it amazingly was. For Judge Brewster, terror of wrongdoers, pillar of law and order, was harboring stolen and smuggled goods. Hidden somewhere on his island property was a fortune in undressed Russian sables. Selected for royalty, they had vanished in Montreal between warehouse and wharf. The thief was the man in a Canadian prison, where forgery, not theft, had brought him, and even he knew not just where the furs were now. Their exact hiding place was the secret of the Brewsters' former caretaker, who had slipped them over the border and then succumbed to pneumonia without divulging the secret.

Chase felt, therefore, that it behooved him to learn something of the late caretaker's habits, and he could think of no higher fount of information than the late caretaker's employer. So, having dined, he called. He found the Judge on the western terrace enjoying the afterglow.

They strolled along the terrace to the rear of the dwelling, the Judge kindly explaining the lay of the land, some seven acres, and Chase was moved to reflect that it was a bally farm he had come to explore. There was space for vegetables. They even kept chickens. And, discovery most unpleasant, they had a watch dog. The Judge ushered him around the corner of the poultry house into the presence of the Great Dane.

"Here is Argus," he said simply.

Chase gazed incredulously at this Dane who was truly Great, and Argus, briefly returning his stare, opened his sad, wise face and yawned. Though less brightly colored, his interior thus exposed suggested that of a half-grown hippopotamus.

"I presume it is a dog," said Chase.

"Every pound of him," said his owner proudly. "He has been known to tip the scale at two hundred and three; but war diet disagreed with him, as it did with many of us. He weighs a trifle over a hundred and ninety now."

Complete in Three Parts  
By MARK LEE LUTHER  
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT  
PART II

"Only a hundred and ninety? A mere shadow! Does he get much exercise?"

"He has the run of the island ordinarily. I chained him today because there were so many strangers about. Too much attention makes him nervous."

"Far be it from me to ruffle his nerves," said Chase, cutting short the audience as Argus

stretched and the kennel rocked. "Is that island just to the north in the States, or Canada?"

"It lies in Canadian waters. We're right on the edge of the international boundary."

"How romantic!"

They retraced their steps and, asking him indoors, the Judge showed Chase such parts of the ground floor as a mere caller might see. Chase's interest in the half-bound contents of the library, the pictures of dead ducks in the dining-room and the stuffed moose head that overhung the living-hall fireplace, was well bred in its restraint. If the late caretaker had brought the sables into the house to hide, he would have been apt to choose the cellar or the attic. But Judge Brewster did not invite his visitor to inspect the cellar and attic. He gave him another cigar and played a piece on the mechanical piano, which reminded Chase of his innocent childhood and of precious hours misspent in church.

"I envy you all this," he whipped in as soon as the roll ran out. "Yet I dare say it's a source of anxiety, too. I should worry about it in winter if it were mine."

His host looked wistfully at the noble pile of other music rolls stacked like cordwood on top of the instrument; but a guest was a guest, and a hint was a hint.

"We have been away two years," he said, facing round, "and no harm has come of it."

"Really! This must be a strictly honest neighborhood."

"A watering place strictly honest!"

"Is that impossible?"

"Quite. It's a contradiction in terms. But there are honest men in every community, and my caretaker was held in high esteem by all."

"Was?" queried Chase delicately. "Am I to infer that—"

"He died in April."

"Ah!"

There was a feeling silence.

"I saw the design for his tombstone last week," said the Judge. "His widow has asked me for an epitaph. I think that something relating to duty would be appropriate."

"Admirable," said Chase, after a slight start. "Did he live here in your absence?"

"No. That would have been too lonely. But he was always going back and forth. He made daily inspections, the weather permitting. I fear he often took grave risks."

For his part, Chase felt that never had smuggler risked less. With such a blind as this, defrauding the customs must have been as simple as running a ferry.

"Duty!" he mused, wishing he might share that inimitable pun with its author. "What deeds men do because of it! And how such a case as this restores your faith in human nature! But I suppose that one in your position regards every man as innocent till he is proved guilty."

"I try," said the Judge humbly. "Where, I wonder, could we have met before? It's been puzzling me all the afternoon."

It came home to the caller that his seat in the glow of a floor lamp was ill chosen, but to quit it in haste would be an error far more grave.

"It bothers me, too," he admitted with a brilliant smile. "Such things always do. Curious machines, our minds! Very likely the truth won't dawn on either of us till I have left the island. Let me know if it occurs to you."

He presently went down the lawn in excellent humor. The Judge, who had stepped outside to bid him good night, paced the front terrace for an interval and gazed thoughtfully at the lower windows of his exceedingly ugly house. Then, returning indoors, he crossed the living-hall to the library, drew down the blinds, went back to the living-hall and pressed a button.

The butler found him perusing a seed catalogue with an idealistic cover printed in three colors.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Has Kearney gone to bed?"

"Not yet, sir."

The Judge slanted the catalogue so that the butler caught the full glory of the cover.

"Did you ever see vegetables like these?"

"No, sir. But it's a pretty picture, and I suppose encourages the gardeners."

"To say nothing of the seed business."

"Quite so, sir," said the butler patiently.

"The reading matter is cleverly handled, also. I thought Kearney might like to look it over. I've noticed that he takes an interest in gardening."

"Yes, sir. I've noticed it myself. It's a bit unusual for a chauffeur. But of course he hasn't had much to do lately in his own line of work. Shall I give him the book, sir?"

"Yes," said the Judge. "But, no; if he's still up send him in. That garage we're using on the mainland is a nest of bandits. Something must be done about their last bill. Tell him he'll find me in the library."

Three minutes later a muscular person in a chauffeur's summer uniform crossed the library threshold and, without waiting for instructions, shut the door behind him and glanced at the lowered blinds. The Judge nodded toward a chair and pushed a box of cigars across the reading table.

"Mrs. Brewster has retired," he said. "We sha'n't be disturbed."

Kearney lit a cigar and stretched luxuriously.

"Busy day, wasn't it?" he said.

"Busy! I trust I shall never see its like again."

Kearney laughed.

"But how the boys have enjoyed it!"

he said.

"Not fed up yet, either! They're all down there on the upper deck, every Jack copping off a

cup of tea."

"Why, your initials are here!"

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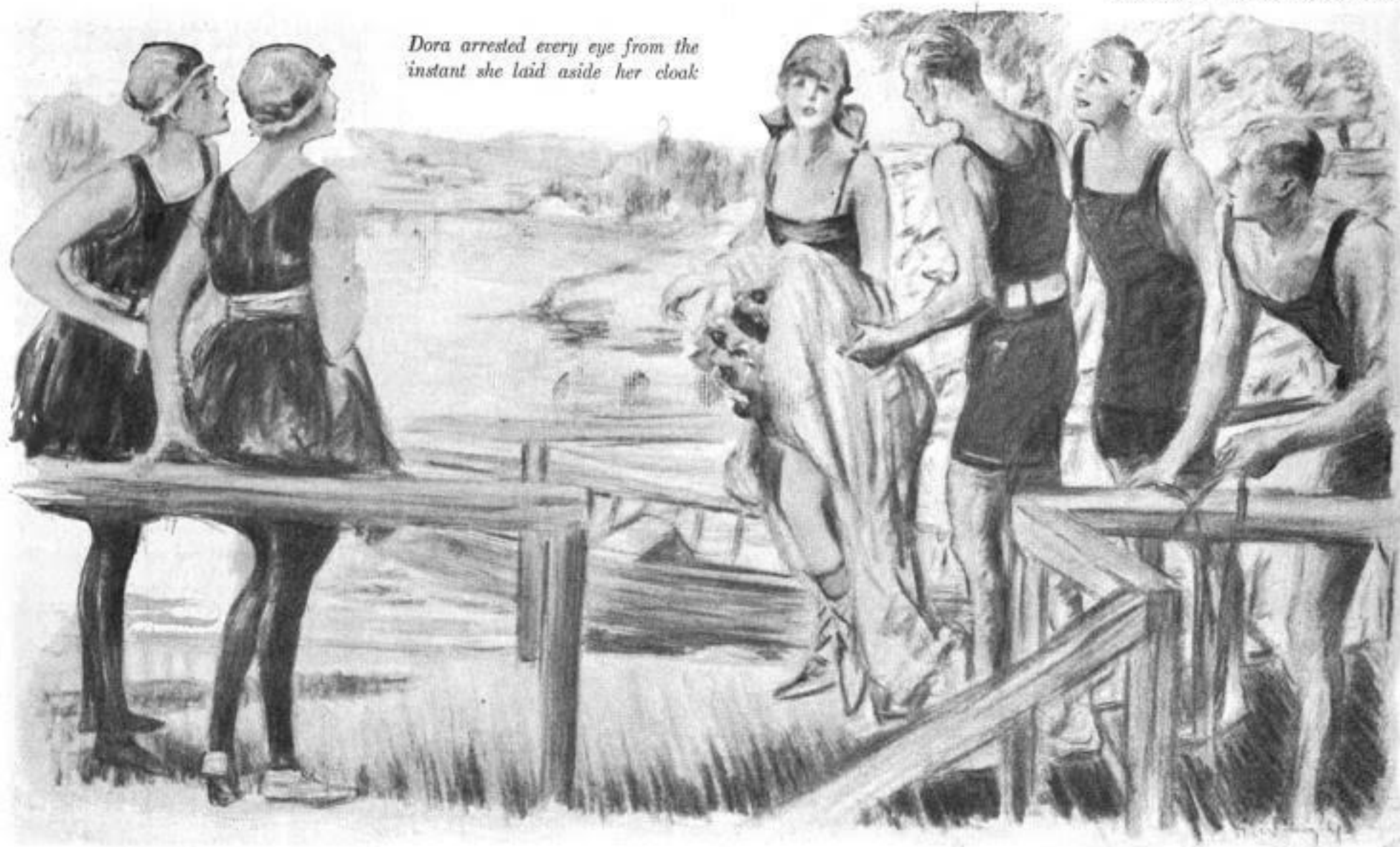
"Why, your initials are here!"

"Why, your initials are here!"





*Dora arrested every eye from the instant she laid aside her cloak*



Jill. They look as if they had a new lease on life. And Mrs. Brewster seems livelier for the change. Maybe it's taken her thoughts off bombs."

"Perhaps."

"I suppose it's been just one worry after another for her since you got that threatening letter last spring?"

The Judge coughed.

"Not since you came."

Kearney hunched his shoulders and blew a smoke ring: "We all fall sooner or later. I'd have sworn you'd told her."

"Not until she guessed," the Judge said apologetically. "But it is all right. You may have full confidence in her discretion."

"Your son wise, too?"

"Oh, no. And my wife is not aware of the actual situation. She thinks that you have been assigned to guard me, and it is a great relief to her. She always feels perfectly safe when you're running the launch or the car. She doesn't dream that you are a revenue man. It is unfortunate that the authorities have not ascertained how many are implicated in that fur theft."

"You said it," Kearney asserted. "Not a restful sort of guest to have about, am I?"

"You give my words a turn I did not intend. I am glad to cooperate with the two Governments in every way I can. If my property has been used as a smugglers' den, I am willing to have it used as a smugglers' trap. As a Federal official, it is my plain duty. The embarrassing feature is, I begin to feel like a detective myself, or at least as I conjecture a detective feels."

"How is that?"

"Well—uncomfortably suspicious of my fellow men."

"It doesn't get my goat to suspect people. But, then, it's my job."

"Exactly. And you follow a trained instinct in such affairs. But with me, an amateur, it is very different. I see dubious signs where perhaps I should not."

"I get you," said Kearney. "You hate to think it, but you're doubtful about someone on the houseboat. So am I."

"You are! Who is it?"

"You have the floor, Judge. Show me how much of a sleuth you are."

He reflected a moment and shook his head:

"I might do a grave injustice. While only two of Mrs. Page's party are her personal friends, the probabilities are against her having anyone with her who is a thief. We know her. She was at one time engaged to my son."

"They're all boarders—I got that out of her cook. And when you take boarders, you take chances. But, to give you a lift, I'll cross the women off the list. How do you size up Puddiford?" Kearney inquired.

"Puddiford's an ass," said the Judge, with unjudicial heat.

"I differ. But that isn't saying I think he's a crook, even if he did hike all over the place right after breakfast."

"He and Chase are friends, I infer."

"And Chase looks suspicious to you, eh?"

The Judge had another bout with his New England conscience.

"It's a matter of trifles which may mean something or nothing. They're so slight I hesitate to state them. Human judgment is so fallible, so easily swayed."

"I'm not a jury. What started you wondering about Chase?"

"My conviction that I had seen him before. I may have encountered him socially; that was my first impression. Somewhere I have had an opportunity to study his face. That would carry no weight, if it weren't for the fact that the faces I usually study are those which come

"His manner was so very casual that it seemed overdone. I had the feeling that behind it he was intensely curious. While we were still outside, he asked whether the next island to the north was American or Canadian. So have other visitors. By itself the question is negligible. But after we came in the house he sounded me as to our winter arrangements. It was highly distasteful to me to hide my real opinion of that soundlessly caretaker, but you may rest assured I did. That is all. In ordinary circumstances I should not think twice of these things, and it may be both absurd and unjust to do so now."

Kearney knocked the ash from his cigar.

"You're more of a sleuth than I expected," he said. "You have seen this bird before. It was when you were in Montreal a year and a half ago, the day you mentioned, when we were talking over the Canadian courts. You were a guest of the presiding justice, and Chase was an unwilling witness in a mining-stock swindle. His boss went to quod, but he had kept within the law, and apparently he's managed to keep there ever since."

"You are right!" exclaimed the Judge. "I vaguely recall his testimony. But if he was guilty of no overt wrongdoing, we should not harbor prejudice. I am reluctant to believe him wholly unprincipled. He seems too well educated, too refined. Moreover, his gallant service on the other side ought to count in his favor."

"Say!" drawled Kearney. "Where did you get that gallant-service stuff?"

"According to Mrs. Page, who had her information from Puddiford, he was present at Gallipoli and Vimy Ridge."

"Bunk!" said the detective. "The nearest he got to war was when he held down a clerical job in an ammunition factory. But for six months he was private secretary to an English swell who'd fought both Turks and Huns. That's where he borrowed his war record and his manners. I tell you, Judge, he's no good. We've got nothing on him yet. But we're warm. Last spring he was thick with Tony Driscoll—now doing time for forgery—and Tony Driscoll is the lad who pinched the sables."

VOICES reached them from the lawn. Kearney abandoned his cigar, followed to the living-hall, and when Eliot and the convalescents entered was meekly listening to a judicial opinion on garage bills.

"Well," said the Judge, facing the trio as the chastened chauffeur withdrew, "has the houseboat lost its fascination?"

"Not for me," said Thorpe.

"Nor me," said McAllister. "I had just settled down for a pleasant evening when Eliot spread the absurd impression that it was time to go home."

"The idea wasn't original with me," Brewster explained.

## What Happened in Part One

ELIOT BREWSTER'S father, Judge Brewster, owned one of the beautiful Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River. During the war the place had been closed, but this summer the Brewsters had returned, and brought with them Thorpe and McAllister, two of Eliot's army friends, who were convalescing from wounds and shell shock.

One dull evening, Mrs. Brewster tried to enliven the three bored young men by telling their fortunes. The cards predicted a disaster to a boat, a number of "queens," and other exciting things. The next morning Eliot discovered, to his surprise, that a houseboat had drifted aground on the island, and that on board was Mary Page, to whom he had once been engaged. She had married and was now a war widow.

Mary was earning a little money by taking "paying guests" on her boat for the summer. She had with her two attractive Lansing girls, Mr. Puddiford, a wealthy manufacturer of hog-cholera mixture, his young daughter Dora, and a man who called himself Stephen Chase.

The boat had mysteriously broken its moorings and grounded on the island in the night, while David, its navigator, was ashore. David had not returned, and Brewster took Mary in his launch to look for a tug to haul her boat off the shoals. A tug was finally found. But Brewster had taken the captain aside and persuaded him to declare that the houseboat could not be moved until more ruins should bring higher water. So there they all were, to the delight of the young men!

before me in my official capacity. Yet I watch lawyers as well as lawbreakers and, if I tried to form a mental rogues' gallery, the results might be strangely mixed."

"They sure would, Judge. I can't always tell 'em apart myself. What are your other trifles?"

"To-night Chase called. I was outdoors and we strolled about a few minutes."

"I saw you, and I wondered how he struck you."



McAllister grinned sympathetically. Then he saw the Judge's eyes stray toward the piano, and he grinned no more.

"Shall we turn in, fellows?" he asked briskly.

"Yes," said Thorpe, who also sensed the peril. "I need my beauty sleep."

"You do indeed, son," said McAllister. "You ought to sleep a year at least."

They bade the thwarted musician good night in the upper hall and disappeared behind their several doors. After an interval sufficient for the Judge to lay himself down to his well-earned rest, two of the doors reopened and from each issued a figure in slippers and pajamas that stole to Brewster's door. Brewster, likewise in slippers and pajamas, showed no surprise at their coming. He would have been surprised had they not come.

"Some day!" said McAllister, helping himself to an easy chair and a cigarette. "Who'd have thought it?"

"Mrs. Brewster," said Thorpe, making for a divan. "She thought it and went on record. This time last night we were giving her the laugh. It's a queer enough case to report to the Society for Psychical Research."

"Don't let the Judge catch you reporting it," advised McAllister. "With all your faults, Dicky, I'd hate to see you die young."

"Better watch your own step," his friend retorted. "You had a narrow escape at luncheon. But you uttered one sensible remark, Mac."

Brewster stopped loading his pipe.

"For heaven's sake, what?" he queried.

"You said that the girls not only looked like queens, but had queenly names. And so they have, especially Miss Puddiford."

"Miss Pud—!" McAllister nearly swallowed his cigarette. "Did you get that, Eliot? He thinks Puddiford has a royal sound!"

"Stow it!" rejoined Thorpe indignantly. "We're discussing given names, and hers is beautiful. I mentioned to her to-night what you had said, and she told me that she was christened Theodora. She did not know that it had been borne by an empress—she hasn't gone in for ancient history yet—but she's often felt that in some other life she was an empress."

"And did she ever meet you back there in her palmy days?" asked McAllister. "Not as anybody of real importance, that would be expecting too much. Say, as groom of the imperial cow stable or third assistant secretary to the keeper of the goldfish?"

Thorpe blushed guiltily.

"We both have the feeling that we've known each other a long time," he admitted. "It's very curious."

"Curious? It's pathetic, my boy. Simply pathetic."

Brewster intervened. "It's odd the Lansing twins haven't married," he said. "They must have had no end of chances in their set."

"There's nothing odd about it," contradicted McAllister. "They're particular. I got Angela's point of view to-day. She says that if a girl doesn't jump blindfold into matrimony her first season, she grows more and more fastidious. Just between ourselves, the crowd she plays around with in New York bore her stiff. Pam, too. That's why they broke away this summer and came with Mrs. Page."

"You mean Mary, don't you?" inquired Thorpe. "You call the rest by their first names. Why so shy with the merry widow? She's not so terrifying."

"You're wonderful," she said. "It was worth the price. My peril has shown me what you really are."



It took two dollars and a kiss to ease his anguish

McAllister developed real shyness, and glanced uneasily at Brewster, who shrugged.

"The fact is, Dick," said Eliot, after a slight pause, "some time ago—before I knew you—Mary and I were engaged. It didn't last long. We disagreed and Page caught her on the rebound. That's all."

"Tough luck," said Thorpe.

"A beastly shame," said McAllister. "A man, if he's half a man, doesn't back out of such an agreement. Why should a woman? She ought to have known her mind at the start."

"She did," said Brewster. "It was my mind she didn't know at the start. As soon as she knew it, she broke the engagement. And she was right. I couldn't see it at the time. I was too conceited, too sore. But I got it through my head after I went in the army."

Thorpe, incurably romantic, straightened in his chair.

"Haven't you ever seen her since?"

"Not until this morning."

"Phew!" he whistled. "My hat is off to both of you. I'd never have guessed there had been anything of the kind between you. You carried it off finely."

"You've another spicy bit coming to you," said McAllister. "This is where they first met."

"Here in the islands!"

"Here on this island,"

said Brewster. "She doesn't look a day older, Mac. You may remember a picture I showed you in Boston that fall."

"Not a day," said McAllister, perceiving what was wanted.

"To-day has brought it up as vividly as if it had happened yesterday," Brewster went on in dreamy retrospection. "What has happened since—her

marriage, the war—seems far less real. It was such a summer as this. There had been a long rain, and she came to us with the sun. Everything was spotlessly clean and bright, a brand-new world that made you feel brand-new yourself. We had a month of it here together; she was stopping close by. We golfed, swam, boated by day, danced at some hotel or cottage nearly every night. It was—oh, I can't put it in words! When she left she was wearing my ring. We planned to be married as soon as she wound up her business. You see, Thorpe, she was self-supporting. She ran a shopping department for a woman's magazine; monthly article, you know, and reams of correspondence with out-of-town readers.

"It wasn't Mary's ideal of an intellectual feast. It was her bread and butter. She wasn't trained to earn a living. She'd had an ornamental education—went to school with the Lansing twins somewhere up the Hudson—and started as a social butterfly. But her father plunged in Wall Street once too often, and died before he could get on his feet. She had to do something, and so she tackled the line she knew best. She won out and was mighty proud of it. I was proud of her success, too. Not of her job, though. I took it as a joke, hated it, and that's where I made the mistake of my life. Here in the islands I kept my mouth shut. She was glad to forget her work and so was I. We were both in a holiday mood. Well, as I was saying, she went back to New York to wind up her affairs, and it was no great while before I was there, too, urging her to hurry things along. I saw her only after office hours and even then I seldom had her to myself. It got on my nerves at last, and I was ass enough to tell her that I hoped when we were married she'd cut out the whole crew. One thing led to another, and inside of half an hour I was on the sidewalk wishing I were dead. Three weeks later she married Bob Page. He'd been begging her to have him for years."

"Always a persistent cuss," said McAllister, rounding out the tale. "We knew him at Harvard. Grind, but a good fellow. He went in for architecture. He'd probably have made a name for himself if Bill Hohenzollern hadn't staged the big show."

"Did he get his over there?" asked Thorpe.

"No such luck. Keeled over with the flu at Upton four days after he landed his commission. There's glory for you."

Thorpe's interest shifted to the vital present.

"Gad!" he exclaimed. "This is like a play. Cast-up-by-the-waves dénouement and all that sort of thing, you know. I wish I could have been down at the shore this morning when the curtain rose on Act III."

"You'd have been about as welcome as a wasp in a peach," said McAllister. "I've done my best to give them a wide berth."

"Thanks," said Brewster. "Your tact was wasted."

"Nothing doing?"

"I think I'd have been more popular if I'd kept out of the way myself."

McAllister took a limping turn of the room followed by trailing clouds of smoke.

"His carburetor's out of adjustment," said Thorpe, coughing.

"No, it isn't," said McAllister. "And all my cylinders are working fine. I'm planning a campaign for Eliot. As I see it, this is a case for strategy. Don't let her get the idea that you're a human door mat. Show her that you're still physically and mentally fit, and going strong with the fair. Keep her guessing. Make her jealous. It's old stuff, but thoroughly reliable."



Thorpe nodded his approval.

"You said something. Jealousy's the right stimulant. No woman is immune."

"And no man," said Brewster grimly. "You're over-looking Chase."

His gloom imparted itself to the entire caucus. The smoke thickened with the gloom.

"Who is he, anyhow?" growled McAllister.

"You know as much as I do," said Brewster. "He's too good-looking for my taste."

"Let's get down to brass tacks," demanded McAllister.

"What do you say to a little swift teamwork, Elliot? Suppose Thorpe and I block him off while you sprint round the end to a touchdown?"

"No use," said Brewster. "No matter how much you interfered, he'd yet have plenty of chances to be alone with her. He's right on the ground."

"To say nothing of right on deck," added Thorpe.

"In day and night shifts."

"Besides," said Brewster, "she'd see through the game like a shot. I'll have to muddle along by myself."

"I still favor Mac's jealousy tip," said Thorpe. "Better think it over."

"I will."

"Move we adjourn," said McAllister, yawning. "Tomorrow I'm to be Queen of the May."

They departed stealthily and Brewster, turning off the light, threw open his windows and gazed into the moonlit night.

The houseboat made a white spot in the black thicket where it nestled and, though it sheltered a rival as well as the one woman, he was uplifted by the thought that it would there remain for many a moonlit night.

Yet he was weary. The great day had been almost too full.

And from the houseboat Chase, also, gazed into the moonlit night. His view was limited. As he lay in his berth he saw merely the bushes amidst which he had first beheld the wrathful countenance of Judge Brewster.

He smiled as he thought of him. The Judge was no longer an opponent to fear. But as he mused his smile faded.

An opponent he did fear suddenly brushed the leafage aside and, bending at the water's edge, quenched a mighty thirst.

Argus the Superdog had somehow regained the run of the island.

When the lady of the houseboat came out the next morning a little after six her eyes fell on a grimy fishing launch, manned by a grimy youth, with her missing skiff in tow.

"You Mrs. Page?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Here's something that belongs to you. Stand by and I'll throw you a line."

To her surprise she caught it. Her surprise was shared by the soiled youth.

"What do I owe you?" she asked.

"Nothing. I brought the skiff along as a favor to Dave. He's a friend of mine, and I'd do a lot for him."

"Was he ashamed to come himself?"

"He'd have come if he thought you'd want to see him, but he guessed you wouldn't."

"He guessed right," she retorted. "Nothing he could say would excuse his carelessness. We all might have lost our lives. I hope I shall never set eyes on him again. He's lazy, surly, intemperate, impertinent, and inefficient. If I could, I'd have him arrested. You may tell him so for me."

The soiled youth absorbed this tribute with mouth ajar.

"He told me you were that kind," he said slowly.

Mary stared.

"What kind?"

"The kind that acts first and thinks afterward. 'What's the use?' he says. 'I couldn't

get a word in edgewise if I did see her,' he says. 'She'd jump down my throat.' So, being married, I took the job."

This portrait was so unflattering that she wondered if it were true.

"Has David any explanation of what occurred?" she asked with disarming sweetness.

"He can't make it out. It looks like a bit of dirty work, he says."

"You mean—malicious?"

"Yes, ma'am. He thinks either you've got an enemy or he has. He's ready to swear that the old tub—excuse me, ma'am, the houseboat—couldn't have gone cruising off by her lonesome. She lay out of the current and snug from the wind. Another thing: Dave was sober. He may be a grouch, but he's sure no souse. He's a teetotaler. I've often heard him wish he could take a drink now and then, like the rest of us. But he can't. It goes against his stummick. And now, if you'll let me have his gear, I'll mosey along."

"Gear?"

"His clothes and things."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I had the cook collect them yesterday."

She went slowly to the galley. Dave's friend had set her thinking. And Dave's satchel plead eloquently in his defense as she carried it out and lowered it over the stern. It was pathetically gaunt and light.

"I don't wish to be unjust," she said. "You may give me his address."

When the launch had gone she went down the gang-plank and round the fringe of bushes to the mouth of the cove. The water was only a trifle lower than at sundown. The river had seemingly reached its normal level. She peered for the rock like a tusk, of which the tug captain had been so apprehensive, but it eluded her search. Then, swinging in the eddy that kept the cove fresh, the moored skiff floated within reach and, stepping in, she began probing with an oar. Rocks there were below, certainly, but none was of diabolic conformation. She made many soundings, and all were reassuring. As a rule statistics bored her, but this morning she found them fascinating. One dull fact about her boat had lodged firmly in her memory. She knew its draft.

Again ashore, she heard someone brushing through the shrubbery, and hastily pushed the skiff back in the eddy. Then Elliot Brewster plumped into her with a start.

"You're out early," he said.

"And you," said she.

"I ran down to see if everything was all right." His glance flew toward the houseboat, but fell by the way.

"Yes," she said, breaking his trance. "It's a skiff."

"Yours?"

"Mine."

"The fellow turned up after all!"

"David? No; he wasn't that heroic. He sent his Jonathan."

"Had he anything to say?"

"Oh, yes. He was quite fluent. It seems that David is as mystified as I am."

"Mystified! He ought to be shot."

"I felt that way, too, at first. But now I'd rather shoot someone I think deserves it more."

Brewster assumed an air of virtue.

"You suspect someone of—of something?"

"I mean the tugboat captain."

"Oh!" he said, relieved. "It does seem that he might have come sooner."

"That isn't what I have against him. It's the fact that he did nothing when he came. I shall try to find one with more brains."

"Good heavens, no!" he protested. "You mustn't do that."

"Why?"

"He's begun the job, it's his to finish. Very likely another tug captain wouldn't touch it without his consent. You know how high-handed labor has become. Don't get it down on you."

"Then these people have a union?"

"I don't know. It's probable."

"I have it," she said. "I wonder it didn't occur to me before. I'll ask Mr. Chase. He'll know, of course."

Brewster echoed dimly, "Of course!" All, including honor, seemed lost.

"But I don't," came suavely from above.

They wheeled toward the houseboat. Chase was smiling at them from the upper deck.

"I couldn't help overhearing," he added. "I might have stood at elbow, your voices carried so clearly. It's jolly nice of you to think so well of my opinion; but, frankly, I don't know whether Mr. Brewster is right or wrong."

Mary Page had turned pink.

"Was the captain right or wrong? That's the main thing."

"Right," he answered promptly. "Had I been in his place yesterday, I should have done exactly as he did."

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They wheeled toward the houseboat. Chase was smiling at them from the upper deck.

"I couldn't help overhearing," he added. "I might have stood at elbow, your voices carried so clearly. It's jolly nice of you to think so well of my opinion; but, frankly, I don't know whether Mr. Brewster is right or wrong."

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"Was the captain right or wrong? That's the main thing."

"Right," he answered promptly. "Had I been in his place yesterday, I should have done exactly as he did."

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"Has David any explanation of what occurred?" she asked with disarming sweetness.

"He can't make it out. It looks like a bit of dirty work, he says."

"You mean—malicious?"

"Yes, ma'am. He thinks either you've got an enemy or he has. He's ready to swear that the old tub—excuse me, ma'am, the houseboat—couldn't have gone cruising off by her lonesome. She lay out of the current and snug from the wind. Another thing: Dave was sober. He may be a grouch, but he's sure no souse. He's a teetotaler. I've often heard him wish he could take a drink now and then, like the rest of us. But he can't. It goes against his stummick. And now, if you'll let me have his gear, I'll mosey along."

"Gear?"

"His clothes and things."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I had the cook collect them yesterday."

She went slowly to the galley. Dave's friend had set her thinking. And Dave's satchel plead eloquently in his defense as she carried it out and lowered it over the stern. It was pathetically gaunt and light.

"I don't wish to be unjust," she said. "You may give me his address."

When the launch had gone she went down the gang-plank and round the fringe of bushes to the mouth of the cove. The water was only a trifle lower than at sundown. The river had seemingly reached its normal level. She peered for the rock like a tusk, of which the tug captain had been so apprehensive, but it eluded her search. Then, swinging in the eddy that kept the cove fresh, the moored skiff floated within reach and, stepping in, she began probing with an oar. Rocks there were below, certainly, but none was of diabolic conformation. She made many soundings, and all were reassuring. As a rule statistics bored her, but this morning she found them fascinating. One dull fact about her boat had lodged firmly in her memory. She knew its draft.

Again ashore, she heard someone brushing through the shrubbery, and hastily pushed the skiff back in the eddy. Then Elliot Brewster plumped into her with a start.

"You're out early," he said.

"And you," said she.

"I ran down to see if everything was all right." His glance flew toward the houseboat, but fell by the way.

"Yes," she said, breaking his trance. "It's a skiff."

"Yours?"

"Mine."

"The fellow turned up after all!"

"David? No; he wasn't that heroic. He sent his Jonathan."

"Had he anything to say?"

"Oh, yes. He was quite fluent. It seems that David is as mystified as I am."

"Mystified! He ought to be shot."

"I felt that way, too, at first. But now I'd rather shoot someone I think deserves it more."

Brewster assumed an air of virtue.

"You suspect someone of—of something?"

"I mean the tugboat captain."

"Oh!" he said, relieved. "It does seem that he might have come sooner."

"That isn't what I have against him. It's the fact that he did nothing when he came. I shall try to find one with more brains."

"Good heavens, no!" he protested. "You mustn't do that."

"Why?"

"He's begun the job, it's his to finish. Very likely another tug captain wouldn't touch it without his consent. You know how high-handed labor has become. Don't get it down on you."

"Then these people have a union?"

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# Steve Carter, Who Won the War

Second of the Series "It Happened in Orchard Street"

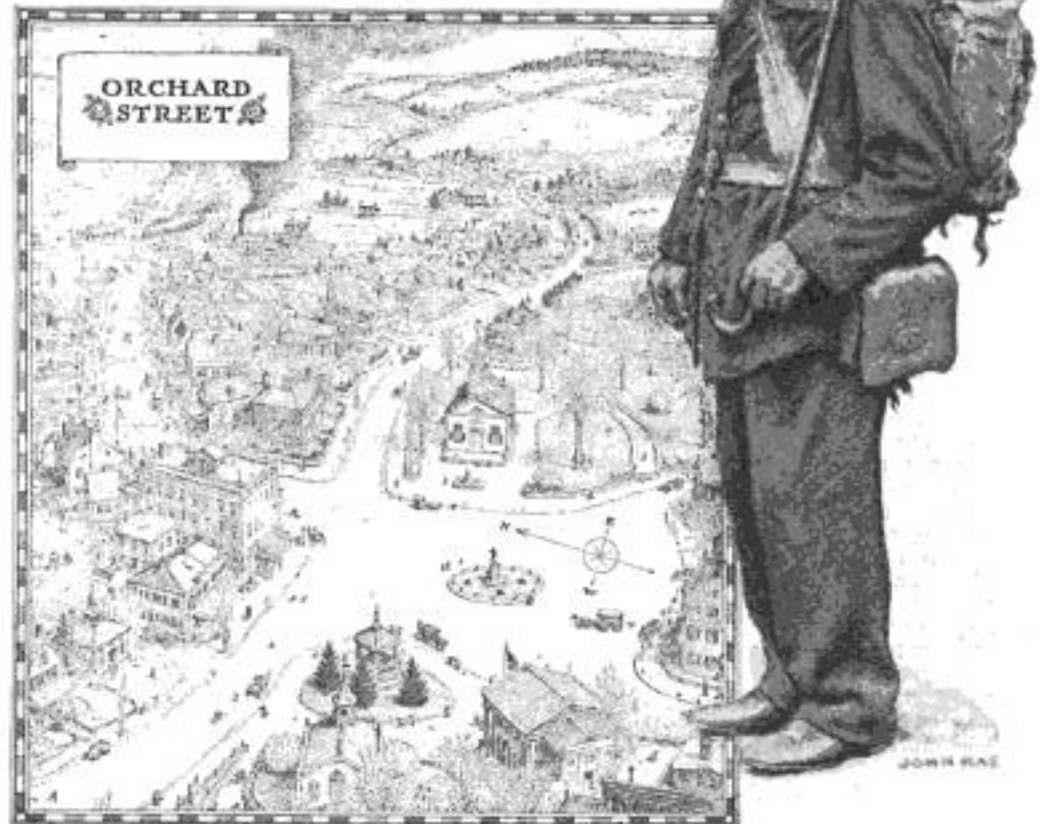
By BRUCE BARTON

MAP & PORTRAIT DRAWN by JOHN RAE

THIS is the story of Orchard Street, which wanders out of a country village, and makes its winding way through the woods and over the hills. It is also the story of the world. For if you will watch any street for twenty-five years, as I have watched Orchard Street, you will see repeated on that street all of the comedies and tragedies, all the various combinations of human relationship that have taken place among men and women since the race began.

Boys have grown up to fame on Orchard Street; and boys have grown up to be hanged. Girls have married fairy princes; and girls have married ne'er-do-wells. Romance and high intrigue have made their home upon our street. We had a murder once that shook the state. And once we had a hero.

This is Chapter Two in the history of Orchard Street—the story of our hero, Steve Carter.



**S**TEVE CARTER lived in a little green house in the valley, just where Orchard Street turns lazily to avoid the effort of climbing up over Berry Hill. His wife, who married him in uniform, and despised him in overalls, lived with him, and so did his two daughters when I knew him first; but later they married and went away. They never came back, except at Christmas time or Thanksgiving, bringing him boxes of cheap cigars and criticizing him because his whiskers were tobacco-stained and his vest had spots.

When we were youngsters, and Steve told us his stories of the war, crouching low among the tall corn stalks so that his wife might not discover his idleness, we thought he was the greatest man in the world. Later, we doubted, reflecting the cynical humor of the town; and then came the day when the Governor himself stood up at Steve's side and put his arm across Steve's shoulder; on that day we understood how much more truly the faithful eyes of childhood see than the doubting eyes of men.

Just where Steve was born we were never quite sure. Sometimes we thought it was in New York City, because he rode on the first horse car that ever rolled up Broadway and helped the driver handle the horses, and that was so long ago that we figured he couldn't have been more than a mere boy. Other days, when he told us about fishing with Abraham Lincoln, when Lincoln was young, we decided Steve must have come from Lincoln's part of the world.

He said to Lincoln when they fished, "Abe," he said, "some day you are going to be President of the United States."

And Abe only laughed; but Steve insisted that he knew, and finally Abe got serious, and he said, "Steve, if I am ever President of the United States I want you to promise me that you will go in the army, because that's the most important part of the Government, and I will feel safe about winning the war if you are there."

He never had much schooling. Schools were very good things, he thought; and he always advised us to study our lessons faithfully, because studying was the only way for the average boy or girl to get on in life. As for himself, schools hadn't done him very much good. When he was fourteen the teachers saw that he knew all that they could teach him; and so they told him frankly that he was wasting his time, and that he ought to be in business, because they had never seen anyone that had a brighter mind for figures and scientific things such as acoustics and agnostics. So he went to work in factories.

A man named Ike Mason, who used to live in New York, and visited Orchard Street once a long time afterward, told me

a good deal about Steve's career between the time when he went to work and the day when he went to war. Ike's version was not as fascinating as Steve's; he left out entirely Steve's meeting with Edison, for instance, when Edison was struggling to invent the electric light and was almost ready to give up in despair. But for the purposes of this narrative, which is strictly historical, it may be wiser to follow Ike's memory.

Steve had a real genius for mechanics, according to Ike. Even as a boy he had shown a fondness for tools, and when he went to work at fifteen in a big machine shop the manager was not long in discovering that fact. Steve worked up through the apprentice ranks in quick time, and at nineteen he was regarded as one of the most promising young chaps of his age in the business. He had several small inventions to his credit, and was paid fifty dollars a week, which was wealth for a young man in those days.

Then came the war, and Steve, with thousands of other boys, put away his tools and shouldered a gun and marched away to the front. It was to be a ninety-days holiday, with plenty of good food and fresh air, and the joy and thrill of adventure. A girl who had walked by Steve's side on the Avenue, proud of his strength and earning power, stood on the curb when he marched away and waved her hand and cried.

The ninety days passed; and another ninety, and another, and there was no sight of the end. Men who had left their families grew homesick and discouraged; younger men grumbled and lost heart. But Steve's courage was high. The girl who had stood on the curb and waved wrote regularly every week. Twice in the first year he was given leave to go back to New York, and he took her to the theatre, and behind them he heard people say, "What a handsome soldier that is, and isn't she a pretty girl!"

In the army, the officers discovered Steve's special aptitude for tools, just as the shop-managers had; they took him out of the ranks and gave him special work, keeping engines and bridges and guns in repair. They made him a corporal, then a sergeant; and just when they were about to make him lieutenant, a bullet grazed the top of Steve's head, and he woke up hours later in the hospital.

It seemed a trivial wound at first, but it took a long time to heal. And the hospital was a place where more men caught disease, almost, than were cured of it. Steve was overtired and run-down; pneumonia settled in his lungs, and he was in the hospital for months instead of days, and came out of it a changed man.

He had long whiskers, and his hair was touched with gray, and his eyes were sunken and his face was pale. He went back to New York, back to the girl who

had stood on the curb and waved. If she was shocked at the change that had taken place in him she gave no sign. She arranged for him to go to a little town outside New York, where he could rest, and work in the open air. Every Sunday she came, and they walked hand in hand through the woods and talked of the happiness that was to be theirs.

So gradually Steve came to look like his old self again; and one day he and the girl were married in New York—she in her white dress and he in uniform. And they walked proudly out of the church and onto the Avenue; and neither she nor any of the wedding guests noted anything strange about Steve.

After their wedding trip he took his old job in the machine shop. They were glad to have him back. "We've kept everything just as you left it," they said. "It's all ready for you to go right to work."

The first day he was too happy and excited to work. Everyone came into his little room to shake his hand, and have him tell them about the war. The second day he spread out his blue prints on his desk, and bent over them, wrinkling his brows in the effort to concentrate. Late in the afternoon the boss dropped in to see how he was getting along, and found that his head had dropped on the desk and he was fast asleep.

"Poor Steve," said the boss to himself, and waked him up tenderly and sent him home in a cab.

But after two or three months everyone in the shop knew that there was something the matter with Steve. He tried faithfully to work, bending his head down and grasping the tools hard in his hands. But the genius had gone from his touch, and some days he talked a little queerly about what General Grant had said to him, and his invention that was going to surprise everybody, and of how he won the war at Gettysburg. One afternoon he walked into the boss's office and said he thought it would be better for him to go to work somewhere else. And the boss, with real feeling and reluctance, gave him two weeks' wages and let him have his way.

So for some years Steve worked here and there, each job lasting a little shorter period and leading to a new job not quite so good. The girl who had stood on the curb and waved saw her dreams of the future begin to fade. She was considerate at first; then reproachful, and finally merely resigned. She knew the full truth then: Steve would never be quite his old

self again. And so one day, with their two daughters, they left the big city and appeared in the little run-down house in Orchard Street.

Under his touch the faded old house took on freshness and self-respect. He fixed the broken shutters, built on a comfortable porch, and painted the house a soft dull green that seemed to make it a friendly part of the trees and vines and the flowers that gathered themselves around it. Folks in the town discovered soon enough that Steve was handy with tools; and between the odd jobs that they gave him and the little pension which arrived regularly at the post office on the first day of the month, Steve managed to pay his bills and clothe his wife and daughters. The garden helped, too, and it was Steve's chief pride and joy. He told us that flowers and vegetables knew their friends just as dogs and kittens do; and that they try to grow just as well as they can when you show that you appreciate their work.

"Just think what a job a little bit of a plant has to push its way up through the hard ground," Steve would say to us. "And how it grows and grows, knowing all the while that it is going to be picked and eaten up. I'll tell you there ain't nothing so kind-hearted and self-sacrificing as a good plant. It's a shame the way some folks treat 'em."

Sometimes, when we went up to Steve's house to help him in the garden, and listen to him tell how he won the war, we would hear Mrs. Carter's voice, loud and nagging, in the kitchen. If we peeked through the window we would find Steve sitting all crouched down in his chair beside the stove, while Mrs. Carter talked and rattled the pans. The burden of Mrs. Carter's complaint was that Steve "weren't right and ought to have known he weren't right when he married her," and that it was a "burning shame for a proud woman and two ambitious girls to be held down because their husband and father couldn't do no better than Steve did."

Steve never said anything in reply; but sometimes when he came out to us we would see that there were tears in his eyes. He always said there was nothing the matter, only the sunlight hurt his eyes at first on account of a wound he got in capturing a rebel general single-handed at Bull Run. As soon as we got away from the house he would seem to get better; and we would shoulder the wooden guns he made us, and march out to the garden and he would tell us about [CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]



# The Order of the Garter

By  
MARCIA ELKIN  
ILLUSTRATED By R.M. CROSBY

AN ORDER of knighthood was once formed because a lady lost her garter. There were no consequences quite so general when Susanna Harris experienced a similar embarrassment. The only orders likely to result from that mishap will be those which Susanna will probably, in the course of time, issue to Rodney, now that he has promised to love, honor, and obey. And that is only fair, for, as Susanna insists and can easily prove, it was all Rodney's fault. Rodney says it was Susanna's, for looking so pretty that day; whereupon, Susanna demands to know whether being pretty is a fault, and Rodney straightway takes the count.

You see, before Susanna ever saw Rodney, about twenty minutes before, to be exact, she decided to call on a former schoolmate who was visiting in the city which Susanna adorned. Susanna had no machine, which was a pity, as the former schoolmate was staying four squares from any car line; but Susanna did not complain. Her newest parasol was reason enough for any walk; it drew the glances of mankind and then, provocative, shielded her therefrom. She rode eleven squares in one of our limousines of the lowly, and then, unfurling her parasol, started on her walk of four squares. The day was bright and fair, and so was Susanna. If being pretty is a fault, then Susanna was of all mortals most steeped in error. But, as Susanna well knows, it is not a fault; it is a virtue, and a duty to our Neighbor. Perhaps it was the consciousness of duty well performed that gave her her bubbling radiance that day.

At any rate, she had progressed one and three-quarters squares when Rodney drove along that same street. Rodney's car was the kind of car which it was a pity Susanna did not have. She perceived this immediately, and glanced at the car. During that glance she learned three things: First, that it was a very good-looking car; second, that it was driven by a very good-looking young man; third, that the very good-looking young man had been staring at her most impudently.

Now what Susanna had interpreted as an impudent stare had been really a gaze of rapturous approval. But he had selected the wrong moment to gaze rapturously. Susanna was Very Much Annoyed. Susanna lowered the provocative parasol so it just hid her face and, to show that she was absolutely unaware of his existence, sprang lightly and gracefully across a fissure in the pavement which she would otherwise most certainly have walked around.

It was that spring which caused the unfortunate calamity. Light as it was, it was enough to wrench loose from its fastenings a long white silk stocking. The stocking hesitated a moment, as if not quite sure of this new-found liberty, and then began to slip down—very gradually, insidiously. Susanna's dress was a new dress, and of the mode of day after to-morrow. Her skirt lacked fourteen inches of reaching the ground.

This was the fact that fixed itself blazing on Susanna's mind. She had felt that little give as her stocking pulled loose, and had stopped short. For a moment, she was unable to realize her predicament. Then the insidious slipping began, and in horrified panic she thought of those fourteen inches. Automatically she pressed one knee tightly against the other. The slipping stopped.

That gave her a respite to breathe and consider what she should do. She could not stand motionless in the middle of the sidewalk without looking ridiculous. To gain time to think, she scrutinized the pavement around her, pretending that she had lost something. She looked and looked. As she searched she moved two steps, very carefully, experimenting. The stocking adopted new tactics; it seemed to be rolling itself down from the top. Susanna came to a second halt, searched more industriously, and wondered wrathfully how long it would take that impudent person in the blue car to get off the square.

From around her parasol came the impudent person. He blushed very pleasantly and said with irrepressible enthusiasm:

"Pardon me. You seem to have lost something. Could I be of any assistance to you?"

Rodney had once again done the right thing at the wrong time. He had driven his car at its very slowest, while all sorts of wild schemes flashed through his mind. He wondered if he dared follow her. And then she had



"Pardon me. You seem to have lost something. Could I be of any assistance to you?"

stopped suddenly, had begun scrutinizing the ground. She had evidently lost some valuable. He jammed on his brakes and rushed joyously to offer his assistance.

And she said: "No!"

It was one of those thundering "Noes," point-blank from the mouth of a woman. The thunder of it was the thunder of a crackling iceberg. Rodney had never heard any syllable quite so freezing. He flushed hotly, bowed shortly, and turned away. In a moment Susanna saw his car start off at high speed. He turned the corner and was gone. She felt a conscious satisfaction in having put him in his place. The idea of his having the effrontery, when it was all his fault. She stepped forward in her wrath, forgetting. The stocking rolled itself down another inch. She stopped again and renewed her examination of the pavement.

Fasten that stocking she must; and place to fasten it there was none. There was no women's shop, no anything. And she could not walk two steps, much less two squares, with one knee pressed against the other. An idea came to her. She closed her parasol and held it at her side, casually but firmly against the sliding stocking. Carefully she released the pressure of her other knee. Nothing happened. She took a step, two steps. Still no threatening

slipping. She gave a sigh of relief. She could continue on her way. All this time she had been maintaining her pretense of looking for something. Now she pretended to find it, bent over, picked it up, and put it into her hand bag. Then, having by this byplay completed her reason for lingering, she walked on, with the parasol pressed casually but firmly against her knee.

She accomplished about twenty steps in this fashion. Then she realized that she could proceed no farther. She could not walk and hold a parasol casually but firmly against her stocking. Too late she wished that she had not treated the young man in the blue car quite so curtly. True, it was his fault; but for that very reason she should have seen that he rescued her from the awkward situation which his impertinence had caused. She could have pretended that she was ill, and requested him to take her to her destination. Those two squares which she had foolishly supposed she could walk, with a judicious manipulation of the parasol, now stretched before her like two miles.

She had pretended to find what she had pretended to lose, and hence could no longer plausibly peer at the pavement. This time she pretended to be looking for a house number. Then she had another bright idea:

She would go up to one, ring the bell, and explain her predicament to the maid who answered it. Any woman, mistress or maid, would understand. If by chance a man answered her ring, she would ask for a fictitious name, and try the next house. She wondered why she had not thought of so simple a device before.

She made the ascent of the steps nearest her carefully but successfully, and breathed in audible relief as she rang the doorbell.

The stocking had reached an imminently critical point in its descent; but she knew that she could now fasten it. The door was opening and she turned to present her apology and her plea. In the doorway stood the impudent young man whom five minutes earlier she had seen vanish in his blue car. He was smiling, charmingly.

Susanna blushed scarlet; her wits quite deserted her. In such a contingency—a—a man answering the bell—ah, yes, a fictitious name.

"Does—does Mrs. Clark live here?" she quavered.

The young man stood back, to open wider the door, if possible.

"Yes," he replied, and his voice was a jubilate. "She is at home. Won't you come in?"

The next thing Susanna knew, she was sitting in Mrs. Clark's drawing-room, with Rodney on his way up the wide staircase to apprise the said Mrs. Clark of a guest's presence.

Rodney had left the lovely damsel-in-distress in a particularly indignant frame of mind. He had never received such a snub in his life and he smarted under it, hotly. He turned the corner of the intersecting street, turned again into an alley, and burned with growing righteousness. "Why, she couldn't have done any more if I had walked right up to her and spoken to her just because she was pretty," he addressed the door of his garage. He left his car and went on into the house; but by the time he reached the kitchen door, his anger against her had cooled. By the time he reached the dining-room door, it was his own fault, and he deserved it. He had spoken to her just because she was pretty. The offer of assistance had been a mere pretext. Because she was pretty, he had looked at her; because he had looked at her, he had seen that she was searching for something; because he had noticed that she had lost something, he had offered his assistance; to offer his assistance, he had spoken to her. Ergo, because she was pretty, he had spoken to her. Rodney possessed an honest character and a college course in logic, and the two were apparently unanimous in their verdict. Consequently, having rid himself of his wrath, he proceeded immediately to the front of the house to see whether the cause of it was still in sight. He arrived just in time to answer her ring at the doorbell.

Susanna's thoughts as Rodney ascended the staircase were anything but syllogistic. First, she wondered what she should say to the unknown Mrs. Clark when she appeared, if, as Susanna strongly suspected, she appeared not unattended; then she wondered why she had ever asked for such a common name as Clark, anyway; next, as long as she had done so, why on earth she had not qualified it with a "Mrs. Angelina Clark," or something equally improbable, when that discomfiting man said Mrs.



Clark resided there. The trouble with her was, she had no presence of mind. Rodney's heels were disappearing between the banisters of the staircase. She wondered if she dared—

The doorbell rang again, and instantly a door in the rear of the house was opened, admitting a half-grown negro boy to answer the ring. No, she could not dare now. The negro boy ushered in two callers, a man and a girl.

Mrs. Clarke (it was Clarke with an "e") and Rodney descended. Mrs. Clarke was a tall, pleasant, rather dignified woman, with Rodney's nose and chin. Indeed, the relationship between them was evident even before he called her "Mother." It was then that Susanna learned his name. The other two callers proved to be a bride and groom whose surname she did not catch, but whose Christian nicknames were Bill and Babbles. Mrs. Clarke called the bride Barbara. They were unmistakably just home from their wedding trip; their main purpose in calling was to display to Rodney the new car which Bill's father had presented as his contribution to the budding household.

Susanna was wretchedly uncomfortable. The party was so seated that she was farthest from Mrs. Clarke, and consequently could explain nothing to her hostess. The elder woman was tact itself, she thought; there was no hint of a question in her graciously hospitable demeanor. No question appeared in Mrs. Clarke's acceptance of Susanna, because there was none. Mrs. Clarke had entirely misunderstood Rodney, and thought that Susanna was a girl whom he was bringing to call. It was a habit of Rod's to bring his girl friends to see her. Rodney, of course, thought Susanna was calling on his mother, and was mentally preparing a protest to his parent for never having mentioned the one wonderful girl. Bill and Barbara naturally did not give the matter a thought. Only Susanna knew that she knew nobody and that nobody knew her. But she did not have the comfort of knowing that only she knew. She sat with her best foot foremost, literally.

At last Bill and Barbara rose to leave. They asked if there was any place they could take Susanna. Before she could reply, Rodney answered that he was driving Miss Harris. Then the parting guests dragged Rodney down to look at their car. Bill held out his hand to Susanna in good-by. There was no help for it now. Susanna, who had been standing with her knees tightly together, took the tiniest step forward to shake hands with Bill. Just as the three others went out to the car, she felt the folds of silk around her ankle.

With almost hysterical nervousness she explained the situation to Mrs. Clarke. Her impromptu hostess tried

refused to take his leave. He made a suggestion. "I'd better wait," he insisted. "She may not be at home."

And, sure enough, she was not. Though Susanna rang three times, nobody answered.

"Now, let's see," began Rodney, calculating. "You could not decently have stayed less than twenty minutes; then it would have taken you ten minutes to walk to the car, and ten minutes more to get home. You would probably have had to wait for the car, shall we say another ten minutes? Fifty minutes. For the next fifty minutes, at least, I am going to take you riding. You cannot possibly plead another engagement."

Aloud he thanked the kind fate that had delivered her into his hands. Susanna did not even blush. For, after all, perhaps fate did have something to do with it. Her friend might really have been out. Susanna could not possibly tell. She had only pretended to press that doorbell.

Then Rodney spoiled it all. He said, exultantly: "Fifty minutes! You might just as well have let me pick you up in the first place."

He spent those fifty minutes trying to explain how innocent had been his meaning in that remark.

He spent the next fifty days doing penance for it. Susanna proved to be the most capricious lady a lover ever wooed. Pick her up, indeed! The most thoughtful attentions and abject consideration of her wishes on Rodney's part availed him not at all.

Rodney stood it like an angel for one month and twenty days. Then he decided he would cure indifference with indifference. For one week he would ignore her. He ignored her for four days. On the morning of the fifth, he learned from Bill that Susanna had spent the last four evenings in the company of Bill's elder brother Harley (whom Rodney had introduced to her, the ingrate!); so Rodney changed his mind as to the efficacy of absence making the heart grow fonder, and called up Susanna.

Susanna had an engagement for that evening. The next? The next also. Rodney progressed day by day. Susanna had engagements for the next eight evenings. Were these engagements with Harley? Susanna really did not see that it was necessary to specify the nature of her arrangements. Were they with Harley? Well, yes, since he asked her, some of them were. Rodney ground his teeth. How about the daytime then? This afternoon. He specially wanted to see her; he would arrange at the office—Quite impossible. To-day was the tag day for the Babies' Milk Fund, and she was going to sell tags all afternoon. If she would tell him where she expected to be, he would meet her. She had not the slightest idea where

she would be, and, besides, she would have no time to talk to him; she would be too busy getting rid of her tags. If he came down and bought all her tags. . . . Oh, that would be lovely. But of course she still would not be free. It was not a set amount each girl was to work for, but as much as she could take in.

Rodney left his office at noon in high disgust. He was angry with the entire universe and particularly with the center of the universe; namely, Susanna. A florist's shop opposite caught his eye. Just to show her, he went in and sent a dozen pink roses to her former schoolmate, whom he had since met. He drove savagely for two squares and then stopped at another florist's and sent three dozen red roses to Susanna. He drove another square and wished that he had not sent them; and another square, and was glad that he had. He wished then that he had not sent the pink ones to her friend. There was a crash and a yell. He jammed on his brakes and, jumping over the door of his car, ran to investigate.

In the gutter was a boy of about sixteen caught under his own bicycle. His basket of groceries was scattered over the pavement; it was a bottle of milk which Rodney had heard crash. Quick as Rodney had been, however, someone else had been quicker. A much decorated young siren, of about the same age as the boy, was holding his head in her arms. It was she who had yelled, and was still yelling, lustily. She wailed:

"Oh, Jimmie, are yer dead? Oh, say yer ain't dead." Rodney bent over the prostrate youth. "Here," he said, "let me have him. I'll take him to the hospital."

Jimmie opened his eyes and regarded Rodney with a gaze of belligerent contentment. "Gwan," he advised, settling his head still more heavily on the arm on which it was resting. "I ain't hurt. I'm playin' in luck, see?"

Rodney saw. Ten minutes later, he went through the traffic policeman's Stop-Stop sign so fast that the officer could not even get his number.

When Susanna arrived at her home late that afternoon, the first thing she saw was Rodney's roses. She had been vending tags for the Babies' Fund and had had a most successful day; but she was tired and consequently in a mood to be softened. Only one girl had turned in more money than she, and that girl had been given a ten-dollar bill by an awfully good-looking man in a perfectly fascinating blue car. The initials on the car were R. C. After the bill, the girl had particularly noticed. Susanna liked the delicacy which had caused Rodney to give the donation anonymously instead of sending it flauntingly to her. She liked, too, the forgiving spirit which had prompted him, after her unjust and inconsiderate treatment of him, to send her the roses. Just then, her mother entered.

"Sue," she cried, "there is a message for you from Norment Hospital. Mr. Clarke was in an automobile accident to-day, and the doctor says he keeps asking for you. Wait until I get my hat and I'll go over with you."

But Susanna, with Rodney's flowers in her hands, was on her way to Norment Hospital.

"Oh, Rodney," wept Susanna when at last she sank beside his sick-bed, "I have treated you abominably."

"You have, sweetheart," agreed Rodney; "but it's all right now." He seemed quite sincere in this opinion.

"When did it happen?"

"This afternoon, at about three o'clock, at Ninth and F Streets."

"Where?" said Susanna.

"At Ninth and F. It—er—er—held up traffic. . . . But let's not waste time talking about it, darling. I have something much more important to ask you. When are you going to marry me?"

Susanna's sobs had quite ceased. "Whenever you want me to," she answered.

"What's the matter with now?" suggested Rodney.

"Whenever you want me to," reiterated Susanna.

In half an hour, the resident physician, who, it appeared, was an intimate friend of Rodney's, had secured a license, a ring, and Susanna's pastor. Susanna and Rodney were married.

When it was over, Susanna turned to her husband.

"Rodney darling," she said, "don't you think I'd better unfasten your bandages before we go to tell our families?"

Rodney gasped in bewilderment and Doctor Harding lifted a protesting hand and voice. But Mrs. Rodney Clarke faced her husband's best man.

"Doctor Harding," she declared, "I sold tags for the Babies' Fund at Ninth and F streets all the afternoon."

"In that case," rejoined Doctor Harding equably, "we may as well remove these bandages. They're so ornamental, my dear fellow, I'm really sorry there was no accident."



*Her impromptu hostess tried to be sympathetic, but she was heartlessly amused*

to be sympathetic, but she was heartlessly amused.

"Oh, my dear," she laughed merrily, "my room is the third floor front. There are pins—"

When Rodney managed to break away from his enforced inspection of the Bill-and-Babbles machine, he found Susanna, strangely radiant, about to depart. However, every cloud has a silver lining; he drove her to her friend's house.

When Rodney's blue car drew up before Susanna's schoolmate's address, Rodney



# "The Old Order Changeth"

## A Message to the Woman in Politics

By CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

President of the International Woman  
Suffrage Alliance and Honorary Chairman  
of the National League of Women Voters



**T**O-DAY millions of American women feel a loss which they find it difficult to put into words, but which is in reality the absence of definiteness of purpose. They feel that a gigantic task confronts them, and that having the vote imposes upon them a grave responsibility for wise action. But exactly what to do at the moment to achieve their ideals they do not know.

This is because they do not understand their own ideals. Much is being said about the desire of women to impress their point of view upon the body politic. But who can say what that point of view is? It exists. We know that women have particular desires, hopes which are peculiarly their own, ideals which their habits of thought and life have developed within them. But these are rather tendencies than facts. They have not yet become mobilized. And until women have gained some united conception of their own point of view they will find it difficult to realize their ideals in politics.

Lacking means, then, to express the spirit which animates them, what may the masses of women undertake to do until such time as they become coherent concerning their point of view? There are still two pieces of work to be accomplished before women are the political equals of men.

### Two Things to be Done

**F**IRST, the laws which discriminate against women and which exist in some form in the code of every state in the Union must be eliminated.

There are many states where married mothers have no right of guardianship over their children. In some states, not only is the father given the right to will away even his unborn child, but the mother has no testamentary rights over her child at all and, in the case of her death following the death or divorce of the father, the appointment of a guardian for the child is left entirely to the court. One state grants a mother equal right of guardianship with the father if she supports the child. Another state obliges the mother, in order to establish her claim of guardianship, to prove both that she is a proper person to have the custody of the child and that the father is an improper person. If she proves one of these contentions and fails to prove the other to the satisfaction of the court, the father still has the prior claim to guardianship of the child. Considerably less than half of the states give the mother absolutely equal guardianship with the father over the child.

Many states give the husband sole right to the earnings of the wife, even though the court may have granted a legal separation to the wife. There is a case of recent record where a mother living apart from her husband was supporting the children and where the father set up a claim to her weekly wages, the judge declaring that the law gave him no alternative but to award the money to the man. There are many cases where women doing extra work to earn money at home, or denying themselves to save from the money given to them by their husbands, have been obliged to turn over the entire sums to the husbands.

It would seem as if these inequalities would have been recognized and blotted from the statute books long ago. As a matter of fact they continue to exist until some particularly outrageous case is brought, and even then the force of public opinion is not always strong enough to overturn them. During the last few months Assemblywoman Minnie J. Grinstead, of the Kansas Legislature, introduced a bill to give married women the right to their own earnings, a right which at the present time is vested entirely in their husbands. The bill passed the lower house but was killed in committee in the senate.

### The Question of Jury Duty

**C**AMPAIGNS to amend state laws so that women will share jury service equally with men are meeting untellable resistance. In England a similar movement has received great impetus through a curious incident. The English law provides that a judge "may in his discretion or on application, made by or on behalf of the parties . . . or any of them or at his own instance, make an order that the jury shall be composed of men only, or of women only, as the case may require." In a recent divorce case the judge accepted a jury composed equally of men and women, with an especial commendation that this was a desirable case on which women should serve. During the trial the attorney for the wife declared that he was in

possession of some very important evidence, evidence so vital that he did not see how the jury could come to a correct decision without seeing it, and yet he hesitated to lay it before the women jurors. The judge, after examining the evidence, ruled that it was so important that the jury should have it, but that it should be shown to the six men jurors and withheld from the six women jurors, who, nevertheless, were expected to arrive at a fair decision!

Women must expect to do some serious work before they establish in truth their equality with men before the law.

### Real Equality is Not Yet Accomplished

**T**HE second undertaking which confronts women is even more difficult and is no less than the transformation of the personal attitude of men toward them. The enfranchisement of women in no way equalized the innate thoughts and emotions with which they are regarded. These feelings crop up at unexpected times and places to obstruct their activities and to retard their promotion.

Cambridge University, in England, many years ago established auxiliary colleges to give women equal educational opportunities with men. But during all these years the women students, studying from the same textbooks, hearing the same lectures, passing the same examinations as the men students, have yet been denied degrees. Recently, since women of England have been given the vote, there has been a movement to secure degrees for the women completing courses at Cambridge. The question was finally submitted to the senate of the university, composed entirely of men, and was voted down.

Plenty of other illustrations may be drawn from our own country. Women have been permitted to practice medicine for half a century in the United States. At first their practice was opposed on the grounds that they were incapable, but thousands of women doctors have

overcome this objection, until now it might seem as though a woman physician as well equipped as a man physician would have an equal standing. But suppose the average unprejudiced person is seeking for a surgeon, man or woman, who is most experienced in performing a certain operation. He would find that, whereas a man might have performed that operation a thousand times, a woman would not have had the opportunity to develop her skill, and he would therefore unhesitatingly choose the man upon whose previous success he could place reliance. It is the same with women lawyers. Women have been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States for some forty years, and practically every state has its woman lawyers. But the average unprejudiced person, looking for a lawyer with experience in a special line of legal practice, will find many men who have conducted the same sort of cases, but few women who have been entrusted with such work.

Women are encountering exactly the same feelings in practicing politics that they have found obstructing their progress elsewhere. Women must prove themselves before they will be trusted in politics by either men or women.

The greatest danger for women in politics is that they will consider, as men have done ever since the founding of the Republic, that an election settles a question, and that when an election is over the responsibility of the voters ceases. In reality, an election puts candidates into office to administer the Government, but it does not always determine policies or legislation.

### Paying for Political Blunders

**A**LL of the weakness of our Government comes from the fact that political parties and leaders do not take a long look ahead but at most arrange their programs to meet the demands of the next election.

It is true of political blunders as Benjamin Franklin said of war that the bill is not presented at the time but is paid long afterward. To avoid political mistakes, the world to-day needs men and women of vision. They must be familiar with the history of all the peoples of the world. They must know politics from the inside. They must understand the psychology of people, and greatest of these is understanding the psychology of people.

Who in the United States to-day is studying the psychology of Japan? If we are truly a superior people we will find a way around Yap and Japanese immigration and commercial rivalry to a friendly understanding. Who is studying the psychology of Mexico? If we are really a superior people we will find a way to peace without sacrificing the lives of our American youth for oil and copper.

In the matter of war the woman's point of view has asserted itself in clear contradistinction to men's. It is not that women will oppose an individual war when it comes to a country, but that they oppose the blunders of government which cause wars.

In the beginning of days men were the warriors and the huntsmen and women managed the industries. Belligerency became part of men's nature, and women naturally sought stable conditions for the pursuit of their portion of the work. Men have gradually taken over much of the industry that originally was allotted to women, but the old division along this trend of thought remains. Men somehow feel that belligerency is expected of them, and they try to fulfill the expectation. Women realize that it is nobler to lead a nation out of trouble than to see it through trouble when trouble comes.

### It is Easier to Follow Than to Direct

**P**OLITICAL leaders do not wish to countenance political mistakes like these. But when financial interests and ambition hold the whip over them, it is difficult for them not to obey orders.

It is true of the masses of women, like the masses of men, that they find it easier to follow than to direct. They must be sure that the directions which are spoken to them are not dictated by the hope of profit or by the voice of intolerance.

It is of the utmost importance for all women to draw closely together, regardless of parties or political traditions or any other dividing line, so that those who think and are able to formulate constructive programs for the nation may give to their groups, their communities, the highest interpretation of the women's point of view which shall best serve the aims of representative government.



# Lynette—the Plain One

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

ILLUSTRATED By WILSON V. CHAMBERS

**T**HE old Danforth mansion stood calm and undisturbed by the changes around it. Most of the changes had occurred since the four elder Danforth girls had married, and left only Lynette and her father in the old house. For Lynette was twelve years younger than the youngest sister.

The colonel, who had been called away by the illness of his brother, was not at home to welcome his fifth daughter.

It was three days later that he opened the door of the spacious southeast chamber and, crossing swiftly to the big four-poster, knelt down and laid his cheek close to hers upon the pillow.

"Dear," she said softly, and there was both apology and laughter in her lovely voice, "I'm almost ashamed to look you in the face. It's another girl!"

And be it everlastingly to the colonel's credit that the pang of disappointment that shot through him found no reflection in the eyes that looked into hers.

"My dear," he said gently, "what more could a man ask of life than five beautiful daughters?"

The colonel's wife reached out and drew the bundle closer, with a protecting gesture. "But this one, this one is not beautiful. She's a little Indian, Daddy; but love her, love her as I do!"

The colonel took the bundle tenderly, and looked down at the little puckered face, the straight black hair, so different from the bundles he had held on previous occasions. What he said was, "My dear, this is a remarkable child. She'll be the staff of our old age."

To Lynette, the beautiful mother was but the dimmest memory. The wonderful sisters had married, and gone away. Lynette was fourteen years old when the last, and best loved of the sisters, came down the winding stairway as a bride—Anna, most like her mother of all the lovely daughters, the only one who had not made what the world calls a "brilliant marriage."

So there was left at last, only the old colonel and Lynette, "the plain one," as the neighbors called her. They loved their home and its fine old furniture, which had come down from generation to generation. Lynette never tired of hearing how the big highboy was brought from England and placed in the wide hall, where it had stood for more than a hundred years. Each piece of beautiful mahogany was stored with associations for Lynette. Lynette loved these things so well, and was so contented in the companionship of her beloved father, that she seldom realized how different was her life than had been the lives of those beautiful big-sisters. She hardly saw that the neighborhood was changing, the old families moving out of town, and that a shipyard was being built a few blocks down the street.

They had been alone in the big house more than ten years when the fact of the changing neighborhood was brought sharply home to her. It came after a letter from Anna's husband. Anna was ill, very ill, he wrote. She must go through an operation and many long months of rest, if she were to recover. Would the colonel help? It had been impossible to save, with so many children; and it was Anna's very life at stake.

Lynette looked up from the letter with troubled eyes. The beautiful sisters did not know how slender had become their father's income. For years it had been Lynette's loving hands that had polished the old mahogany and served their simple meals. Lynette's eyes asked a pitying question of her father.

"I'm afraid, my darling," said the colonel tenderly, "that we must sell the garden. It—it is for Anna."

"Yes," said Lynette bravely. "It is for Anna. Of course we must sell the garden. I'll see Mr. Howe today."

It was then that Lynette realized the changed conditions. She had thought the garden would bring a goodly sum. The old lawyer explained that she must expect the poorest class of purchaser; in fact, an Italian fruit dealer had asked about the property. Was it imperative that they sell at once?

Lynette nodded, words came too hard; but a week later a comfort-bringing letter went to Anna. Anna did not know that the letter contained also her mother's garden, and the grape arbor, and the big elm under which the Danforth children had had their swing.

One day, months later, the colonel said to Lynette, busy about her simple household tasks:

"It's a dull life you lead, my little Lynette."

"It's a life I love," answered Lynette gayly. "What should I want more than a beautiful home like this, and such a father!"

"But I shall not be here always," he answered gently; and, then, his tone changing, "The house is yours, Lynette. You will always have the house and all it holds."

"And it will hold you for a long, long time, Daddy," said Lynette cheerfully, and she bent to kiss him.

"My dear," he said tenderly, "you grow more like your mother every day."

They were the last words the old colonel was to speak.

The beautiful sisters all came home at the death of their old father. It was Julia, who, after everything was over, asked bluntly what was to become of Lynette. "I won't have room for you this winter," she said briskly; "but perhaps in the spring—"

"And we," said Harriet, whose husband was a wealthy banker of Chicago, "are to winter in Bermuda. Perhaps later—"

It was Susie, the easy-going sister who spoke next: "If you don't mind a third-story room I'll take you in. Next summer, the girls have so many guests, you might be crowded out; but now—"

And then Anna, still rather weak and frail, rose from her chair to put her arms around Lynette. "Lyn," she said sweetly, "when I left home Richard said, 'Be sure to bring Lynette back with you.' The children will be wildly disappointed if you don't come."

A little sob welled up in Lynette's throat. "I think," she hesitated, "I think—I'll stay right here."

"But that's absurd," said Julia coldly; "in this big house alone, and an impossible neighborhood—"

Lynette's head came up proudly. "It is my home," she flashed, "and I am used to the neighborhood. As for being alone, I shall take a lodger."

"A lodger!"

"It's ridiculous," interrupted Julia angrily. "The house would have to be furnished."

"Why, it's beautifully furnished!" exclaimed Lynette in amusement.

"My dear," said her sister icily, "you surely aren't planning to keep all the family heirlooms."

Lynette drew a frightened breath. "But Father told me the house and all it held was mine. I've cared for the things so long—"

"I am sorry," said Julia coldly; "but I've made arrangements for placing the Danforth highboy in our house at Newport. I'll call that my share, since Lynette is so loath to part with anything."

Lynette's eyes, which had been dull with sorrow, flashed suddenly.

"How can you?" she cried, fighting back the tears. "The highboy has stood here for a hundred years. My toys are in the bottom drawer. It is one of the things I remember about my mother, her putting my toys in the bottom drawer where I could reach them."

"I am sorry," Julia repeated; "but the man is coming for it in the morning. If the other girls will make their choice he can pack everything. I think you're very foolish, Lynette, to stay alone in this big barn."

Lynette moved suddenly away from Anna's sheltering arm. After all, what mattered the things since she had lost her father?

"You may take whatever you want," she said dully.

It was an hour later that Anna came to her. Julia had kept her word, and taken only the highboy. Harriet had chosen the Sheraton sideboard, and Susie the hall clock and the thousand-leg table in the drawing-room. But it was Anna's list that caused Lynette to stare.

For Anna had taken the pier glass, the davenport, her father's chair and her mother's sewing table!

"I did the best I could, Lynnie," Anna said. "I chose the things I knew you loved. Of course, darling, I wouldn't take a thing out of the old house any more than you would."

**T**HEY were gone at last, along with the highboy, the sideboard, the clock, and the thousand-leg table. The landscape paper in the hall showed weirdly bright in the shape of the beautiful old highboy.

Lynette stood in the drawing-room looking down at the doll, and the jackstraws, and skates and books, which belonged in the bottom of the old highboy. They lay on the window seat, where she had put them a week ago when the man came to carry it away. With a little sigh she glanced at the card in her hand, which bore the words: "Room to rent," and placed it boldly in one of the twenty-four panes of glass that made up the windows in the Danforth mansion.

"Now," she said firmly, "now I must get ready for my lodger. I think I'll give her the southeast chamber."

It looked, thought Lynette, very fresh and sweet when her work was over. She had just placed some flowers on the bedside table when the door bell rang.

She opened the door eagerly, and her face clouded. It was only a man!

He stood on the broad flat stone, and looked up at her frankly. "I've been hunting a room," he explained, "and I saw your sign. I hope I'm not too late?"

It was a question, and Lynette hesitated. It had never occurred to her that a man might want the room. And yet—why not? She was nearly thirty, and this was just a boy; and while she hesitated Fate jogged the elbow of the boy, and he said enthusiastically, "What a beautiful old house!"

Lynette's face glowed, and she threw the door wide open. "Will you come in and see it?" she smiled.

He stepped inside, and spying the ghost of the highboy on the wall said, "You've had a highboy, haven't you?—a big one. Oh, where is it?"

"It—it—I mean my sister Julia took it when my father died. It had stood here more than a century; but—"

"I see," said the man slowly, and then he changed the subject.

"But you've got a stunning davenport," he said eagerly, "and that pier glass is a perfect wonder."

Lynette glowed: "They belong, really, to my sister Anna. But she wouldn't take them." She was leading the way into the dining-room. "You see," she explained, "this is a lovely table, but it was the sideboard that furnished the room; a real Sheraton, beautifully inlaid, with a perfect set of brasses. It—it went to my sister Harriet."

"I know the kind," responded the young man quickly. "I saw one in an antique shop down by the wharves. It was being stored."

They had reached the drawing-room, and the man's eyes rested for a minute on the toys. Lynette found herself explaining their presence. "I don't know where to put them," she ended sadly.

"Don't put them anywhere. They look so homey, as if the kids had just run out to play and forgotten 'em."

"There was a table just here," Lynette went on, "but it went to Susie, and the hall clock, too."

The man whistled softly. "Julia, Harriet, Susie, and Anna," he said, as if repeating a lesson. "You see I'm good at remembering names—and facts, too. I say—Bully for Anna!"

"Anna's a dear. She made me promise to come to her for Christmas. Her children are splendid, all eight of them."

"Eight!" cried the man incredulously. "I thought old-fashioned families were out of style. Say—are you going to let me have that room?"

Lynette turned rosy in embarrassment. "I forgot what you came for. It's a southeast room. Would you like to see it?"

He nodded; and she [CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

Each piece of beautiful mahogany was stored with associations for Lynette





I AM a dressmaker by the day; and when I've said that I've opened a vista familiar enough to everybody. Marriage, years ago, had ended my school-teaching; and when my husband died, leaving me—through no fault of his own—with very slender means, I was too long out of educational circles to go back into them. But I could sew, and sew well. I advertised for work by the day, obtained it, and soon had all my time taken.

I never looked for adventure. Perhaps that's the reason it came to me. A proverb says, adventures are to the adventurous. I think they are to anybody that happens to be around at the time.

My first experience—and one of the strangest—was at what I called "a tray house," that is, a house where my meals were brought to me on a tray. After the events that occurred there, I remembered that I hadn't even inquired who had recommended me, an inquiry that might have saved me from hours crowded with more excitement than all my previous life. On the whole, I'm glad I went through them.

The letter had come to me a week before the day appointed for my services should I be free. The writer wanted me to alter a dinner dress. The name signed was Mrs. Alva Robinson, the address in the West Eighties, near Riverside Drive. I put down the date in my memorandum book, and wrote that I would be there on that day at eight-thirty, and added a request that my work be ready for me. I hate to waste time; and I've been made to waste a lot of it while someone went for a spool of silk or a yard more of lining.

November the eighth, Mrs. Robinson's date, was a dark, stormy day, scarcely light, indeed, when I set out for the address given. I found the street like dozens of others on the upper West Side, one of featureless, expensive houses with the bright, raw vista of the Hudson and the New Jersey hills at its bleak western terminus.

Mrs. Robinson lived at No. 318, a high, narrow brownstone without the bow windows and elaborate stonework characteristic of its neighbors. I noticed that the parlor shades were drawn down; and I was afraid that the householders were of the late and unprepared variety.

But my ring was answered by a smart-looking maid. "The dressmaker—this way please," she said briskly, and led me up three high flights of stairs at such a pace that I was out of breath.

I was shown into a plain little sewing-room, the fourth floor back, its dreariness redeemed, however, by a chintz-covered wing chair with a footstool and a coal fire. A sewing-machine stood by the window, a pile of cretonne on it.

"Mrs. Robinson wants you to make up these curtains," the maid said; "then she's coming in later to have her gown altered."

She showed me what to do with the curtains and left me. Then for an hour or more I was alone in a silence broken only by the snapping of the coal, and the occasional rattle of sleet against the window pane. The profound stillness at last forced itself upon my consciousness as quite out of the ordinary, seeming to emanate from the floors below, in a rising tide that enveloped me, made me uncomfortable without my knowing why. I began to wish that I had asked Mrs. Robinson in my note who had recommended me to her. Yet what had I to fear from an intensely quiet and comfortable room in a house in a respectable neighborhood. I had never been a nervous or imaginative woman, and my sudden attack of apprehension seemed to my cool and reasoning self silly in the extreme.

The silence was broken at last by the sound of someone ascending the stairs; but, curiously enough, this only increased my uneasiness, and I braced myself for the opening of the door, as if to meet a burglar or a maniac. I could almost have laughed my relief when the maid appeared again, over her arm a dress of violet chiffon of an exquisite shade, produced in part by an underlining of peach-colored satin.

"Curtains done? My, you're smart!" was her comment. "Here's the dress. Isn't it sweet? I have my eye on it. Madam doesn't wear her dinner gowns more than three times; then she generally gives them to me. She'll be here in a minute or two."

"If she's prettier than you," was my unspoken comment, "she'll do for a beauty show." For Henriette, the maid, was the smartest thing I had seen in parlor maids or lady's maids outside the covers of fashion magazines.

I awaited "madam" with some interest, just a little doubtful that she would be quite the lady, quite the real thing with such a posterlike maid.

My intuitions were correct. Somehow she missed the mark, though she had a charming figure, a perfect thirty-eight, as her maid had described it, with a good natural complexion and thick, silky, black hair plaited closely to

# The Girdle

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

ILLUSTRATED By ARTHUR GARRATT

her well-poised head. Though a certain hardness and shrewd boldness in her eyes were repellent, yet, like her maid, she was very decorative. There are women from whose aspect you can instantly furnish a whole house; and at the sight of Mrs. Robinson the silent floors below me were transformed as if by an interior decorator. In her boudoir I put glazed chintz; her own porcelainlike beauty demanded it; but when I reached the drawing-room it was taffetas—of an odd gentian shade.

Over my thoughts I laughed secretly as I measured and pinned, after she had clouded herself in the violet chiffon dinner gown, producing an effect of a camellia emerging through a twilight crisp and fresh, indeed, but deliciously softened. The gown, which had just been bought at Richards & Brent, needed taking in a little. I could not help wondering why the alterations had not been made at the shop—on Fifty-seventh Street.

My suggestions she accepted with approval. "But not one inch of the girdle must be hidden," she stipulated, "it makes the gown."

It surely did—a strip of hand-embroidery done in an

adroitly concealed amidst the folds of chiffon. "You are sure you can finish the alterations by evening?" she asked as she slipped out of the dress and stood, a slim, silk-sheathed figure, her bright, hard eyes upon me.

"Oh, without fail, madam."

"What would you like for your lunch?"

I was quite taken aback by the question. Usually I was not consulted.

"Omelet, lobster salad, chops; tea, coffee?" she continued.

"Well, if you have all those things in the house," I ventured, "I will have salad and a cup of coffee."

"And dessert?"

"Anything that the family is having," I replied; and I noticed she smiled, while the maid turned her face sharply away.

The latter said to me as they both left the room, "The tray will be up about one-thirty. If you want to wash your hands, the bathroom is next door."

When they had gone my normal cheerfulness departed with them. Again I was apprehensive of I did not know what; but I found myself wishing the house were not so silent. After a while I glanced at my watch. One-twenty-five—time to wash my hands.

The hall seemed dark and cold after the sewing-room, and the little bathroom had a disused air. But fresh towels had been hung for my use; and on the soap dish was soap still done up in tissue paper and Paris labels. On my way out I glanced down the hall. The doors of all the rooms opening on it were shut. As far as I could see, the doors giving on the third-floor hall were shut also. I didn't linger for more than a glance.

Promptly at one-thirty my tray was brought to me; and the first thing I noticed was that the dishes were of the restaurant variety; they held not only the salad, but a chop and soup and French pastry—a delicious lunch.

"The day will soon go now," I thought with a certain relief. After the second trying-on, which was to be at three, I felt sure that I could have the dress done by four.

A longing to be free of this house filled me, and yet I did not know why. To Henriette, who came in to take my tray, I said, "This is the quietest house I was ever in."

"No children—that's why," she answered, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Madam," Mrs. Robinson, came up at three, and quickly slipped into her gown, which fitted her to perfection, and she was pleased.

"I'll have it done in an hour," I said.

"That's good, that's splendid. Henriette will pack it then."

"Pack it?" I inquired.

"To take it to the hotel where I am spending a night with a married friend whose husband is away. When you have finished the dress, I'd like you to turn up the hem of a skirt; Henriette will show you how many inches."

I felt disappointed. Not that I wanted to scrimp my day; but I longed with an ever-increasing desire to get through, to get out, and never to come back.

"Marion Bradley, you are a fool," I said out loud, and for a few minutes felt better. But, fool or not, I grew more restless and impatient every minute. Henriette came up at four with a nice cardboard box, and we packed the dress, or rather she did, while I handed her the sheets of tissue paper. Then she gave me the skirt, told me how many inches to turn up, and left me.

This was simple work, too simple, for it gave my thoughts time to wander again, and I began to imagine what was behind all those closed doors. Had Mrs. Robinson a husband? As she used her own name in giving her address I concluded that she was a widow, or, perhaps, separated from her husband. Her smooth, pretty face and noncommittal bright eyes had told me not one thing. True, she was generous—or else why the elaborate lunch? But I have learned in knocking about the world that people who are generous with physical comforts are sometimes—not always—hard as nails in dealing with the minds and souls of their fellows. They would pour cream in your coffee while they broke your heart.

Darkness was closing in on my reflections and my work, so I switched on the droplight and went back, mentally, to the affairs of the moment. By five-thirty I would finish the skirt and my nine-hour day.

It was still sleeting. Every little while a blast of wind would fling the sleet like coarse sand against the window panes. Still I welcomed the prospect of going out into the storm.

Suddenly, from the depths of the house, there arose a scream which brought me to my feet trembling—a scream of terror and confusion. Almost in the same instant the electric light went out.

I stood transfixed, held by that scream as if a sharp arrow had gone through me. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 28]



*Cards were everywhere, and scattered money, both bills and silver, were evidence of haste*

odd and intricate design in delicious colors of mauve, rose, blue, apricot, and a sharp, piercing green like that of the first young leaves. The girdle was not fastened to the dress, but was worn clasped on with snap hooks

We're up to the minute, it's true,  
And fighting for liberty too—  
For pleasure and freedom to housewives who need 'em,  
So now let us bring them to you.



## "3-minute" men

About three minutes preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.

For Cream of Tomato heat in a saucepan the contents of one can of Campbell's Tomato Soup after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat separately to the boiling point an equal quantity of milk or cream. When ready to serve, stir the hot soup into the hot milk or cream.

**Price reduced to 12c a can**

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



My heart pounded against my side; and I looked steadily at the door, expecting every minute that it would open and I should meet some horrid fate alone and undefended. Instinctively I turned to find my big pair of scissors, which might serve for a weapon of defense. By the dim light which came from the opposite houses I saw them gleaming on the floor, where they had fallen as I jumped to my feet.

I picked them up. I knew that the next hard thing before me was to open that door, step into the hall, and listen. By that time I had collected myself sufficiently to remember the little equipment that I always carry in my bag: an electric flashlight; a candle, and a box of Swedish matches. Sometimes people had kept me overnight in very bad weather, or where mourning had to be made in a hurry; and in strange houses it was a comfort to have my own lighting materials.

But to make a light now would not be prudent. I must reconnoiter first, and I stepped softly to the door and quietly opened it. Darkness as thick as black velvet confronted me. From the floors below not a sound came. Then for an instant sheer terror got the better of me. To go down through dark, still halls to reach the street, seemed beyond my powers; yet I knew I must do that, and do it at once.

I stepped softly back into the room; felt for a key in the door, thankfully found it, then locking myself in, I took out my flashlight and began collecting my things. To my astonishment, I found the much-prized girdle, neatly folded and lying on the sofa where Henriette had packed the dress. How we had both come to overlook it I could not imagine; but I was in no state of mind to speculate upon the omission. The fact that since that scream and the sudden going out of the lights no one had been near me to bring me a substitute light seemed to indicate trouble of no ordinary kind.

At this point, a less selfish view of the situation came to the rescue of my nerves: Perhaps both Henriette and Mrs. Robinson had been attacked by a thief or some criminal intruder. That possibility barred my instinct of flight. Before helping myself I must see whether help was needed.

I had put on my hat, coat, and gloves by this time, snapped the clasp of my bag, from which I had taken my electric flashlight; and now stood ready for a trial of my resolution, compared to which having a tooth pulled was nothing.

The closed doors on the top floor were, I thought, none of my business. My investigations must begin lower down.

I flashed my light for the second required to locate the banister, grip it and begin the descent cautiously. Arrived on the third floor, I paused. Upon the high, narrow hall four doors gave, all closed. I knocked at the first, not expecting to receive a reply; then I turned the handle and found myself in a large unfurnished room, upon whose white ceiling reflected radiance from an arc-light in the street afforded sufficient illumination to show a passage way (a kind of combined lavatory and clothes closets) leading to the back rooms. My curiosity by this time was as great as my fears, and I examined the rooms leading out of this one—all alike empty and without a stick of furniture.

Back in the hall again I listened for some signs of life on the floor below—not a whisper. Cowardice again seized me, but remembering the scream I exerted all my will power and descended the staircase. The second floor, empty and unfurnished also, put all the emphasis on the entrance floor. There I should find everything—or nothing.

The mystery of the empty rooms had unnerved me almost to a point of physical prostration; but I compelled myself to complete the descent of the staircase; then, encouraged by my proximity to the front door, flashed my light.

The great gloomy hall revealed nothing but the usual closed doors—all but one at the end. That stood wide open.

That wide-open door had a sinister look. I was used to closed doors in this house. The exception might reveal too much.

Feeling in my bag for my scissors, my sole available means of defense, I cautiously approached the open door, my light throwing a pale circle before me.

This room was furnished, and even my unpracticed eye saw that it had been used by gamblers. Cards were scattered everywhere. A roulette table occupied one corner. Overturned chairs and scattered money, both bills and silver, were evidence of the haste with which the gamblers had sought to escape when the raid was made; for, undoubtedly, there had been a raid.

My first impression! But the second only deepened the mystery. Here was none of the cleared-up look that would naturally follow a raid by the police; and why on earth should officers of the law switch off all the lights in the house? Yet evidence of sudden, hurried flight was everywhere, and fitted in perfectly with that scream of surprise and terror which had reached me even on the top floor. If not a raid, there had been at least a false alarm.

Returning to the hall I found the door leading to the basement was also open. Not wishing to visit that dubious region, and feeling I had satisfied all claims of common humanity toward the missing Mrs. Robinson, I took the precaution to lock this door. If anyone were lurking in the basement, his or her appearance, at least by this route, was now impossible.



*A tall, fair-haired man in a policeman's uniform had suddenly appeared at the grave*

My next fear was that I might not be able to make my own exit. This must be accomplished, moreover, without closing the doors behind me, for I intended to call a policeman to solve the mystery, which was beyond my powers.

I inserted my scissors between the vestibule doors. The front doors I had more trouble in opening, and believed them, at first, locked from the inside as well as the out; but they had only stuck a little from the sleet, and yielded to my pulling at last. Placing a lead pencil between them, I emerged, with the feeling of leaving a nightmare behind me.

No policeman was in sight, so I asked the first passer-by to send one to me. I suppose I looked white and scared, for the man started on a half-run to the corner, and a policeman soon appeared. When he saw on what doorstep I stood, he looked puzzled.

"What do you want, lady?" he inquired, none too graciously.

I told my story. At first he listened with visible suspicion; then with obvious astonishment.

"No one ain't lived in this house for a year," he rapped out as I paused for breath, "not since my pal on the force was shot in the back hall by a burglar."

"Killed?" I inquired.

"Killed outright. He was six-foot-four, Lem Edwards was—too good a target, and the fellow got him. But we caught the burglar, shot him in the leg, after he had killed Lem, and brought him down. He got the juice up the river four months ago."

While he was talking he was pushing his way through the doors, his powerful flashlight revealing much more than my little glimmer. He went straight for the back room, stared and ejaculated, "Gosh!"

"Something made them run," I ventured.

"Yes, they beat it in a hurry," he replied, and I saw he was thoroughly puzzled. But he had good detective instincts, for the first thing he did was to look around for a switchbox, and found it—a tiny cupboard just above the mantel of this strange room. "The owner of this place must be in with 'em," he muttered, as he turned on the light by a switch which evidently controlled the entire house. "But who the devil is the owner and what scared 'em off? Couldn't have been one of us. Yet they was scared enough to leave their money behind." He stooped to pick up a bill; then drew back. "No, I'll leave it for evidence. I guess there ain't no telephone," he added, looking about.

"Who was living in this house at the time of the burglary?" I asked.

"Some people named Holt; but they were out of town when the shootin' took place. The man's wife, she got scared of the house, and wouldn't come back; then it changed owners, and it's been shut up—that's as far as we ever knew; next house shut up, too, except for the

caretaker, an old man, very old, and half loony as well."

He was moving toward the front door now, and I asked,

"What are you going to do?"

"Telephone the station."

"No, don't," I said.

He turned and faced me suspiciously. "Why not?"

"Do you want to arrest these gamblers?"

"Sure thing."

"Then stay quietly here! They'll be back."

"How do you know?"

"Well, they forgot something as important as the money. Besides, you'd better see what's in the basement. They must have left the house by some way other than the front door, or I wouldn't have had such trouble opening it."

He seemed to approve of my ideas; at any rate he led the way to the basement—a bare, unfurnished place with a dark, disused kitchen; and we found a door cleverly fitted into the dividing wall between the two houses. In the adjoining basement was furniture and other signs of habitation; but not a soul to be seen.

"Flew the coop, too," was the officer's comment. "Didn't think the old dodderer had sense enough to stand in with gamblers. He's ninety, if he's a day."

When we returned to the other house I suggested that we go up-stairs to the sewing-room.

"And why there?"

"To make the arrest. You'll get the maid, anyway."

"And what makes you think that?"

"The girdle of the dress I was sewing on was inadvertently left out of the box in which the dress was packed."

Officer Brady (I'll call him Brady, though that was not his real name) regarded me again with a puzzled eye.

"Do you think anybody would be such a fool as to risk being pinched for a belt?"

"Now, Officer, you are probably a married man. You know what women think of their clothes. One little thing makes all the difference in a costume, and Mrs. Robinson was crazy about the belt. It made the dress, she said, and she is to wear the dress to-night. Somebody will come after that girdle! You'll see. Switch off the lights again. The house must look exactly as when she left it."

The policeman proved he was a married man by admitting the force of my argument, and we went up-stairs to the sewing-room. I advised him to conceal himself in the empty closet, while I assumed my dressmaker-by-the-day pose by the side of my lighted candle, my work expectantly on my lap. We hadn't been in this arrangement more than fifteen minutes before steps were heard on the stairs.

The door opened. In stepped, not the maid, but Mrs. Robinson herself. She was out of breath, and her face seemed pale under her rouge; but she addressed me with gay carelessness.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



# Seven Soap Superstitions

## Do you know them?

### 1. Do you believe color means quality?

Soap is like a lot of other things. You get out of it just what is put into it. The actual quality that is built into Fels-Naptha is responsible for its remarkable results.

Some good shampoo soaps are black. Some good complexion soaps are green and brown. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of the combination of ingredients of this, the real naptha soap.

Fels-Naptha, the golden bar, makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

### 2. Do you believe clothes should be boiled?

A housewife who does not boil her clothes may have whiter clothes than her neighbor who does boil her clothes. What is the reason?

You boil your clothes to get perfect cleanliness and whiteness. If you were sure of this result *without* going to the bother and expense of boiling wouldn't you welcome the idea?

You can be sure. Use Fels-Naptha. Boil your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but the point is, there is no need for the expense of heat and the discomfort of boiling clothes. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go. It works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Therefore the temperature of the water is simply a matter of your own preference.

### 3. Do you believe hard soap means economy?

Results count. A soap that "lasts" may be a slacker as far as cleansing is concerned. It is dissolved soap—not the solid bar of soap itself—that does the cleansing work. Hard soap means hard rubbing to get it into action. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes. Worn-out clothes means increased expense.

Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves readily in water, so that you can get the soap into the wash water with the least effort. The perfect combination of naptha, soap, and water loosens the dirt without hard rubbing, thus saving clothes and work.

### 4. Do you believe hard rubbing is necessary?

Some people think so because it seems too good to be true that dirt can be loosened *without* hard rubbing. Others have the idea that anything that will loosen dirt must be "strong" enough to harm the clothes.

Naptha is used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen even the most delicate cloth and finery. Therefore it must be both effective and harmless.

Fels-Naptha is good soap and real naptha combined. Its naptha makes the dirt let go with little or no rubbing and without harm to finest fabric.

### 5. Do you believe soap causes aches and irritation of hands?

Keeping hands in cold water for some time and neglecting to dry them thoroughly may redden and roughen the hands, particularly in cold weather. Therefore to keep hands in good condition find a cleanser that saves your hands from being in water so long.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go—*quickly*. Why not soak the dirt out of clothes with this safe soap instead of keeping your hands in water to rub and rub?

### 6. Do you believe in "doping" your clothes?

It is poor economy to use soap that needs something else added to it to help it make good.

Why buy inferior soap and then buy a compound or mysterious something to help the soap, when by using Fels-Naptha you get clothes clean quickly and safely without "doping" the wash?

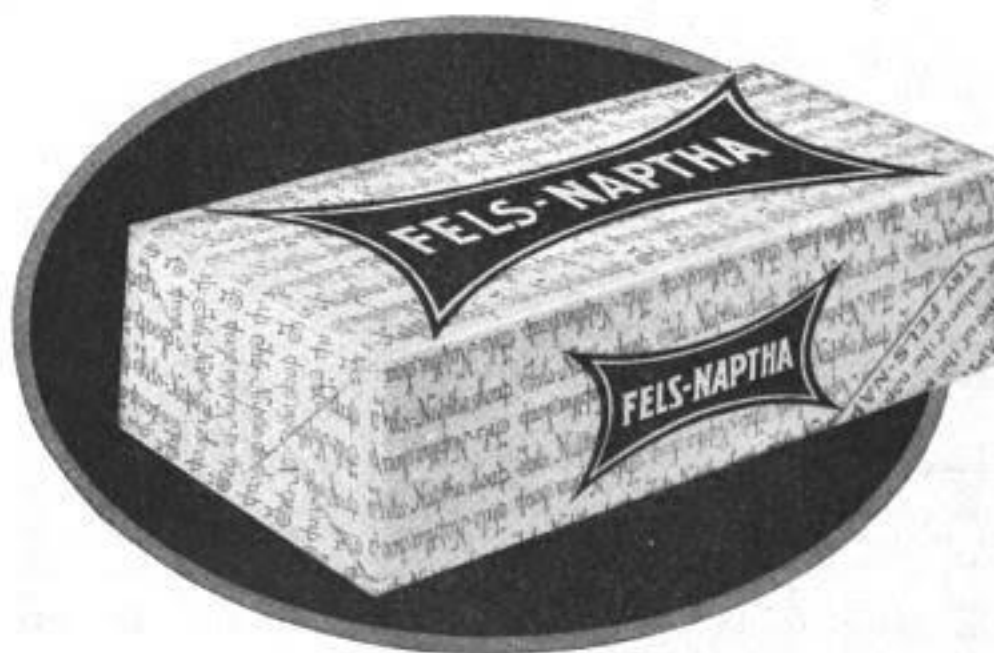
### 7. Do you believe the odor of naptha can stay in clothes?

Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have that delightful clean-clothes smell. The naptha in Fels-Naptha completely deodorizes the wash and entirely evaporates after it has done its work. It makes clothes hygienically clean. A good rinse, and they are fresh and sweet through and through. Prove it yourself.

© 1921, Fels & Co., Philadelphia



Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha! Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.



Don't let tradition or superstition stand between you and the easier, quicker, better way of washing and cleaning with Fels-Naptha. Get the real naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

# FELS-NAPTHA

## THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# Why I Hate Work

By LAURA HINKLEY

WITH CARTOONS BY F. G. COOPER

**I**N THESE dark days of industrial unrest, of transition that won't transit to anything, with Europe saying she can't do a thing unless we help, and us snapping back, "Quit bothering! We've got troubles of our own!" with the H. C. L. prolonging its deadly flight, and all the Workers—active and otherwise—rising to remark that they won't unless the world is immediately made agreeable for labor, something, as has been so well and so frequently said, ought to be done about it. The proposal that everybody quit knocking and go to work is all very well as far as it goes; but as long as people display an unconquerable reluctance to do so, it does not get us anywhere. My suggestion is that Congress appoint a commission to investigate the reasons for work's present unpopularity.

Then, when the information is all in, and the results properly tabulated and arranged in curves and squares and zigzags, with names like "Incidence of Disinclination to Work," "Line of Greatest Labor-Aversion," "Node of Strike-Formation,"—"it will take experts to do this—then, of course, Congress can pass laws removing the objections, and we shall all be happy.

There may be some difficulty about gathering all the information. Not exactly that industry is morbidly silent about its troubles, but certain highly pertinent phases of the matter remain untouched. After reading the things Capital and Labor say about each other (as much, that is, as any one person can), I still feel that the whole truth has not yet been told. There's something in it that nobody wants to come right out and say. To get at the inside facts, the intimate hatefulness, of work, somebody will have to lay bare his or her soul with almost Freudian indelicacy. And it might as well be I.

**I** DO not like work. My distaste is such that I consider myself a fairly typical example of work-hater Americanitis, as found everywhere in great numbers in this present year of grace and gloom. There are, to be sure, a number of kinds of work I have not tried; but I hate all I have tried. I do not hate them all equally, all the time; I hate some of them worse at certain times, usually the times I happen to be doing them. And after listening intently to the voice of the masses, I cannot help feeling that many are like me.

The work-hater Americanitis, however, should not be confused with other types, particularly the prevalent, and virulent, work-hater Russki. Though undoubtedly developed from a common stock, and exactly alike in their original form, the Russki variation, through some centuries of Burbankian selection under high czaristic pressure, has evolved claws and scales and venom and bombs and whiskers, and other repellent characteristics. He does not confine his hatred to work. He hates quantities of things, including capitalists, and soap (but not soap-boxes), and Governments, and the bourgeoisie, and Deity, and family ties, and all other forms of responsibility. He is the most inclusive hater we have.

Compared with this highly evolved type, the Americanitis species is a simple, undifferentiated insect. The poor bug's worst fault is that it longs passionately to be a butterfly or a cricket, instead of an ant. Consider its dilemma! Society says, "Work! Bring in the food supply! Keep your nose to the ground! Hustle!" Nature says, "Loaf! Fly on painted wings! Fiddle and sing and dance!" But as Nature also says, "Eat!" Society wins.

After all, why be an ant? The ant is a greatly overpraised insect. The biggest ant heap in the world turned out, within our scarified memories, to be highly deleterious to the world's welfare. I hate to knock a nation when it's down, but one of the least comprehensible things about the incomprehensible Teuton is that he seems really to like work. Antishness, in a nation, may be carried too far for the general good. The Congressional Commission on Work should consider this very carefully; though, to be frank, it does not seem to be our most immediate danger.

On the contrary, people right now are hating work worse than they ever did previously. In other words:

Those now hate work who never did before,  
And those who always hated, hate the more.

The cause of this present aggravated work-hatred (if you ask me) is disappointed expectation. We have been led to believe that the happiest time of the world is due just about now. And if this is it!...

It isn't what we were looking for. Our morale, as they used to say, is impaired. We don't feel like carrying on under the disillusioning circumstances. We were expecting a new and improved world—what else did we fight, and knit, and do without sugar, and eat cornbread for?—and here it is much the same as ever. If not worse!

Life is composed of two grand divisions, or, rather, one grand division, and one mean division, namely: The things that you have to pay to do, and the things that you get paid for doing.

The things you have to pay to do are splendid, bright, glittering, irresistible. The more you have to pay, the more irresistibly they attract. This proves out in the most astonishing ways. The more usual illustrations are drawn from what is scornfully termed "feminine extravagance."

Turning from these iridescent vistas, these fateful lures, to the dull, dark, dun, gray, cloudy, sad-colored aspect of the things you get paid to do, we are once more in the grim domain of work. My bitterest indictment against work is on the score of its admitted monotony. Some kinds of work are more monotonous than others, but to be confined to any one kind is almost unbearable.

The monotony of work is cumulative. Many kinds of work begin promisingly, and then deteriorate rapidly in what I may term emotional appeal. A while ago I went down into the region erstwhile called The Jungle, and got me a job packing sliced bacon in glass cans at twenty-two dollars a week. I did not do this because I wanted to investigate the Labor Problem, or to gather literary material, or to spy out Bolshevism, or to get next to the throbbing heart of toil. I did it because I wanted twenty-two dollars. It started quite excitingly. The bacon and cans came along on a sliding table, the game being to put the bacon into the cans before the table slid past. The first day was pretty hard. The second day was easier. The third day was monotonous. The fourth day was maddening. The fifth day I quit.

**T**HEN there is the fallacy of being your own boss. This has great vogue among those who have not tried it. For my part, the most loathsome job I ever attempted is bossing me. Making me work when I don't want to is a job for Hercules in the forenoon after a good night's sleep. It looks enticing enough from a distance. How often have I eluded other tasks, shunned society, made the family keep out of the way, shut the door, oiled up the typewriter, and sat down to the work I love—and, oh, how unspeakably I don't! Only writers will fully understand this. The bitter yearning to do anything else!

At times like this I realize that I have the entire industrial problem under my own skull. I am recalcitrant labor throwing down its tools. I am also an enraged and harried boss frantic to see the wheels turning. And I am a bewildered Government ponderously considering how to speed up production without estranging the labor vote. Being your own boss is simply marrying work.

You generally fall in love with it before you do it; you take it home to live with you; you give it your name; you expect it to see that you get your meals properly and to keep your clothes presentable (or, if of the clinging sex, you look to it to fill the rôle of provider); you find that its behavior and your feelings toward it fluctuate unaccountably; but you will probably learn how to get along with it peacefully enough in time, if not divorced. And inevitably you discover that the rash act leads to complications with the money question, often of the most distressing kind.

The money question, as we all know, and are learning better every day of our lives, is simply Fierce. It is a question which cannot be approached too warily. In this brief, preliminary survey of the industrial situation I have determined to avoid direct refer-

ence to the technical side of the money question, which is highly involved and unpleasant to think about. It isn't, after all, the theoretical side of it that really worries us, is it? It is the practical side. How to get enough. Which leads us back to the unescapable subject of work.

Dear employers, if you could only make work more interesting! Now, don't swear. Think about it. Think how it would pay. If you could make work interesting enough, you couldn't hire us to stay away from it. You've got the brains; you've got the plant; you've got the money—at least, if you haven't, who has?

But never mind that! We won't discuss it now.

But about making work interesting: It's quite possible that you, being employers, like work, and so do not understand the feelings of those who don't. Perhaps it will not be amiss to set down here a few helpful hints for employers from one who has earnestly striven in a small, personal way to eliminate the tedium from toil.

First, there is, of course, the somewhat primitive device of raising wages. The objection to this is: It's getting too common. Everybody raises wages, and simultaneously everybody raises prices, and where are we at? Some clever person has called this a vicious circle, and it's about time to call a halt. Not yet! My wages haven't been raised, yet at least not sufficiently. But as soon as I get my boost, this wage-raising merry-go-round might as well stop.

But the wage question is secondary, anyway. Why, I wrote for and at the magazines for years, at a rate of financial recompense which would send a cinder-monkey out with an armful of bombs. Did I think red, subversive thoughts? I did not. I was happy as a chipmunk. When they returned "The Fate of Philippa" I was so absorbed in "The Sorrows of Seraphine" that I hardly noticed. When Seraphine came back, I sent them "The Eyes of Elaine," and when they didn't like Elaine, I gave them a chance on "The Lips of Luella." It was great. But I'm not sure about its being exactly work.

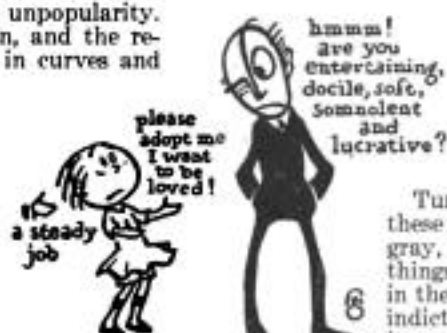
**A** N O T H E R thing, a more important thing, you could do, dear employers, to make work interesting is— But before I tell you! Please bear carefully in mind at this point that we are not discussing curtailing production; we are discussing making work interesting. Shorter hours, very much shorter, would help tremendously. You know that old one about variety and the spice of life. Finally, there remains the method of personal hypnotism. This can only be applied by someone who really likes work, and the more he likes it, other things being equal, the better. Love of work, like hate of it, is catching to some degree. Under favorable circumstances it may even become epidemic. It is always contagious within limits. The trouble is it won't work unless the other conditions I have mentioned are reasonably met.

**O** N E parting admonition, dear employers, one last softly-spoken word in your ear: Be kind to us. Call it diplomacy, if you like. It doesn't matter what you call it. Fine words butter the parsnips of all men who get them well-seasoned; and a soft answer turneth employees away in a good temper. A little oil of human kindness applied in time is the best preventive known. Win our hearts and care not who tampers with our intellects.

The spring of action, direct and other, does not lie in the head. Nothing could be duller than the *chef d'œuvre* of the late Mr. Marx. Those who find it the fiery gospel of an unknown freedom do not read it with their poor, starved, lopsided brains; they read it with their hot and bitter hearts.

Look here! If we check immigration, and don't have larger families than we want, and segregate the morons, and give all the children a square deal,—all of which good works go on more or less haltingly—clearly, we are approaching a time when work will have to be arranged for on some other basis than as the natural doom of an inferior sort of people who can't help themselves.

One more thought: It is about eating bread in the sweat of his brow. We used to blame God. Now we blame the Government. In time we may locate the responsibility in a still more accessible quarter. Meantime I would suggest that those of us who can master our repugnance continue to stick on the job. Because such laws as may be framed for our deliverance will undoubtedly be held up in the Senate.





# The First Client

By IDA ALEXANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN

WHEN John Kamp secured a position with the well-known attorneys, Doge and Ringwald, at a monthly salary of sixty dollars and the privilege of any outside practice that might come his way, little doubt of the future disturbed him.

"I feel positively wealthy," he exulted to his wife, half laughingly and half in earnest.

"So do I," she answered, all gravity. "Think of us, John, with sixty dollars every month, and perhaps many times that from your practice. It'll run into hundreds every month. Why, we can do anything!"

"The sixty a month means safety," he said. "It will insure necessities."

He paused a moment. And suddenly, with no more words, his wife realized, as never before, what the struggle had meant to him; what a grim fight it had been.

She slipped her hand into his and bent to kiss him. She smiled happily.

"It's all over now," she said.

"And I'll make up to you for everything," he promised. "You won't have an ungratified wish, when once my clients begin to come. It's a great thing, their allowing me to practice on the side. That's where all the luxuries are to come from."

It seemed strange to Mrs. Kamp the next morning, packing his lunch, making ready for him to be away.

"I don't like your having to take cold lunches," she said, as she tied the string around the small package. "But it can't be helped, I suppose, just at first. It won't be for long, I'm sure of that. Pretty soon you'll be taking one of your clients to luncheon, instead. And luncheon tastes ever so much better than lunch."

They laughed a little over that. Laughter came more readily to both, now that their path lay clear before them. Always they had thrown it over their difficulties, like a gay-colored cloak. But now it rang true, the laughter of care-free hearts.

Presently John Kamp strode away, looking back often at the two faces at the window. The thought of them went with him as he walked. There were so many things he wanted to do for them, so many needs to supply, so many dreams for him to make come true. His heart sang, as once it had sickened, with the thought that it rested with himself.

"Just wait till my clients begin to come!" he exulted to himself.

Neither he nor Mrs. Kamp was disappointed when he came home the first day with the report that the routine work had not been varied by the visit of a client. Nor were they daunted when a week went by without the appearance of one.

"You couldn't expect it, right at first," they cheered each other.

"Wait till they know you, John," added Mrs. Kamp. "You'll be so busy you'll have to hire a stenographer!"

But the day of the stenographer seemed further and further in the distance, as the weeks went on. After a while, Mrs. Kamp forbore her gay greetings. "How many clients to-day?" Something of the shadow returned to John Kamp's dark eyes.

Things were not turning out as he had expected. Once established in an office, he had reasoned that clients were certain to come. Four months later he was forced to admit the flaw in the reasoning. There had not been one client. And the sixty dollars, grateful as they were for it, was but a beggarly sum, after all. Only by the strictest economy could it be made to go around. Then,



She looked up, a new light in her tear-softened eyes

too, the baby had been ill. The doctor had advised a change of air when the warm weather came. The eyes of Mrs. Kamp were frightened as she thought of the long battle before her through the hot summer months. The baby was rosy and well once more. She tried to put the thought of the relentless summer away from her.

"If only a client would come!" she worried to herself.

But she did not say that to John. The very fact that she did not showed how hope had gone from her. His bright outlook, too, was dimming by degrees.

To make it particularly discouraging, there was ever the hand of a client tapping at the office door. But whoever came asked for either Doge or Ringwald. A few had hesitated. But their hesitation had not availed John Kamp.

He sighed a little, at times, thinking it over. There were so many clients for them. Just

one would have meant so much to him.

"I must make more money," he said one morning, half aloud. "If a client doesn't come soon—"

The knock that followed came so suddenly that it seemed an answer to his words.

"No one here but me," he thought exultantly, as he threw open the door. "This case is mine."

The woman who entered was young and rather pretty. But the telltale mouth spoke of discontent and, perhaps, of something deeper. The eyes were hard and unsmiling. John Kamp took note of it all as he brought forth his unused visitor's chair. She sat down, watching him as narrowly as he watched her.

"Are you Mr. Doge?" she inquired at last.

"No; I am—"

"Mr. Ringwald?"

"No; I am— He checked himself. "Did you wish to see either of them?"

"No—not in particular, that is. I must see a lawyer right away."

It was a struggle. But in the end, in spite of his need, John Kamp did what neither of the wealthy partners would have done.

"Mr. Doge and Mr. Ringwald are both in court," he said. "If you could wait, or return again in an hour or so, one of them is certain to be here."

"Oh, I'll wait," she answered. "I made up my mind to see one of them, and I'll do it, if it takes all day. I want to begin a suit."

"Yes?"

She pulled off her worn gloves and played nervously with a plain gold ring on her left hand.

"I want to begin a suit for divorce," she explained.

"On what grounds?" questioned John Kamp.

"Oh, I don't know. The friend who told me about Doge and Ringwald said

they'd see to that. There ought to be something, easily enough, though Mother says there isn't. I know that I'm tired, tired, tired! And I want to be free."

John Kamp thought of Doge and Ringwald, with their quiet, or sensational "settling" of such cases; of Doge with his ferret eyes, probing the heart of the woman and the man; of Ringwald, with the itching palm, not unsoiled, to whom a case was a case, even as a spade a spade. And he spoke impulsively, throwing whatever etiquette bore on the case behind him.

"Perhaps if you were to tell me your trouble," he said, "I could advise you."

She pushed up her veil, and he saw that she was younger than he had supposed; that the eyes were less hard, the mouth more grieved than pettish.

"Are you a lawyer?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, I am an attorney. My name is John Kamp. I am quite at your service."

"But you are so young," she objected.

"I am eight and twenty, and married."

"You are eight years older than I am," she said. "Maybe you can help me. I wish you'd take my case for me. I could trust you. Will you help me?"

"I will," promised John Kamp solemnly.

"It's a long story to live it," she began, "but it doesn't take long to tell it. Oh, sometimes it seems that there is nothing to tell. And yet there is so much. We live on a farm."

She paused for a long moment.

"A farm's a pleasant place," put in John Kamp.

"It's awful!" she cried. "Awful to live on a farm, day after day, year after year, never getting ahead much, and working, oh, so hard!"

"Did you have so much to do?"

"Oh, I don't mean myself. I didn't have to work hard—at least, the work never seemed hard to me. I didn't mean the work I had to do."

She stopped again.

"You mean—?" questioned John Kamp.

"I mean my husband had to work hard," she explained, looking up again. "He worked, worked, worked, all the time! He was always so tired and always so hopeful. It's irritating, that cheerfulness which nothing can disturb. When a crop was a failure, the next one was going to be a success; when that one was, the next. And so on. The next crop was always sure to be a success. Then we were going to have some good times. It never was anything but the future, and we live in the present. Next year was always going to be different. But it never was. It was hard. I don't know whether you understand?"

"I understand," said John Kamp gravely.

She gave a sigh of relief.

"I was afraid you wouldn't. You're so young."

"Perhaps that's why," he answered, smiling at her. "Suppose, now, you tell me a little more about your life. How long have you been married?"

"Over three years. I was under eighteen. I was too young."

"Any children?"

"A little baby—dead."

"Ah!" said John Kamp.

"I never had the pretty clothes for her that I wanted!" she broke out passionately.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you were able to get all she wanted?"

"Why, of course."

"There are many who cannot do that," he said, with a half sigh.

"I suppose that's true enough," she conceded. "There's suffering everywhere. But, because other people are miserable, doesn't make it any easier for me to be so. Besides, some things may be righted. This never can."

Several answers flashed [CONTINUED ON PAGE 77]



"I've brought your—'retaining fee,' they call it, don't they?"



*Here is a tree that bids its friends come spend the afternoon, and spreads its refreshing hospitality about them when they accept*



*To make a garden individual requires nothing that any gardener with the humblest garden opportunities may not easily find at hand*

# Surprise Features for Your Garden

*With more Illustrations in the Picture Section*

By GRACE TABOR  
Editor of the COMPANION'S  
GARDEN DEPARTMENT

IT IS something to make an ordinary garden, with just ordinary paths and plants—and even in such a garden there is interest and entertainment and instruction; but it is a great deal more to make a garden which shall express an idea or a concept, or which shall embody a little fantasy, or which shall be, in one way or another, more than ordinary, without being bizarre or extraordinary. (There is a fine distinction here, by the way.) So, while I would not minimize the possibilities of the first kind of garden, I believe that suggestions regarding the second kind may not, at this season, come amiss.

Gardens, however, especially of the second type, are like books: each must express its creator's idea, else it will fall of its own clumsiness. These suggestions, therefore, are not offered as actual motifs to be adopted by anyone, but just as suggestions; no one of them perhaps is quite the thing that will fit and harmonize with your own garden site, and your own ideas and desires for a garden. But in reading about them your ideas and desires may crystallize into the special motif that will fully express your individual fancy—and this is the thing to be attained. I should like them to be stimulants to individual imagination, in other words, rather than formulae.

The most obvious of all inspirations are, of course, those by which a place comes naturally—such things as an old and time-scarred apple tree, or tree of any kind; or a great boulder; or a brook; or a changing level; or the stone foundations of a long-ruined barn or house, which in one instance of which I know have been turned to delightful account as a partly sunken garden feature. Take account of stock carefully before condemning anything about your place, and see if you cannot turn what seems like its greatest disadvantage and drawback into an individualizing feature of surpassing interest and beauty.

ONE hitherto uninteresting garden that has been developed along just this line offered nothing at all but what seemed a very insignificant slope from one side to the other. It is a small place in an old-fashioned town, the sort of thing that seems most hopelessly ordinary, as far as gardening possibilities are concerned. But just this gentle slope has become its distinction, since it was recognized and seized as a means of individualization.

The actual difference in grade at the opposite boundaries is about five feet, very little indeed, but, after all, quite enough; for, broken into three levels, and retained by dry stone walls, it provides, in the crannies of these walls, exposure for a great number of plants that could not be grown in this garden at all if they were planted in the ground.

Further, it furnishes a smooth expanse of delightful, springy, emerald turf on its upper level; on its next, a long, double-bordered walk where perennials grow in riotous mixture, and from which the rock plants that sprawl against the stones holding the upper level may be enjoyed; and on its third level, a space for fruits and the kitchen garden that completes the whole garden scheme—with more rock plants in the crannies of the second wall.

The entire width is something like eighty feet; the two outer sections are not quite thirty feet wide, the middle section being about ten feet across, which allows the walk to be five feet wide with borders two feet and a half in width on either side. Since the even slope of this place



*The tiniest door yard would accommodate this narrow stone-paved path with its simple sun dial and climbing American Beauty rose*

was broken up, however, its apparent size has almost doubled. That is, the view across it gives an impression of distance that is quite amazing, whichever way one looks. From the upper level it drops away until the dwarf fruit trees along the far boundary seem actually distant, while from the lower level the walls rise, one above the other, to prodigious heights—comparatively! The planting has been devised to accentuate this, tall trees and shrubs being used on the upper level, while the low-growing dwarfs occupy the lower; and the flowers along the walk of the middle terrace are for the most part lower-growing on the side next the upper level (since here the wall must not be hidden) than they are on the side next the level below, though a few tall specimens keep the balance even when the vista along the walk's length is considered.

In this particular garden the dry stone retaining walls are the result of one summer's work, during which a part of nearly every day's recreational hours were spent at the task. It stretched over a good bit of the summer, to be sure; but it provided exercise equal to the golf links, as well as the satisfaction that comes of really creative work, for to build a goodly wall of stone is truly a creative task. As some of the stones came out of the ground, however, while the rest were picked up in nearby fields and hauled to the place by an old colored man driving a sleek old horse that needed just about the amount of work and exercise required to accomplish this task, the money cost of the entire garden amounted to the veriest trifle. Certainly, measured by the result, it scarcely can be considered at all; for where at most there might have been an average lawn with boundary planting of trees and shrubs and flowers, there is now a garden of marked individuality and the charm of rare and unusual plants, as well as of that most valuable of garden assets, the unexpected.

This last, indeed,—the unexpected—is one of the gardener's most effective devices, and it matters not how tiny or insignificant in itself is the feature by which it is accomplished. To surprise is invariably to delight, unless, of course, the surprise is wholly devoid of beauty or merit; and this in itself is sometimes a clue to a garden's best development. To utilize a boulder, for example, as I have already suggested, by screening it from view within a little temple of green, and then treating it as an altar to the garden

gods, or as a camp-fire site, or as a wishing seat, is to turn it from an ordinary piece of stone into the embodiment of all the haunting mystery and charm of earth's very soul.

ANALOGOUS to the autograph album of a generation ago is the friendship nook—and yet it is something so much better than these old absurdities, and so much more permanently significant, that it seems a pity to compare them. It may find a place in any garden scheme, or it may furnish a garden scheme in its entirety; for the basic idea of planting in friendship's name is limited as to space only by one's own choice. My own little corner of this sort began with some Christmas narcissus bulbs that a friend had brought into bloom skillfully for just that season. The latest acquisition consisted of a few wretched-looking iris rhizomes coming one hot May day from Kentucky, together with an enthusiastic account of this particular flower's beauty as it grew wild in its own region. (I do not yet know that it is actually a wild iris, nor do I know the species. It may be iris verna; not until it has bloomed, however—which it should do this year—shall I be able to say of a certainty.) A tiny persimmon seedling occupies a corner, reminder of a Virginia plantation that I love, and there are daffodils and Easter lilies, and a juniper tree brought from a distant hillside, and other things too numerous to mention—including a live-forever that came in a letter from overseas. There is a little walk leading through, which is paved with stones of many colors brought from many places and assembled in a rude pattern inspired by thoughts of old pavements in ancient Rome. It is indeed a cunning bit, and rich in suggestion and is food for thought and aspiration as well as retrospection; and it lies just without a long window that opens into it with the intimacy of friendship long tried and well tempered, as is suitable to the motif.

Of bird sanctuaries I shall say little (since I treated them so fully last month) save that in providing shelter and food for birds one may provide himself and his entire garden with richest beauty through all the four seasons of the twelvemonth, as well as with a wealth of life and song and quaint and wonderful interest.

The garden of contrary Mary, with its cockleshells and silver bells (*lilium candidum*), and pretty maids (*ranunculus aconitifolius flore-pleno*) all in a row, is a charming fancy for a little cottage garden, while a folk-flower garden is another. In the latter only the plants having the quaint old fanciful names are admitted: love-lies-bleeding, bleeding heart, heart's-ease, fair-maids-of-Kent, London pride, sweet William, honesty or white satin, lady's smocks, foxglove, and so on. Is there not a whole volume of poetry in the names alone? And consider the interest in such a garden from the standpoint of association, as well as the spur to imagination which it is bound to be.

Gardens of the four  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]



*Here a changing level is accommodated by sloping terraces that are turfed—never as effective nor as practical as those retained by dry stone walls. All terraces demand a little hedge along their top if they have no balustrade, since the sense of security is not served without such "protection." A terraced garden, moreover, is really a succession of gardens, and should not lie open all its way to observation at a single glance*



**SKIRTS** are being replaced by riding breeches, even to do the housework of camping; however, a divided skirt is better for all occasions. Khaki is tourists' color with good reason. White cotton crepe-weave waists require no ironing. Remember, for dress-up, silk is ideal for compact packing. Take as little luggage as possible, and always prepare for cold weather.



Photograph from *The Motor Camping Book* by Eton Jearup

Courtesy Canadian Pacific

*It's fun to be motor gypsies, especially when you know the secret of making camp housekeeping easy*

**THE** woman who makes camp a comfortable, cheerful home with real meals to eat has the admiration of her touring party for all time. The day's marketing is best done in the middle of the afternoon. Tired of riding by this time of the day, it is a pleasant change. Buy and carry, always, a day's ration, even in well-populated regions; it gives you a safe feeling.

**ARE** you planning a camping trip this summer? It is well worth while to collect the utensils for it with care. Even to those not intending to camp en route, a thoughtfully planned camp home is a "safety first" precaution, and for those who stay at home, the following suggestions put into realization as permanent summer fixtures on the car make possible daily suppers in the park, or country trips on an hour's notice.

The running-board kitchen is an untold convenience. By curving the front end slightly the box can extend some distance upon the front fender and give added length. Five-eighths-inch lumber is the proper material for it, solidly joined at the corners, as the continuous jar of travel tests weak places. Iron right angles, screwed inside as joints, should reinforce the corners. Two strips of thin iron across the bottom (inside), extending up and screwed to the front and back sides will keep the box from spreading. These iron pieces are very important, as through the holes in their centers the box is fastened onto the running board. This is done by passing a thumb-screw bolt through the hole in the iron and a similar hole in the running board. The bottom of the box should be made of galvanized tin nailed closely from underneath to the under rim. The advantage of this is that, as it is thin, it gives greater depth than wood and also makes a smooth, sanitary surface to keep clean.

Paint inside of box and under side of cover light gray. Place this box on right or parking side of the car. Paint outside of box and cover the same color as your car.

#### Pans That Nest

**TO** HOLD the cover from rattling when riding, fasten a strong coiled spring to end of box so it can be attached to a small hook or nail projection on the cover.

Paint for the inside is much to be preferred to oilcloth, as it can be washed off easily and does not get ragged on the edges. Paper toweling makes ideal "linen" for this long table.

Build a similar box for the other running board, to carry the tightly rolled tent, extra clothing, tools, or anything desired. It will hold the contents of three suit cases on an average auto. Well-seasoned lumber should be used in the construction of these boxes; however, if your cover should warp with continuous rain and dew, get a strip of black oilcloth and lay over contents just before closing, allowing three inches to extend. This precaution against rain or dust is never needed with a properly made, well-seasoned box.

The "nesting" of pans is important. Measure so the large-

## Meals à la Carte

By EMMA C. GOLDTHORP

est will fit easily into the box, then secure others that snuggle closely within it. Always select deep pans. The kind with rounding edge bottoms and nearly straight sides with no rims "nest" best.

#### Next to a Good Disposition

**I** WOULD rather have a good frying pan to live with in camp than anything else except a good disposition, a good stove, and a good water container. The iron frying pan does not burn as easily as thin steel, and food stays hot longer, for often in camp meals, one thing must wait for another to cook. Provide a tight-fitting granite cover, for a tin one will rust, and take flat covers for two stew pans. Covers carry best standing on edge in the box. Pot roasts and New England boiled dinners are just as possible as steaks, pork chops, and corn-mealed fish if you provide deep kettles with tight covers. I have made even dumplings.

Shallow light gray granite pie tins make inexpensive but satisfactory plates. Gray does not rub marks upon being packed together as white will do. Be sure, however, to get big white enamel cups without handles. They are often to be purchased among hospital supplies as well as sports supplies.

Carry knives, forks, spoons, the all-important can opener, butcher knife, short pan-cake turner or spatula, and scissors in a heavy muslin or duck bag, made wide enough to lay, not shove, the articles in. The loose end is wrapped around the whole, making rattling impossible, and forming a protective pad. A bag of this kind eliminates that bugbear of camp life—hunting this or that in a "don't-know-where-I-put-it place." Silver for table use does not need the care that steel does, and is more homelike. Get an aluminum salt shaker, as this does not corrode; a size to

carry at least a cupful of salt is best, the same shaker being used for table and cooking. A paper circle laid inside shaker cover will prevent salt from spilling en route. For butter, get a glass jar which will hold a pound, because some small-town grocers will not divide a pound. A jar wider and shorter than a Mason jar and with a little shoulder as possible, is best. An oilcloth-lined pocket is essential for carrying a damp dishrag.

You will need to watch to find square-shaped tin containers for coffee, sugar, rice, etc. A tin cracker box makes a good-fitting bread and cake box for the average cabinet box.

#### A Non-spilling Water Can

**F**OR carrying water, I have tried every conceivable container, from the Egyptian canvas bag to the tall "gunshot" bucket, and find that a three-gallon creamery cream can has no equal. Filled, it rides without spilling; thus you can take water to camp by auto, saving time, which the men may then put in getting camp ready. Carry water from the last town, not farm, for you know town water is pure, and you can camp in choice locations regardless of nearness to water supply. Fasten a chain from handle of can to handle of cover. Painting the outside of can will prevent its rusting.

A board attached across frame of car at the front makes an excellent washbench. In some cars the board can rest on the springs; other cars will need another method of securing it. If it cannot remain stationary, remove and carry on floor of tonneau. A common three-arm towel holder held to the radiator cap by a wire hook solves the problem of hanging towels on a dusty car or the tree that isn't there. Indispensable is a rubber folding washbowl, such as soldiers use. It comes with a rubber-lined case into which

a wet sponge or rag can be tucked with the bowl. Best of all, you can pack camp, wash hands at last minute, and then find room enough for that little hook-size washbowl in the end of the kitchen cabinet.

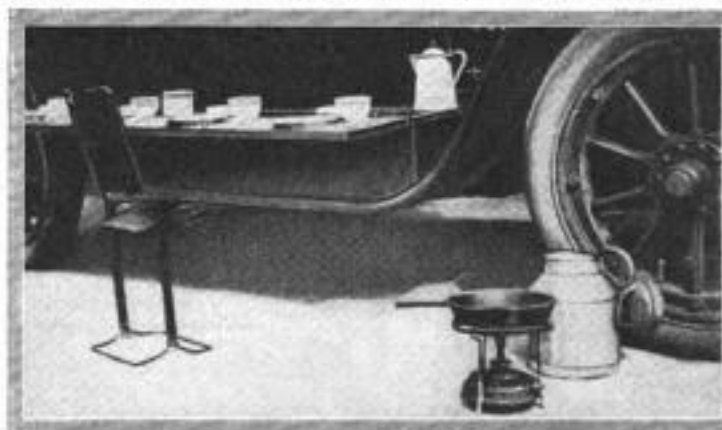
#### Take Your Own Stove

**WARNING:** Try your stove out in the store; try it out again at home; cook a meal on it; try it out in the yard when a strong wind is blowing, or even when it is raining, and I shan't need to tell you what you need for protection against the elements to make it do its best. There are so many types of stoves—gasoline, kerosene, and others—all good, that you will have to use your own judgment; but take compactness, simplicity, and reliability as guides. Some campers go with no stove, or perhaps a grate. This may do in the West, where fires are permitted, or a large brick oven awaits the camper at the next municipal camp grounds; however, the woman who wants pleasant housework will sacrifice, if need be, on apparel rather than go without her stove. Think what a saving on scouring pan bottoms or packing smoky pans. You are a more welcome camper with a stove, even in the West.

It was interesting to note that a refuge for campers on a hundred and thirty-nine miles between railroads stretch, on a New Mexico desert, stipulated that no fires could be built. I have had a galvanized tin cylinder (with holes cut for the levers) made to fit entirely around a one-burner air-force kerosene stove, and a young hurricane will not put it out, or cause a scattered flame.

Ideal is the Pullman berth made by letting down the back of the front seat. The entire length of the car becomes a bed, with cushions as springs and mattress. For the army cot, as many blankets must be provided to sleep on, as under, or else you suffer with the cold from underneath. Small pillows are covered with dark silk or sateen—bed linen is out of place. A black oilcloth bag for bedding sheds dust and rain. Rope hung the length of the ridgepole in the tent makes a fine clothes closet. Pinch-on clothespins are handy.

Select high ground location for camp site. Tent poles of bamboo are light. Ten-inch spikes or hickory wood pegs are lighter than iron ones. Make a long narrow bag to fit tent poles, and fasten in a straight line to side of top of car. Cheesecloth keeps out gnats and mosquitoes, and can be used for screen-door of tent on hot nights. For auto-bed use one and one-half widths sewed together entirely around car. Dye this a dark color to avoid ghost-like appearance and on-lookers' vision. This will cling to top without attachments; tie at back with tapes.



**OPENED** out, the cover of the running-board box makes a table supported by strong hinges with long leaves. To hold it up, screw a large size thumb screw near bottom of side of box in the center, screw another into closed cover of box near car side edge, hook a quarter-inch iron rod into top screw, and pass straight to end of rod through side box screw.



THIS appealing, comfortable-looking house is not a radical type that may work out well if one chooses to try the experiment. It is a practical, well-arranged design that can be economically built and maintained, and is suitable for any location or section. The ideal location would be a large plot at least 100 feet front and 200 feet deep, with a slight rise toward the center of the lot, on which the house should sit, close to the ground, shaded by a few tall trees and shrubs. Although designed to be constructed of frame with exterior walls and roof shingled, the walls painted white, and the roof green, with the blinds to match, the house would also be attractive in stucco.

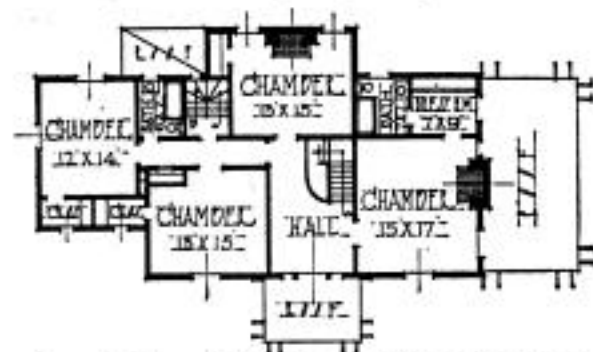


TO ENHANCE the beauty of the simple lines of the exterior, lattices have been put on the main walls and between the columns of the porches for vines to climb on. The cost of this house complete would be determined by the owner's personal taste and requirements. The construction, finish, plumbing, and heating could be kept quite simple and inexpensive, or made more elaborate if desired. A study of the plans below (left) will show several exceptionally attractive features—the large living-room with its fireplace and French doors at each side opening onto the porch, the splendid service arrangement and the four spacious bedrooms—two with fireplaces.



## For Country or Suburban Building

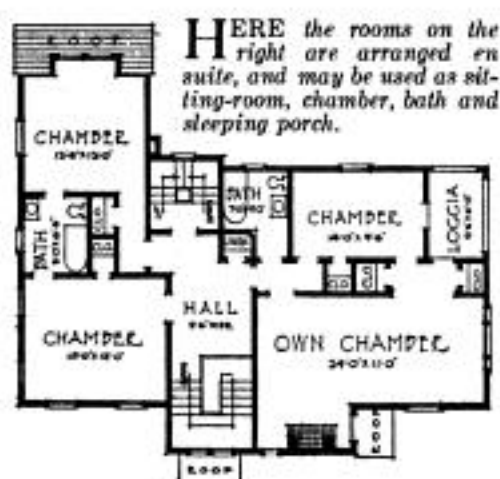
Three delightfully homelike, eight-room houses—Designed by A. RAYMOND ELLIS



Plans for house at top of page—attic may be left unfinished, or used for maids' quarters, or a playroom



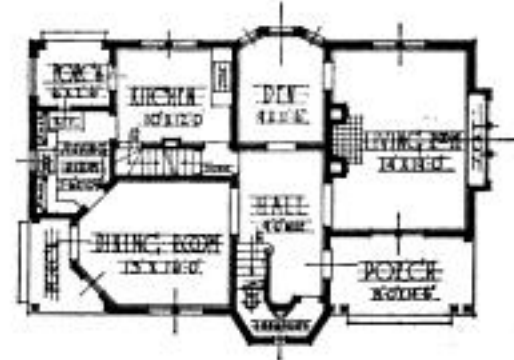
FURTHER information regarding these houses may be obtained by addressing "Readers' Building Service," care WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please enclose a large-size, self-addressed and stamped envelope for reply.



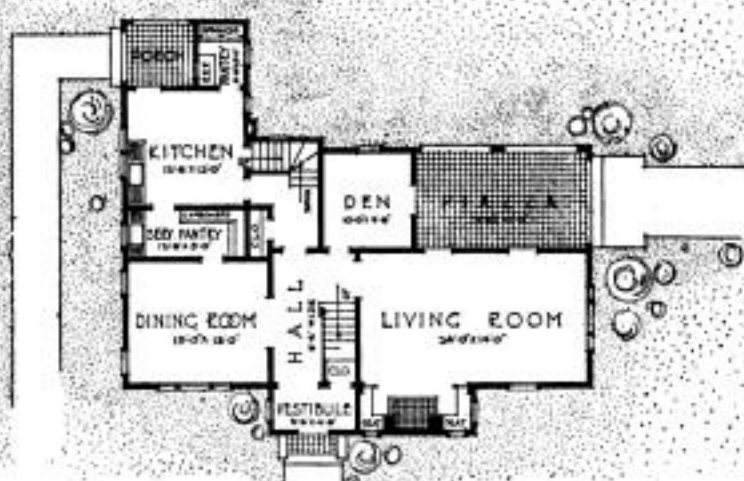
First and second floor plans for house above, at left—the one with the chimney in front



Plans for house just above—notice the convenient housekeeping arrangement and generous closets



OF UNUSUAL adaptability is the English-cottage design of house shown above, at the left, which may be built of frame, or of terra cotta tile, or brick with the exterior of stucco. The roof may be slate, shingles, or tile in a soft heather-brown color. The entrance through the vestibule, as will be seen from the plans (at right), is directly into the stair hall, from which a large living-room with alcove fireplace opens on one side, dining-room on the other, and at the end a den, well situated for privacy. The recessed porch at the rear may be enclosed in winter and used as a sun parlor. The service portion of the house is particularly convenient, and the second story, with its four large bedrooms, two baths and generous closet space, will be found exceedingly practical for family living. The hall, living-room, den, and dining-room are finished in fumed oak.

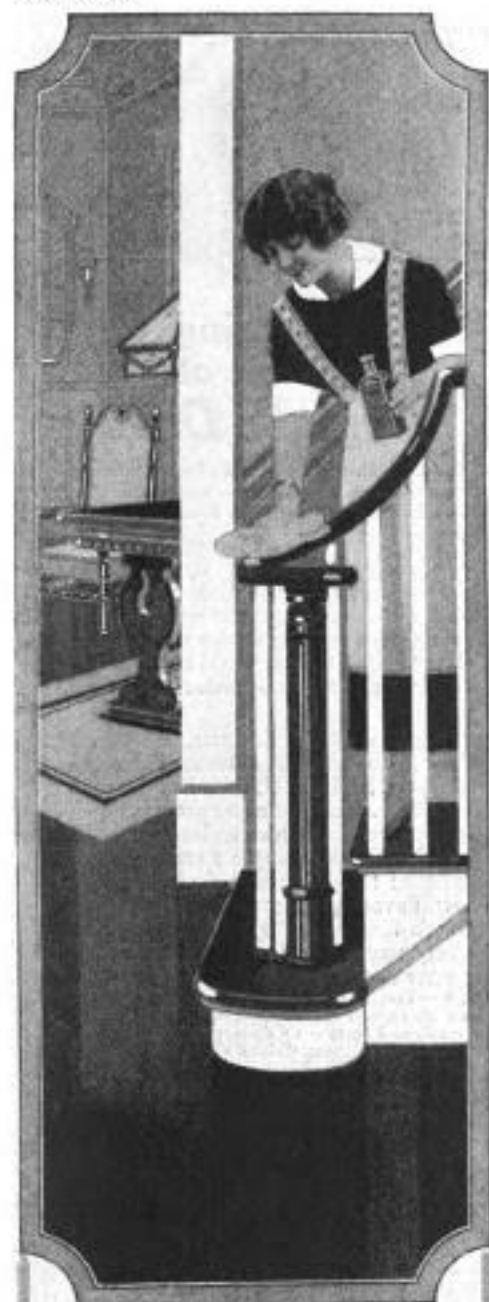


THE very compact little suburban house above (right) is designed to be built of frame, plastered inside and boarded outside, and shingled or stuccoed, with roof stained green and green painted blinds. A study of the plans above will show that while the rooms are arranged so that sufficient privacy is obtained, the house opens up attractively. In the entrance hall, of very good proportions, the main stairs are in a two-story projecting bay, with lavatory and coat closet beneath. Bay windows are, in fact, the unique feature of this interesting little house: the dining-room has a bay window, with French doors on either side opening onto a small covered porch; the den at the end of the hall has a bay window, and in the living-room the recessed window seat opposite the fireplace forms still another bay effect.









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For O-Cedar Polish "Cleans as it Polishes." It removes finger marks, dust, grime and scum and imparts a hard, dry lustre that does not get gummy or sticky.

It brings out the original beauty of the grain of the wood and adds years to the life of varnished, painted or finished surfaces.

For 100% satisfaction — use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Polish way: Wet a piece of cheese-cloth in water and wring it almost dry, add as much O-Cedar as the cloth contains water. Go over the surface and polish with a dry cloth.

O-Cedar Polish is sold under a positive guarantee—if you are not delighted with the results your dealer will refund your money without a question.

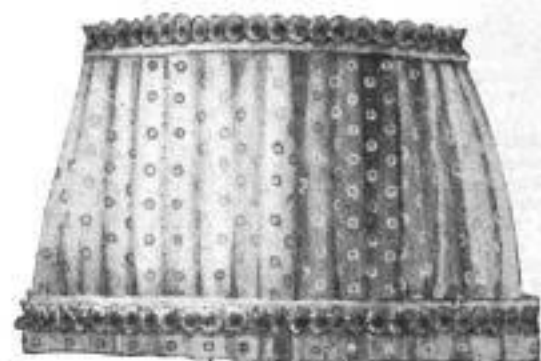
**O-Cedar**  
Polish

30c to \$3 Sizes—All Dealers

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Chicago Toronto London Paris

## Organdie To Shade Your Lamp

Designed by  
ELIZABETH MACKENZIE ROTH



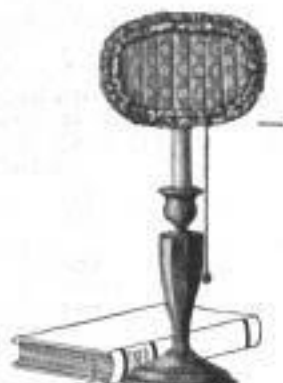
**F**LESH tint over rose makes the shade at the right. At top and bottom a shirred edging of rose centers a double fold of the lighter organdie.



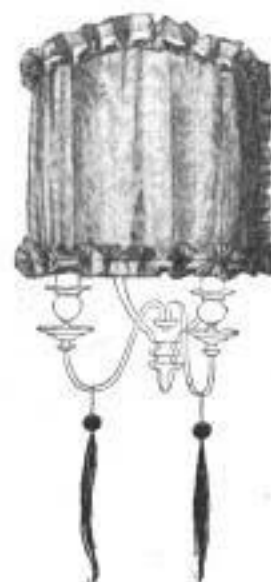
**I**N THE frilly shade at the right the outside is yellow, the lining rose-orange, both put on plain. Yellow and orchid picot-edged ruffles alternate: yellow, an inch and a half wide; orchid, two inches. Rough edges are concealed by wee orchid roses.



Rose-colored is the world created by the light from the pink shade above.



**T**HE tiny candle shield at the left is just a row of small plaits in flesh-colored organdie, laid over a plain rose lining. The edge is a shirring of the pale organdie.



**S**IDE lights shine fairy-like behind shadowed violet organdie lined with turquoise. The outside is gathered over a plain lining; a quaint double plaiting of violet organdie finishes the edges of this attractive shield. Make it if you would create a restful room.

**O**LD-FASHIONED double shell plaiting with small beads distinguishes the lavender shade at the right. Through an orange lining the evening light falls pleasantly.



**T**HE cunning candle shades below are of cross-barred organdie. The one at the left is a petaled flower in orchid color. The lining is doubled and has scallops which extend below the edge of the frame. The outside is also doubled, and hangs straight from top to bottom of the frame, held in place at the top by two rows of shirring. The other shade is emerald green, finished at top and bottom with a picot-edged plaiting.



**D**ID you ever paint pussycats on a baby's round bowl, or flying bluebirds on a silver-rimmed tea set? Do you know how it feels to transform a plain little jug into a shining thing of iridescent copper luster? Or make rainbow bubbles out of ordinary glass sherbet cups? Full directions for china and glass painting, decoration of tin and woodware, with full-size designs, are contained in a complete little COMPANION booklet. Order "China Painting," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Price, 25 cents.

**O**F ORGANDIE are the newest shades for lamps and candles. Crisply fresh for summer days, they are less expensive than silk and quite as beautiful. Moreover, the most lovely and unexpected play of lights is possible by the use of one color over another in infinite variety. The foundation of them all is effected in the same way, by winding wire frames with white silk taffeta binding. The organdie for both outside and lining is gathered on the frame and held down firmly at both the top and the bottom.



# Organdie Roses

*Fresh and frilly for  
hot summer days*

*Designed By*

PEGGY ENGLEMAN

THE little bag at the right, to match the girdle above, is made of two strips of tan and two strips of brown organdie, each four and a half inches wide and eleven and a half inches long, hemstitched together. The bag is nine inches long, which allows two and a half inches for folding over the top and space to run the ribbon draw string. Tan and brown roses like those on the girdle finish the bottom.



FOR the girdle above cut one tan and one brown strip of organdie eight inches wide and of a length to fit the waist measure, allowing the ends to extend four and a half inches beyond the fastening. Hemstitch the two pieces together and picot the ends and edges. At the fastening cluster two tan and two brown roses. Each rose requires a strip of material thirty-four inches long and two and a half inches wide, folded and twisted around an artificial rose center.



TWO shades of rose-colored organdie petals combine in the cushion above to give the effect of a huge rose. Cover a round twenty-inch pillow with rose china silk; shirr and fasten around the top and bottom sides of the pillow a band of the lighter shade of organdie, seven inches wide and ninety inches long. Let the band puff. Fasten eighteen petals of the lighter shade around the puff. Sixty petals of the darker shade are clustered around a large artificial rose center sewed to the center of the pillow. The petals are made of five-inch squares of organdie folded into triangles and formed in shape by shirring the raw edges.



THE carriage cover ornament at the right has hemstitched and picot ends and loops. The seven ends are ten inches long; the five loops five inches, after being looped. The rose in the center has twenty-one petals, two and a half inches square, placed around an artificial rose center. Use a circle of crinoline for backing the rose.



FOR the hatband three pairs of organdie roses, each pair in contrasting color, are set on a band of ribbon one and one-quarter inches wide. The roses are spaced at equal distances to fit the crown of the hat. To make the roses, tear strips of organdie fifty inches long by one and one-half inches wide, fold and twist into roses. Sew tiny green organdie leaves at back of each rose.

THE organdie corsage flower above has six petals four inches square. Fold petals into triangles and shirr raw edges into shape. One-half inch from the top of each petal shirr a space of two inches. Do not draw the thread very tight. Roll a small piece of cotton between the palms of the hands to form a little ball, cover it with organdie and tie a piece of wire to the raw edges, allowing sufficient length in the wire for the stem. Around this ball fasten an artificial rose center and the six petals, already made. Wind the wire stem with green wool.

*Every drop  
awakens flavor*



## HEINZ Vinegars

FRESH VEGETABLES and salads! Heinz Vinegars make them taste better. They are the secret of a surprisingly delicious flavor. For Heinz Vinegars bring out the hidden flavor of green things, and add a rich mellowness all their own. The aroma adds keen zest to the appetite. For all table and kitchen uses.

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PINTS, QUARTS, HALF-GALLONS  
in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment



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Some of the  
**57**

Spaghetti  
Baked Beans  
Apple Butter  
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*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*





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Many a mother, sighing wearily over ripped and torn little garments, will answer, "It doesn't stand it."

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It isn't merely that they are so firmly and honestly sewed or that the fine nain-sook material is so strong; Sexton Unionsuits for boys and girls come safely through the most violent play because they are so full and so scientifically designed that literally no strain is put upon seams or fabric. The elastic web seam in the back has a lot to do with this body yielding quality.

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Both have buttons for outer garments and garter tabs so arranged that garters can go inside or out.

Sizes 2 to 12 years.

If your favorite store doesn't carry Sexton Underwear, which it probably does, we will direct you to a store that does carry them.

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**SEXTON**  
UNDERWEAR &  
NIGHTWEAR for  
Men & Children

# The Tower Room

## Independent Lives



By

ANNE BRYAN MCCALL

Author of "THE LARGER VISION"

**A** PROBLEM that most of us are called on to face often is that of the clashing of our rights with the rights of other people. "I wish I knew," writes one of you, "where other people's rights end, and mine begin." Here is another, a girl, who, after a quarrel and bitter words, left home, "just because I couldn't stand it any longer to have other people managing my life for me." And here is a letter from still another girl:

I don't know whether I am right about leaving home. There seems to me a big moral question involved, which is too long to write about fully. In brief it is simply this: I've been brought up by a cousin of my father's. She has a very powerful nature. She has ruled my life by affection but, oh, she has ruled it! I am the product of her nature, her ideas, though I'm a grown woman of twenty-three. I'm her child. In matters of religion, education, social training—my life is measured only by hers. I'm no bigger than the nest I've been brought up in. And she wants to keep me in this nest, and I want to try the wide air with my wings. What were wings made for, Anne McCall? I want to leave home altogether for a year, maybe two years, to get a broader knowledge, and to fit myself for a broader life. But I have it staring me in the face that if I do leave, she will just about break her heart. When I think of that I say, "It seems to me that love is the only thing that matters," and I stay; but when I let myself think clearly I know that love is so often only tyranny disguised; and when I think of that it seems to me that something way down in me that tells me that I must not either encourage tyranny or submit to it. I don't know what it is exactly way down in me that tells me that, unless maybe it is me, my real self—that self that I believe God gives each one of us, as something precious, as he gave the talents, and which he expects us to give back to Him, not the same but increased.

And here is a letter from still another:

I wish you'd write and tell us how to live free lives. It seems to me that wherever I go, people, especially older people, are trying to make me think, or do as they want me to. They'd all like to manage my life for me. It seems to me it is always that when you go among people, so I stay away from them most of the time. I'm happier that way, just with my books (I adore reading), and my splendid old collie "Dick," who understands.

Many of you girls will understand these letters, I think, very well, and will sympathize with the writers of them. As for myself, that last letter might almost be a page out of a diary of my own girlhood days. I've known that mood so often.

Yet I am afraid it is no real answer to our problems, to run away from people. "Dick" is a delightful dog, no doubt, and a comfort. (I have a collie of my own!) But dogs are, after all, so easy to get on with; they are hardly a test of one's power of justly giving and taking human rights. We usually receive from dogs so much more than we give. With books it is much the same. We demand everything of them—pleasure, comfort, solace, inspiration—and we give them nothing in return but our attention, and that only at such times as we choose. If they do not please us, we simply put them back on the shelf, and there's an end of it. It is we who have all the "rights," and they have none. No, it is the human problem that we must deal with, and to turn away from it to books and favorite pets seems to me a good deal like shirking.

Perhaps the best way of arriving at a solu-

tion is to examine the problem itself more closely. Just why is it that nearly all of us resent, as we do, having others advise us too particularly, or having others try to direct our lives for us?

### Innate Love of Freedom

IT COMES, I am sure, from an innate love of freedom and independence. And this, in turn, is rooted in things a good deal deeper still. And the more wholesome the nature, the more strong, I believe, is this love of freedom. We defend ourselves instinctively, if we are strong, against the loss of freedom; we know it to be a precious thing, and an inalienable birthright; and we are determined we will not lose it.

But with most of us this defense is only an instinctive and almost unconscious thing. We strike back, as it were, at anyone who is trying to rob us; but few of us understand exactly what this precious thing is that we guard. What is independence, after all, that we should defend it so jealously, and often at such cost. And what is it, precisely, to be an independent person, that we should, from the time we are little people even, desire so faithfully to be that kind of person? If you look in the dictionary for a definition you will find that to be independent is to be "Not subject to the controlling influence of others." But, look into it carefully, and you will find it to be a good deal more than that.

In the library of my old home, when I was a child, there was, stowed away in a big book, a facsimile copy of the Declaration of Independence. It always rather fascinated me. I liked to get it out and unfold it, and look at the patient clearness of that neat and quite beautiful writing, and then at those various signatures. Yet I thought of it, after all, mainly as a great state paper, to be revered for its historic meaning and value. It was due to an old gentleman who used sometimes to visit our home that at last I learned to look upon it as one of the most human and significant of all documents.

He began by laying stress on the independent character of the men who had drafted it, agreed upon it, and signed it. They were men, he insisted, who loved and cherished and respected their human rights. Then, when he had got that established, he pointed out (as they themselves had done, in that famous arraignment) how these rights had been disregarded. Then he turned his fine old face to me and slapped the paper with the back of one hand for emphasis (I can see him still), "So, you see, they were compelled to draw up this paper. *Had to! Couldn't help it!*" Then slowly, "For, if they hadn't, they and the people they represented could not have kept their self-respect."

### Cherishing Self-Respect

**I** HAD been told at school that if they had not drawn it up this country could have had its independence; but here was something that went deeper. If they had not drawn it up, these men, and the people they represented, would have had to forfeit their self-respect. This act of theirs was not so much an act of daring (though it took courage!) nor of animosity (though these were justly angry men); it was rather a kind of solemn obligation; they could not continue as they were, under the "controlling influence of others," and keep their self-respect.

The explanation is as satisfying to me to-day as it was then. I know now, clearly, what that old gentleman probably knew clearly, that a true love of independence is based not on anger or daring or willfulness, but is rooted deep in self-respect, and in a sense really is self-respect.

Tried by this test, is your problem one of a desire for independence (self-respect), after all? Look at it carefully and see. Here is a girl who writes me that she wants independence, and means to have it; but I believe if she looked closely she would find it is only power that she wants; here is another who thinks she wants independence but it seems to me clear she wants only her own way. Here is another, who, if I judge fairly of all the conditions, doesn't really care a pin about independence; what she wants is novelty and amusement. She has gone to a great city, and is getting these, at the cost of the happiness of others, and her own honor. When you think of what independence really is—a deep desire and determination for self-respect—it seems rather like a travesty to call this kind of life that she has selected "independent." Yet that is what she calls it; and does not know the mistake she makes.

Really independent lives are not as frequent as you might suppose, and some of them, if judged by outward appearances, you might not call independent at all. One of the most independent people I know is a woman carrying a very heavy burden, and with five little children dependent on her. I do not know a life more clear than hers, nor one more profoundly self-respectful or more deeply respectful of others. Some of her friends mourn over the heavy duties that bind her life to others, but those who know her more intimately know how singularly free her spirit is, and how it walks upright and independent in high places.

If you will go back now to the letter from the girl who wants to try her wings, and reread it carefully, I think you will see that here is someone who really does deeply desire independence, and here is someone, unless I am much mistaken, who will attain it.

These problems of independence are forever coming up, in your life and mine. We settle one, and another takes its place. Our independence, our self-respect, is always being tested and sometimes threatened by the press of other lives. It is never a finished product—it is always in the making. All the more reason, then, that we should know what true independence is and should at all cost maintain it.

### A Large Lesson

**T**HE truths of true self-respecting independence, as exemplified in the independence of our country, afford examples of what the benefit and beauty and power of self-respecting independence in our own lives may be. The independence of our great country began in a comparatively small way. A little band of men, respecting themselves, in a way not so very different from this girl of whose letter I have just spoken, gathered together to establish that self-respect, and to that end pledged their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor. But the time came when their own souls demanded that they should preserve that sacred thing which was their very own—a self-respecting independence. Then it was that they took their stand and declared and at last maintained their independence.

In answer to these problems of yours as to how to live your own lives apart from the conscious or unconscious tyranny of others, you will think I have cited a very large example, one in which the independence, not of an individual but of a whole people, was at stake. Our problems of independence, seen by comparison very small. Yes; but "Truth does not favor the mighty." Whatever is true in large and striking examples is apt to be true in the lesser and less striking ones, as well.

Think the matter over carefully, and I believe you will find it true in this case.

With all this in mind, I advise you to try every day to live independent lives, only being sure, very sure, that it is a real independence, and not a false and shallow independence that you seek.

**NOTE:** Write me whenever I can be of help to you. Address all letters to Anne Bryan McCall, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# The Fad of Painted Glassware

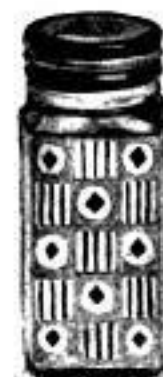
*Novelty sellers for gift shop and tea room*



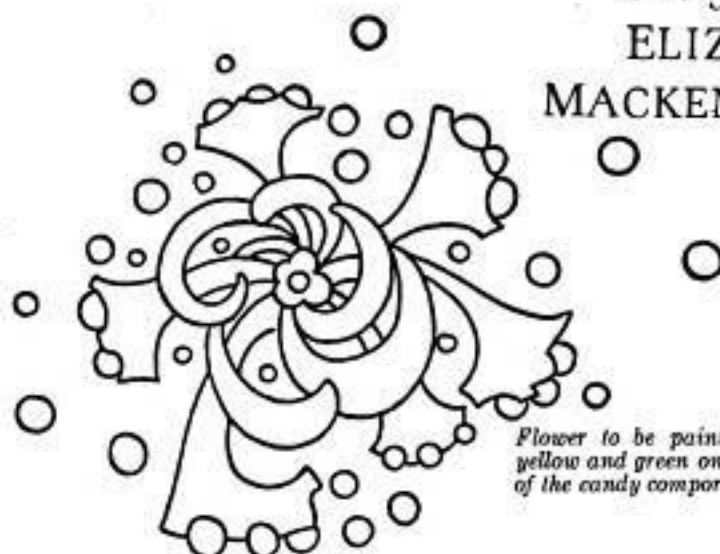
*For between-meal candies this covered comport makes a good keeping place*

THE graceful little comport at the left has the advantage of a cover. Shaped like an elf's peaked cap, it is painted with a conventionalized flower in soft yellow, outlined with green. A host of little yellow and green dots, in various degrees of size, sprinkle the standard, bowl, and cover.

A VERITABLE little Puritan among dressing-table frivolities is the demure square sachet bottle at the right, painted in a chintzy all-over pattern of blue and white. Of course you may make it rose and white, or green and white, or orange and white—whatever, indeed, fits your color scheme.



*Designed by*  
**ELIZABETH  
MACKENZIE ROTH**



*Flower to be painted in yellow and green on cover of the candy comport*



*Small clusters of rosebuds in tones of rose with green leaves exquisitely ornament the clear glass of this puff jar. The dots are black*

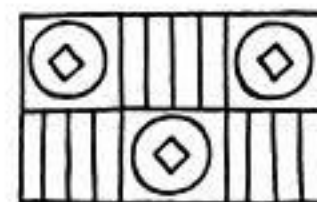
SPRAYS of fine fern with tiny dots of orange-red, to relieve the greenness of it, lie decoratively over the curves of the perfumery bottle below.



THE smelling-salts bottle below has a climbing yellow flower touched with black in every other panel. Black lines effectively follow the jar's contour.



*This utility jar for the kitchen is no less useful because of its simple, eye-pleasing border in black and red. How would you like deep blue and yellow?*

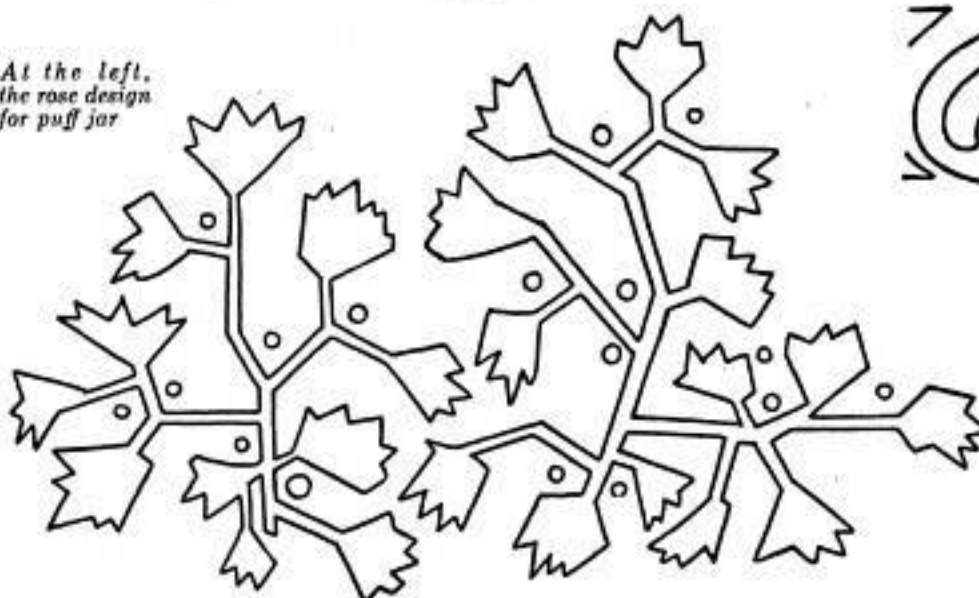


*Above is the design for sachet bottle at the top of the page; below is the border to be developed in black and red, or in blue, on the utility jar for the kitchen*



*At the left, the rose design for puff jar*

THESE glass articles are decorated in oil paints mixed with white (household) enamel. The addition of the enamel gives brilliance as well as body to oil paints. It dries with a hard finish, and requires no further varnishing. For the best results, mix and use only one color at a time, because the mixture dries so quickly that for the desired effects it should be used as soon as it is mixed. Turpentine may be added from time to time, if the mixture gets too thick to flow well. One painting is often enough, but if the work seems weak after it is dry, repeat the painting.



*Fern design, full size, for perfume bottle; just above it, panel for smelling-salts bottle*

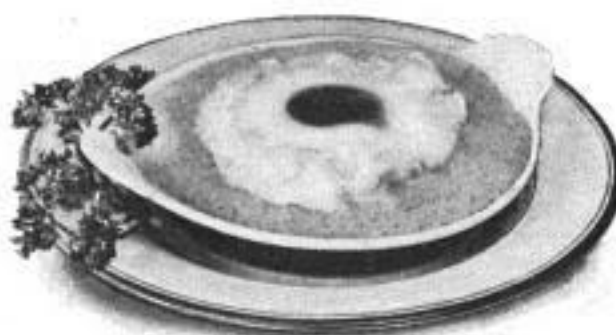
ANY of the designs may be transferred to the glass with carbon paper, or they may be drawn in freely with a brush and a little thin paint. One big virtue of this way of painting glassware lies in the fact that it needs no firing. It is a good plan to develop each of these various accessories in several different color schemes to meet the tastes of different would-be purchasers. "Oh, if you only had this in orchid instead of coral," says somebody, "I'd buy it in a minute!" You can conceivably, if you haven't the particular color demanded, offer to take an order for it in the desired shade.





# For Your Fireless Cooker

WITH the possession of a "fireless," the temperature of the kitchen can be kept comfortably cool, the bills for coal, wood, gas, oil, or electricity can be much reduced, and even ice can be saved in the freezing of mousses and parfaits and bombes. (See recipes below.)



AND it's a time-saver also. Whole meals can be prepared and left in the cooker for hours while the mistress of the house is at church, or just plain "gadding." Fancy coming home, after an all-day drive, to find a "stuffed cushion of veal" piping hot, ready to serve.

## New Recipes by ALICE BRADLEY

Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

NO HOME is really complete to-day if it does not include a fireless cooker in its kitchen equipment. It may be an up-to-date device made of metal and possessing the last word in fittings; it may be a gas, electric range, or oil stove with insulated oven, or special hood; or it may be just a homemade affair, built from a butter firkin or an old trunk.

For any cooking that requires more than an hour for its completion, the fireless cooker is a fuel saver. In it, tough meats that require long cooking will become perfectly tender; cereals needed every day by the children may be thoroughly cooked; while whole meals can be prepared and left for several hours while the mistress of the house is away shopping, or attending church, or just plain "gadding."

The principle of the fireless cooker is the retention of heat. In most cases the food-stuff is brought to the boiling point on the stove, and when put into the fireless cooker is so closely covered that the heat is retained for several hours. In many cases a dish of boiling water in the compartment with the dish of cooked food, is all that is necessary to complete the cooking. In other cases, one or two soapstones or disks of iron are heated on top of the range, while the food-stuff is being prepared, and one disk below the utensil and one above it will maintain a roasting, baking, or boiling temperature for a long time.

Full directions for constructing a home-made fireless cooker can be secured from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

### Lamb en Casserole

For a practical home dinner

WIPE a three-pound piece of forequarter of lamb and cut lean meat in one-inch cubes. Cover bones with cold water, add one small onion sliced, two slices carrot, and one teaspoon salt. Heat slowly to boiling point, put in fireless cooker, and leave several hours. Strain, cool, and remove fat. Sauté lamb in hot frying pan in one tablespoon fat until brown, put in casserole dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add three-fourths cup carrot cut in small pieces, six small onions, one cup potato balls or cubes, and one cup string beans or peas. Brown three tablespoons fat, add four tablespoons flour, stir until brown, add two cups lamb stock, stir until

sauce boils, season to taste, and pour over vegetables. Cover casserole dish, put on rack over hot stone in fireless cooker, and leave two hours or longer. If preferred, the fireless cooker kettle may be used instead of the casserole dish, and the meats and vegetables be served in a deep dish or on a platter.

### Shredded Cabbage and Carrot

Try this and you will discover a new and delicious vegetable

4 cups cabbage 2 teaspoons salt  
2 cups carrots 2 tablespoons butter

Cut the cabbage in fine strips; scrape the carrots and cut in fine strips two inches long. Put vegetables in cooker kettle, add salt, cover with boiling water, boil five minutes, put in fireless cooker, and cook one hour, or until time for serving.

Drain, season with butter, salt, and pepper and serve very hot.

### Stuffed Cushion of Veal

Start it in the morning, then go off for the day and come back to find a perfectly cooked dinner

WIPE, stuff, and tie in shape a five-pound cushion of veal (a piece cut from the upper part of the leg). Put one-half cup margarine or salt pork in fireless cooker kettle; when melted, add veal and cook until the entire surface is seared and well browned, turning frequently, using a two-tined fork to prevent piercing. Add two cups water or stock, cover, and put in fireless cooker with one hot stone below and another above. Leave two hours or longer. Remove to hot platter, garnish with parsley.



and serve with brown gravy made from stock in kettle.

Stuffing: Toast six slices of stale bread, cut one-half inch in thickness. Pour over stock or water to moisten. Add one two-inch cube of fat salt pork, finely chopped, one hard-boiled egg finely chopped, one-half cup radishes washed, sliced, and sautéed in butter three minutes, and season with salt and pepper.

### String Beans with Cheese

Serve as the main dish for luncheon

1 quart string beans 3/4 cup grated cheese  
Salt 1/4 cup cream  
Cayenne 1 tablespoon butter

Cut string beans in diamond-shaped pieces, put in kettle, cover with boiling salted water, and boil five minutes. Put a hot stone in the fireless cooker, on it place the string beans, cover the cooker closely, and leave two hours. Drain thoroughly, put in serving dish, season with salt and cayenne, add one-half cup grated cheese and the cream. Stir until well mixed, sprinkle with remaining cheese over the top, and dot with butter. Reheat in hot oven or under gas flame.

### Baked Eggs with Hominy and Cheese

Another excellent luncheon dish

3 cups milk 6 eggs  
3/4 cup hominy 2 cups cheese sauce  
3/4 tablespoon salt (recipe below)  
Paprika

Scald milk, add hominy and salt, stir until thickened, cover, place in kettle of boiling water, put in fireless cooker and leave one hour or longer. Put a layer of hot hominy in each of six egg shirrs, or on a platter, make a depression in the center, and place a raw egg in each depression. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a hot oven or until white is firm. Surround with cheese sauce, sprinkle with paprika and serve immediately. Garnished with parsley, as shown above, this makes a really company-looking dish.

### Cheese Sauce

4 tablespoons butter  
4 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon paprika  
1 cup chicken stock  
1 cup thin cream  
3/4 cup grated cheese

Melt butter, add flour, salt and paprika, add slowly  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 58]

### Tomato and Chicken Bombe

COOK together for ten minutes the tomatoes, cloves, allspice berry, three-fourths teaspoon salt, celery seed, peppercorns, slice of onion, sprig of parsley, and cayenne. Rub through strainer, cool, add tarragon vinegar, and freeze until stiff. Mix together the chicken cut in small dice, string beans cut in small pieces, rice, green pepper cut in small pieces, cucumber cut in small pieces, and the parsley. Add mayonnaise dressing mixed with cream beaten stiff, the gelatine soaked in cold water and dissolved over hot water, and the half-teaspoon of salt. Garnish a mold with strips of green pepper and kernels

### Ingredients

3 cups tomatoes 3/4 cup cold boiled rice  
2 cloves 2 tablespoons green pepper  
1 allspice berry  
1/4 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup cucumber  
1/4 teaspoon celery seed 1/2 tablespoon chopped parsley  
1/2 teaspoon peppercorns 1/2 cup mayonnaise dressing  
1 slice onion 1/2 cup cream  
1 sprig parsley 1/2 tablespoon gelatine  
Few grains cayenne 2 tablespoons cold water  
1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar 1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup cooked white chicken meat Green pepper  
1/2 cup string beans Tiny onions

### Frozen in the Fireless

of cooked rice, or tiny onions, line with the frozen tomato, fill center with the chicken mixture, cover with tomato mixture, with greased paper, and tin cover.

In the fireless cooker put a layer of two parts ice to one part salt, place the mold on the ice, surround with ice and salt in the same proportions, cover tightly, put in the fireless cooker, and leave two hours or longer. When ready to serve, turn out, cut in slices, and serve on lettuce leaves. This makes a delicious dish for a company meal, especially for an evening spread. The recipe given will serve eight people.

## Take It to Camp

Check the grub list carefully, making sure you have included plenty of Carnation Milk, for it is indispensable in camp. For flapjacks, and for coffee—for drinking and for cooking, it is wholesome, delicious and convenient. Pure cows' milk, evaporated and sterilized, it contains no sugar or other foreign substance. Write for our Cook Book.

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Flapjacks—1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, 2 1/2 cups flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on frying pan. Brown on both sides.

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# Inform Yourself About These New Uses for Argo Corn Starch

*Important Kitchen Hints—Very Interesting to Every Housewife in America*

creased so that home prepared flour will make a lighter and finer grained cake.

If your recipe calls for 4 eggs to 1 quart of milk, use 3 eggs, and for the egg omitted use  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoonful of Argo Corn Starch. For lighter, flakier biscuits, pie crusts and muffins, make your pastry flour with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of Argo and one cup of wheat flour. A little Argo Corn Starch dusted on top of cakes before icing prevents the frosting from running off.

A quarter teaspoonful of Argo put into each of your salt-shakers will keep the salt from caking.

## Argo Cookies

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Flour	2 Yolks of Eggs
2 tablespoonfuls Argo Corn Starch	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful Baking Powder
1 tablespoonful Sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ Lemon Rind (grated)
1 tablespoonful Karo	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful Salt
1 tablespoonful Mazola	

Sift flour, cornstarch, salt, and baking powder in a bowl, add Karo, sugar, Mazola, and yolks with the lemon, mix all with hand to a round ball and smooth. Roll out very thin, cut in shapes, brush over with the white of egg, and sprinkle chopped nuts and granulated sugar over top; bake in medium hot oven till done.

## Cream Puffs and Eclairs

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Boiling Water	1 cup Flour, which includes
4 tablespoonfuls Mazola	$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of Argo Corn Starch
2 Eggs	

Put Mazola and boiling water in saucepan, add the flour and cornstarch well mixed, all at once, and cook till it leaves the side of the pan. Remove from the fire, cool by beating, and when cold, beat in, one at a time, the unbeaten eggs. Line a baking sheet with oiled paper. Drop the batter in rounds on it and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes. When cold split and fill with whipped cream or the cream filling.

## Cream Filling

2 tablespoonfuls Argo Corn Starch	1 Egg—Yolk only
1 pinch of Salt	1 teaspoonful Vanilla
1 cup Milk	1 tablespoonful Karo

Mix the cornstarch and the salt, and mix to a smooth paste with one-fourth of a cup of the milk. Scald the rest of the milk, and add to the cornstarch. Cook in a double boiler twenty minutes. Add the beaten yolk of the egg, and cook long enough to set. Remove from the fire and add the vanilla and Karo. If the mixture has been carefully stirred while thickening it will be smooth. If lumpy, strain; cool and fill the cold puffs.

## Strawberry Ice Cream

2 cupfuls of evaporated Milk, undiluted
$1\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoonfuls of Argo Corn Starch
1 box Strawberries, thoroughly ripe
$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of evaporated Milk, diluted with
$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of Water

Mash strawberries, add sugar, let stand an hour, mash again and sift. Scald the diluted milk and thicken with Argo Corn Starch, mixed with an additional  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water, cooking ten minutes and stirring often. Cool, add the undiluted milk and freeze until mushy, in 3 parts ice to one of salt. Add berries; freeze thoroughly.

## Argo Cornstarch Pudding

3 cups Scalded Milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sugar	2 Eggs
6 level tablespoonfuls Argo Corn Starch	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Salt	
	1 teaspoon Vanilla	

Mix the cornstarch with a little cold milk. Stir the hot milk slowly into the cornstarch, and stir over water till it thickens. Cook eight minutes. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar and salt. Add the cornstarch mixture to the eggs, and cook, stirring constantly, one minute longer. Remove from fire, add the vanilla. Serve cold with cream and sugar. Top with cherries. (Serve six persons).

For smoother gravies and sauces use a dessert spoonful of Argo Corn Starch, instead of a tablespoonful of wheat flour

## FREE

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## Important Kitchen Hints

It is not necessary to purchase both a bread and a pastry flour. By using  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of Argo Corn Starch to each cup of bread flour the percentage of gluten is decreased and the starch content in-







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# Cool-off Desserts

From California cooks

PAULINE PARTRIDGE

HESTER CONKLIN

WHEN the mercury climbs to the tiptop of the tube, it's time to plan desserts that tempt the hot-weather appetite. They must be tart enough and sweet enough and, above all, cold enough.

But sometimes, to accomplish this delicious cold dessert, the poor cook lady has to stew over a hot stove. The desserts on this page are all selected with a view to comparatively easy preparation. Some need no cooking, others may be prepared in the early cool of the morning, and all may be kept in a cold place till serving time.

Most of these desserts contain fruit, for they hail from California, and fruits are always welcome in the summer diet.

## Orange Walnut Jelly

4 tablespoons granulated tapioca 1 cup brown sugar  
1 1/2 cups hot water 1/2 cup orange juice  
1/4 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1 cup walnut meats

COOK the tapioca, hot water, the salt and sugar until tapioca is clear and transparent—approximately forty-five minutes in the double boiler. Add the orange juice and lemon juice and cool slightly. Add nut meats, broken in pieces, chill and serve with cream or milk.

## Lemon Fruit Pudding

2 tablespoons gelatin Grated rind of 1/2  
1/4 cup cold water lemon  
1 cup boiling water 2 egg whites stiffly  
1/4 cup sugar beaten  
1/4 cup lemon juice 1 sliced banana  
1 cup cooked figs

SOFTEN gelatin in cold water, dissolve with boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and rind, and set aside to cool. Arrange sliced banana and figs in serving dish. When gelatin mixture is cool add slowly to beaten egg whites and pour onto the fruit. Chill and serve with a soft custard made with the two egg yolks.

## Golden Glow Custards With Sauce

1/2 cup sugar 4 eggs  
3 cups hot milk 1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

MELT one-fourth cup of the sugar in the frying pan till it is a golden-brown sirup, then add to the hot milk slowly and cook in a double boiler till thoroughly mixed with the milk. Beat the eggs, add remainder of sugar, salt, vanilla and hot milk. Strain into individual molds, set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. Chill thoroughly, turn out on serving dishes and serve with Chocolate Raisin Sauce.

To make sauce, melt one square chocolate in one cup boiling water. Mix one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon cornstarch, a few grains of salt and one-half cup cold water, and add to hot water and chocolate. Bring to the boiling point, stirring, and boil slowly ten minutes. Add three-fourths cup chopped raisins and chill.

## Hawaiian Pudding

1 tablespoon butter 2 egg yolks  
2 tablespoons cornstarch 3 bananas  
1 cup boiling water 3 tablespoons lemon juice  
1/2 cup sugar 1 cup stale cake  
1/4 teaspoon salt crumbs

CREAM the butter and cornstarch together, and add to the boiling water, bring to the boiling point directly over the fire, then cook in a double boiler fifteen minutes. Beat the egg yolks with the sugar and salt and add the hot cornstarch mixture. Peel and mash the bananas and add with lemon juice and crumbs to the egg mixture. Pour

into a greased baking dish and bake in a slow oven till firm. Chill and serve with a sauce made as follows: Heat three-fourths cup grated pineapple and juice, add one-third cup sugar and one tablespoon flour mixed till smooth with one-fourth cup cold water. Boil for five minutes, stirring constantly, and cool. Then beat two egg whites till stiff, gradually add pineapple mixture, beating constantly, chill and serve.

## California Cherry Sponge

2 cups red cherries 2 tablespoons gelatin  
1 1/2 cups boiling water 3 egg whites  
1 cup sugar 1 tablespoon lemon juice

SORTEN the gelatin in one-fourth cup cold water. Stone the cherries and cook them slowly with boiling water and sugar till tender but not broken, and drain. Dissolve the gelatin in this boiling liquid and lemon juice and set aside till cool. Meanwhile, arrange cherries in a mold and over them pour one half the gelatin mixture. Set aside until firm. Beat the egg whites till they are stiff, and gradually beat in the remainder of the gelatin mixture. Beat till very stiff, pour onto first layer of jelly in mold and set aside until firm.

Serve with a sauce made as follows: Beat the three egg yolks till light, gradually add three-fourths cup of powdered sugar and one-half cup cream. Flavor with one-fourth teaspoon vanilla. Turn pudding out of mold onto serving dish, surround with sauce and sprinkle with three-fourths cup chopped walnut meats.

## Pineapple Mint Jelly

2 tablespoons gelatin 1/4 cup sugar  
1/4 cup cold water 1/4 cup lemon juice  
1 bunch fresh mint 1 cup grated pineapple  
1 1/2 cups boiling water

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Chop the mint and cook twenty minutes with the boiling water. Strain onto the gelatin, add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add the lemon juice and pineapple and a little green vegetable color if desired. Pour into sherbet glasses and set aside till cold and firm. Serve with whipped cream. If the fresh pineapple is used, first boil it five minutes, adding a little water if there is not sufficient juice, and cool before combining with the mint mixture, otherwise the gelatin will not thicken the mixture.

## Grapefruit Snow Pudding

2 tablespoons gelatin 1 1/2 cups boiling water  
1/2 cup grapefruit juice 1 cup sugar  
1/4 cup orange juice 2 egg whites

SORTEN the gelatin in one-fourth cup cold water and dissolve in the boiling water, add sugar and fruit juices, and set aside till jelly slightly thickens. Beat egg whites till stiff, add the gelatin mixture and beat until white and frothy. Pour into mold and set aside till firm. Serve with a soft custard sauce made with the two egg yolks, and to the sauce add three-fourths cup finely chopped, blanched, and browned almonds.

## San Francisco Sundae

1 1/2 cups water 1/4 cup grated pineapple  
1 cup chopped dates 1 cup walnut meats, chopped  
1/2 cup chopped raisins  
3/4 cup sugar Vanilla ice cream

BOIL the water, dates, raisins, and sugar fifteen minutes, add the pineapple, and boil five minutes. Chill, add walnut meats and serve on vanilla ice cream.



## Rosy Cheeks from Raisins

*Certain foods, madam, bring the good looks of good health, due to the food-iron they contain. This luscious raisin salad is one of them*



## Raisin Salad

1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins  
1/2 cup lemon juice  
2 cups chopped apples or pears  
2 cups coarsely shredded lettuce  
1 cup cream mayonnaise

Wash and dry the raisins, add to the apples and lemon juice. Line bowl or plates with shredded lettuce, pile raisins and apples in center, cover with mayonnaise; serve with Neuf-châtel cheese balls and garnish top with small pieces of red, tart jelly. Shredded lettuce is a matter of taste. It will go farther and decorates better if shredded.

## Send for 97 other "Beauty" Recipes

Don't fail to send the coupon for 97 other "Beauty" recipes. Raisins lend charm and healthfulness to many other foods, also increasing their nutrition. The book is worth while and is free, so send for your copy now.



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Serve raisins frequently in salads and desserts—in puddings, bread, pie, cakes, rolls, etc. Stewed raisins is a luscious breakfast dish and one of the most healthful known. Great sanitariums, like that at Battle Creek, Michigan, prescribe them for anemic patients.

The raisin is also slightly laxative, which helps to keep complexions clear.

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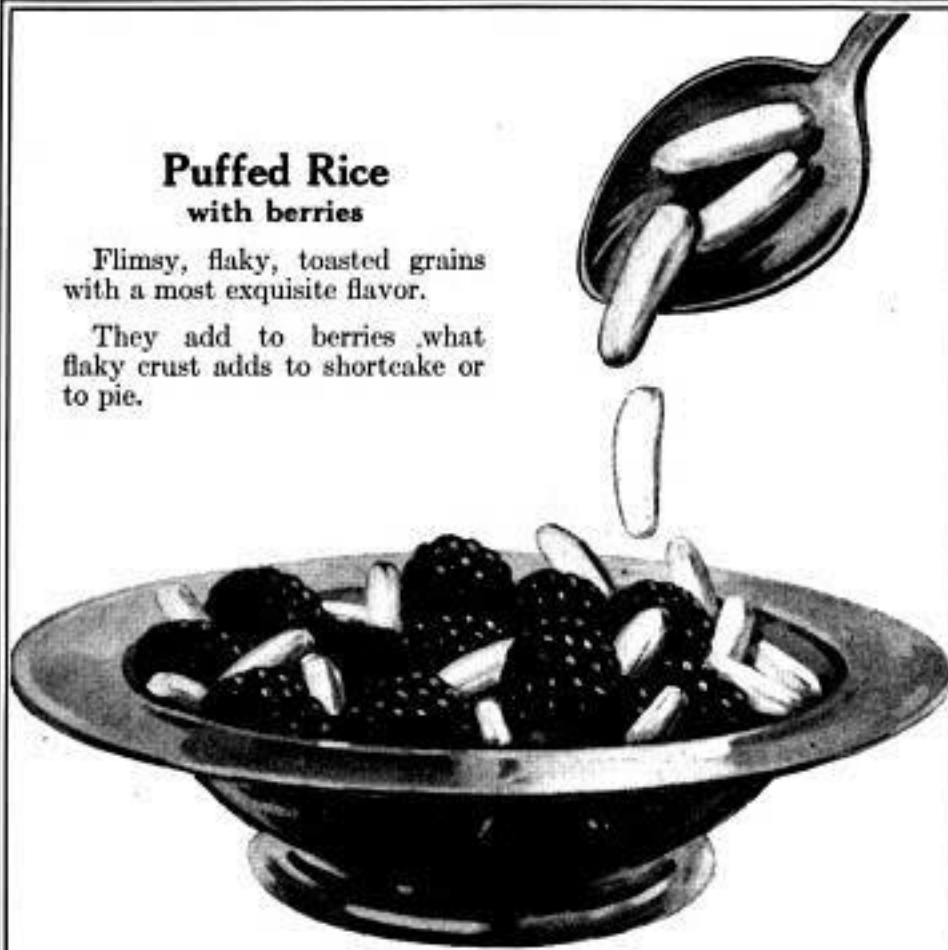
# SUN-MAID RAISINS



### Puffed Rice with berries

Flimsy, flaky, toasted grains with a most exquisite flavor.

They add to berries what flaky crust adds to shortcake or to pie.



## Add These Delights To Summer

Puffed Grains have brought to millions a wealth of new summer joys. To breakfast they have brought a cereal-food confection. They supply to berries a delicious blend.

They have made the milk dish popular. They add a dainty nut-like garnish to ice cream.

### But don't forget the purpose

Puffed Grains in addition supply scientific foods. They were invented by Prof. Anderson. They are created by causing in each kernel over 100 million explosions.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. All the whole-grain elements can thus be utilized. No other form of cooking so fits grain for food.

Foods so ideal, so delicious, should be served in plenty. They are not for breakfast only. Serve them all day long. Ever-ready, ever-welcome—there is nothing so good for children, nothing they like so well.



### Toasted Tidbits

Puffed Wheat in milk is a supper dish with which nothing else compares.

### As Confections

They use Puffed Rice in candy making, also on ice cream. They crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoons.

The foods taste like confections. Both the texture and flavor delight. Yet they are simply whole grains made wholly digestible—just what children need.

Remember how people like them. See that they get enough.

### Puffed Wheat

Is whole wheat puffed to bubbles.

### Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size.



Like airy nut-meats  
They seem to melt into ice cream

**The Quaker Oats Company**  
Sole Makers



IF YOU have heaps of friends, a little house, a bath-mat-sized lawn, and you want to entertain in honor of a visiting friend, you may like to give a party like this one of Molly Elliot's.

The invitations were written on squares of heavy brown paper with rough edges, and stuck into homemade envelopes to match. They held the verse printed in the center of the page, date and place attached.

All the preparations for the picnic, thanks to a friend and his car, had been attended to beforehand, so when four o'clock came Molly was able to join right in with the crowd as though she had been a guest, too, instead of hostess.

She and Kate had gone over the route that morning in the car, blazed the trail and cached the big kettle of fried chicken, the coffee pot, and a bag of potatoes at the picnic ground, in charge of a small neighborhood boy who adored the great responsibility resting on him. The fires were laid, and two little stoves built of flat stones for the coffee pot and the kettle.

When the gang had gathered around and inside the little house, those who hadn't brought walking sticks were given stout sticks cut in the woods, and everyone received a little square pasteboard box tied up in a red or blue cotton bandana handkerchief. These handkerchiefs were knotted in true hobo style and the sticks thrust through the knots, so that they could be slung over the shoulder. Then Molly gave each boy a little homemade map, drawn and written on birch-bark paper.

Last of all she passed around a small bag full of sticks cut in short lengths, two of a size, and the group matched for walking partners by drawing these sticks. When she had collected the sticks again for future use and tied the bag to her staff with her bundle, she gave the signal, and they were off.

In a short time they came to a turn, where they saw a big circle with a cross through it drawn on a post in yellow chalk. They all stopped and consulted their maps. There they found a trail drawn, and the same mark with the following directions: "Turn to the right and go on till you reach this mark." Then followed a red rectangle pierced by an arrow.

A QUARTER of a mile or so beyond they found the very arrow-pierced rectangle drawn on a fence rail. Further map directions followed. At the next sign they were all told to wait. Here the bag of sticks was passed around again, and the group started off with fresh partners. At a little country store along the way they saw a sign on one of the posts which told them that this was a sure place for a "hand-out." On entering, they discovered that the man had had an order to serve everyone with ice-cold ginger ale, sarsaparilla or grape juice, as they chose, from his little soda fountain. Molly had settled with him on one of her trips out to the picnic ground that forenoon, so there was no confusion.

At the next stopping place they all sat down to rest, and once more they changed partners.

"This may seem like a lot of extra work," Molly had said to her mother when they were discussing details, "but nothing spoils a hike like having to walk all the way with someone you don't like. This is much more sensible, because with three tries you just couldn't draw a dead one every time."

THE picnic ground was chosen so the hike wouldn't be too strenuous for those who were not used to long walks, and with the stops along the way for rest and refreshments even the softest of the hikers were not too tired when they arrived. The fires were lighted, the potatoes buried in the coals, and the coffee and chicken set on the stoves. Mrs. Elliot had selected small potatoes, so that they would bake quickly.

While things were cooking they all sat around in the cool twilight and played a game that Molly called "Hoboing Around the World." First she passed around slips of paper with the name of a different country written on each one, and after these she distributed little tally cards with tiny pencils attached. Everyone had to tell of some fictitious experience he or she had had while traveling in the country named on his or her slip, but the name of the place could never once be mentioned, nor the slightest hint as to its geographical locality be given.

The narrator had to tell of something seen or eaten, or of a vehicle journeyed in—anything, indeed, that had to do with the customs of the country. The

players wrote down on their tallies the name of the country as they guessed it. Then, when the tales were over—they were limited to two minutes each—the cards and the slips, with the names of those who had held them written on the backs, were collected. The girl who had guessed the most countries correctly received a tomato can filled with molasses kisses and the man, a chocolate pipe.

By this time the "mulligan" was steaming, the smell of coffee permeated the air and the potatoes were done. Every one untied his bundle and took out the box, containing bread and butter sandwiches, pickles, a piece of cake, and a paper plate, a cup and a spoon. Afterward, the dishes were washed by flinging them into the fire.

It was after nine o'clock when the company started to walk home in the light of the moon. Molly dumped her bag of sticks into the dying embers of the fire just before one of the boys threw the kettle of water over it.

"We won't need these going home," she remarked slyly. "You can find your own partners now."

### MARRIED OUTDOORS

WHY not, if you have a big shady lawn or a lovely flower garden or an old-fashioned country orchard, and your wedding is scheduled for midsummer? Read about it in "The Book of Weddings." The price is 15 cents. Address "Weddings," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.





# A Glorious Celebration for the Glorious Fourth



THIS splendidly patriotic form of celebrating "the Fourth" has stood the test of nearly one hundred years.



Described by  
CHARLES  
VAUGHN  
BOYD



EACH school endeavors to surpass the others in the intricacy of its drills and marching movements, in the picturesqueness of its floats, the gay variety of its costumes, the size of its flags, the number of its banners, and the liveliness of its bands.



TO-DAY, the parade is a thing of kaleidoscopic beauty: a great, swaying whirl of happy humanity, flaunting its rainbow colors in the morning sunlight.

THE Glorious Fourth—and who ever heard of a Sunday-school picnic to celebrate that gladdest day of all the year? And yet, why not? Even though it has nothing else in its favor, a Sunday-school picnic is at least usually safe and sane, and it can be thrilling; superlatively so! For, be it known, there are Sunday-school picnics and Sunday-school picnics. There are the ones that are exceedingly sticky, squally—yes, and smelly; there are others that are merely stupid. If, however,

it be interlocked with a pageantry, grave and gay in turn, in order to appeal to old as well as young, a Sunday-school picnic can be glorified into something preeminently patriotic, picturesque, and popular—a fitting community celebration of our Nation's natal day.

We who now so lightly mouth the words "safe and sane" have, perhaps, been prone to assume credit both for coining the phrase and conceiving the splendid idea that underlies it. As a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 46]



WHO can account for the whims of Fashion? Women don't attempt to. They simply accept them. And how quickly are those whims sensed and felt to be inevitable?

So the vogue of Florient Talc comes very naturally as an outcome of the present mode. The art of the Orient enriches every phase of Fashion's fancies. Oriental colorings and designs in costume call for "Flowers of the Orient" in the boudoir.

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## Florient Talc

Flowers of the Orient

Sold at your favorite store—Florient Talc, Face Powder, Extract, Toilet Water, and Soap





Drawn for The Packer Mfg. Co. by Arthur J. Keller

## Blossoms and Beautiful Hair

**S**UMMERTIME in the garden, drying your beautiful hair!

So cool the scalp! So silky the hair in the soft stir of the sweet air! Such richness of hue, softness of texture, shimmering glints of reflected sunshine!

How completely your shampoo has given your hair the chance it deserves.

All that most hair asks in order that its natural beauty shall come into its own is regular, sensible attention, and the attention is so easy—only it must be regular, and it must be sensible.

For remember that a healthy scalp is the foundation of beautiful hair. By helping to keep the scalp clean and healthy, Packer's Tar Soap (cake or liquid) helps to make real hair health possible.

Packer's Tar Soap is made from pure pine tar, glycerine and bland vegetable oils, combined in the original "Packer" way. And yet, with these beneficial ingredients, it is not, after all, so much what the soap itself does, as what it assists Nature to do by cleansing and by gently stimulating natural processes. The fullest benefits come from using it regularly according to the directions.

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A wealth of practical information is presented in our manual "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." This Manual, now in its fifth large edition, reflects current medical opinion and sums up what the makers of Packer's Tar Soap have learned about hair health during almost half a century. A copy of the Manual will be sent free on request.

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO.  
DEPT. 85G, 120 WEST 32ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

# PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Cake or Liquid



## A Glorious Celebration for the Glorious Fourth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

matter of fact, though, the movement for a national observance of Independence Day was quietly inaugurated almost a century ago in Manayunk, a modest Pennsylvania settlement that skirted the east bank of the Schuylkill River several miles above Philadelphia. In the mind of the originator there was probably no thought that the celebrational form then conceived would be perpetuated and loved to-day on every rugged crag and every lowly valley of Manayunk, Roxborough, and Wissahickon—sister communities that now form a wide-spreading ward of Philadelphia.

And this celebrational form, that has firmly stood the test of nearly one hundred years, is nothing more nor less than a glorified Sunday-school picnic! Glorified by the colorful play of pageantry; still more glorified by a beautiful spirit of unity, which, for one day at least, brings into the far-reaching line of march the Sunday-schools of every creed and every color!

Reminiscent, the celebration is, of the quaint Whitsuntide revels of Old England; and appropriately so, for the originator, the real father of the safe and sane Fourth, was Samuel Lawson, an Englishman by birth, who settled in Manayunk in 1828, and shortly after became a teacher in the Sunday-school of a local church. Even at that early date, it seems, the national birthday was largely given over to vociferous celebrations, just as though a prolonged din were an index to patriotism! Samuel Lawson, though not native-born, was both patriotic and astute. As a good citizen, he longed to see the end of dangerous noise-making on the holiday of holidays; as an earnest teacher, he also yearned to draw the youth of his community to the Sunday-school with which he was identified. Thus it was that on a certain Independence Day, almost a century ago, at his suggestion the first big Sunday-school picnic was held at a beautifully wooded spot on the winding Schuylkill River not far from Manayunk. The safe and sane celebration, the "Manayunk Method" had been born, unheralded and unsung!

IT WAS not an era of voluminous statistics; and history does not tell whether or no the Independence Day picnic stimulated Sunday-school attendance. It was, however, not long ere all the neighboring Sunday-schools were acquiring the picnic habit—and indulging the habit on Independence Day! That, quite naturally, bred a rivalry, a rivalry friendly but keen, as to which Sunday-school could make the bravest display on the Fourth.

Eventually, all of the Sunday-schools adopted the plan of participating in an imposing street parade before going to their respective picnic grounds. Then it was that pageantry came to the fore. Each school endeavored to surpass the others in the intricacy of its drills and marching movements, the picturesqueness of its floats, the gay variety of its costumes, the size of its flags, the number of its banners and the liveliness of its band. To-day, the parade is a thing of kaleidoscopic beauty: a great, swaying whirl of happy humanity, flaunting in the early morning sunlight every color in the rainbow!

A diminutive Martha Washington toddles along in whitened wig and silken gown; a tiny William Penn struts manfully beneath the weight of his wide-brimmed Quaker hat. Irish colleens in glittering green pinnettes at the side of youthful Indians, beave in war-paint and feathers. Scottish lassies trip on, escorted by sons of golden Italy. In a wondrous float, resplendent with the conquering banners of the Allies, Old Glory crowns a bevy of laughing girls, gowned in the colorful garbs

of the allied nations. A band, dark-uniformed, goes by, with the sunshine scintillating on golden braid and shimmering instruments. A troop of khaki-clad Boy Scouts! Then a Bible class—men, young and old, but all arrayed in white; or, perhaps, a class of colored children, their frilly frocks topped by great, myriad-hued Japanese umbrellas! On and on they come, in gay variety, to the cheering plaudits of the assembled throngs!

AND the spectators must be up at break of day—for the "Manayunk Method" has long decreed that breakfast be an open-air event. To each picnic rendezvous, then, a willing band of volunteers has early gone to prepare the bountiful breakfast that awaits alike the merry marchers and their fellows, who from various vantage points had but watched the pageantry. 'Tis a day of feasting! Some of the Sunday-schools serve three hearty meals; others confess to four—and ice cream and candy are constantly consumed between times! All of the meals are served free of charge; but the ice cream, candy, and other delicacies are sold at prevailing prices. Ice is presented to the various schools each year by a public-spirited ice-manufacturing plant—and this is but typical of the general spirit which prevails throughout the day. Motor owners, for instance, graciously provide both trucks and pleasure cars, in order that neither the very young nor the very aged need join the line of march to the picnic grounds.

While old-time "residents" turn the pages of memory's book back to earlier celebrations, their children's children are filling the air with laughter and shouting; the bands are blaring out the latest jazz; the Kelly-slides are creaking with the weight of an unending swish of youthful patrons. At one end of the picnic grounds, on a far from perfect diamond, the married men are trying their utmost to blot out the disgrace of last year, when they actually lost to the bachelors. And, at the other end of the picnic grounds, the fat women—and some of them are fat!—are just in the midst of a thrilling race. A veritable three-ring circus, this; for, handicapped by canvas bags, the boys of twelve to fourteen are staging in the center of the field a mirth-provoking marathon.

THEN, as the sun begins to paint the western sky with magic colors, the shouts grow fainter... they die away. The picnic is over; the long, happy day is a memory. A truly "Glorious Fourth" it has been, free from the death-dealing accidents which have in so many places left a trail of misery and broken hearts.

The "Manayunk Method" is safe and sane. It is more than that, however. It is an adaptable celebrational form. That is proved by its perpetuation for almost a century in a community that has changed in a thousand ways; proved, too, by the greater beauty of the pageantry, the larger attendance at parade and picnic, year after year. What greater commendation could there be than that—the continued affection of the community wherein the "Manayunk Method" had its birth?

If your home town be lacking in that "get-together" spirit which should be ever present in a democratic land, why not try the "Manayunk Method?" Try it for the safeguards which it provides for life and limb; try it for the friendly competition and community cooperation which its permanent establishment will surely engender. Make the Glorious Fourth a day of community health and happiness, radiating cheer throughout the year.

### Decorating the Modern Home

DOES the profusion of artistic modern bric-à-brac that you see in the shops sometimes confuse you, making you hesitate what to select because you are not quite sure whether or not it is the right thing for your own home, or where to place it? It is just such personally helpful advice as this that Miss Wells gives in her



### New Booklet by Margery Wells

new booklet, which is full of suggestions on every interior decoration problem, from how to make lampshades to ways of doing over your old furniture. Beautifully illustrated. Price, 40 cents. Address: Home Decoration, care Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# Through the Little Blue Gate

The adventures of Christopher and Christina

By LAURA CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATED By GEORGE VARIAN



"It is old Crumb's Christina!" cried Christopher with joy

by the fire. In one of the innumerable streets, in a little old basement shop that was dim with cobwebs, lived Christopher, whose purse was small but tidy. Since he had only himself to provide for, he had never wished it to be larger, although with a bit of an effort he might easily have made it so.

Now, in Christopher's shop there was for sale a little of everything that man had once used and that man would yet need. Great chests, snug chairs, and little trunks stood here and there. Old china, candlesticks, and brasses, lined every shelf. And all about were wonderful fans of peacock feathers glimmering behind the cobwebs for good luck.

For each of these objects that he owned Christopher had a warm affection. He was seldom lonely, and, indeed, his one dissatisfaction—as odd and queer, perhaps, as any object in his shop—was that he had no troubles.

This quaint discontent grew stronger with each month that passed, till one day a little wrinkle appeared on his forehead, and he thought in dismay, "For a man's life to go as smoothly as mine is surely not well. In that way one's heart grows dull."

As these words ran through his head his eyes fell on the peacock fans that gleamed through the cobwebs, and he suddenly slapped his knee with a chuckle: "Tis said that peacock feathers bring one good luck! I dare say that if I pluck some feathers from my fans and fling them to the winds, I'll soon be having my ups and downs like the rest, and life will then be more eventful!"

So, just to make a beginning, he plucked one feather from a fan and carried it to the house top, thinking kindly, "I dare say that my loss will be another man's gain. Therefore, peacock feather, I pray that you fall at the feet of the one who has most need of the luck that is in you!"

With that, he flung the feather upon the wind, and, as it was a brisk wind, the feather sailed swiftly upon it till at last it was lost to sight over the roofs of the city.

Then Christopher descended to his shop. And he was hardly there two hours when a ragged old man with nine ragged little ones at his heels stepped down from the pavement. The shopkeeper recognized him instantly as old Crumb, who was one of those who was always as poor as Job, and whose pennies went out, it was said, even faster than they came in. So many troubles had been his lot that when his neighbors counted them over in their gossip they were filled with pity. But always, when they came to the last and greatest misfortune that had befallen him, they shook their heads in amazement and one would say, "Only think, his daughter Christina vanished from under his roof as though by magic! And she was like a mother to her brothers and sisters."

So as Christopher looked at old Crumb he was stirred with compassion. "If Crumb has something there that he wishes to sell," he thought, "I will take it from him, even though it is not worth a penny!"

Then he saw that the old man carried a yellow jug, which he was rapping with his knuckles all about to show its soundness while he assured the shopkeeper that it was a bargain.

"Sir, only buy it! You will get your penny's worth! Such earthenware, so firm and so true, you do not find once in a lifetime. And observe, sir, the little landscape on the jug, in muddy blue, with the charming old wall at its edge, and the little blue gate in the wall that stands always closed!"

And old Crumb caressed the picture fondly, while the



"Oh, how I wish I were a little man two inches tall!"

nine children crowded about him, all nodding their heads. "When our sister Christina was at home she would gaze and gaze upon it like one in a trance!" they said.

"That is indeed true," said their father. "And do you wonder? And, see! the jug is not empty! It is nearly filled with shavings of cinnamon bark, which is pleasant enough to nibble when you dream beside the fire of a winter night."

"When our sister Christina was at home she never could nibble enough of it!" said the children.

"That is indeed true," said the father. "Oh, sir, never was such a chance to buy a jug like this! You may believe that I would never sell it were it not that to-morrow we all go on a journey to seek for work, and my little ones have need of food to make them strong for their tasks!"

At that, the kindly shopkeeper could no longer withhold his compassion, and he emptied a bag of silver into the old man's pocket. Then he said, "You had best leave your family with me, my good Crumb, while you go on alone to seek for work. They can help me sweep out the cobwebs every day."

When the old man heard this offer his eyes grew bright with joy. "Oh, sir, my luck has surely turned! I do not doubt that it is because of this peacock feather which fell at my feet this morning as I was crossing the square!"

And he took a peacock feather from under his coat and waved it back and forth beneath the lantern, with a whistle of glee. And Christopher recognized it instantly as the one he had flung from his housetop but a few hours before!

"I will keep it with me always!" said old Crumb. And as he climbed to the pavement he waved the feather over his shoulder, saying, "If, in my absence, my daughter Christina should return, you will know her by her neat mobcap, which is embroidered all over with little red birds, each standing on one leg with its head tucked under its wing!"

In the next moment old Crumb had disappeared, and as Christopher turned to the children that now clustered like little chicks about him, he scratched his head in perplexity, and said with a smile, "Here's trouble enough and to spare. 'Tis lucky that I plucked but one feather from my fan!"

However, it was no time before he had set them busily to work, and soon they were sweeping the cobwebs from out the corners, or polishing the candlesticks till they shone. And so industriously did they work that when night fell they were weary indeed. Whereupon Christopher tossed them each a goatskin, saying cheerily, "Curl upon the skins, little ducks, and make yourselves snug for the night."

And it was not long before all nine were fast asleep. Then Christopher drew the blinds of his shop, and sat down beside his lamp to consider. And as he sat pondering, his eye went wandering fondly from object to object till at last it rested on the cinnamon jug that he had bought of old Crumb.

"Now, how much should I ask for a jug like that?" thought he. "'Tis a fine weight of cinnamon that it holds, I am sure. And if it is good cinnamon? Well, my tongue will tell me that in one minute!"

With that he dropped a handful into his pocket, and returning to his chair he nibbled and nibbled away in cozy contentment while he stared upon the jar with fascination. "I do not know that I will sell it, after all," he concluded. "Such charming bits of vista between the trees! Where goes the river, I wonder? How sweetly the bells must chime in that far spire! I see not one fault in the picture unless it be that the wall is too high and that the gate stands always closed! Now, a little man who was but two inches tall could pass through the gate in a minute, and go wandering through the earthenware land to his heart's content!" Then he sighed playfully, "Oh, how I wish that I were a little man two inches tall standing on that criss-cross path beyond the wall!"

Now, Christopher had no sooner said these words than the cinnamon jug on the shelf seemed suddenly to assume gigantic proportions; the wall in the muddy-blue landscape loomed high as a house; the blue gate in the wall was swinging slowly ajar on enormous hinges!

Then the shopkeeper saw no more. For in the same amazing moment, the cinnamon bark that he was nibbling tingled upon his tongue like a flame of fire, and his eyes screwed suddenly up in a grimace of pain.

"Here's trouble enough and to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 48]



## Your Most Precious Possession

Before baby arrives you must take special thought for his most precious birth-right—health! Your baby's start in life, as well as your comfort and protection, may depend upon your selecting the right maternity corset.

Choose a Ferris Maternity Corset—with it you get the comforting knowledge that it is scientifically correct—the result of over forty years' experience; that it will give you the proper support and protection; that its lines are graceful and concealing.

Send for illustrated catalog

It gives information that will help you select the type of maternity corset that your figure requires.

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One of the many beautiful designs made possible by hand weaving of genuine reed.



*A Sidway is Worthy of Your Baby*

Old Crumb and the nine ragged little Crumbs at his heels



## Through the Little Blue Gate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

spare!" thought Christopher. "Surely, something extraordinary is about to happen!"

Then as he glanced down at his coat and saw that the buttons upon it were no larger than pin heads, he realized that it had not been the cinnamon jug that had grown larger, but that it was he who had suddenly grown smaller, and that he was now a trim little man but two inches tall.

Christopher put his tiny thumb into his pocket and saw that it was still half full of tiny shavings, which he continued to nibble with relish, as though nothing had happened. Then he followed the path toward the shining wood, marveling all the while at the things he saw!

For as he stopped to pluck a flower by the roadside, lo! the blossom broke from its stem like delicate china. "Such a fine plate as this I never saw," said he, holding it up before him to note its transparency. Then he tucked the plate beneath his jacket and passed on.

He stooped to lift a reed that bent to the breeze, and lo! the reed broke from its root with a tinkle like glass. "Such a fine bottle as this I never saw," said he, and he tucked it into his belt and passed on.

Thus he wandered along, walking always tiptoe and with greatest care, for it pained him greatly to see objects of such delicate beauty crushed beneath his heel.

So it was with great relief that he at last passed from the crowd and entered a quiet lane from which rose the slender spire that he had so ardently admired from his shop.

Here his eyes fell on a little hedge that guarded a house and garden across the way. Through the interlacings of the hedge he caught a glimpse of a little red skirt that moved back and forth beneath the trees. And as he stood wondering and staring, there fell upon his ears a sound of weeping so grievous that he was moved to pity.

So he crept through an opening in the hedge and made his way with gentleness across the grass. But he had hardly taken seven steps when all the little flowers fell tinkle-tinkle-tinkle beneath his heels, and at the sound the girl beneath the trees turned quickly with terror and alarm beneath her tears.

And in that moment Christopher was so filled with amazement that he stood as though turned to stone! For the girl wore a neat mob cap that was embroidered all over with little red birds, each standing on one leg with its head tucked under its wing!

"It is old Crumb's Christina!" cried Christopher, and his voice rang in his joy. For the truth was that in that magic mo-

ment he knew that the girl before him was the only one in the world he would wed!

At his words the girl's face grew radiant, and though she ran eagerly to him her feet were no swifter than the questions which tumbled from her tongue. And when he had answered her, and told her of her brothers and sisters whom he had left behind in his shop all snug in sleep, her gratitude knew no bounds.

But still she sighed sadly, saying, "Oh, Christopher, I nibbled my last bit of cinnamon as I passed through the gate, and without so much as one shaving, how can we ever return?"

Then Christopher laughed and said proudly, "My dear, I was greedier than you, for I took care to fill my pockets!"

Then he told her that as his little bride she might nibble as many shavings as she desired. At which old Crumb's Christina dried her eyes, and followed Christopher across the street where, under the shadow of the porcelain spire, they were married by a little porcelain parson. And as soon as the parson had pronounced his blessing, they hurried together over the hill and out of the wood, till they stood once more before the gate in the high blue wall.

Then they placed the cinnamon bark between their teeth and nibbled eagerly, wishing with all their hearts to stand beneath the lantern in Christopher's shop.

Hardly had they swallowed the shavings before they saw the big iron lantern, the glimmering feathers of the peacock fans in the corners, and the nine little Crumbs still sleeping soundly on their gossamers!

And when Christopher took the plate, platter, and bottle from beneath his jacket and saw that they also had been touched with magic and were now of just the right size to display in his window, he was filled with glee, for he knew that such treasures were seldom found in a lifetime.

From that time his trade grew brisker and brisker. Customers from far and near paused with delight beneath the lantern, saying, "Such china, such porcelain, such earthenware we have never seen anywhere! Wherever does Christopher obtain them?"

And always, when Christopher and Christina heard this, they shook their heads mysteriously and smiled. And no one was sharp enough to see that their eyes wandered to a shelf where stood a cinnamon jug which had a muddy-blue landscape running round its bowl, picturing a spire and a wood, a cross-path, and a wall in which was a little blue gate that stood always closed.

## Doctor Emerson's Next Article

### Working Together for Health

IN ORDER to obtain the latest and fullest accounts of the work being done to overcome malnutrition, Doctor Emerson's article on health cooperation, which was originally planned for July, had to be postponed until the August issue. The growth and progress of the work in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Georgia, and Labrador will be especially discussed with a summary of the gratifying results obtained. It is a splendid record and one of which the parents, authorities, and communities concerned may justly be proud.

Doctor Emerson's series of articles on malnutrition, its problems and its elimination, is available to our readers in the form of reprints. Other material that will be found helpful in bringing your child up to his normal weight is listed below:

1. Reprints of previous articles: "Is Your Child Under Weight?" "The Climb to the Normal Weight Line," "Your Child's Food Habits," "The Habit of Health," "Does Your Child Get Tired?" "The Value of Happiness," "But My Child Won't Eat," "Common Sense versus Magic," "The Over-Weight Child," "Every Child Over the Top," "Summer is Growing Time," "Camp-

ing Out at Home," "Malnutrition in Grown-ups," "How to Keep Fit at Forty," "A Bottle of Medicine and a Sad Heart," "Letters Mothers Write Me," "Going It Alone," "My New Boss—Myself," "Every Child Free to Gain." These reprints will be sent to you for 3 cents each, or 57 cents for the set.

2. Weight Record and Form for History and Physical Examination, 35 cents.

3. Table of 100 Calorie Portions of Food, 3 cents.

4. Special leaflet on Worms, Constipation, and Bedwetting, 3 cents.

5. Pamphlet on "Nutrition Clinics and Classes, Their Organization and Conduct," 10 cents.

6. Pamphlet on "How to Organize and Operate a Nutrition Clinic," 8 cents.

7. Directions for a Homemade Shower Bath, 3 cents.

8. Practical Mental Tests for Growing Children, 10 cents.

Institutions and communities may obtain special rates for quantities.

Address Doctor Emerson's Clinic for Delicate Children, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

## To the Mothers of America

During the hot weather months—July and August—it is especially important that you take unusual precautions to guard your baby's health. Statistics show that the infantile mortality rate is *three times as great* in summer as in winter.

Have you ever seriously thought how the use of a toilet powder benefits your baby's health?

A mother's reflection will tell you that fidgety, restless babies lose vitality and are especially liable to summer ills.

Babies must be kept cool and contented. Their tender skin must have the soothing protection of a pure powder—*made especially for babies*, if they are to get the restful sleep which Nature demands.

For over thirty years Johnson's Baby Powder has been helping mothers make their babies more comfortable and happier—especially in summer. Its soothing protection, its unusual power to sweeten, cool and keep healthy the tender skin of babies is appreciated by mothers in all parts of the world.

During the next two months these mothers will powder their babies frequently, not with ordinary "grown folks' talcum," but with an out-and-out Baby Powder—Johnson's—the one powder made especially for babies in laboratories that prepare 400 articles for the medical profession.

Surely your baby should have every possible safeguard during the trying summer months. So, if you haven't a can of Johnson's Baby Powder in the house, you owe it to the comfort of your baby to get one at your druggist before another day passes.

Remember, too, that your druggist is more than a merchant. His professional training is of great value to you.

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## Better Babies' Adventures on Land & Sea

**READY** for the round-up—bring on your wild steers! Sarah Jeanette is a regular Montana cowgirl, even if she is only eighteen months old. She'll say there's nothing like ranching it for registering ninety-nine per cent at the baby clinic. And then, of course, as she's a better baby, she was brought up on the best of advice.



**BUNNY HUG** and Honey Bug Chapman have just dubbed themselves—er shall we say tubbed themselves?—"Knights of the Bath"—a very good order for better babies to join in July, when the weather is sizzling even down in Maine, whence this doughty pair hails.



**THE** whole Atlantic Ocean is none too big a bathtub to suit some better baby adventurers, of whom the one below is a rare little seven-months old specimen of sea urchin, found last summer on a New Jersey beach. His name is Harry Joseph Jaeger, Junior.



### What the Better Babies Bureau Is And how to secure its help

**THE EXPECTANT MOTHERS' CIRCLE:** Any woman eligible, whether she is a subscriber to the *COMPANION* or not, may become a member, receiving each month a letter of advice on the care of herself and the preparation for her baby. Several practical little pamphlet circulars showing designs for maternity dresses and a common-sense layette are some of the helps sent with the letters. No matter at what period you enter, everything from the first month will be sent. No mention of the Better Babies Bureau is made on the envelopes in which the material is mailed. Enclose a self-addressed envelope with *Fifty Cents* in stamps, for postage, and state what month you expect your baby.

**THE MOTHERS' CLUB:** Every mother of young children is eligible and need not be a subscriber to the *COMPANION* to join. Pamphlets, together with monthly letters of instruction on the care and feeding of babies under one year of age (covering such subjects as colic, constipation, weaning, teething, etc.), will be sent to any mother who sends *Fifty Cents* in stamps and states the age of her baby. There are also leaflets giving diet lists, and other helps for babies from one year of age to three years. This literature is all included in the Mothers' Club's monthly service, but if the letters are not desired the additional literature will be sent for *Ten Cents*. A self-addressed stamped envelope will bring a prompt reply to every inquiry. Address **BETTER BABIES BUREAU** or Mrs. Caroline French Benton, Counselor, *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

#### NEW BABY ANNOUNCEMENTS

**THE** old stork knocking on the door, the baby in a blanket on the cover; inside, a cute verse and room to write the facts; every folder in an

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## How Can You Protect Your Baby This Summer?

Summer time is danger time for little babies—liquid milk so easily sours! But you won't have to worry if you are giving your baby Nestlé's Milk Food, pure milk modified, in powder form, so it cannot sour, and so that it is easiest for him to digest.

From Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Mr. Robert Parvin sends in this smiling picture of Robert Junior, with word that they have never had to use any prepared baby food other than Nestlé's. "The picture," says Mr. Parvin, "shows the result." And it certainly does.

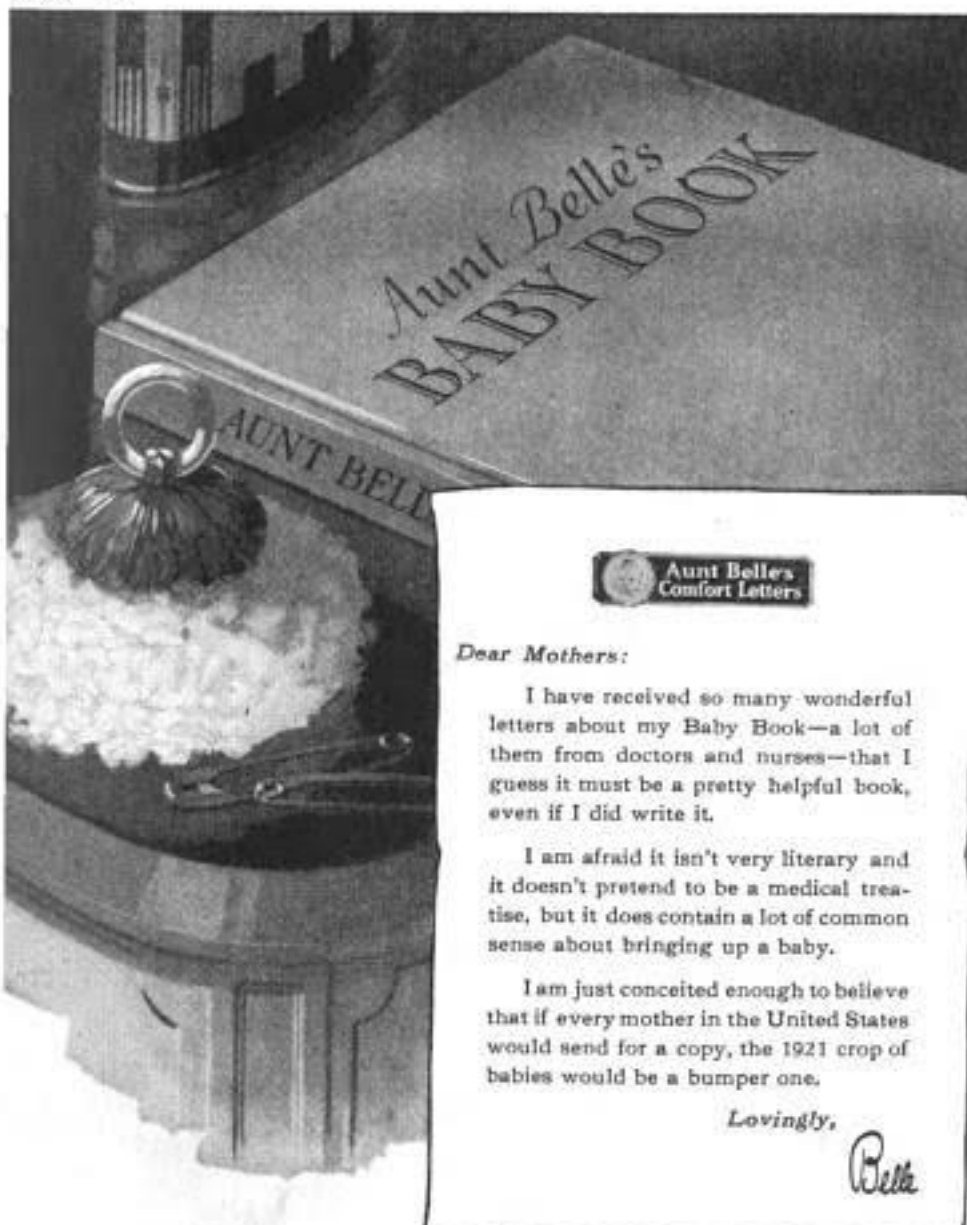
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**Aunt Belle's BABY BOOK**

**Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters**

*Dear Mothers:*

I have received so many wonderful letters about my Baby Book—a lot of them from doctors and nurses—that I guess it must be a pretty helpful book, even if I did write it.

I am afraid it isn't very literary and it doesn't pretend to be a medical treatise, but it does contain a lot of common sense about bringing up a baby.

I am just conceited enough to believe that if every mother in the United States would send for a copy, the 1921 crop of babies would be a bumper one.

Lovingly,  
*Belle*

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We wish you could meet Aunt Belle personally. She is a splendid type—modern, practical, intelligent and efficient—the sort of woman that any harassed young mother would delight to have drop in and advise about Baby.

She has succeeded most remarkably in putting into her book something of her own buoyant personality and common sense viewpoint regarding baby culture. After reading it you will feel that bringing up a baby isn't so mysterious and difficult after all.

It's an intensely practical book, but as readable as a novel. You will consult it constantly during the first two years at least. It is carefully indexed for this purpose.

Please don't imagine, because we publish it, that it is just a talcum book. Aunt Belle, of course, advises you to use Mennen Borated Talcum and Mennen Kora-Konia, but only because she believes that both are indispensable for Baby's toilet.

Aunt Belle's Baby Book is an expensive one to make and would ordinarily sell for at least a dollar. We shall be glad to send you a copy for 25 cents.

Please send at once before the edition is exhausted.



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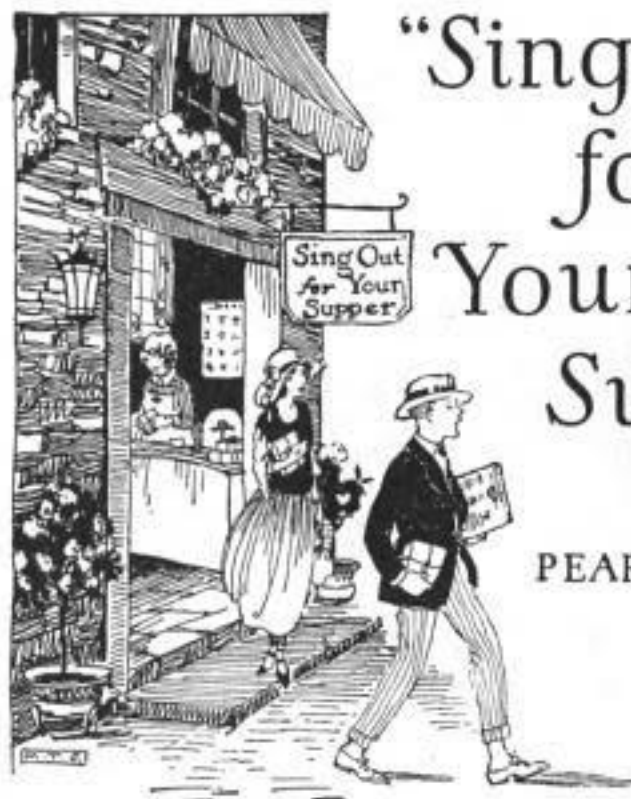
### What Mothers Think

*"I have never read anything so helpful—and hopeful. It solves all my problems."*

*"Aunt Belle knows it's the little points that bother—things you can't ask a doctor about. Her book has been a wonderful help."*

*"Aunt Belle is a super-mother—her book has made mine a better baby."*

*"Every single page has been helpful."*



## "Sing Out for Your Supper"

By

PEARL MARSHALL

Lucy Perkins's speckless little shop a real, honest-to-goodness, carry-home supper—pink, luscious tongue, dainty little sandwiches, a small bottle of fruit extract which needs only the

addition of iced water to make a delicious drink, a box of neatly packed, carefully picked and washed strawberries just waiting for cream and sugar, flaky little individual pies and a paper dish of potato salad.

### She Started on a Shoe String

"SPEED'S the second essential in the shop," says Mrs. Perkins. "Folks come in here with maybe just thirty seconds to catch a car. Up on the wall here, you'll see, we have four menus: No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4. The folks just glance over them, say 'Give me No. 2,' throw down their half-dollar and hurry away for the car."

"The first essential," says Mrs. Perkins, "is reliability. Folks were slow at first in patronizing the store; but I made it a point always to give them just a little more than I advertised—sometimes a little package of candy, sometimes a couple of sweet, homelike cookies—and the folks came back."

"Now the men rush in and say, 'Grandma, give me a couple of No. 3,' and they never hesitate."

"They know it's good, because I've made it a point never to sell anything that wasn't good. And one pleased customer is sure to bring others."

Mrs. Perkins "started on a shoe string" and she's making close to forty-five hundred dollars a year, clear, now. Her store, in the heart of the office district, costs her a goodly rent and all its business is done within practically three afternoon and evening hours.

"Any woman can do the same thing," says Grandma, "if she'll just remember to 'tote square' with her customers, be clean and quick, and give just a little more than she promises."

### Wife-Saving Suppers

HER own life gave her the idea. She remembered how, on hot summer afternoons, she had hated to stand over a hot stove cooking John's supper.

"Thousands of other wives must feel as I did," she surmised, and, remembering John's thoughtfulness, added, "and thousands of husbands would be glad to save their wives that hot hour before the evening meal."

And that's why Inlandapolitans, for a slim half dollar, may purchase at Mrs.

### Tea on the Lawn

A CLINKING beaker of iced tea alongside a frozen fruit salad and some thin lemon-butter sandwiches, as you sit in a wicker chair under the maples in the side yard—what is a cooler prospect for a late midsummer afternoon after the toil and moil of the dusty day? Just try having supper or high tea on the lawn: sardine and celery sandwiches are excellently crisp and cool, and for a main dish you might serve tomatoes stuffed with frozen salad.

You'll find a whole set of appetizing recipes and some new ideas for tea accompaniments in a booklet called "Company Cooking and Correct Table Service," published by the "Woman's Home Companion." The price is 15 cents. Order Company Cooking, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

### Table Manners

"WHAT is the correct way to eat a plum?" inquires a correspondent. "And should you eat cake with a fork or your fingers?" Sometimes, indeed, you find yourselves placed in an awkward position by not knowing just the proper way of eating a certain kind of food. During the summer season, when fruits and vegetables are so much served, more puzzling situations than ever are likely to arise. And up pops the question of the when and where and how of finger bowls.

There is a whole chapter on proper table manners in a new booklet of etiquette, published by the "Woman's Home Companion." The price is 15 cents. Order Mrs. Grundy's Book, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.





Every golden granule of  
**Grape=Nuts**

contains the sturdy nourishment of wheat  
and barley — nothing left out that could  
build strength and health.

*“There’s a Reason”*



MRS. IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN has written a new cook book. She would be glad to send you a copy with her compliments. Just write "Snowdrift Cook Book" and your name and address on a postal to

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Open the  
Airtight Can and  
find  
SNOWDRIFT  
fresh!





## Worth Trying For

**\$200  
for  
T ROOMS**

NEXT month the "Companion" will publish a page of Tea Room photographs, showing several unusually attractive arrangements, and also giving the names and locations of these successful places.

IF YOU are running a successful tea room, or tea room and gift shop, won't you tell us about it—exactly how you started and how you've made good?

For the most interesting and helpful account, we will pay

**ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.**

For the two accounts next in interest and helpfulness, we will pay

**FIFTY DOLLARS EACH.**

Please send photographs, both exterior and interior, if possible.

Do not write more than 2,500 words.

All manuscripts should be in by September 15th. Address "T Room Editor," care Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

## Running a Tea Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

until well mixed; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the boiling water. Stir until smooth, bring to the boiling point and let boil five minutes. Cool, turn into a jar and keep in ice box or cold place.

**Chocolate Milk Shake.** Put two tablespoons chocolate sirup into tall glass and fill glass with cold milk. Shake thoroughly and serve very cold with whipped cream, or ice cream.

**Mint Cup.** This is an easily prepared iced fruit drink which will prove popular.

3 lemons 1 bunch mint  
½ cup sugar ½ cup water  
Ginger ale

Remove leaves from two thirds of the sprigs of mint and bruise with the fingers. Cook sugar and water five minutes, add mint leaves, lemon juice and green color paste to make a delicate shade, and let stand overnight. When ready to serve, strain, fill glass of ice half full of sirup, and add ginger ale to fill the glass. Garnish with tips from remaining sprigs of mint. Other fruit juices may be used in place of some of the lemon juice.

### Sandwiches

BREAD for sandwiches may be purchased in long loaves that will cut into fifty-six slices. A bread-cutting machine will insure uniformity, and may be regulated so that bread may be cut especially thin, or thick enough for toast.

Fillings should be prepared before the hours at which the tea room is open, or the ingredients for fillings may be made ready and kept in separate dishes ready to be put together at a moment's notice.

Butter for sandwiches should always be creamed, that it may be quickly and easily spread. A small palette knife or spatula is desirable for spreading the filling.

Crusts may or may not be removed. Sandwiches may be cut in squares, strips, oblongs, or triangles. Round or fancy cutters may be used, but with considerable loss of material. Before the hour for opening the tea room, the sliced bread may be spread with butter, piled up and covered with a dry towel and with a wet towel. Sandwich fillings can be put between the slices as orders are received. Many sandwiches are more attractive if served on a lettuce leaf or garnished with a spray of cress or a fresh flower. Bread buttered for sandwiches and not used may be utilized next day for toasted sandwiches.

**Cheese Sandwiches.** Cream or Neufchâtel cheese combined with different flavors is always popular as a sandwich filling.

Spread one slice of bread with two tablespoons cheese worked until smooth, spread second slice of bread with raspberry, strawberry or loganberry jam, or with currant jelly, or with guava jelly and a lettuce leaf, or with marmalade, and put the two slices together, shape as desired.

Mix two tablespoons cream cheese with salt and paprika and with one-half tablespoon chopped walnut meats, one-half tablespoon Canton ginger, and one-half tablespoon heavy cream; or with one tablespoon chopped celery and one-half tablespoon stuffed olives; or with one tablespoon peanut butter; or with one large olive chopped; or with one tablespoon chopped nut meats and one teaspoon French dressing; or with three-fourths tablespoon finely chopped green pepper, three-fourths teaspoon French dressing; or with one table-

spoon mayonnaise dressing and three tablespoons finely chopped chicken.

Many cheese sandwiches are delicious toasted. Toast bread on one side only, butter untoasted side and spread one slice with cream cheese moistened with milk and seasoned with salt and paprika. Cover with three dates, washed, stoned and cut in thin slices crosswise, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts, cover with another slice of toast, cut in two diagonally and serve.

**Club Sandwich.** On a slice of toast place a leaf of lettuce, then lay a thick slice of tomato on top and cover with mayonnaise dressing. Place another slice of toast above the tomato, and on it arrange sliced chicken covered with crisp bacon. Place a third slice of toast over all, and garnish with large olives, and lettuce cups holding mayonnaise dressing.

**French Toast Sandwich.** Cut bread in one-fourth-inch slices, spread with filling, cover, dip in a mixture of one-half cup milk, one egg slightly beaten and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Brown first on one side, then on the other on hot buttered griddle.

**Hot Ham Sandwich.** Make a French Toast sandwich with a filling of two tablespoons chopped ham mixed with one teaspoon creamed butter and a few grains each mustard and paprika.

**Cinnamon Toast.** Cut stale bread in one-fourth-inch slices, remove crusts and cut in three pieces crosswise. Toast on one side, spread untoasted side generously with a mixture of three tablespoons butter, two tablespoons brown sugar, and one teaspoon cinnamon; finish toasting.

### Salads

BEFORE your tea room opens, have enough lettuce washed to supply for the day the number of patrons you expect to serve. Put it in a large colander, over it lay pieces of ice wrapped in cheesecloth and keep in refrigerator or in a cool place. Have your dressings made and kept very cold. Prepare and cut up the fruit, nuts, celery, chicken, and all the other ingredients you may need, and put in a cool place. Make up each salad as it is ordered. Many times it is well to line a shallow bowl with lettuce and arrange the ingredients of the salad in individual piles, then cover with mayonnaise dressing. For example:

**Lobster Salad.** Have one pile each of pieces of lobster meat, tomatoes peeled and cut in eighths, celery cut in one-inch strips, shredded lettuce leaves.

**Chicken Salad.** One pile each, chicken cut in dice, celery or cucumber cut in dice, and hard-cooked egg chopped.

**Vegetable Salad.** One pile each, green peas, cooked potato, cooked carrot, cooked beets, cut in dice about the size of the peas.

**Fruit Salad.** One pile each grapefruit and orange sections cut in pieces, pineapple cut in dice, celery cut in small pieces, nut meats cut in pieces.

Salad ingredients that are left over one day may be used for salad sandwiches the next day.

### Hot Dishes

WAFFLES with maple sirup or honey are the specialty of many tea rooms. A "Rabbit Den" in which Welsh rarebits were the chief attraction proved popular in one town. Chicken fried or à la king may make your reputation, or broiled live lobster, or fresh crab-meat salad.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 54]



An attractive tablecloth of Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen Damask

## A value that is guaranteed

THE lustrous beauty and quality "look" and "feel" of Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen give added charm to the table, and supply an ideal background for dainty china, silver and glass. Yet Derryvale Genuine Irish Linens are economical! Their enduring strength will survive many trips to the laundry, and give longer, better service than any cheaper substitute.

The everyday use of Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen Damask tablecloths, with napkins to match, really saves many dollars. And these cloths are offered in beautiful round designs, which cost no

more than linens cut by the yard.

Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen Damask Tablecloths, Napkins, Towels, Stamped Linens and Hand-Printed Decorative Linens may be found at the better stores. Each piece carries a guarantee.

We will send the book "How to Set the Table for Every Occasion" prepaid on receipt of 50c check, post office or express money order. Actual samples of embroidery and catalog of tablecloths free upon request.



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One of the many beautiful centerpiece designs, stamped and ready to embroider.



A scarf, hand-printed in deep colors.



# The Day of Corns

is over for the folks who know

**T**HERE are millions of people nowadays who never let a corn ache twice.

They stop the pain, then end the corn completely. Thus, year on year, they are keeping free from every corn annoyance.

Their method is Blue-jay, either liquid or plaster.

They apply it by a touch. The corn is then forgotten until it loosens and comes out.

The inventor was a chemist who studied corns for many years. The maker is a surgical dressing house of world-wide repute.

Blue-jay makes harsh methods unnecessary. It is gentle, yet nothing could be more efficient.

It makes paring ridiculous, for paring is dangerous, and it never could end a corn.



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## Watch one corn

Watch the effect on one corn. It will change all your ideas. It will win you, as it has won millions, to this newer, better method. Do this for your own sake.

The best time is tonight.

Plaster or Liquid

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The Scientific Corn Ender

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# Good Citizenship

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

flower gardens. Each child is allotted a small plot, which is spaded and planted before school closes. Then during vacation, they return to the gardens to weed, cultivate, and gather the fruits of their labor.

It is too late to start school gardens this year, but it is just the time to secure a place for them in your civic program for the coming club season.

## If Your Town Has No Playground

**IS YOUR** town doing anything about playgrounds and supervised play?

Oh, I can just see some teachers and mothers, to say nothing of city officials, throw up both hands at this question!

Playgrounds and play leaders cost so much!

If supplied in the conventional way, yes!

But there are ways and ways, and we who learned to meet so many community problems during the war should turn our nimble wits to safety and sanity in dealing with children during vacation days.

If you can raise a fund quickly by popular subscription, the Good Citizenship Bureau will be glad to place you in communication with firms that equip simple and inexpensive playgrounds. If you feel that the moment is not propitious for a subscription or a civic appropriation, why not call a meeting of public-spirited citizens, and organize an emergency campaign for some form of supervised play, and what you might term "vacation headquarters" for your children?

School grounds, space in a central park or city square, idle ground which its owner may donate, will supply a basis for work. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, the Boys' Division of the Y. M. C. A., the recreation secretary of the Y. W. C. A., young men interested in wholesome athletics, college boys home on vacation, and girls preparing to be teachers or social-welfare workers will render practical assistance if properly approached.

Equipment is always a problem, but private citizens may be induced to donate slides, sand boxes, swings, and a few simple games, like croquet or quoits. In this first experiment, do not stand out too firmly for the conventional equipment. Give the general idea of supervised play a test.

## More Queries

**LAST** month we promised to answer some more typical questions from our readers. There is space for but two:

**QUESTION:** How can we club women prevent the sale of cigarettes to minors?

**ANSWER:** First, ascertain through your state or city attorney the law on the subject. Second, secure evidence against dealers who sell cigarettes to minors, and then bring complaint against them in a criminal court. You cannot arrest the minor who purchases cigarettes, nor can you arrest a dealer, unless your statutes make the sale to minors an offense, punishable by arrest, fine or imprisonment.

**QUESTION:** The women of our town are very anxious to have a certain experienced and efficient man, who has been employed through various Administrations in our local post office, appointed as our new postmaster. We have been advised that he will not be appointed because our U. S. senator does not want him to be. Our senator says the man we want will not be useful to him when he comes up for election next time. What shall we do?

**ANSWER:** This query is typical. Many women do not understand why men who have served competently in their local post office are not promoted to the position of postmaster, and why entirely inexperienced men are placed over them. The trouble lies in one of the features of party politics which intelligent, organized women are trying to fight—patronage. The post office is a plum which the U. S. congressman doles out to the man who has helped to elect him to Congress, or who may be most useful to him at the next election. Practically, the only method for securing the appointment of a man desired by the citizens of a town, or any organized group of that town, men or women, is to circulate a petition and bombard senator and congressman with letters and telegrams, proving that the voting power behind these communications should be given more consideration than the influence of the man selected by senator or congressman. And often this fails.

## A Promise Redeemed

**LAST** month we promised readers of this page a surprise.

It is a Good Citizenship Movie!

In this article you have read much about the National League of Women Voters and the different organizations affiliated with them in spreading education in citizenship, and in working in Federal Congress and in State Legislatures for bills of value to women, children, and the home.

From April 11th to 16th, inclusive, in Cleveland, Ohio, the League held its annual convention. A thousand women filled the convention hall, visitors thronged its galleries, and affiliated women from such organizations as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the W. C. T. U., the Girls' Friendly Society, the Consumers' League, and the Council of Jewish Women spoke from its platform, pledging themselves to cooperate in all good work for women during the coming year. For this convention, the Good Citizenship Bureau of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, cooperating with the Eastern Film Company of New York, prepared a motion picture in one reel, entitled "Women Who Represent Women in Washington." It shows the Women's Joint Congressional Committee and its various heads in action at the National Capital, pictures of congressmen who have worked for women's measures, heads of women's Federal bureaus in their offices. In addition to visualizing these interesting people in action, the film offers delightful views of Washington. It is an interesting attraction for meetings of civic organizations, women's clubs, citizenship schools, etc. It would be useful for mass meetings, for state conventions, or as a news feature in your local theatre. It takes about twenty minutes to run it off. It can be rented for a nominal sum to cover carriage and wear and tear. If you want the use of this movie for your town, your organization, communicate with the Good Citizenship Bureau, stating clearly the sort of meeting at which it will be used, the date of the meeting, and the organization which you represent. Every effort will then be made to supply you with the film.

Speaking of the National League of Women Voters, watch this page next month for Convention Tips. They will help you in planning your civic or community work for fall and winter.

# Running a Tea Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

## Cakes and Cookies

**THE** most popular cakes are those with soft fluffy frostings such as:

Dark Chocolate Cake with White Frosting  
White Cake with Chocolate Frosting  
Yellow Cake with White Filling and Frosting containing nuts and candied fruit.

Very thin cookies, macaroons, sponge cake, and angel food cake all have their appeal.

Never serve cake that is more than two days old. Cakes may be sold at cost at the end of the second day; or stale cake, crumbs and ends of cake that result from cutting cake in fancy shapes, may be rubbed through a coarse sieve, or, when dry, forced through the food chopper, and substituted for half the flour in berrits, spice cakes, and Boston brown bread.

## Popular Ice Creams

**ICE-CREAM** Shortcake with Butterscotch Sauce—Place a slice of white cake on the

serving dish, cover with a slice of ice cream, with another slice of cake and pour Butterscotch Sauce over all.

**Butterscotch Sauce**—In a saucepan put one and one-fourth cups (one-half pound) brown sugar, two-thirds cup (one-half pound) corn sirup and four tablespoons butter. Boil to 230°F., or a thick sirup, and add three-fourths cup thin cream. Serve on ice cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

**Ice-Cream Shortcake with Fudge Sauce**—Use chocolate ice cream between two slices of cake and cover with fudge sauce.

**Meringue Glacé**—Two meringues with centers removed, ice cream spread between, and a few crushed strawberries over the ice cream.

**Chocolate Peppermint Sundae**—Chocolate ice cream served with marshmallow sauce flavored with oil of peppermint.

**Fudge Marshmallow Sundae**—Ice cream covered with marshmallow sauce and then with fudge sauce.

**Luxury Eclairs**—Eclairs filled with ice cream and hot fudge sauce poured over.



# Bags for All Needs

## Of raffia, silk, crochet, or beads

Designed by

HELEN MARVIN  
MARIA LA SPINA  
MIRIAM SEITMANN  
ELIZABETH M. ROTH

BAGS are just as different as folks. The lovely glowing red-beaded one at the right is a society bag that likes to go teeing and calling; the deep heliotrope work bag below it speaks of vacation afternoons on the porch; and the roomy bag in the center is devoted to shopping about town. Above it at the left is a sensible bag that travels to business every day, and the small sunshiny yellow one banded with beaded daisies longs to hold a little girl's treasures.

Yellow with white-beaded, copper-hearted daisies, to delight a little girl



Gold nail heads outline the diamond pattern

SEND for Helen Marvin's exclusive models in children's knitted dresses for fall school wear (sizes 2 to 6, 6 to 10, and 10 to 18 years). Price, 15 cents. Order CK 168 and address Knitting Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Deep ruby-red beads make this colorful bag



The five central squares are effectively beaded

COMPLETE directions for making all the bags on this page, with the exception of the tailored silk bag, which is described on this page, will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Instructions as to the beading are included. Order CK-167, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.



For shopping, this crocheted and beaded bag is both smart and convenient

DARK blue raffia striped with burnt-orange and apple-green makes the bag below. After the raffia is crocheted it is dampened and pressed, and then the sides of the bag are sewed up. Embroider the daisies with yellow, white, and green raffia, and make six handles of blue and burnt-orange.



The tailored woman's bag fashionably flat



Of raffia, crocheted in one strip, joined at the sides, and lined



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**Glorious Freedom  
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Our Testing Sample Will Convince You.

MILLIONS of happy women have forgotten forever the embarrassment of Excessive Armpit Perspiration because—about TWICE a week, they use NONSPI the old, reliable, the perfect and truly scientific remedy for this unhealthy condition.

Wonderful Nonspi Keeps the  
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The efficiency of this wonderful remedy has been proven by many years of honorable service and—as the means is so simple, the result so sure—if you are annoyed by armpit odor or have had dresses stained by perspiration, you should obtain a bottle of NONSPI at once from any leading toilet or drug counter or from us by mail (postpaid) and free yourself from this humiliating affliction, or—If you desire further information and wish first to make a personal test, SEND US 4c for Testing Sample and what Medical authorities say about armpit perspiration.

Never Rated in Price—Never Lowered  
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Here is an easy and economical way  
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One of the greatest blessings to woman is to know how to make her own clothes, to know she is well dressed and perfectly fitted. You can have this knowledge for only \$10.00—cost of the entire course. Perfect measure, adjustment of patterns, cutting and fitting guaranteed. Self-addressed and stamped envelope brings particulars.

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**Venetian Skin Tonic**—Frequent patting with this mild astringent tones and firms the facial tissues, stimulates circulation, and makes the skin fair, delicate, and glowing with natural color. 35c, 82c.

**Venetian Cleansing Cream**—eradicates every particle of dust and grime from the pores. 81c, 82c.

**Venetian Pore Cream** contracts enlarged pores, prevents blackheads, creates a rose-leaf texture. 81c.

Mail orders promptly filled on receipt of check or money order.

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673-H Fifth Ave. NEW YORK



## A dangerous warning — bleeding gums



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**FOR**  
**THE GUMS**

**BRUSH YOUR TEETH**  
**WITH IT**

FORMULA OF

*Dr. Forhan, D.D.S.*

NEW YORK CITY

**SPECIALIST IN**  
**DISEASES OF THE MOUTH**

**PREPARED FOR THE**  
**PRESCRIPTION OF THE**  
**DENTAL PROFESSION**

**Forhan's**  
**FOR**  
**THE**  
**GUMS**

**ARE** your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which affects four out of five people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

Start using it today. If your gums have receded, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Canada

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This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's Famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Bring right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced player. Illustrated by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Lessons provided. Write today for free book. Quins Conservatory, Studio WC27, 588 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

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Have better health—perfect corset comfort—an ideal figure without tight lacing by wearing the wonderful

**M & K Uplift Corset**

Its patented, scientifically constructed Uplift belt gently lifts and supports the abdomen in its natural position. Relieves suffering caused by sagging or settling of abdominal organs.

**Reduces stout figures**—supports the slender. Thousands of women would wear no other. Endorsed by Good Health Institutes. Dressmakers like it. Write for **TRIAL OFFER**, illustrated description and expert confidential advice. Address me personally. (16)

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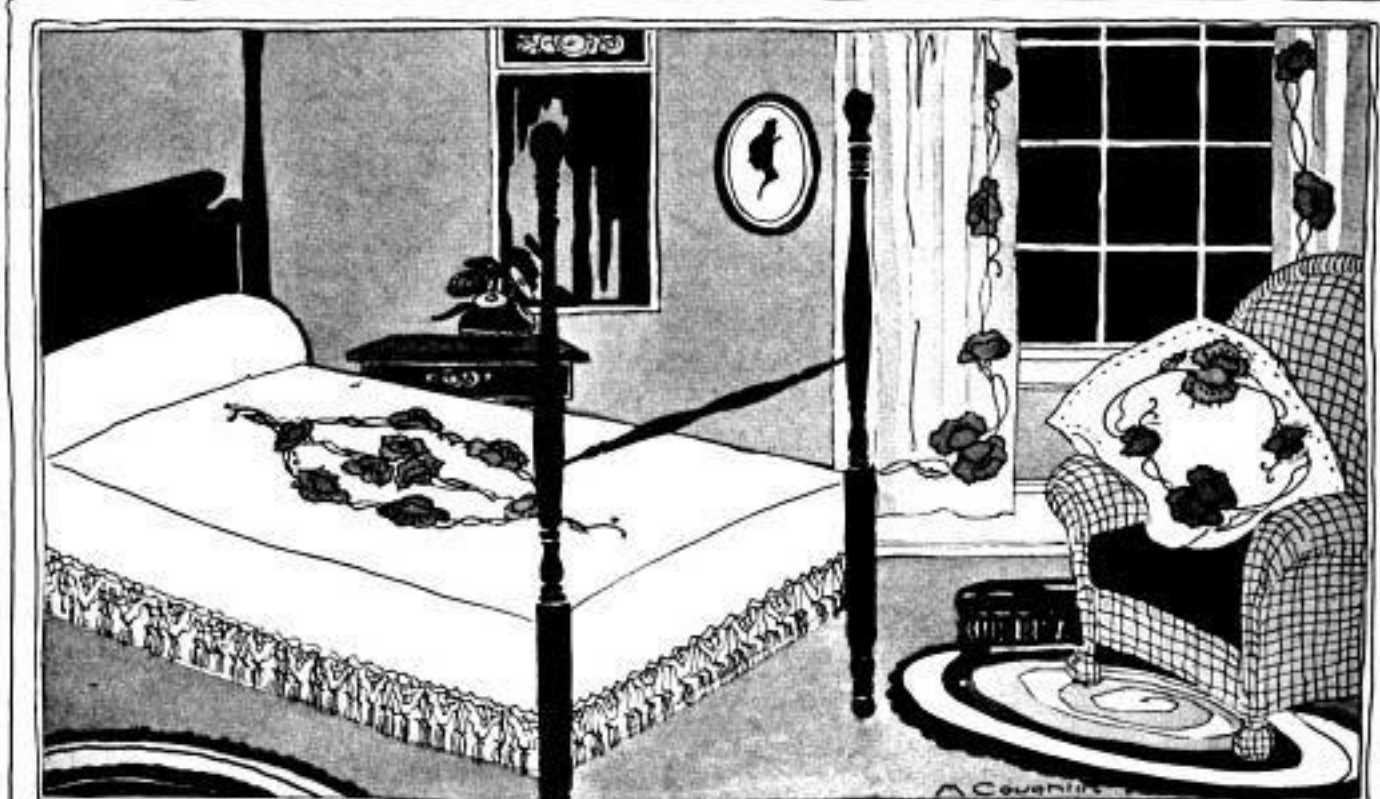
## LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

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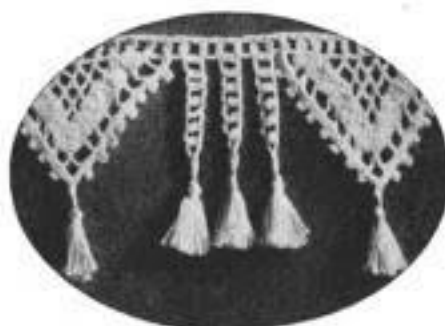
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125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



## To Decorate Your Bedroom

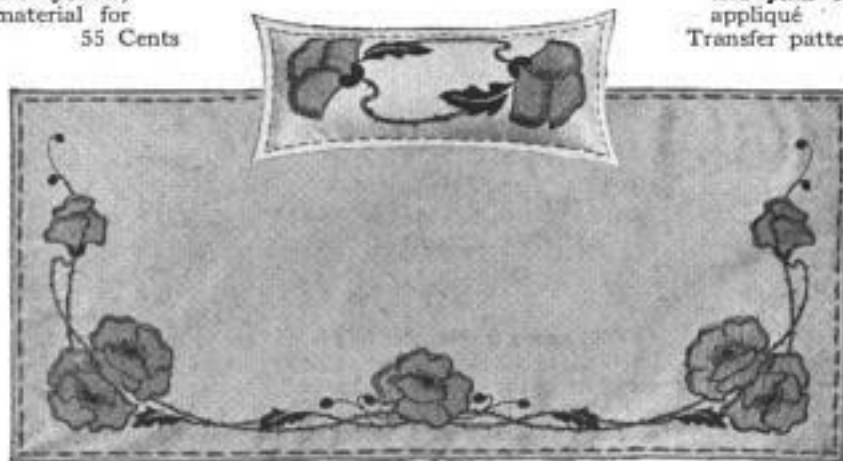
*Pink or yellow poppies in appliqué*

Designed by  
**EVELYN PARSONS**



**CROCHETED** fringe for trimming the bedspread is made of a coarse white cotton, which works up easily and quickly. It is very effective and durable. Directions for making the fringe 10 Cents

2014-A—Transfer pattern for bedspread 35 Cents  
Embroidery cotton (pink or yellow) and pink or yellow material for appliqué 55 Cents



When ordering, be sure to state the color of the appliqué desired, pink or yellow

**FOR** the very graceful curtains pictured above, white muslin, scrim, or voile may be used. When working on a thin material of this kind, baste it securely on paper so that the work can be done easily, and the goods will not be pulled out of shape. The edges of the curtains may be finished with an inch and a half hem, either hemstitched or hemmed by hand.

2015-A—Transfer pattern for pair of curtains 35 Cents  
Embroidery cotton (pink or yellow) and pink or yellow material for appliqué 65 Cents

**NOTE:** A transfer pattern can be used only once, so when stamping curtains it will be necessary to have a transfer pattern for each pair of curtains. The appliqué material provided (price 65 cents) is enough for one pair of curtains.

2016-A—Cushion cover, stamped on white cotton (for a 20-inch foundation cushion) \$1.00  
Embroidery cotton (pink or yellow), and pink or yellow material for appliqué 35 Cents  
Transfer pattern 20 Cents

Samples of materials will be sent on receipt of a stamped and self-addressed envelope

**HOW TO ORDER:** Give name and address. Remit by check or money order. Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Address Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

**THE** dresser set consists of a scarf (42 by 19 ins., finished) and a pincushion cover to fit a 12 by 5 inch cushion.

2017-A—Scarf and cushion cover stamped on white cotton \$1.00  
Pink or yellow embroidery cotton and pink or yellow material for appliqué 45 Cents  
Transfer pattern for set 25 Cents

**NEXT MONTH** Miss Parsons will give a page of things that college girls will adore to make for themselves: there will be a smart sports hat, a tam, a black satin hat, a two-piece Jersey dress, and a more elaborate frock of Canton crepe, all with wool embroidery, which is easily done.





# 5 minutes at night saves you 5 hours next day

*Soak your clothes clean overnight*

*instead of rubbing them for hours next day*



JUST five minutes at night—the five minutes it takes you to put the clothes into the tubs to soak! It saves you five hours of hard work the next day—the hours you dreaded most in the whole week.

Monday after Monday you have stood and rubbed and rubbed on a metal washboard trying to get the dirt out. The rubbing wore you out and ruined the clothes, but there has been no other way to get things clean.

Now there is a wonderful new way of washing that saves you hours of hard work. You just soak the clothes clean. You soak them in Rinso, the new form of soap in tiny granules. Rinso contains so much pure soap—is so rich in cleansing value, that it loosens every particle of dirt while the clothes are soaking. *It is not a "washing powder" and is not used like a "washing powder."*

## *Just put to soak this way*

*Dissolve half a package of Rinso in just enough cold water to make it the consistency of thick cream. Add two quarts of boiling water. When the froth*

*subsides, there is a clear amber liquid which, poured into your tub of cold water, makes rich suds.*

You put the clothes into these bubbly suds at night and leave them. All you do in the morning is to rinse them a few times and the dirt is gone! Snowy white, spotlessly clean, your clothes are ready to hang out on the line in the early morning sun.

You need never rub, except the very bad spots, such as cuff edges or hems, and these only lightly with your hands. You need never boil, unless you want to occasionally just to sterilize. Rinso keeps your clothes white week after week without boiling.

## *As safe as in water alone*

The ingredients of Rinso are of finer quality than have ever before been put into a family laundry soap. Just mild cleansing granules, so harmless they do not even redden your hands. Your clothes are as safe in these rich suds as in water alone, for there are no harsh chemicals to eat the fabric or dim the color. There is no solid soap to stick to the cloth and injure it. Washed in this safe way your clothes actually last you twice as long.

Start using Rinso next week. See

for yourself how just a few minutes at night save you hours of drudgery the next day.

*You will find Rinso as fine for the regular weekly washing as Lux is for silks, woollens, and all delicate laundering.*

## *Rinso softens hard water*

For hard water make an increased amount of the "soap liquid" according to directions on the package, and continue adding it to your tub of cold water until you have a good, rich suds.

## *If you use a washing machine*

Soak the clothes overnight in the usual Rinso way. The cleansing suds loosen every particle of dirt. In the morning operate the machine a few minutes and the clothes are clean—even the most soiled spots.

Get Rinso from your grocer or any department store. Nothing is too big, nothing too dirty to be washed in the easy Rinso way. Trial package sent on receipt of 4c to cover postage. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. C-23, Cambridge, Mass.



# Rinso

*Soaks clothes clean*







## -MAKES Dainties MORE Dainty

THE next time you prepare a cake, dessert, ice cream, or a sundae, use that toothsome flavoring—Mapleine. Your guests will be delighted with the rich old-fashioned maple taste it imparts. It adds greatly to the joy of any social occasion. So use

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direct to you. Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Full set of famous "Wear Ever" aluminum cooking utensils comes with it. Ask for free Home Science Book.  
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**NO WASTE**  
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**Burnham & Morrill  
Fish Flakes**  
BURNHAM & MORRILL CO. Dept. 72, Portland, Me.  
Free on request—"Good Eating"—a booklet of delicious recipes.

ago, I bought your farm. I was a young man anxious to succeed, and I took an unfair advantage, without thinking very much about it, of your trouble. It has grown to be a reproach to me and to my wife, and I want to sell it back to you."

Boyer stared. This astounding proposition was not to be taken in quickly by a wearied brain. Once comprehended it roused no hope. When he could speak he said hoarsely, "I have no money."

"You won't need any money," said Hoar. "The apple crop will enable you to pay me. I will sell it back to you at what I gave you for it, three thousand dollars, plus what I have spent upon it above the receipts in the years I have had it. That will leave you, I have reckoned, about a thousand dollars to begin with. I hope you will do this."

Boyer looked, bewildered, from Hoar to Mary, and then to Mrs. Hoar.

"You want me to buy it back at what I sold it?" he faltered.

"Yes. I told you it is a reproach to me. I should have loaned you the money instead of buying your farm. I want to make it right."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Boyer.

Mrs. Hoar leaned forward. There was, as Mrs. Boyer had said, the hope of happiness after long disappointment. Perhaps this had softened Hoar's heart to an offering of gratitude.

"You won't disappoint us," she said earnestly.

Boyer made no answer. He could not arrange his thought; he had thought too much, endured too much. He did not discern as yet the monstrous irony of fate

# The Apple Country

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

which had tempted him to stand thinking, thinking, while those gleaming knives were whetted.

His mind traveled painfully and aimlessly from one unrelated picture to another. He saw his own house on the hill changed back from a place to store barrels to a home; he saw a light in the window; he seemed to see himself lying in his bed looking out upon the moonlight with the golden globes showing in the dark foliage. He smelled the odors of different apples: Staymen Winesap, York Imperial, Black Twig.

He saw the pleading, tear-stained face of his wife; he saw beside her worn body the fresh young figure of Mrs. Hoar; he saw the eyes of a good man, anxious to make amends for a deed which was not strictly a fault.

But, clearest of all, he saw at last two figures skulking into the shadow, gleaming knives in their hands, bent upon a sort of cruelty which to him was almost murder, and himself standing thinking, thinking of his wrongs.

Then suddenly he staggered back against the wall. He was not overpowered by Hoar's benevolence, his motion was that of a man recoiling from horror.

"I went walking up to my old place this evening," he said slowly, as though he shaped his words with pain. "I walked round and through the house. I have often done this. It was weak, but I couldn't keep away. While I was there, that Jewett, the

hotelkeeper, came with another man and stood talking under a window. They had a plan for girdling your trees and destroying them."

The last phrase was scarcely to be heard. He drew back a little more closely to the wall as though a precipice yawned in the floor of his little kitchen. A look of terror came into Mary's eyes. He had not confided to her the hatred in his heart, but she had long ago divined it. She suddenly laid her hand across her eyes.

It would have seemed natural for Hoar to spring into his car and hurry away, but he stood still, looking curiously at Boyer. His mind was quicker than Boyer's; he saw in a flash all possible contingencies. It was only natural that Boyer should have hated him.

Boyer's figure relaxed, his eyes shone suddenly. It was the horror of what might have been which appalled him, a horror which took no account of loss to himself. Now his mind cleared.

"I telephoned to your superintendent," said he. "I helped to catch them. They had hurt only two rows, those along the edge of the blue clay land that didn't do well." Suddenly tears welled out upon his cheeks. "I'm glad I saved your trees. They're like—like children."

Hoar looked down at the table. A lump rose in his throat. He believed that even yet Boyer had not quite understood that he was to have his farm once more. He put his hand quickly into his pocket, but he could not find the handkerchief which he needed, and he rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand like a boy.

"They were not my trees," he said. "They were your trees all the time."

## July Work in the Garden

By GRACE TABOR

begin to fade. Pick all vegetables just before they reach maturity, in order to have them at their very best; except, of course, such as need to ripen, as the tomato. As fast as any early vegetable is through bearing, its space may be cleared and planted with bush beans, kohlrabi, lettuce, peas (early), turnips, radishes or spinach (this last for use next spring). A second planting of an early corn, such as Golden Bantam, will provide an autumn taste of this under ordinary conditions. Personally, I prefer having late corn in this way rather than to take up garden space from early summer on with any slow-maturing late variety. Early beets, brussels sprouts, carrots, early cabbage, early corn and peas, onion sets, early lettuce and radishes are the vegetables that will be out of the way in time for planting a succession crop in their places. In gen-

eral, remember that the successor should be a root vegetable if the first has been a top vegetable, or vice versa.

Start perennial seeds the middle of the month for plants to set out early in the autumn in their permanent places. Cut roses freely, which induces the formation of new wood and consequently more roses, since they bloom always on new wood. Burn up all garden refuse as fast as it is made, and so destroy insect eggs, etc. But always keep a pile of compost hidden away somewhere, onto which lawn clippings, rakings of leaves, etc., may go to furnish humus perpetually for garden and borders. And finally, do not water unless actual drought makes necessary; then water deeply—preferably by sinking perforated cans into the ground beside each thing needing water and filling these daily.

Make the perforations—three are sufficient—on the side toward the plant and close to the bottom of the can, so that the water will seep out underneath the plant roots and draw them ever down to greater depths.

## For Your Fireless Cooker

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

and serve covered with hot chocolate or marshmallow sauce.

### Raisin Bread

Try toasting this for afternoon tea

1½ cups milk	6 tablespoons margarine
2 teaspoons salt	1 egg
1 yeast cake	¾ tablespoon cinnamon
3 tablespoons lukewarm water	¾ teaspoon mace
4 cups flour	½ package raisins
1 cup brown sugar	

Scald milk; when lukewarm, add salt and yeast cake dissolved in the lukewarm

water; add two and one-half cups flour, beat thoroughly, and let rise until it begins to sink in the center. Add brown sugar, margarine melted, egg well beaten, one and one-half cups flour sifted with cinnamon and mace; mix well and add raisins; one-half cup each currants and nut meats may also be added if desired. Add sufficient flour to make a soft dough. Let dough rise until light and shape in two small loaves.

Heat two stones to 450 degrees, put one stone in the bottom of the fireless cooker well, on stone place a rack and then the loaves of bread. Place the other stone in a rack above the bread with at least an inch of space between, and bake one hour.

For afternoon tea remove crusts from raisin bread, cut in thin slices and in finger-shaped pieces, brush with melted butter, and toast in the oven until crisp and brown.

### Cracked Wheat

For the children's breakfast or supper

Bring to the boiling point four and one-half cups water and one teaspoon salt. Add three-fourths cup cracked or pearl wheat, and cook gently until water is almost evaporated. Cover and place in fireless cooker. If the compartment is not filled, put in a kettle full of boiling water. Cover and leave all day or all night.



Thoroughly cooked cereal and milk makes a most desirable breakfast or supper dish for children. For very little children whole-grain cereals are best given strained at first

chicken stock and cream; stir until sauce boils, and add cheese. Serve as soon as cheese melts. Milk may be used in place of the chicken stock and cream, but the flavor will not be quite as good.

### Chocolate Mousse

For dessert on a hot day

2 squares chocolate	¾ tablespoon gelatin
1 cup sugar	1 egg
½ cup milk	3 tablespoons cold water
2 cups heavy cream	2 teaspoons vanilla

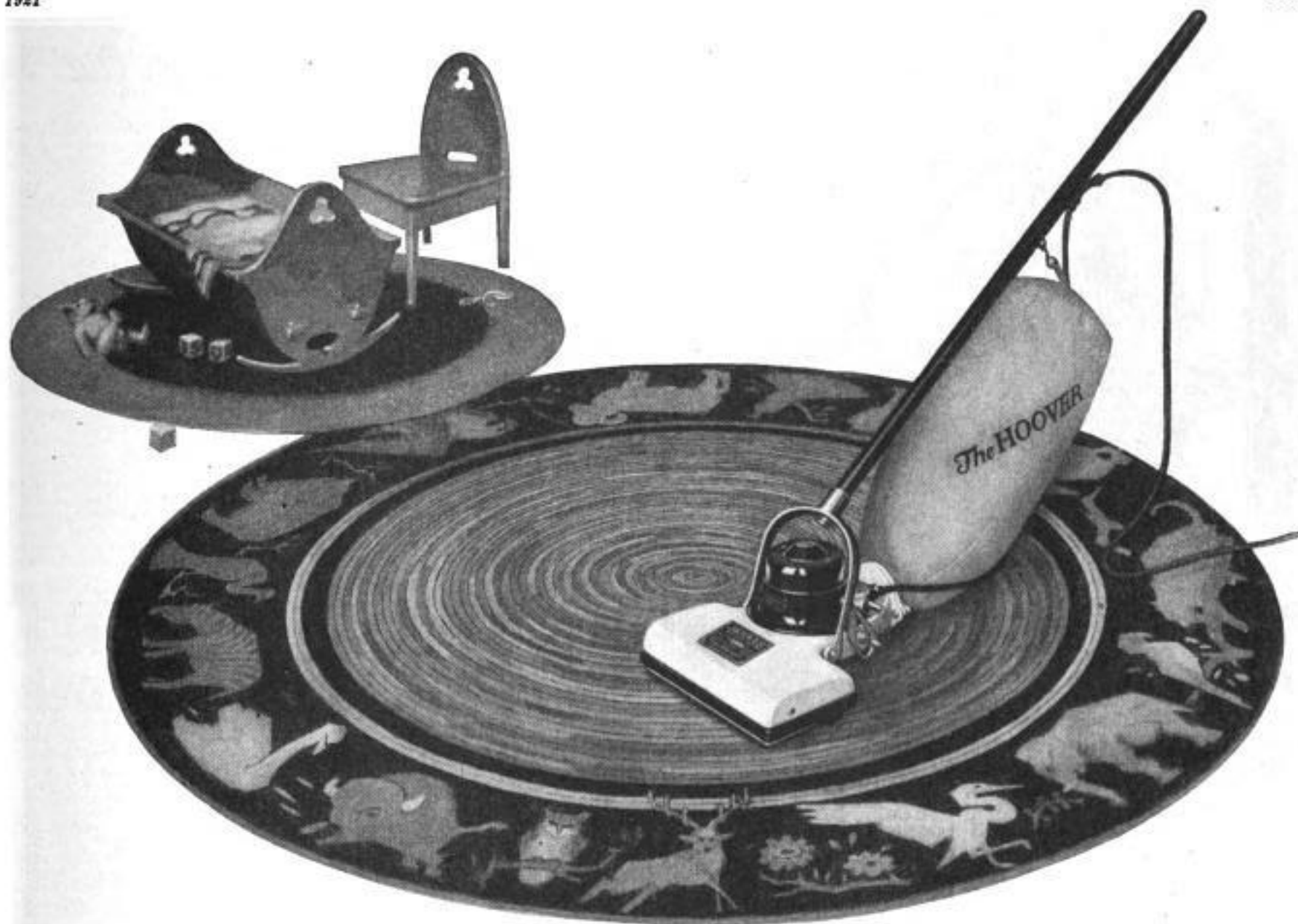
Melt chocolate over hot water, add one-fourth cup of the sugar and stir until mixed, add milk slowly and one-half cup cream. Leave over hot water until cream is scalded. Add gelatin soaked in cold water, remaining sugar, and vanilla. Strain mixture into a bowl, set in a pan of ice water, stir constantly until mixture thickens, then fold in remaining cream beaten stiff. Pack in ice-cream molds or empty baking-powder boxes, cover with greased paper and tin covers, put in fireless cooker pail, surround with three parts ice mixed with one part rock salt. Put on cover of pail, set in fireless cooker and leave two hours or longer. Unmold and serve.

For Ice-Cream Sandwich cut in slices, place between two slices of cake

**FIVE O'CLOCK TEA**—or "High Tea," if you like: Exactly how to set the table, arrange the tray, make the tea and all the toothsome delicacies that should accompany it, and, most important, the correct way to serve these refreshments

at either a simple or an elaborate affair, is told in Miss Bradley's illustrated booklet. Price, 15 cents. In ordering booklet, address "Company Cooking," in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.





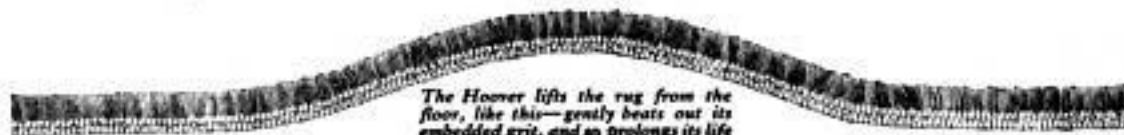
Upon the fresh and lovely surfaces of rugs kept immaculate by The Hoover, your children may play in safety. In the home kept free of dangerously insanitary dust by the dustless but thorough cleaning of The Hoover, there is health protection for all the family. Surely these safeguards have appreciable value. And yet solely through the longer life of beauty that it bestows upon floor coverings, this efficient cleaner repeatedly earns its moderate cost. To save, invest in a Hoover, the one electric cleaner that gently beats out all germ-laden, nap-cutting grit from the hidden depths of rugs, as it electrically sweeps up stubbornest litter, lifts matted nap, freshens colors and suction cleans.

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"We  
must fly!"

DOWN the midnight road where flaring lights sent long shadows dancing; on, past the cocoanut groves, past thatched huts and ghostly thickets—to the sea. But behind Stephen Thayer and this white girl the tomtoms were beating; and Haiti, negro land, was stretching out its ominous arms for her.

In Haiti, primitive passion walks openly at noontide. Can't you feel its sinister spell in the cry of the girl, "Mr. Thayer—They're taking me away!"?

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416 WEST 13TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

## Steve Carter, Who Won the War

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

Vicksburg, and how he was the first man to march into Richmond with Abe Lincoln, and what Abe Lincoln said to him.

His favorite story was about Gettysburg. Right in the middle of the battle, when the rebel forces almost broke through, he said to General Meade, "Give me that flag!" And he jumped onto the ramparts, waving Old Glory, and the Union soldiers saw him and cheered and drove the rebels back. Gettysburg was the turning point of the war; and that was the turning point of Gettysburg. So you might say, as Steve explained to us, that he really won the war, though he didn't like to tell folks much about it, because the other old soldiers in town thought they won the war, and Steve didn't want to hurt their feelings.

Steve made us boats, and guns and engines, and swords. There was hardly a household in town that didn't owe something to him. We boys couldn't understand why Mrs. Carter always nagged him, or why the loafers on the Common always shouted at him when he passed along.

So Steve became grayer; and Mrs. Carter nagged; and the girls grew up and went to the city; and the loafers on the Common still jeered. But there wasn't a boy in all the town who wouldn't have died for Steve.

I shall never forget the Memorial Day when the Governor came to our town and spoke at the Soldiers' Monument in the Square. It was the first time a governor had visited us for thirty-two years, and we made it a great event.

He was an ambitious young man, that Governor, and very wise in his knowledge of human nature. He had a newspaper man who traveled with him wherever he spoke. The newspaper man would sit in the car seat beside him, and refer to a notebook, and say, "Now, the man who keeps the grocery store in this next town is named Joe Green. You met him in Hartford two years ago. And the postmaster is named Edwards." Folks didn't know about the young newspaper man. They said the Governor had a wonderful memory.

The Governor made about the usual kind of speech that Memorial Day—all about the flag and the greatest country in the world, that had been saved by the blood of her sons and the tears and sacrifices of her noble daughters. We listened and clapped our hands whenever he stopped for us to do it; but our eyes sort of wandered around the crowd to see who was there that had a new suit, or a new harness for his horse. Suddenly the Governor stopped and glanced at his notes, and then wheeled right around to the little handful of old soldiers who were gathered behind him. "Is Mr. Stephen Carter here?" he said, in a loud, dramatic tone, looking at them very intently.

Everyone gasped, and two old soldiers pointed to Steve, and Steve got on his feet, holding up his hand like a schoolboy.

"Here, sir," he said, his voice all shaky.

The Governor led him to the front of the stand, where he laid one arm over Steve's shoulder and finished his speech.

"My friends, I feel a special obligation to this fellow citizen of yours," he said. "He was in my father's regiment. Together they fought at Bull Run, and at Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor. At Gettysburg, when the fate of the Union hung in the balance, they stood firm, turning back the enemy tide. My friends, I wonder whether you appreciate fully what it means to this community to have in its midst such men as Mr. Carter and his brave associates here.

Honor them, my friends; cherish them; for to their faithfulness we owe all that is most precious in our lives. It was these men who won the war."

Well, the crowd cheered, and folks pushed up onto the platform to shake hands with the Governor and to shake hands with Steve. Someone boosted Mrs. Carter up, and the Governor congratulated her on being the wife of a brave man; and she stood there smiling and crying. Steve was sort of dazed, and just shook hands and said "Thank you," over and over again. Then the Governor went away to the train, but folks still hung around Steve, and finally the chairman of the selectmen took him and Mrs. Carter in his carriage out to the little green house on Orchard Street.

We didn't get over that event for quite a while, as you can imagine. Everyone seemed to take a new interest in Steve all of a sudden. All the next week he went up to town regularly every day, and we marched along beside him with our wooden guns. Sunday Mrs. Carter went to church with him for the first time in years. And the preacher spoke of "our brave fellow citizens" in his prayer, and afterward shook hands with Steve, and so did lots of other folks.

Steve just said "Thank you," but we could see how pleased he was, though he looked pretty tired.

I heard Deacon Edson say, "He looks real frail; I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't last long."

I didn't quite understand the phrase, but it struck a kind of terror in my heart. After that Sunday, Steve walked to town only once more. He seemed suddenly to get very weak, and one day Mrs. Carter told us that he was sick and couldn't get out of bed.

The next day he was still in bed; and the third day when we went up there was a black ribbon on the door and several people were there, looking very solemn, who told us to go away and not come back.

I walked back up the hill to our house, and went to my room and took the gun Steve had whittled out for me, and the boat, and the sword, and laid them on my bed. Then I lay down beside them and put my head on the pillow and cried. It was afternoon, and the sun drew away from the windows and the room began to be dark. Downstairs in the kitchen I could hear my mother getting supper, and pretty soon she called me, but I didn't answer.

Then I heard her come up-stairs and open the door. I didn't look up. She came over to the bed and sat down, and took the gun Steve had made in one hand and put her other hand on my head and stroked my hair.

"You mustn't cry any more, Tommy," she said. "Steve isn't dead. He's just gone on a visit to God."

"But I'll never see him again," I blurted out, the hot tears running on in spite of all I could do. "And we'll never march up town again to see him get his pension, or—"

"But there are lots of boys to march with him where he has gone," she said softly. "And no one will ever laugh at him again, or be unkind."

So she sat there for a long time and talked to me about Steve. And about God, who was like the Governor, only bigger and finer; and how He was never too tired to listen or too hurried to be kind.

And how glad He would be to have Steve visit Him and tell how he had won the war.

## Features for Your Garden

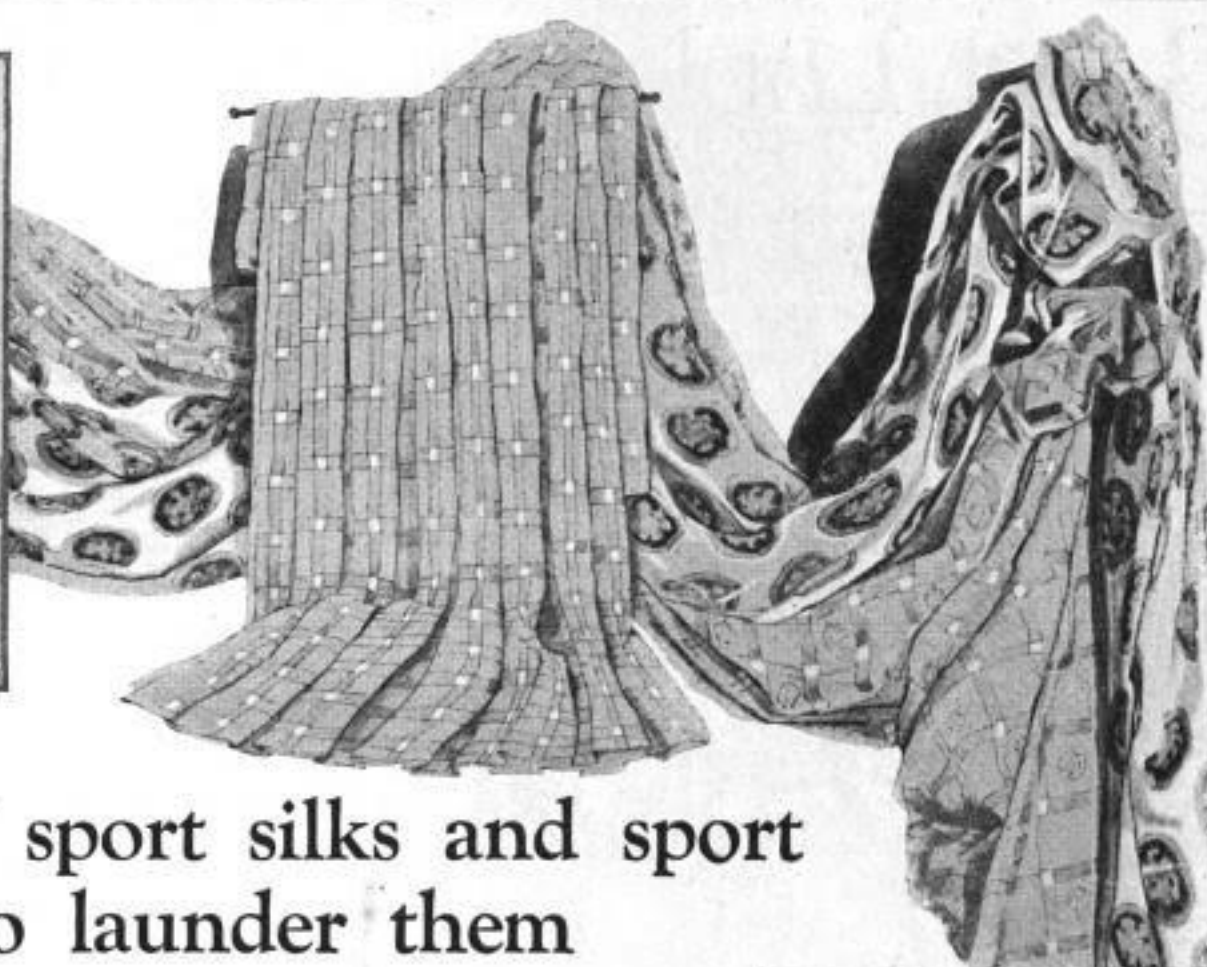
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

seasons may find place all in one garden scheme, where there is space enough to provide four separate and distinct divisions—they need not be large—which shall open one into the other. Spring will come first, of course, then summer, next autumn, and, finally, winter, closing the "year;" and to plan and execute each of these is a delightful undertaking, since the floral attributes of each are not all that may be provided. The very spirit of each season should find expression in the form and arrangement of each garden. Spring is elusive, sprightly, changeable, surprising; summer is opulent and languid, still, mysterious; autumn is strong, frank, rich and fulfilling; winter is austere, chaste, reserved, nakedly beautiful. Make the spring garden playful, the summer garden mystical, the autumn garden restful and the winter garden classic.

In any kind of garden there are, or may be, many things that can be made by the gardener, from a stone-paved walk, such as

I have spoken about, to arbors, summer-houses, bird houses, bird feeding tables, bird baths, sun dials and their pedestals, trellises, arched gateways, seats, pools, and walls. And one of the points I make in connection with this particular subject of providing interest and individuality is that the garden maker shall discover or devise for himself, a definite motif, and then shall provide for himself (if he wishes) the elements necessary to its carrying out. There is nothing in the fact of working to express such motif; in other words, anything that requires more than any gardener with the smallest and most humble garden opportunities can perfectly well find at hand. There is no place of which it may truthfully be said, "We cannot do anything worth while here;" every place, small or great, offers an opportunity for something well worth while. And if one sets himself resolutely at the task of finding out what it may be, it will surely reveal itself.





## Noted makers of sport silks and sport skirts urge you to launder them this safe way

**B**ELDING BROTHERS were already distinguished for their fine silks in the days of flowered taffetas and stiff brocades. Today their many beautiful sport silks, georgettes, crêpes de Chine, satins and taffetas have won an equal reputation for highest quality. Read Belding Brothers' letter which tells you the way they recommend for washing sports and other silks.

DAVID CRYSTAL is New York's best known maker of silk sport skirts. Crêpe de Chine, Baronette Satins and Sport Crêpes in smart colors and designs are made into the good looking skirts which you find in the exclusive shops in almost every city in the United States. Read Mr. Crystal's letter. In it he tells why he urges women to wash their sport skirts in Lux.

These two great manufacturers, like other makers of washable fabrics, were compelled to find out the best and safest way of laundering. To give you the benefit of their experience, we have issued a free booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." It is crammed with helpful suggestions. Send for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### Launder your silk things this safe, gentle way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks the water should be almost cool. Wash colors quickly to keep them from running. Don't wash two different colors at the same time. Use fresh suds for each color.

Wringing or twisting makes the smooth silk threads slip over one another. This gives the fabric a wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out.

# LUX

Won't injure anything  
pure water alone won't harm

### Belding Brothers & Co. New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.  
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Sport silks receive such strenuous wear that it is necessary to launder them frequently. We are naturally much concerned about the kind of laundering our silks receive.

The use of a harsh soap on pure silks is ruinous to the texture of the fabric. It shortens its life as well.

We are extremely glad to report to you that we have found Lux satisfactory in the washing of our finest silks. It is a pure neutral soap and there is nothing in it that could injure the most delicate silk fibre.

Another thing which recommends Lux to us is the fact that the flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. The thick lather makes rubbing unnecessary and also eliminates any possibility of particles of soap sticking to the silk and yellowing it.

We would like to have all purchasers of Belding wash silks launder them in the safe way set forth in the Lux directions. Laundering which will preserve the new appearance of silks in constant use is the best advertisement we could have.

BELDING BROTHERS  
& COMPANY

### David Crystal & Co. New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.  
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We estimate that one of our silk sport skirts in constant use is washed several times in the course of the summer. The skirt should, of course, look as well after the last laundering as when it was new, if the washing is properly done.

We are urging the use of Lux in washing our sport skirts because it does preserve this new look. We find, for example, that threads do not fuzz up, fray or split when the garment is washed in Lux. Rubbing soap on silk, or allowing small particles of undissolved soap to stick to the fabric inevitably yellows it and makes it wear out more quickly.

Analysis shows Lux to be absolutely pure and harmless. Washing a garment in the safe gentle way you recommend in the Lux directions actually lengthens its life.

We are glad to co-operate with you in giving publicity to the Lux method of laundering. Its use by women who wear our skirts inevitably means greater satisfaction to them, and thus to us.

DAVID CRYSTAL  
& COMPANY





# Good Looks—in the Floppy Season

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD

**T**O FLOP or not to flop, that is the question. Decide. Time is short. The floppy season is close upon us. Will you be a "flopper?" Or will you be a "perker?" You know, the hotter the season, the floppier it's going to be. Your hair will flop, your powder will flop, your clothes will flop, your feet will flop, your backbone will actually flop. And your mind—well, if you don't watch out, that will flop, too.

Don't do it. Determine to keep yourself up. I'll help you all I can to look crisp and cool as a lettuce leaf.

Perhaps you are not the floppy sort. Perhaps you have a will and a way that go with your New England conscience. Perhaps you are going to say, "I won't flop. I'll exercise before breakfast. I'll go on long hikes. I'll swim and dance. I'll powder and get marcelled, and I'll take every invigorating bath that there is to take. I'll not lag and wilt. I'll perk up."

Look out, my energetic, stick-to-it-friends. Consider the sizzling season. Temper your methods to it, or you may find you are dealing with boomerangs that fly back to smite you. There's nothing like swimming to make your hair flop; there's nothing like dancing, hiking or tennis to make your powder flop. Complications, you see, right away.

What shall you do? Don't go to extremes. Take the sane, middle course. Try to strike the happy medium between the intensive training that the beauty specialists recommend and the hammock-swinging floppiness of the girl who lives in a negligee and who is too lazy and logy to try.

In striving for good looks in the summer time, don't scatter your energy. Hot weather is the time for essentials. Eliminate. Keep to the big things that tell.

There's your hair. You might as well know all the worst of it, or you'll never get back any of the best of it. Picture it when it flops. My, but you look wilted and forlorn! Don't let it treat you this way. Keep it healthy. Dress it simply. Give up the use of curling irons, at least for vacation days. Wave it, to be sure; it will be its unruly worst if you don't. But try any of the good wavers rather than the hot irons.

And surely here's good news for all of us whose hair is as straight as a string. There are lotions, harmless ones, that really put waves in the hair. Yes, they do. Lovely, deep undulations. The waves stay in several days, and make the hair fluffy, too. Then there are tonics that develop a wave, if you are lucky enough to have a bit of natural curl in your hair to start with. And these same tonics help to bring invigoration to lifeless hair.

But let me tell you a little more about the lotions. They don't need even the suggestion of a natural curl to work on. Before putting your hair up on the wavers, whether they are kid, metal or braid-covered wire, you dampen the strand of hair with the lotion instead of water, and then twist it. To have your wave go in the way it should, be sure to hold the waver in just the right position. "And how is that?" you ask. Horizontal to the ears if you want your wave to go around your head. But if you part your hair either in the middle or at the side and draw it softly back over the ears, then you must twist your hair perpendicular to the ears to give your waves the correct up and down look at the side.

Of course you know that hair that is vibrant with life won't take to flopping as easily as dead-looking, unhealthy hair. Scalp massage properly done is a big help in keeping hair in good condition. Half the beneficial effect of a tonic is the massage that goes with it. Once a day at least, live up the circulation of the scalp. Try lifting the scalp. Don't just rub the head. That isn't proper massaging. Instead, begin at the nape of the neck and with the thumbs press into the structure at the base of the skull. Also, press back of the ears. This will start the circulation through the blood vessels. Then knead the scalp with the finger tips, using a wheel-like rotary movement. Keep this up until the entire scalp is pink. Never go to bed, especially in the summer time, when you are living more or less in the open, without brushing your hair thoroughly. Try these suggestions and maybe your hair won't flop.

And what about the next essential? Well, there's perspiration. There's your gleaming, glistening nose with those little shiny drops resting so contentedly on it. There's your whole face, in fact, with the pores acting just as perversely as possible. Apparently, they like to flop open and pick up and hold every speck of dirt that they can.

What shall you do? Take a little extra pains with your skin when the weather is the hottest. Don't make the mistake of thinking that powder is the one remedy for the shiny face. Look out for the skin first. Clean it, tone it, give the pores attention so that their action will be normal—then powder.

There are many cleansing oils, good to use after a day in the open. Some are a combination of rare Oriental oils and that cleansing standby, lemon juice. These oils penetrate and really pick up the dirt out of the pores, and they have an anti-septic, soothing effect on the skin as well.

If you are starting off for a week-end don't forget to take along a little almond meal. It's such a good

dirt remover, and nowadays you can get almond meal, subtly scented, that acts as a bleach, too.

A good astringent is most refreshing to use in the summer time, and it will keep the pores in a healthy condition. And, you know, if the action of the pores is normal, there is no excessive perspiration. Some of the best of the astringents

are part lemon juice, while, if you are partial to perfumes, you can get an invigorating astringent with the odor of fresh-picked violets.

You know the clean smell of carbolic? Some of the face lotions now have it as an ingredient. They are soothing to the skin and are said to take the sting out of sunburn and windburn. One is really a liquid powder. It has the advantage of doing three things that you want it to: It bleaches. It soothes. Then leaves the skin dusted with powder. In using it, let the lotion dry into the skin.

I know I have told you many times before that it is so much better to prevent than to cure. Please forgive me if I say it again. It so specially applies to the summer time, with its balmy, freckle-bringing breezes. There are creams now made which have ingredients that safeguard the skin against the deadly work of the hottest

rays of the sun. You use them before motoring, golfing, starting on any outdoor sport, or going to the beach. These creams

make a most satisfactory powder base, too, if you are careful to wipe off the superfluous cream before powdering.

In the floppy season don't overlook the real vanishing creams. You know I said your powder will flop. Well, you mustn't let it. Here's where the vanishing creams come to your aid. If you use a pure one you can be sure your powder won't flop. It will stick.

There is always something new in a vanishing cream. One I've seen recently looks good enough to eat. It really made me think of a delicious strawberry mousse, not quite as pink as real strawberry juice would make it, but with a lovely, soft pinkish tinge that would blend in perfectly with one's flesh. This new vanishing cream does have the white of eggs in it, and it comes in two delicate pinky tones, one for fair skins and a deeper flesh tone for brunettes.

I really should have talked to you first about bathing. After all, baths are about the most important hot weather essential. Nowadays, there are baths to invigorate you, baths to rest you, baths to beautify you, to say nothing of the old reliable scrub to clean you. Take them all if you can, and the more, the better; but I don't need to tell you that the latter must be your standby. If you cannot take a plunge in the ocean this summer, use freely in your bath sea salt as a substitute. And don't forget the salt rub that puts life and vigor into your body. As a delightful finishing touch for one of these invigorating rubs, try a bath oil. Just a little oil rubbed well into the body will make the skin soft and smooth, and if you have been exercising a bit too hard and your muscles ache, it will relieve the pain and stiffness.

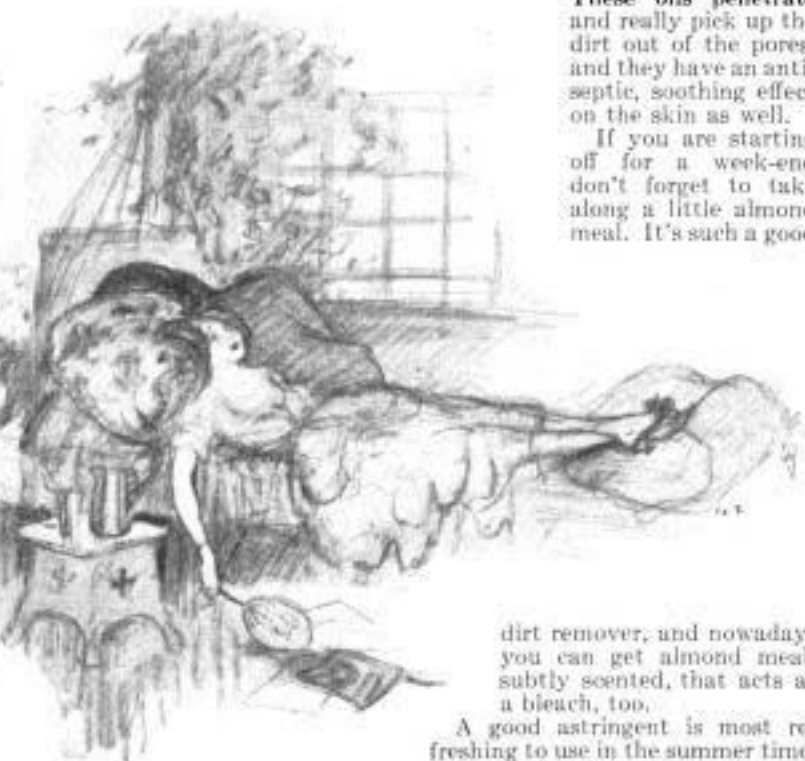
For a tonic and beauty bath combined, there is a bath milk said to be most beneficial to the skin. Two tablespoonfuls of the creamy white fluid are used in a tub of water. You all know about the bath tablets and salts to perfume your bath, but do you know about the big atomizers that spray fragrance upon you? They are new, and the spray is wonderfully refreshing in the summer time.

By the way, speaking of perfumes, it's a fad this summer to use those that are like the flowers that grow in the garden or the field. Clover and honeysuckle are much liked. Also lily-of-the-valley, lilac, wood violet, sweet pea, crab-apple blossom, and trailing arbutus. There is a fast-fading rose perfume much the vogue, which brings you the fragrance of freshly cut roses. Glass perfume tubes are new, and so convenient when traveling. They are very tiny and each contains just a drop of perfume. The tubes are packed in a little container, so small that it takes up hardly any room.

But back again to essentials.

There's talc, not the talc we used to know, but rather an up-to-date, glorified talc—flesh-tinted, perfumed as you wish, as smooth and soft as thistledown. Of all the toilet requisites, it meets most often the emergency need when the floppy season is at its floppiest.

Grace Margaret Gould will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask her concerning your Good Looks problems if you will write, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. Address, Grace Margaret Gould, Good Looks Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



The girl who goes in for hammock-swinging floppiness



And the other girl—as cool and crisp as a lettuce leaf, in spite of everything



"She had longed to be successful,  
gay, triumphant".....

# When failure hurts the most

**A**RE you having the good times other girls have? Or when you come home from the party you looked forward to so eagerly—where you longed to be successful, gay, triumphant—do you suffer from a feeling of disappointment—defeat?

Many a girl is made awkward and self-conscious merely through the knowledge that she has an unattractive complexion—that her skin is spoiled by blackheads or ugly little blemishes—is dull and colorless, or coarse in texture.

Yet with the right care you can change any of these conditions. As a matter of fact, your skin changes in spite of you—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By using the right treatment you can give this new skin the clear smoothness and lovely fresh color you have always longed for.

## *What is the matter with your skin?*

Ask yourself just what it is that is wrong with your skin. Perhaps it is spoiled by that most distressing trouble—the continual breaking out of ugly little blemishes.

To free your skin from blemishes, begin, tonight, to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet. This will help to keep the new skin that is constantly forming free from blemishes.

## *How you can tell that your skin is responding*

The very first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it is an indication that the treatment is doing you good, for it means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing. After one or two treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will gain a new sense of soft, smooth cleanliness.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles—for an oily skin, conspicuous nose pores, blackheads, etc., are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Within a week or ten days you will be astonished at the improvement in your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it extremely desirable for general use—for keeping your skin in good condition. A 25-cent

cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use—almost twice as long as an ordinary toilet soap of the same size.

## *"Your treatment for one week"*

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week. In it you will find the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 207 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 207 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



# Gypsyng Up-to-Date



**G**YPSIES change their manner of costume and their style of vehicle; but the call of the open road is about the same this summer as it was last summer, and has been every summer since roads began. To the lover of the outdoors, a combination motor and camping trip is one of the most satisfying ways of taking a vacation. Eliminating roofs, you pitch your tent or roll yourself up in your blanket under the stars, and, whether you're proficient at outdoor cooking or not, the bacon you broil tastes better than any other bacon ever did.

Clothes ought to be the kind you don't have to think about, and for real out-and-out camping there's nothing to match the sports suit that's made with breeches. (It serves as a riding habit, too.) Western women have long realized this, and women all over the country are rapidly becoming convinced. For all-round wear, light-weight tweed, cravanetted to withstand rain, is the most satisfactory fabric.

A suit of this kind may or may not have a short skirt of the matching material. Woolen golf stockings, rubber-soled oxfords, a fine light-weight shirt of flannel, and a soft felt hat complete the costume as it should be completed.

**O**BVIOUSLY there are other methods of vacationing by motor—and other manners of dress. Perhaps you like picnicking by day, but a real bed by night. Perhaps your trail lies through cities, even demands a dinner dress. Miss Gould has a little article called "Dressing for the Motoring Vacation." She will be glad to send you a copy if you will send her a stamped self-addressed envelope. Address Grace Margaret Gould, Inquiry Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

DRAWINGS BY  
CHARLES SHELDON

COSTUME FROM  
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.





# Ten Dresses for One Pattern

IT DOESN'T sound possible, but it really is probable. If once you acquire pattern No. 4058, you won't need to stop making dresses, or to buy a new pattern, till you've finished your tenth variation from your original dress. And you won't look as if they were all cut off the same piece, either. No one will dream of suspecting, when you change from your slim little checked gingham tennis frock, to your black taffeta afternoon gown with its panels of white lace, that you used the same good-fitting foundation pattern for both dresses.

TEN is really a low estimate on the number of variations for pattern No. 4058, because a difference in material is almost as effective as a difference in cut, and you could go on varying materials and trimmings almost to infinity. The ten ways shown on this page are sure to suggest others to you.

No. 1. Tan wool jersey makes this simple little model, with collar, cuffs and sash of novelty silk jersey knitted in a square pattern.

No. 2. Here we have the indispensable dress of navy taffeta. Notice the square-cut neck finished with net and lace, the puff sleeves and the taffeta ruchings on the skirt.

No. 3. Three favorite touches of the season in one dress. It's gray, it's of silk crêpe, and the bottom of the skirt shows the scalloped line. Gray silk braid trims it as it should be trimmed.

No. 4058—Adaptable Dress Pattern. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust. Pattern, thirty cents.

The pattern envelope contains illustrations of the ten dresses and full instructions for making all the trimmings.

The pattern may be ordered from our Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, at 381 Fourth Ave., New York City, or Springfield, Ohio.

No. 4. Over her straight little frock of navy blue dotted swiss, she wears a long collar of crisp white organdie, to match the big sash and cuffs.

No. 5. A bit of drawn work, four little bouffant side ruffles on each side of the skirt, and a sash and rose of the material make the "difference" in this sheer dress of fine apricot voile. It's the type that is so popular in the little French handmade frocks.

No. 6. You'd never know this was the same pattern. Of white organdie, ruffled as to skirt, machine-hemstitched in hydrangea blue and girdled with handmade flowers of blue organdie. It's a frock for a garden party, or even an informal summer dance.

Here are ten ways of "adapting" the adaptable dress pattern No. 4058.



No. 7. With slim black taffeta for foundation and white lace for side panels, what could make a more distinguished dinner frock than pattern No. 4058? This combination, by the way, is a very chic one just now, as is the Paris favorite—black taffeta and white organdie.

No. 8. This might be the daintiest of dance frocks, in orchid organdie, for instance, ruffled around and around with little organdie ruffles. Or you might use tangerine swiss dotted in white, and trim it with white organdie. Or again, navy taffeta with ruffles of the material picot-edged in scarlet.

No. 9. A slim tennis frock of navy and white checked gingham is belted with scarlet leather, and collared and cuffed with white linen. Try red and white check, too, if it's becoming to you. Or, perhaps, but-tercup yellow linen with collar and cuffs of brown and white checked gingham.

No. 10. And, lest we slight an old friend, georgette, here's a style specially designed for it. It would be delightful in cornflower blue, with circle motifs in crystal beads and a sash of silver-gray moiré ribbon. Or you might like it in white Canton crêpe—the beads, crystal; the sash, jade chiffon.

No. 4058 (Nos. 9 and 10)





ALL the things you have wished for in a face powder you realize in Garda. A texture of amazing fineness; a wondrous, clinging delicacy; a fragrance—new and distinctive—sweetly reminiscent of woodlands abloom!

## Watkins GARDA FACE POWDER

Try it. A 2c stamp will bring you a sample promptly—also the interesting story of Garda and the creation of her full line of exquisite toilet necessities!

Face Powder  
Toilet Water  
Nail Polish  
Talcum Powder  
Cream  
Perfume  
Rouge

Garda toilet necessities—and 130 other Watkins products—are delivered direct to your home, in city or country, by more than 4,000 Watkins Retailers. The convenience of Watkins Service, and the Watkins standard of quality (known over fifty years), are responsible for twenty million satisfied users today. If a Watkins Retailer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

### Men and Women Wanted

to help supply the tremendous demand for Watkins quality products, sold direct to the home. Desirable territories, city and country, are available for responsible men and women. The experience of more than 4,000 Watkins Retailers points the way to opportunity for you. Write for complete selling plan and list of 137 Watkins products.

### How to Get a Sample

Send 2c stamp and receive a liberal supply of Garda Face Powder, perfumed with dainty new Garda odor; also attractive booklet about Garda, the mysterious Spirit of Health and Beauty.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO.  
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The Secret of Good Cooking

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# One Piece, and Ironed Flat



No. 3710

"ROMPERS for little people!" is the slogan of wise mothers nowadays. For, whether they are concerned with dressing small sons or small daughters, they find the romper the answer to their problem. It settles effectively the question of laundry. It's good-looking; and it makes the child comfortable.

Most desirable of all rompers is the one that's cut in one piece. For it is not only easily cut out and put together, but also easily ironed flat, as you will see in the illustration below.

Rompers are made of a variety of materials, according to pocketbooks, tastes, and needs. For hot weather, very little people often wear rompers of seersucker or cross-bar dimity. These materials, however, would hardly stand the wear and tear of the active little person who scrubs about in the dirt. Gingham, chambray, zephyrette, cotton crepe, English print, percale, and sateen are safe choices. As for colors, we have ceased to limit them: buff and brown, apricot and old gold, scarlet, lavender, rose, green, and old-blue—you may take your pick from a very wide color range.



No. 3710

Frances Tipton Hunter

ROMPER No. 3710 shown in two styles above, is made with a drop seat. The construction is best explained in the picture below, showing the back view in the hands of the woman. Above, it is developed in a sprightly figured calico, and also in blue cotton crepe with checked gingham and rickrack braid for trimmings.

No. 4059 has an under-the-leg, shoulder, and center-back opening (see flat view in lower corner of picture). It's made here of green zephyrette and white pique, with cunning pockets embroidered like conventional flowers.

Just to slip over the dainty white frock is the sleeveless romper of gay cretonne with the hat to match (No. 3286).



No. 4059



No. 3286

No. 3286—Child's Romper with Hat. Sizes, 6 months, 1, 2, and 4 years. Pattern, fourteen cents.

No. 3710—One-Piece Romper with Drop Seat. Sizes, 1, 2 and 3 years. Pattern, fourteen cents.

No. 4059—One-Piece Romper that Irons Flat (including Transfer Pattern for Embroidery on Pockets). Sizes, 1, 2 and 3 years. Pattern, twenty cents.

These patterns may be ordered from either of our two addresses: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

In ordering be sure to state clearly number of pattern and size desired, also your name and address.

Order by size nearest breast measurement. Six months corresponds to eighteen-inch breast, one and two years to twenty-inch breast, and four years to twenty-two-inch breast.

### "About Dressing the Boy"

MOTHERS! Do you know all that you wish you knew about dressing your small son? For instance: Do you know when to put him into his first suit? Do you know just what kind of suit the first suit should be?

Do you know what the eight-year-old boy wears?

Do you know all you'd like to about hats? And collars? And neckties?

How sure are you that his hair is cut right?

Have you any doubts about the correctness of his footwear?

In fact, are you dressing your little boy so that you feel quite satisfied that he is dressed just as he should be?

Miss Gould has discovered that dressing the small boy is a perplexing task for many mothers. And so she is offering a short article compiled in answer to many questions that have been asked her. It's called "Dressing the Boy." If you haven't it, and are interested, she will be glad to send you a copy on receipt of a request accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Address, Grace Margaret Gould, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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## *The Quickest Way*

There is one *quickest* way to accomplish every task. In housework, P and G The White Naphtha Soap provides it.

Use it in the laundry—see clothes come dazzling white without hard rubbing and without boiling. Use it in the kitchen and all over the house—see how quickly it makes everything faultlessly clean.

This cleansing speed is due to the fact that P and G The White Naphtha Soap is made of high-grade materials ordinarily considered too good for laundry soap, and because it contains naphtha which moves dirt at a touch. It will save your time and energy in a dozen ways every day.

'Phone your grocer for a trial cake. You'll say its help is like having an extra pair of hands.



Look for the blue and white wrapper

*Not merely a white laundry soap;  
Not merely a naphtha soap;  
But the best features of both, combined.*

Made by  
the manufacturers of  
Ivory Soap

**P AND G - THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP**







## A Sunburned Nose

DISFIGURING and uncomfortable—but not for long if you promptly use soothing, healing

**Mentholatum**  
A HEALING CREAM  
Always made under this signature *A.H. Hall*

It cools the burn, stops the pain and gently heals the cracked skin. The soothing antiseptic action of Mentholatum is good for insect bites too—and for burns, cuts, bruises and tired feet.

Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 50c, 10c, 4c.

The Mentholatum Co.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Wichita, Kans. Bridgeburg, Ont.

We have all kinds of **BEADS** and **BUGLES** for Decorating Waists and Gowns. Beaded Bags, Pearl Beads, Jet Beads, Bead Looms, Cut Metal Beads for Woven Chains, Beads for U. S. P. H. S. Red Cross and Sanitariums. New Direction Book for Loom-Woven Chains, 17c. Send stamp for description circular and samples. Allen's Boston Bead Store, 8 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

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Should send for this Free Book.

"HOW TO ACQUIRE THE IDEAL FIGURE" shows you the quick and only natural way of acquiring the ideal figure.

With the proper diet, proper exercise, and the correct corset and confiner, you can easily reduce surplus flesh and acquire trim, tapered lines. Instructions are profusely illustrated and easily followed. Sent absolutely free to any stout woman by the manufacturer of the famous

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"The Wonder Corset for Stout"

SEND FOR IT TODAY

**Madame Grace CORSETS**  
BANDAGES The Foundation of Style  
KALAMAZOO CORSET COMPANY  
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

# Smart Hats for Small Purses

By

ISABEL DENYSE CONOVER

ARE you one of the fortunate women who, when the first warm breezes of summer blow, tucks away her spring hat and indulges in a summer one? Or do you keep on wearing your February or March or April hat and wishing it were more summery?

A warm nasturtium red may appeal when there's still a cold tinge in the air, but with the thermometer registering ninety doesn't your mind wander as naturally to cool, shady straws as to ices and lemonade and electric fans? Then why not make your spring hat summery? Why wear a nasturtium red straw when a coat of dye will make it cool green, blue or black? And did you know that ordinary shellac will make a dull, dusty straw new again?

Perhaps it's the smallness of your hat that worries you. Well, try adding a row of horsehair braid to the brim, and if you want it still more summery mass currants at the front of the crown, as hat (b). Fig. 1 shows how to sew the braid to the brim. You can enlarge a straw hat smartly, too, with a matching ruching of taffeta.



THERE'S the suit hat trimmed with its cockade of ribbon or flange of silk! It would make a fitting accompaniment to the daintiest summer frock if the trimming was changed. For instance, cluster nasturtiums on the top of the crown, as hat (c). Flowers placed high on the crown are an especially becoming trimming for the mature woman.

Or if you happen to have a sailor, either rolling or straight-brimmed, you can make it into the smartest kind of a sports hat. Just add a draped band and facing of crêpe de chine, as hat (d).

The facing is easy to put on if you cut a pattern that fits. Mark around brim, as in Fig. 2. Remove the hat and mark a line where facing will come. See first dotted line in Fig. 3. Also, mark the head opening. In cutting the pattern, allow three quarters of an inch inside the head opening and a seam's width beyond outer edge, as Fig. 4. Fit wire to hat, as in Fig. 5. Remove wire, and where it laps, wrap it. (Fig. 6.) Roll outer edge of facing over wire, as in Fig. 7. Catch facing to hat just in back of wire. (See Fig. 8.) Slush and tuck facing inside of crown, as in Fig. 9. Figs. 10 and 11 show crêpe de chine band draped to crown.



EVEN an all-silk hat will look quite summery if it's banded with straw, as hat (e). Figs. 12 and 13 show braid sewed to crown; Figs. 14, 15, and 16, loops, end, and knot of bow; Fig. 17, braid mitered; Fig. 18, long loops gathered; Figs. 19, 20, and 21, loop gathered, and Fig. 22, bow finished.

SEND a stamped self-addressed envelope for Miss Conover's article "First Aids for Straw Hats." It tells everything about renovating straws. Address, Miss Gould's Inquiry Department, Woman's Home Companion, New York City.

AS A MATTER of fact, it's the trimming that makes a hat tailored or semi-dressy enough to wear with light frocks. Another way of fixing over the too-plain hat is to place one of the large pompon flowers at the center front of the crown. Incidentally, this is just about the most popular trimming of the season. And one of the nice things about these flowers is, you can make them out of scraps of silk.

The two pieces for each petal are cut the shape shown in Fig. 23. The flowers are especially pretty when the facing of the petals is white or light gray and the top black or dark blue. Stitch the petal as in Fig. 23, turn it right side out and gather the bottom, as in Fig. 24. Sew the petals to a circle of net, as in Fig. 25, continuing them to the center. To finish the flower, cover a small circle of cardboard or a button with silk and sew it to the center. Hat (a) will give you an idea of how attractive this sort of trimming can be. It's one of the few trimmings that can be used either on a large or a small hat.



# Ready to Sew & Wear



**H**OW would you like to eliminate that tiresome shopping-about for your material and that tedious cutting-out of your dress? How would you like to buy your new frock all cut out, ready to sew up and put on? With all the necessary findings and trimmings all ready to your hand. So that you can start right in, in the freshness of your enthusiasm, and finish up your dress in short order. Isn't that a cheerful thought for hot weather—when you suddenly find you are in urgent need of just such a cool little frock as this?

Dress of domestic dotted swiss with surplice waist and tucked skirt. Ready to put together. Collar and cuffs of white organdie with picot-edged plaitings already hemstitched to edges. Colors, light blue, pink, lavender, or yellow. Sizes, 16 and 18 years and 36 to 44 bust. Price, \$4.00.

**T**HE above dress, cut out, ready to put together, may be ordered from Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City (see directions below). With the cut-out material come careful directions for making, which explain each step of the work. The style is a becoming one, suited equally to the slender or stouter figure.

Another attraction of the dress—not to be scorned—is the exceedingly low price you pay for it.

**HOW TO ORDER:** Be sure to state size and color wanted. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails. Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No articles sent C. O. D., or on approval. Miss Gould does not do general shopping. She purchases only the articles shown on these pages. Orders for these articles cannot be filled after August 20th.

**ABOUT RETURNED GOODS:** Any purchase not satisfactory may be returned, but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if articles are for exchange or refunded money. Do not return to the "Woman's Home Companion." Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed. These directions for ordering apply also to the ready-to-wear accessories on page 74.



## See Your Teeth with the dingy film-coats gone

This simple test shows the way to prettier teeth—to cleaner, safer teeth. The test costs nothing. It will teach you facts which everyone should know.

Make it now. Learn the benefits this method can bring you and yours.

forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So very few people, despite the tooth brush, escape some film attack.

### You feel a film

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

If not removed, it may do ceaseless damage. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Yet the tooth brush, used in old ways, leaves much film intact.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and

### Must combat it

Dental science has now found effective film combatants. For daily use they are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption.

Twice a day, children and adults should apply this film combatant. It will bring a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

## Millions now employ it

Millions of people are now using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in every circle—in glistening teeth.

Pepsodent brings other results which modern authorities consider essential. It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest the starch deposits

which may otherwise form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

These effects mean cleaner, whiter, safer teeth. Old methods do not bring them. Compare this new method with the old and see the results in ten days. Read the reasons for them. Then decide for yourself what is best.

Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.  
*The New-Day Dentifrice*

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

### Act today

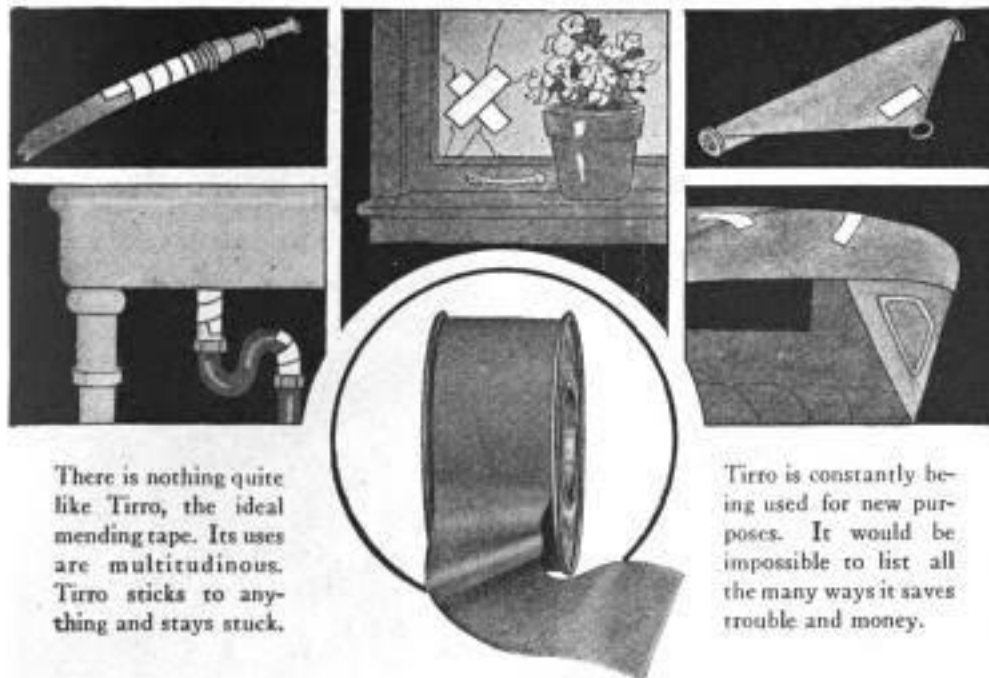
Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. All the results will delight you.

### 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY  
Dept. 775, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY





There is nothing quite like Tirro, the ideal mending tape. Its uses are multitudinous. Tirro sticks to anything and stays stuck.

Tirro is constantly being used for new purposes. It would be impossible to list all the many ways it saves trouble and money.

## Tirro—The Trouble Ender

**A handy, waterproofed, sticky tape—sticks to everything**

Tirro, the ideal mending tape, is a welcome handy-andy in thousands of homes, offices and shops.

It comes on a spool. It is a strong fabric tape. One side is coated with a clinging compound. It sticks to china, rubber, wood, metal, glass, *anything*. It is instantly ready, and is applied without heating, wetting or mussiness.

Tirro is waterproofed before

we coat it. Then the sticky material is viscous rubber. So it is both leak-proof and an insulation.

Tirro stops leaks in rain-coats, in leather, in umbrellas, in automobile tops, water pipes, hose, etc.

Tirro wraps, binds, mends. One thickness or several gives the proper strength. It can be painted to match anything. It becomes a part of the article.



## Saves its cost many times over

Tirro not only saves money, but it keeps things we have become attached to in service. Children's toys, for instance. Or mending a tear in a picture. (Put a bit of Tirro on the back.) It keeps tools in service. A broken jardiniere may be mended from the in-

side. Favorite books and music can be kept. Many articles would have to be replaced if it weren't for Tirro. That's why it has won such success. Once you buy a spool of Tirro, you, too, will find dozens of uses for it. You'll never be without it. It keeps indefinitely.

### A FREE TRIAL STRIP

We'll gladly send you a 12-inch free strip and our Book of a Thousand Uses, if you're unacquainted with Tirro or want to test it. Or you can buy it at your druggist's. It comes in two sizes and lengths. Prices in the United States: Large size, 1 1/4-inch wide, 50c; medium size, 3/4-inch wide, 30c. Write for free trial strip or buy a spool of Tirro at the drug store.

**BAUER & BLACK** Chicago New York Toronto  
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Water-  
proofed

# Tirro

Extra  
Strong

The Ideal Mending Tape

## Accessories to Buy

**I**F YOU cannot find these summer-time accessories in your local shops, Miss Gould will gladly buy them for you.

No. 1. Chic and comfortable for sports or knockabout is this hat of milan hemp and yarn, with yarn flower motif. In Harding blue, jade, burnt-orange, sand, pink, orchid, brown, navy, or white. Price, \$4.50.

No. 2. Novel and charming organdie overblouse in waistcoat effect, with bow at back. In flesh pink, bisque, orchid, or white. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, \$2.00.

No. 3. This dainty lace-trimmed fichu sash of white organdie will change a simple little dress into a "frock." Price, \$2.95.

No. 4. For the lover of earrings—double-hoop drops of celluloid in jade green, coral, black, or imitation lapis (blue). Price, \$0.95.

No. 5. A delightful color note for a summer costume—string of graduated crystal beads in imitation amber or aquamarine (greenish blue). Price, \$1.50.

For directions for ordering, please see page 73. Other bargains in ready-to-wear on page 64.



No. 1. Sports Hat, \$4.50  
No. 2. Organdie Blouse, \$2.00



No. 3. Fichu Sash, \$2.95



No. 6. Sun and Rain Parasol, \$5.50

No. 4. Earrings, \$0.95  
No. 5. Beads, \$1.50

No. 6. Sun and rain silk parasol with white bakelite tips and top and handle of white and colored bakelite. In all black, or in green, navy, or purple striped in black. Price, \$5.50.

No. 7. Belt of black patent leather and white rings. Sizes, 28 to 38 waist. Price, \$1.00.

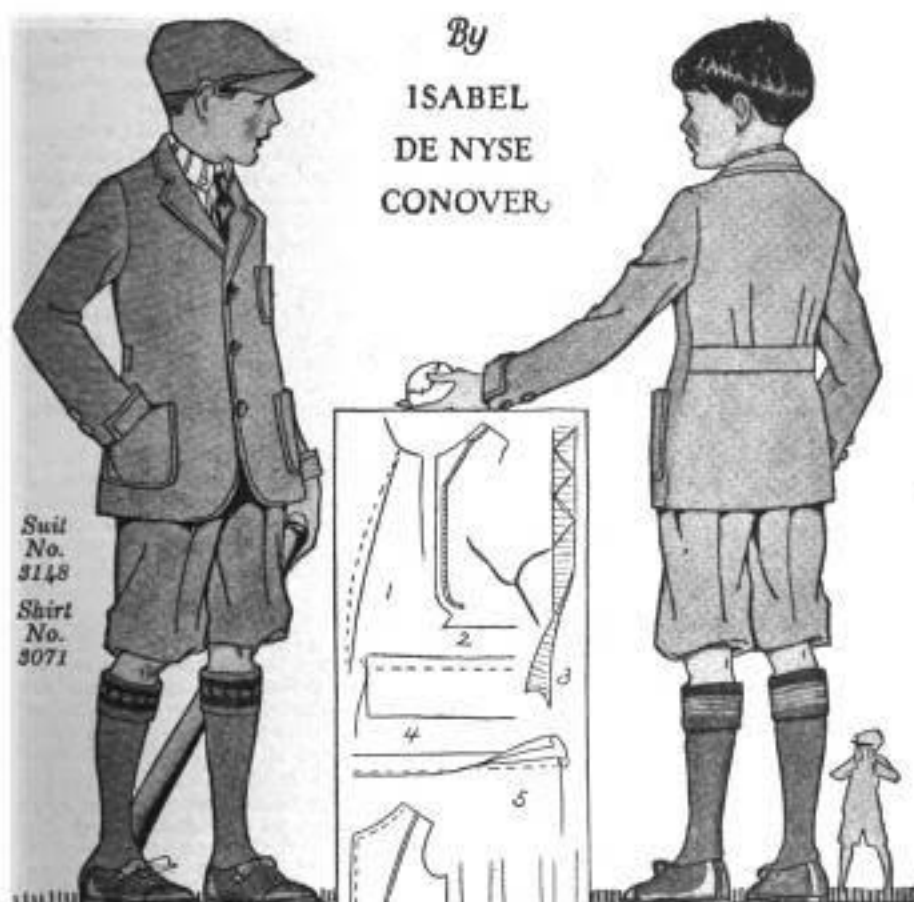


No. 7. Sweater Belt of Patent Leather, \$1.00



# Coats You Can Make

By  
ISABEL  
DE NYSE  
CONOVER



Suit  
No.  
3148  
Shirt  
No.  
3071

**H**OW often have you heard that when Johnny was about eight years old he rebelled against wearing clothes that Mother made. Really and truly, after thinking over the situation, I am not surprised. Probably if the clothes Mother made for him were as finished a product as Mother's jam, Johnny would be just as anxious to wear the clothes as he is to eat the jam.

When the boy steps from the little boy's Oliver Twists to the big boy's suits and shirts, it's time to stop "dress-making" his clothes, and "tailor" them. There's the big boy's summer suit of mohair, Palm Beach cloth, or crash. While the coat is a simple unlined affair, the collar must be shaped with stitching and pressing, the edges stayed and the front faced as a tailor finishes a man's coat.

Taking the coat of suit No. 3148 as an example, here are some of the important things in making an unlined summer coat: In taking up the dart, taper the stitching at the ends. (See Fig. 1.) To prevent stretching, tape front of coat and roll line of revers, as in Fig. 2. Hold tape taut and ease coat to it, taking a stitch first on one side and then on the other. (See Fig. 3.) Use care that stitches do not show on right side of goods.

In binding back edge of front facing,

stitch bias to edge, as in Fig. 4, and turn it and stitch a second time, as in Fig. 5. After facing has been placed on right side of coat and stitched, as in Fig. 6, turn it onto the wrong side, drawing and basting it tightly below roll line of revers and easing it loosely over revers, so the revers will roll smoothly.

When plaits are laid in upper back, as in Fig. 7, stitch lower back to upper back with raw edges of seam extending on right side. (See Fig. 8.) Stitch belt flat over seam, as in Fig. 9. Bind edges at shoulder and under-arm before joining. Make open seams, as in Fig. 10.

Tape back of neck. Also, make open seam in under collar. (See Fig. 11.) Cut canvas interlining for collar without seams. In sewing canvas to under collar, cover crescent-shaped portion which comes at back of neck with machine stitching. (See Fig. 12.) After top collar is stitched to under collar, as in Fig. 13, turn it right side out,

sew under collar to coat, and slip-stitch top collar over raw edges. (See Fig. 14.)

Stay coat where hem turns with tape. (Fig. 16.) Line cuff, as in Fig. 15, turn it and baste to right side of sleeve; bind lower edge, as in Fig. 17, and hem. (See Fig. 18.)

Turn edges and press pockets before joining to coat. (See Figs. 19 and 20.)

No. 3148—Boy's Suit. Eight to twelve years. Pattern, fourteen cents.

No. 3071—Boy's Shirt. Twelve to sixteen years. Pattern, fourteen cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, New York City, or Springfield, Ohio.

This completes the coat lessons. If you want the essential facts for reference, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for Miss Conover's leaflet, "Tailoring." Address Miss Gould's Inquiry Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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# How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without beautiful well-kept hair you can never be really attractive

**S**TUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

## Follow This Simple Method

**FIRST**, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

## Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

**TWO** or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**THIS** is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

**WATKINS**  
**MULSIFIED**  
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**





Sketch from actual photo  
of 2½-year-old Billie Henschen,  
St. Mary's, Ohio.



## Does Baby's Health Ever Cause You Worry?

COULDN'T you just hug this little fellow? Sturdy, lovable—the picture of health! And yet up to his third month he had not gained an ounce. Then Mrs. Henschen started him on a course of Eagle Brand that lasted almost a year and a half. No worry for her after that first Eagle Brand bottle; for as she gratefully writes—"from then on he began to gain and we are more than thankful for what Eagle Brand did for him."

Eagle Brand has been the standby of mothers for 63 years. It is simply pure milk and sugar, blended—nothing better for the baby who is not doing well on breast milk.

No fear of hot weather spoilage. Eagle Brand keeps.

THE BORDEN COMPANY

Borden Building

New York

**Borden's EAGLE BRAND**  
CONDENSED MILK

**Be a Nurse  
Learn at Home**

If over 18 and under 50 you can become a successful nurse through the famous CHICAGO system of Home Training. Thousands of successful graduates in last 22 years.

**Earn \$25 to \$40 a Week**

Entire tuition fees often earned in few weeks. Earn while you learn. Lessons simple, practical and interesting. Suggested for Practical Nurses. Hospital experience included. Low tuition fees. Easy terms. Authorized diploma. School chartered by State of Illinois. Write today for catalogue, sample lesson pages, and Trial Study with Money-Back Guarantee. Address: CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Department 57, 425 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

LOOM WOVEN

**Lloyd**

Baby Carriages and Furniture

Write for Booklet  
The Lloyd Manufacturing Co., Dept. M5  
Menominee, Mich.

## If Short Hairs Bother You Wear a Fashionette!

SHORT hairs are new hairs—and of course we're glad to see them—but they certainly do work havoc with a trim coiffure. They straggle over collars, blow in our eyes, and make us despair of ever attaining that well-groomed look that every woman wants.

Smart hairdressers discovered long ago that there was just one sure remedy for short hairs—a well-shaped hair net matched to the hair and so fine as to be invisible.

Carefully arranged hair is a great asset both socially and in business. Experiment till you have learned just how to adjust your Fashionette and then make it a habit to keep your hair *always* at its best.

Fashionettes match every shade of hair and are made in shapes that preserve the naturalness of every

style of coiffure. You will find them in department stores, specialty shops, and good drug stores everywhere. Usual shades, 15c each, white or gray, 30c.

Buy them by the dozen.

Send for Colonial Quality Booklet.

SAMSTAG'S, 1200 Broadway, New York

**Fashionette**  
Invisible HAIR NETS



15¢

Colonial Quality  
Samstag's New York

## "If I Were Only Slim!"



HOW often do you hear that pathetic wail, "If I were only slim!" It's the wail of the stout woman, the wail of the fat woman. And you'll hear it oftenest in hot weather. For that's the time when it's so hard always to be firmly corseted. So hard always to be dressed in those straight-line dark-colored clothes that she knows she looks well in. The time when the soul of the stout woman yearns, like the soul of the slender woman, for a little more ease of fit, for coolness, sheerness of fabric, even a little fluffiness.

Of all the generally forbidden clothes that the stout woman yearns for, sports clothes are the ones that seem to her long-ing eyes to be furthest out of her reach. She simply cannot wear the usual gay sports skirt and the separate light blouse. They divide her in two at the waist line while they multiply her apparent size.

But for the stout woman to be absolutely barred from that semi-formal type of costume that goes by the name of the "sports costume" is not fair or necessary. The vogue for white crêpe de chine and Canton crêpe takes care of that. For of all white materials the silk crêpes are least bulky, fall in the most becoming lines, and are generally most favorable to the stout woman. If the blouse and skirt are of the same material, and the blouse goes over the top of the skirt, there is absolutely nothing for you to worry about.

THE blouse for the stout woman should be spelled "over-blouse." She should never attempt to wear any other kind. No. 4060, shown here, is of white crêpe de chine to match the three-piece skirt No. 3598. It features an uneven lower edge in the pointed style that gives an illusion of height to the figure. Soft plaits at the waist line form a short front panel, and this is embroidered in heavy white silk floss after a design for which a pattern is supplied. The neck opening is a deep slightly rounded V shape, with a vestee of the crêpe de chine. A narrow sash of the material knots at the left side.

No. 4060—Over-blouse (including Transfer Pattern for Embroidery). Sizes, 36 to 48 bust. Pattern, twenty-five cents.  
No. 3598 — Three-piece Skirt with Pointed Belt in Yoke Effect. Sizes, 26 to 42-inch waist. Width of skirt in size 34, two and one-half yards. Pattern, fourteen cents.

These patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Springfield, Ohio.

Drawn by  
AUGUSTA  
REIMER

No. 4060  
No. 3598



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## The First Client

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

through John Kamp's mind. But he did not speak.

"And so," she went on, "I want to get away from the terrible place. I want to be free, and a girl again. Mother thinks I'm wrong. She has been with me, off and on a great deal since Father died. And she thinks there's no one like Joe. I suppose you think, too, that I'm in the wrong. But, if you won't help me, I'll have to get someone else. Will you?"

"I will," he promised again. "But we will have to have a great deal longer talk than this. And—"

He glanced at the clock.

"I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your time," she apologized, a little offended.

"You haven't taken up enough of my time, not nearly enough," he said. "And so I am going to ask a favor of you. Your case seems to me to have—complications. I should like to go into it much more fully than I have done. Couldn't you come out to-night and have dinner with my wife and me? Then we could have the undisturbed talk which the case demands."

She hesitated a moment over accepting the invitation, tactfully as it was worded.

"My wife would be delighted to have you," appended John Kamp.

"I'll gladly come," she said, "if you'll tell me the time and place."

He took out one of the cards that he had had printed five months before, thinking as he did so that this was the first occasion he had had to use one, in spite of the hopefulness in which he had had them printed. He read it over before he passed it to her: "John Kamp, Attorney-at-Law, with Dodge and Ringwald." He penciled his home address on the reverse side.

"Come any time around five," he said. "I'll be home by then."

And yet he was not much ahead of her. There was but time for him to whisper to his wife that a guest and client was at the door, and for her to whisper back, "The first client! Oh, John!"

They vied with each other in making the visitor welcome. When they went into the pleasant living-room, plain and unpretentious, but with its indescribable air of comfort and refinement, Mrs. Burton glanced at the flowers and books with a deep-drawn sigh.

"This room makes me think of Father's study at home," she said wistfully. "He was a doctor and we called it his study, but he never was alone there. It was the gathering place for all. Sometimes I think I've been starved these last years, starved for beauty!"

"And yet," said John Kamp, "there is no more beautiful place than a farm, hill and meadow land, sky and stream, sunset and sunrise. What stammering attempts man has made to write anything as great as the First Great Writer wrote, plainly, for all to see!"

"But I think that lack of all these things—these man-made things, as you say—was part of the trouble. No," as Mrs. Kamp started discreetly to withdraw, "no, please stay. I think a woman will understand. Your husband is to get a divorce for me and he wanted to talk the case over. I suppose I haven't much of a case, as such cases go. But," with a little hard laugh,

"we'll have to invent one. Incompatibility! I've often thought that was the root of the whole matter. Joe didn't care for the things I cared for. We hadn't one tie in common."

"Except your promise."

"A bad promise is better broken than kept," she argued glibly. "I will not try to keep it. I want you to bring suit at once. I've brought your—retaining fee," they call it, don't they?"

She fumbled in her bag with nervous hands. She laid two twenty-dollar pieces on the table. The firelight and lamplight played on them and made them brighter and glisten. They turned them, in a conjuring way, into a baby's coat, a country trip.

John Kamp forced his eyes from them and turned them upon his wife. She was very silent, very grave over this small tragedy. Her own eyes were grieved as they looked into his. And yet, beneath their pain for another, lay the perfect trust and content of a loved and honored wife.

In the pause, the visitor rose to go.

"I thank you both for a very pleasant evening," she said. "But now I must go. You will hurry the suit, won't you?"

"Oh," cried little Mrs. Kamp, smiling into the eyes of the visitor, "you mustn't go until you've seen my baby!"

She led the way into the quiet bedroom where the boy slept, turned on the light, and with a word of apology left the visitor alone. She went back to the living-room.

"Was that what you meant, John?"

"It's the one chance," he said.

They sat silently together while the clock ticked the minutes away. At last Mrs. Kamp went into the bedroom again.

The visitor knelt beside the cradle, tears in her eyes, on her cheeks. As she turned, they splashed upon the baby's face. He stirred and murmured, drowsily.

"Oh!" she cried. "I've disturbed him—the darling! May I have him a moment and rock him to sleep?"

Mrs. Kamp wrapped a shawl about the baby and passed him to her. The woman sank into a low rocker and rocked with the child against her heart. She cried silently a while. And then looked up, a new light in her tear-softened eyes.

"I—I know what you meant, showing me the baby, you and your husband. He is a good man. Joe's a good man, too—poor Joe! In here with your baby I've been thinking how much, how very much, of the fault is mine. Everything seems different to me. I'm going back, back home and begin all over."

They sat very silently, after the visitor was gone, by the fire in the pleasant room. They smiled at each other occasionally.

Neither guessed what was to spring from it all. No magic glass revealed the lifelong friendship, the mutual give and take, the pleasant journeys wherein the baby found healing—found it, and returned it a hundred-fold to the little woman with the bitterness washed forever from her heart.

But when Mrs. Kamp brought in coffee, John Kamp arose and proposed a toast.

"The First Client!" he said. "God bless her!"

Mrs. Kamp smiled back at him and drank the toast in perfect understanding.

## How I Made \$500.00 In Four Months At Home

*A personal experience*

By MRS. IDA FERGUSON

2781 Pratt Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A YEAR AGO, I found myself facing a serious problem. With three children and a large house to take care of, the increasing cost of living was making greater demands on our income and I simply could not dress myself and my family as well as I wanted to. Today we have an abundance of pretty, attractive clothes at a saving of half what they would cost in the stores, and besides I have made in the last four months more than \$500. This experience has been such a delight to me that I am going to tell the story with the thought that other women in similar circumstances may profit by it.



MRS. FERGUSON

I had always done a little sewing, making some clothing for my own family and now and then a dress for some of my friends. But I was never sure my work was correct and there were usually alterations to make, so I was half afraid to undertake every new garment. I had wanted to attend a school of dressmaking, but could not afford either the time or the money.

Then one day, while looking through a fashion magazine, I read the story of the Woman's Institute and the new plan it had developed for teaching any woman

or girl right in her own home, no matter where she might live, how to make stylish, becoming clothes for herself and others. That was surely a wonderful day for me! Something about that story made me realize that this was my opportunity. So I wrote for more information and on October 28th, 1919, became a member of the Institute and took up the study of dressmaking.

You can imagine with what keen delight I waited for my first lessons and how I did enjoy working on them because everything was explained so clearly in words and pictures. I finished several lessons and also wrote several letters to Mrs. Pickens, Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute. She took such a personal interest and sent me such beautiful, helpful answers that I found myself gaining confidence in my own sewing, for I was constantly applying my lessons in making clothes for myself and the children. Several women and girls had asked me to teach them how to make dresses and, on the confidence the Woman's Institute had developed in me, I started a small sewing class of fifteen. The class lasted until hot weather. Each member learned to make waists, then a dress, and some of them made several dresses, according to the time they could give to their work.

One of my scholars had asked me in March if I would make her wedding outfit for June. It included a satin wedding dress with long court train and veil, a blue satin coat suit, five tissue dresses, gingham dresses, the bride's pink tulle dress, and embroidered net ruffle dresses, with silk underslips, for two flower girls.

Can you imagine how my fingers just ached to sew on those beautiful materials? I had never made a trousseau and, while I was half afraid, I promised to do the work for her.

In less than a week, the news spread around that I was to do the sewing for a large church wedding, and I was swamped with requests to do sewing. I took what I thought I could finish and kept my daughter home from the office to help me.



Even with the trousseau I did not have the slightest trouble and not a single garment required any alteration. That is something you surely learn from the Woman's Institute—perfect work, inside and out. At the wedding I overheard a New York woman, one of the guests, who had purchased her dress in that city and who told me confidentially that she had paid \$135 for it, compliment the bride party on their dresses. She said they were so beautifully made that they did not look as though human hands had done the work. I know that I saved the bride considerable money. She had looked at samples of wedding gowns in several different stores and could find nothing which she would consider for less than \$150. She told me what she wanted, so I purchased the material and made her satin wedding dress for \$70. It suited her perfectly and all her friends were highly complimentary. This is just an example of how you can save on dresses, because, after studying the lessons taught by the Woman's Institute, you know just the correct amount of material required for any pattern, the perfect blend

of materials, and how to cut without waste. In fact, you can actually have two dresses at the cost of one.

I have been very busy since April and still have a number of dresses to finish. I have earned the money I needed; I have a nice little sewing class to look forward to in the Fall and a group of women who want me to sew for them again, so I consider myself very successful and I know I owe it all to the splendid home-study course of the Woman's Institute.

Let me say that I have not nearly completed my course yet. With my housework, necessary home sewing, and several long periods of illness, I have been unable to give my course the time I should.

But, in the last four months, besides making our own clothes, I have made \$579.63, which seems almost too good to be true, when you consider all the home duties I have had to perform. Surely the small amount of money I paid the Woman's Institute was the best investment I ever made.

Another thing I notice is that when I charge higher prices for better work, different people come to me, and now, instead of saying, "Oh, Mrs. Ferguson, I never paid that much for a dress!" my customers tell me, "I am not so concerned about the price, if only you will promise to make it." Just as soon as possible I intend to finish my Institute course. Then I hope to open a little shop of my own.

I feel that I cannot say enough for the Woman's Institute and the great help it is and will continue to be to women and girls everywhere who want to learn how to make stylish, becoming clothes for themselves or for others.

The actual experience of Mrs. Ferguson, told in her own words, is not unusual. More than 100,000 women and girls in city, town, and country have proved that you can quickly learn, through the Woman's Institute, in your home during spare time to make stylish, becoming clothes for yourself, your family, and others at less than half their actual cost.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail, and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is most convenient. This has made it possible for women of all ages and in all circumstances to take the Institute courses successfully.

Among the members are housewives, mothers, business women, school teachers, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices. They are of all ages from fifteen to sixty years. The majority, of course, live in the United States, but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign countries—all learning dressmaking or millinery right in their own homes just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with the very simplest stitches and seams, and proceed by logical steps until you can design and completely make even the most elaborate coats and suits. Every step is explained fully. You learn how to design your own patterns or to use tissue-paper patterns, and how to cut, fit, and finish garments of all kinds. You learn the secrets of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women; how to design and create original dresses, how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines, and how to adapt and combine features that make dresses distinctive. The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students, with no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners. It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon below and you will receive, without obligation, the story of this great school, which has brought to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE  
Dept. 39-U, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery  
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## What is Your Business Goal?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

details, instead of being conserved for an important task. Time is wasted in talk.

Not that the successful woman believes in all work and no play. She is developing her club life in the happiest fashion; the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs alone represents about 75,000 women, with clubs in 47 states and the District of Columbia, many clubs numbering from 500 to 1,600 members each, a large number owning their clubhouses, and all of them fostering a splendid esprit de corps between the younger and older business women. The successful woman is taking to sports, for the sheer joy she derives from them as well as for their health-bringing value. She usually has a hobby—and gratifies it.

This admission compels a reference to the much-discussed problem of what the business woman wears at business—and what she should wear. In nothing, perhaps, is there a sharper distinction between the first business women and the women of to-day than in this matter of dress.

For the newcomer in the business world, the older woman has just one all-inclusive suggestion: Wear something you can forget.

Femininity in its finest sense has a distinct business value, in other matters besides dress. Such feminine qualities as

diplomacy, tact, discretion, intuition, knowledge of human nature, must be cultivated; do they not constitute a woman's natural advantage? Although in important matters the woman who knows she is a man's equal should insist that she be recognized as such, in non-essential details the clever, tactful business woman gives him his head, sometimes, even lets him think that head better than her own!

For the successful business woman is not, either in the individual or in the racial sense, the enemy of man. The fact that she may not be married—though often she is a wife and a mother, too—simply means that she will not marry the wrong man, even though she believes marriage with the right man the finest thing in the world.

The business woman is now only in the second stage of her development. The first came directly after the Civil War, and might be called the Period of Innovation, when just her mere entrance into the hitherto mysterious and forbidden world of offices was a marvelous thing. Now the business woman has entered the Era of Expansion. What will her future hold? She herself would not dare to prophesy. But to the girl beginning her business career to-day will come that "crowded hour"—unless all signs fail, indeed, an hour of "glorious life."



# An Island in a Thousand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

in navy blue. Dora arrested every eye from the instant she laid aside her cloak. Somewhere between boarding-school and the islands she had shopped alone. Save for two wisps of silk ribbon, her costume left her young arms and shoulders untrammelled. Thence to the waist it encased her lovingly. Now flared a—well, in debating it later, the twins could not agree whether it was skirt or ruffle. Where it ended—and the end was not delayed—appeared another snug-fitting garment, then more of nature unadorned, and finally socks and shoes. What this confection lacked in material it made up in color. Dora's rubber cap of bright cherry was her soberest note.

Pam threw her a swift comprehensive glance, and took the water head first. Angela followed her example, gurgling. Dora had the scene to herself. But she did not dive. She owned engagingly that she didn't dare. She was afraid of the great and famous St. Lawrence. So, with Brewster on shore pointing out the shallows, McAllister clasping her right hand, Thorpe in firm possession of her left, she was gently and ceremoniously launched.

Coming up behind the twins after a header, Brewster caught a bit of illuminating comment. "Lacked only champagne," Angela was saying.

To which Pamela crisply replied: "How I should love to hurl the bottle!"

They seemed a trifle dazed at finding him near, but he promptly admired Pam's Australian crawl and raced her to a flat rock that rose above the surface a hundred yards out. Here they drew themselves up to rest, and looked back. Angela was still in the water; but she disported herself alone. Dora and the convalescents sat sociably in a row on the little pier.

"The fellows aren't in shape yet for anything strenuous," said Brewster charitably. "What they need is complete relaxation." "They're getting it," returned Pam. "Both in body and mind."

He caught her eye and smiled. "Say it!" she challenged.

"What?" "That you think I'm a cat." "But I don't," he rejoined. "The real ones have no conscience."

"Thanks," she said. "Anyhow, I haven't claws. And, besides, I like the budding vamp. She's discovering the world after two years in boarding-school, and her reactions are bound to be bizarre."

Brewster helped himself to Mary's wisdom of yesterday.

"Of course the fault lies mainly with the world, the world of men. They don't understand that it's as impersonal as the opening of a flower."

She glanced at him with surprised approval which, being undeserved, he relished the more. On his part, he approved anew of Pam. Her distinction triumphed even over a wet bathing suit. Then a flash of cherry drew his eye. Dora had conquered her fear of the St. Lawrence. She had put forth alone. She was making for their rock.

"She oughtn't to try for this distance if she's a beginner," he said anxiously.

Pam observed the intrusive Dora a moment.

"Don't worry," she replied. "That's no beginner's stroke."

Brewster stood up. The stroke was well enough, but he doubted the power behind it. The swimmer's headway was slow. Her expression seemed to grow every second more tense. He hated to make a fool of himself. Yet, if anything went wrong, wouldn't he appear far worse than a fool? He swiftly chose the lesser folly, and Dora's panic-stricken face as he took her in tow set his mind at rest. Heading toward Pam, however, he saw that she was unconvinced. She had risen to watch and, as she watched, her lips tightened. Then she tossed her head, dove superbly, came up close by with a wintry smile, and in silence passed them, homeward bound.

He pulled an unmistakably shaken girl to the rock and eyed her sternly.

"You shouldn't have chanced it," he said.

"D-don't I know it?" she replied through chattering teeth. "You s-saved my life."

"Rubbish!" he said. "You'd have stuck

it out. But of course you mustn't attempt to swim back. I'll hail them to come out for you. There's a canoe lying on the pier."

"Not yet," she protested, gaining voice. "Let me sit here a while in the sun."

This struck him as perhaps a wise proceeding for both. He did not hanker to return in the rôle of hero. When warm she might take a lighter view of her mishap.

"You're wonderful," she said. "It was worth the price."

"Price?" "My peril," she explained.

"It has shown me what you really are. Now I'm sure you're the one to help me. I shall make a clean breast of my past. I told you yesterday, you know, that I am in great trouble."

"And I told you to go to your father," he countered promptly. "It was good advice, and you'd better follow it."

"It's the old, old story," began Dora, with lowered head; "I was an inexperienced girl—he was a man of the world."

Brewster nearly fell off the rock.

She had not thought to move him so, and looked round wonderingly.

"Am I crowding you?" "No, no," he said. "There's plenty of room. It was your statement that startled me. I don't want to seem unsympathetic; I'm not; but I wish you wouldn't confide in me. Go to someone of your own sex, that's a good child."

"Child!" "I didn't say you were a child—that is, I meant—Oh, hang it! Never mind what I meant. Do as I ask you, Dora. It takes a woman to understand another woman."

She pondered this briefly.

"But it takes a man to understand another man," she replied. "Besides, you are a man of the world yourself. Not like the one who has darkened my life, of course, I thought he was a god."

The compliment was so veiled that Brewster doubted its existence.

"We're none of us gods," he said, and further to clear the air added, "or goddesses, either."

Her nether lip trembled.

"Oh, I realize that I was partly to blame," she owned. "But I'm paying for it—I'm p-p-paying for it!"

Her breaking voice demoralized him.

"For heaven's sake, what are you trying to tell me?" he demanded. "What is this, this blackguard, to you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" "For me the glamour has passed. It's he who is still enslaved. I sent him back his ring, but he won't believe that I no longer care for him. He wants me more than ever. He swears he'll never give me up."

Brewster's jaw dropped. He ought to have been relieved, but he felt defrauded. She had invited him to a tragedy and foisted him off with a farce.

"Is that all?" he cried disgustedly. "Romantic meads! Puppy love!"

"Puppy love!" "You've cooked up a harrowing tale out of a mere boy-and-girl flirtation. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Dora was shocked to perceive that she had alienated her audience.

"I'm sorry I harrowed you," she said.

"Yes, you are!" "Truly I am. But it was unkind of you to speak as you just did. This isn't a boy-and-girl affair. The man in the case is as old as you are."

"What?" "Scheherazade had recovered the sultan's interest with a single stroke."

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"Yes," she nodded. "That's what makes it so difficult. It's a serious thing for him—the passion of one with his youth behind him."

"Who is this ancient Romeo?" "A traveling salesman."

He started. So man of the world was an accurate description after all!

"I presume he sells the hog-cholera mixture?"

Her pretty shoulders registered a graceful shrug.

"Do call it simply the Mixture," she petitioned.

"Why?" "It sounds less awful."

"But it's an honest business. Be proud of your father's success. I only wish I owned some stock in his concern."

"Do you really?" she said, brightening. "I think it would be perfectly splendid if you came into our company. That's what George wanted."

"George?" "The man we've been talking about, George Slingsby. He was very ambitious."

"Isn't he still ambitious? I gather that he's bent on marrying into the firm."

Her face shadowed.

"Could that have been his motive all along? Oh, I just won't believe him so mercenary!"

"What does it matter, if you don't wish to have anything more to do with him?"

"It hurts me here." She pressed her hand to the topmost seabra stripe. "But I suppose you think it's only my vanity that's hurt?"

"Not if you cared for him."

"I did care. All last summer he was my ideal. Whenever he came to town we met clad—clandestinely. . . . Is it 'clad' or 'clan'? I never can be sure."

"Say 'secretly,' and you'll avoid the mental strain," he advised. "In what sort of places did you meet?"

"At the movies or soda fountains, or out by the park reservoir, which looks almost like a lake. And once we met in the cemetery. It's quite a cheerful cemetery."

"Any trysting place, but your home, eh?" "I live in a hotel when I'm with Father."

"Oh!" said Brewster, and remembered that she was motherless. "Was it at Mr. Slingsby's suggestion that you kept things dark?"

"Yes."

"And he a man in your father's employ?" "But he wasn't last summer. He'd resigned."

"And you became engaged?" "Yes. You see, he was drafted."

"Did that enhance his charm?" "I don't understand."

"Was his uniform becoming?" "Very."

"I'm surprised that you stopped at a mere engagement. So many didn't."

"Oh, he wanted me to marry him then, but he was transferred to a camp in the East before I could make up my mind. But I wore his ring—not on my finger, of course—and I wrote him regularly from school. His letters came in care of a friend of mine, a girl in Buffalo, and she sent them on in another envelope. I don't regret writing him. I think I made him a better soldier. He said I couldn't conceive how I brightened his lot."

"I suppose you went on brightening his lot till the Armistice?"

"Yes. But about that time I realized that with me it had been only a passing fancy. I told him that it could never be; but he went on writing and I did, too, because in every letter he asked questions that I felt obliged to answer."

"He must be a clever correspondent. When did you last hear?"

"In May, and I haven't had a decent night's sleep since. He refuses to believe that all is over between us. He says I'm his in the sight of heaven, and that he's coming to claim me. What am I to do?"

"Ignore the boulder," said Brewster promptly. "He can't force you to see him. If his letters have gone through a third party he doesn't even know your present address."

"But he does. He got it from my friend over the telephone. She thought I'd be delighted to see him."

"It was an incredibly stupid thing for her to do. The fellow may be a blackmailer."

"How much we think alike!" cried Dora. "I just had the same idea. I should have been dreadfully frightened if it had come to me when alone, but somehow, with you to protect me, I feel rather thrilled."

Brewster stared.

"You do, eh? Well, we'll let your father in on the thrill. It wouldn't be fair to deprive him of his share of the treat."

She clutched his hand.

"Promise that you'll keep my secret," she implored.

He made a futile effort to free his fingers.

"Be sensible," he repeated. "It's your duty to tell your father."

"Promise!"

"Let go, Dora," he commanded. "They're staring at us from the pier."

"Not till you promise."

He thrust their joined hands down between them, but, instead of mending matters, the maneuver brought them affectionately shoulder to shoulder.

"Have it your own way," he said wrathfully. "I promise."

Then his reputation ashore ceased to worry him. Quite unheeded, spectators of greater consequence had glided up behind.

"So there you are!" exclaimed Dora with feminine resourcefulness.

There they were, indeed—Mary, his mother, the righteous Judge.

Still fluent, Dora explained that he had saved her from a watery grave; but he perceived that no one in the launch believed a word of it. They humanely took her off the rock, however, and Brewster, resisting the lure of a long, cool dive, pulled the best face he could and himself climbed aboard.

The brief voyage was packed with feeling. The creation had dried a trifle in the genial sun and, though it may have been his sick fancy, he was positive that it had shrunk.

Whether this was so or not, its colors certainly had run. The cheerful dyes had even coursed to Dora's arms and knees, as she suddenly noted with a heartrending wail.

"What shall I do?" she appealed. "What shall I do? I must be simply tattooed all over!"

Mrs. Brewster suggested an alcohol rub. Mary Page favored gasoline. The Judge reserved his decision.

As they landed, the welcoming party on the pier was swelled by Mr. Chase and Mr. Puddiford. Dora sprinted nimbly for her cloak, but the paternal eye marked her gaudy flight and the paternal hand jerked the enfolding garment about her with no regard for dignity or grace.

"It was a bargain," she said plaintively. "You march!" ordered her father, and, in close formation, they withdrew.

Brewster slipped away to dress and ponder the situation. In every aspect it looked a mess. He groaned as he put himself in the place of the cloud of witnesses who had seen him snuggle to that bedizened imp. And, whatever they thought, he couldn't explain! The pledge she had extorted sealed his lips. She could go on making him ridiculous with impunity, and he hadn't a doubt that she would.

After luncheon his spirits took another drop. With staggering abruptness Mr. Puddiford made his first call. He burst upon the three Brewsters, who sat reading near-fresh newspapers on the terrace and, wasting no time in ceremony, strode directly to the younger man.

"I've just got at the facts," he panted. "The facts?" parroted Eliot feebly.

"About this morning. I was up in the air at the dock. All I could see was that circus rig of Dora's. It wasn't till she got into proper clothes that I let her open her mouth. When I heard that she—that you—Oh, hang it all, shake, my boy! I can't tell you what I feel." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 79]





# An Island in a Thousand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

"Eh?" sputtered the Judge. "What's this? What's this?"

Puddiford beamed round at him.

"Hasn't he told you? Do you mean to say that you don't know, either?"

"Know what?"

"About himself and Dora."

"My son and—? Be explicit, sir. Let us understand each other at once."

"Excuse me, Judge," said Puddiford, noting signs of apoplexy. "I didn't mean to get you going. My excitement must be catching. But my little girl would have drowned if your son hadn't had the sense and the sand to jump to the rescue. That's the stuff he's made of."

The hero held his breath. Would his father blurt out that they had already heard as much from Dora, and thought her a promising understudy to Sapphira? But Mrs. Brewster twitched the judicial coat tail, and he suddenly and heavily resumed his seat.

"I am very glad," he said with complete sincerity. "Sit down, sir. I trust the young lady is none the worse for her alarming experience."

"Not so you'd notice it. I guess her jolt wasn't a patch to mine. But you're a father yourself. You know how you'd feel if your boy here had had a close call."

"I do," said the Judge. "Full well."

By way of a thank-offering the Judge presently took Mr. Puddiford on a tour of the house. The hero remained on the terrace, chained by a look.

"Well, Mr. Eliot Brewster!"

"Well, Mrs. Charles Brewster—if we must be formal!"

"Of course you realize what your father and I have just gone through?"

"I caught the main drift. You thought there was something up between me and Dora."

"What else could we think?"

"Mr. Puddiford's opening was misleading, I admit."

"It wasn't that alone."

"No?"

"You know it wasn't. We were dumfounded because it followed what we saw from the launch."

"But Dora explained that I had pulled her out of the river. Am I to blame that you didn't believe her?"

"But I fail to see why you felt it necessary to fondle her hand," said his mother.

"Fondle!"

"No other word describes it. It gave me a dreadful shock. I thought that brazen piece had turned your head. Why, I'd a thousand times rather have you marry Mary! Her manner this morning was perfect. She is facing a humiliating situation with the greatest dignity. I admired her in spite of myself."

Brewster had his second masterly inspiration. If this was how she had begun to feel, the good work should be pushed along.

"Dignity?" he said. "Yes; she has it—almost too much for my taste. It isn't a particularly winning quality. Now Dora—you don't really see her as she is—Dora has charm."

AFTER a week and a half of appreciation of Dora's charm Brewster felt that he had perhaps overacted his part. It had been impossible to stage the play for a limited audience. The whole island looked on. Not that all were equally interested. In fact, Mary Page seemed to take no interest whatever. Such leisure as the care of the houseboat left her she usually spent under the deck awning, which also continued to be the favorite retreat of Mr. Chase. Aside from his mother, the person who followed the performance with the closest attention was Thorpe.

But he had one uplifting consolation: Mary had to-day no warmer friend than Mrs. Brewster. She was so warm a friend that, failing to move him with a list of her virtues, she began to whitewash her faults.

"The poor girl had cause to doubt if she'd be happy with you," she told him. "I could not see it when she broke the engagement, but I do now."

"So do I," he said amiably. "She would have married a snob. However, I've broadened since. I can mix with anybody."

The reform was too sweeping.

"I'd rather you avoided all extremes," she said. "Be simple and democratic, but—"

"But remember the Mayflower?"

"Good birth and good manners aren't to be despised."

"Nor good looks. Beauty must have had some ancestors with taste. But, speaking of good manners, I'm keeping the crowd waiting. We're bound for the golf links this morning. Won't you come along?"

"Who is going?"

"Thorpe, McAllister, the heavenly twins and, of course, Dora."

"Why 'of course', Eliot?"

"It's her debut at golf. Better join us and see the fun."

"I shall be busy, with so many people coming in to-day for tea. Besides, I shouldn't find it amusing."

Neither did he. He felt that it was time to slow up. But Dora showed no inclination to slow up. She saw herself as the star of a melodrama, and for her a melodrama could hardly have too much speed. It did not escape his notice, moreover, that she was now less engrossed in the villain who pursued her than in the honest hero who for ten days had lived but to indulge her lightest whim.

Her attitude in the launch was almost possessive. It did not distract McAllister and Angela Lansing. Their attitude was also possessive. But Pam made croquet wickets of her eyebrows, and Thorpe's mouth became a grim, straight line.

And, in spite of Dora's assertion that she would need everybody's help, Thorpe did not linger to watch her efforts on the links. When Pamela led with a drive that sent her nearly to the first green he followed in haste. Angela, with sweet self-sacrifice, bore lame McAllister company to the clubhouse veranda and was seen no more. Brewster gave the lesson without aid and, save for a freckled caddy, without audience. This was a blessing for which he soon was grateful. With a tyro's luck Dora got off like a professional. Even the caddy was impressed. But thereafter all was gloom and devastation. For a heated interval she fanned the air, once with such violence that she sat down. Then, her mettle up, she began industriously to till the soil.

Brewster politely suggested:

"If you could strike a happy medium—"

But it was the unhappy caddy she struck, and it took two dollars and a kiss to ease his anguish.

"I've learned one thing," said Dora. "It isn't brute strength that's required."

Brewster thought it fortunate that she had come to this conclusion before she reached the green. But his rejoicing was premature. She putted as she drove. Appalled at the havoc a mere slip of a girl could wreak, he camouflaged the scars and sped her toward the second hole. The turf continued to suffer and three balls were lost irretrievably in the rough.

Near the fifth tee Dora spied a bench in a clump of birches and decided that she had learned enough golf for one day. She also made the kindly suggestion that the boy be released from further duty. Brewster stepped aside to settle the formalities.

Returning to Dora, Brewster found her studying the bark of a birch to which one end of the bench was secured. It was scrawled with initials and intertwined hearts.

"Just think of the lovers who have sat under this tree," she said. "I can fairly hear their low, passionate voices."

"What ears! Perhaps you also hear a few low passionate golfers cursing their luck."

Her soft glance reproached him.

"Don't spoil it," she begged. "Have you a knife with you?"

It was a balmy day, but he suddenly felt chilled.

"What do you want of a knife?"

"You'll see."

He exhaustively searched the pockets where he never kept it.

"No matter," she told him. "Here's a loose nail that will do."

The still, small voice of the bachelor's guardian angel charged him to get busy before that nail. But the guardian angel had no further advice to offer and, while he was beating his brains for a modest idea of his own, Dora hunted an unclaimed spot wherein to do her sentimental worst.

"I shall have to stand on the bench," she said. "Please help me up."

Still dumb, he complied, and it was borne upon him that she needed to be handled with care.

"See here!" he broke out. "Forget that infernal autograph album. I've something to tell you."

But Dora, scanning the upper entries of the album, had made a painful discovery.

"Why, your initials are here already!" she exclaimed.

"Eh?"

"They have the letters 'M. S.' below them. What do they stand for?"

The way had opened. He took it headlong.

"They stand for Mary Spencer, Mrs. Page's maiden name. We were engaged and—well, you've been engaged yourself, and understand."

"Oh, yes," she replied tolerantly. "It was a youthful folly, like mine. I used to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]



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Rests the Feet



# An Island in a Thousand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

press leaves from places I'd walked with George Slingsby. How droll these affairs are to look back on, aren't they? I suppose you wonder what on earth you saw in her?"

"No."  
"You don't!"  
"I saw what I see now."

Dora flung the nail in the grass and jumped down without assistance.

"Very pretty," she said languidly; "but I fail to perceive, Mr. Brewster, just how it concerns me."

"Oh, it doesn't, of course," he agreed in haste. "You took me into your confidence. I thought I'd return the compliment. But I fear I've only bored you."

"Not at all," she said civilly. "But golf is rather monotonous, isn't it? Why, there are Pamela and Mr. Thorpe doing it all over again!"

"This is a nine-hole course," he explained. "They're on their second round."

"How can she?"  
"Miss Lansing? Oh, she's a crack player and is enjoying herself."

"I mean how can she be so inconsiderate of Mr. Thorpe? It's cruel to make him knock that silly ball into all those silly holes. He isn't strong enough yet. I think you ought to go and tell him to stop."

Brewster grinned.

"That errand of mercy strikes me as more in a woman's line," he said.

But Pam proved not without pity. She had kept her opponent's condition, physical and mental, under observation for thirteen holes, and his symptoms on approaching the birches were such that no person of humane instincts could disregard. With a finesse that even Dora envied, Thorpe was retired to the bench and Brewster nonchalantly accepted as his substitute for the unfinished game.

Dora made the patient comfortable and, to spur the conversation, ordered him not to talk. The players topped a rise and vanished.

"Over the hills and far away," she said pensively. "I see now what Chesterton—or was it Chatterton?—meant when he called that the most beautiful line in English poetry."

Thorpe also saw fresh beauty in the line. "Do you read much Chesterton?" he asked with justifiable surprise.

"Not a great deal," said Dora who, to save her neck from the noose, could not have told the writer's full name. "But my literature teacher was always quoting him, and I'm sure that he and I think alike on many things. But I'm making you talk, and I mustn't. You need to rest."

"I'm not so used up as all that. Do you realize that this is the first chance I've had to be alone with you in four days?"

"Is it really? I haven't kept count."

Her answer depressed him, and he turned his gaze on the much autographed birch, which seemed to depress him more. With more care than she had hitherto seen fit to give it, Dora examined his profile and, finding it everything a masculine profile should be, was ready for earnest study of the full face.

"Some of those initials are very well carved," she remarked. "Especially those inside the hearts. Just think of all the people who have sat here before us!"

"I am thinking of them," said Thorpe gloomily. "The place is murmurous with the ghosts of lovers."

"And golfers," she added, plagiarizing without a qualm. "Golfers cursing their luck."

He swung about with a groan.

"Go on!" he said. "Destroy every illusion!"

"Why, Mr. Thorpe?" she exclaimed. "You're as jumpy as a cat to-day. What ails you?"

"What ails you?" he retorted. "Is there nothing serious in your nature?"

Dora found his full face as satisfactory as the profile. All the usual features were present and their arrangement was excellent. She particularly liked his mouth, focussed on it intently, and then dropped her eyes.

"You misjudge me," she said. "If you understood women, you'd realize that we often suffer behind our smiles. If you knew what I, right now, am facing you'd be nice to me instead . . . instead of scolding and . . . and trying to pick a q-q-quarrel!"

The tremolo stop did the business. He was as helpless as a lamb in a packing-house. He admitted that he was despicable, and apologized for living.

"The trouble is," he ended, "you don't understand men."

Dora rewarded this last ignominious bleat with a divine smile.

"I'm afraid I never shall," she said. "They're so deep and mysterious."

"At any rate, we're friends again."

"Again? I've never felt unfriendly. It's you, Mr. Thorpe, who—"

"Don't!" he begged. "I've eaten that crow. And don't call me Mr. Thorpe. My first name is Richard, you know."

"Richard?" she experimented with it musically. "That's very nice. But I think I prefer Dicky-Dick. It shall be Dicky-Dick when we're by ourselves."

He renamed himself with enthusiasm.

"Besides," he pointed out, "it goes better with Dora. I wish I'd brought a knife along. I'd try our two D's here in a monogram."

She was tempted to rediscover the nail, but reflected that the time might be more profitably spent.

"They were happy," she said with a sigh. "They?"

Her sid glance guided his back to the symbolic birch.

"The people who carved those tokens. They lived in the present. They had no past to regret, no future to fear. They could sleep at night like children and dream only of one another. I envy them their peace of mind."

"Dora!" he ejaculated. "Were you serious a moment ago when you told me that—that—whatever it was you told me?"

"How short your memory is!"

"But I was upset myself. After all, you didn't actually tell me anything, did you?"

"No," she admitted. "Why should I burden you with my troubles? You'd probably advise me to go to Father or to some woman, who'd only pretend to be sorry for me. It isn't a thing I'd take to another woman. It isn't a thing I can take to Father. If I had a true friend—a man, I mean—who wasn't too old to put himself in my place—"

"That's me," said Thorpe, ungrammatical, but willing.

"You, Dicky-Dick?"

"Why not? Don't you trust me?"

"Yes. I'm sure you'd keep my secret."

"Even on the rack!"

"Well, then—Oh, no; I simply can't!"

Thorpe's breathing became labored. The gas attack in the Argonne had nothing on this.

"If you don't tell me now," he declared, "I shall know that you doubt my word and be deeply offended."

"I don't want to offend you," she said gently. "Maybe, if you'd look the other way, it would be easier for me to start."

"All right," he agreed.

"Are you ready?"

He ran a parched tongue over fevered lips.

"It's the old, old story," she began. "I was an inexperienced girl—he was a man of the world."

SHE made it a work of art this time. The second version steered clear of anticlimax and omitted every detail at which Brewster had profanely grinned. Yet such precautions were needless. Young Thorpe's sense of humor was chloroformed. All that Dora said or did was faultlessly said and done. Time was not. The messenger sent out at last from the clubhouse got within two yards of the bench before he was noticed, and even then the stricken Thorpe did not see him first.

Brewster reëmbarked in good spirits. He had enjoyed his hour with breezy Pam. Her sister and McAllister had not stirred from their veranda chairs and looked none the worse for lack of exercise. Their color had even improved. Thorpe alone seemed unbraced by the outing. He wore an air of nervous watchfulness which only Dora understood. She knew that he was on guard against any sudden descent by the desperate Mr. Slingsby. To reward his devotion, she voyaged beside him to the

island, and Brewster, blind to his great loss, was thankful.

The return trip was marked by another change: For the first time since her rescue Dora passed the scene of it without comment. The rock might as well have been submerged. She ignored it in the same sweeping way that Mary ignored the boathouse balcony, where Brewster had asked her to be his wife. This was the sole point of likeness between them he had discovered, and he was much struck by it. But before he could probe its meaning it was swamped by a problem more striking: Mary had ceased to ignore the boathouse balcony. She was there behind the geraniums, a flower among flowers. And so—less floral in effect—was Stephen Chase.

Brewster docked the launch with only minor injuries to the paint and turned debonairly to hand Dora ashore. But this priceless boon went to Thorpe. Then, still unaware that he dealt with a woman scorned, he tried again.

"How about tennis?" he asked, pitching his tone to hurdle the geraniums.

Dora lifted languid eyebrows.

"After all that golf?"

"Oh, I don't mean right now. Say, five o'clock."

"While your mother is giving a tea to the whole neighborhood? What a wild suggestion!"

Brewster felt that "wild" was too lenient. Insane was the right word. But he smiled brightly on Dora and, as he left the pier, even managed a glassy beam at the balcony, which Chase cordially returned.

"See you later at the function," he called down. "Charming idea of your Mother's to entertain for Mrs. Page."

As a matter of fact, the entertainment was being given for Chase himself, and the charming idea had originated with Kearney and the Judge. It had been a tantalizing time for them. The suspect had straggled acquaintance with Kearney during the second deck-washing and followed it up with several chats in various places of mutual interest. They had discussed tobacco, women, the high cost of living, Home Rule, and the League of Nations; but never furs. Under Kearney's escort he had inspected certain domestic arrangements seldom seen by guests. One was the tool house, where the acetylene lighting plant was located. Another was the basement of the main dwelling, where he gave sound advice on a little problem in plumbing. Unescorted, yet not unwatched, he had examined the flooring and understructure of a rustic pavilion on the northwest shore, but the Great Dane had nosed in and, his friendly advances rebuffed, Chase had stood aside while Argus disinterred a ham bone. The next day and the next the dog was chained in his kennel, but the pavilion was undisturbed. Nor did he explore elsewhere.

The Judge thought he had given up the search as hopeless, but his colleague held a different theory. Chase had probably concluded that loot so valuable and so perishable as sables would be hidden somewhere in the house, and was planning how he could safely investigate indoors. The usual screen of a criminal was darkness or a crowd, and Kearney proposed an evening gathering, during which he would put the lighting plant out of commission and await results. This did not appeal to the Judge; and they compromised on a large tea. There would be no doubt about the attendance. The stranded household was still the talk of the islands and the best people seemed as curious as the rabble.

The Judge was right. The best people flocked in numbers that exhausted the refreshments, the orchestra, and the unfortunate son of the house. The section of the terrace set apart for dancing was Eliot Brewster's treadmill and, as near as he

could reckon, only three of the fair eluded his encircling arm. One of these Good Samaritans was Mary, who did not appear in that quarter at all. Another was Dora, who coldly informed him that she was engaged for six dances ahead. The third was Pamela Lansing, who mercifully led him aside and let him rest. He did not even have to amuse her. She was as comfortable as a ten-year wife. Yet this lull was not completely restful. They had withdrawn just far enough to look round the corner at the tea-drinking orgy. Mary, behind the silvery urn, was spending no lonely moments. Chase hovered close by, ready to juggle conversation or cups. In the background the useful Kearney was helping the caterer with the ices. Then McAllister came up, and Brewster returned to his toil.

Pam did not detain McAllister. She perceived, as she had perceived before, that from the rear he had mistaken her for her sister.

"You'll find Angie fox-trotting with Mr. Puddiford," she drawled. "Better stand by to rescue. She'll be grateful."

"You're a brick," he said, and limped away.

She stepped into the library through a French window and came face to face with Dora.

"Hello, Golden Locks!" she greeted her. "Dodging the importunate men?"

"No," said Dora, who had learned the wisdom of candor with the darker twin. "A partner didn't turn up, and I don't care for wall-flowering."

"Nor I," said Pam. "Yet it's one of the decorative arts that women ought to develop. Angela and I have reduced it to a system. We look so absorbed in each other that the men break in out of sheer curiosity."

Dora stared soberly.

"You're joking, aren't you?"

"Can't you decide?"

"Not always with you. I'm not a bit clever."

"H'mm!" said Pam. "Tell me something: How do you get that glow in your eyes when you talk to Tom, Dick, and Harry? I've noticed it several times and you have it right now. What are you really thinking about this minute?"

"Your eyes."

"My eyes?"

"They're very lovely, you know, and—and—"

"And help you to bear my shortcomings in other respects. But why the glow?"

"It just comes," she explained. "You see, I've formed the habit of looking for the best feature in every face and, as I think how nice it is, I can't help showing it. People like to feel that you are interested, and as I often don't know what to say, and couldn't say anything clever no matter how hard I tried, this seemed the simplest way to make myself agreeable."

Pam whistled.

"Of course I admire many things besides your eyes," Dora added. "And so does Father. He's crazy about you."

Other guests strayed into the room and, as there were no dancing men among them, Dora casually drifted out and relieved a *grande dame* who owned an island almost as exclusive as the Brewster's from further distressing knowledge of hog cholera.

"Want to spin?" inquired Puddiford, absently following his victim's flight.

Dora did not. Her chosen style of dancing was the slow and stately. Her father favored the athletic school.

"But I feel," she said, "that, inasmuch as you have asked Angela, you ought to ask her sister. Don't do it now—she'll think I sent you—and when you do go, talk to her about something besides the Mixture."

"She doesn't mind business. That's why I like her. She's as sensible as they come."

"And clever at everything," reminded Dora. "She dresses, dances, swims and golfs better than any woman you ever saw, doesn't she?"

"I guess so," he said.

"And she has really wonderful eyes. Take a good look at them, and you'll see what I mean. They light up so when she's interested."

Thorpe claimed her for a one-step; but before she departed the filial child buttoned Puddiford's coat and straightened his tie, and these little tokens of a good influence were not quite obliterated when he finally reached Pam.

They did not mingle with the general throng. She gave him a private lesson in the deserted dining-room, and in the midst of it discovered that his face had character

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# An Island in a Thousand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

and decision. This may or may not have set up a reflex action in her eyes, but Mr. Puddiford was struck by their speaking quality. It also proved easy to talk to her on other topics than business. He found that they thought alike in many ways, and in strict confidence sought her advice on the right handling of a growing girl.

Toward six o'clock, gyrating with less and less precision, young Brewster, at the last sob of a waltz, reeled into the lap of a stout matron, who received him kindly and bore him off to tea. For the moral effect on Mary he would have preferred to acquire someone more sylphlike, say, Dora, but the matron had a soothing purr and he needed to be soothed. He saw with bitterness that Chase was again at elbow. Kearney could have told him that "still at elbow" was the correct reading; but the fact that Chase was with her was debilitating enough.

"Cream or lemon?" asked Mary when his turn came.

"Lemon," he said and, reckless with fatigue, caustically added, "I'm used to it, you know."

It was cream and sugar she served him; but if the act was symbolic its symbolism quite escaped him, for he put down his cup untasted. The stout matron purred a moment in the direction of the tea urn, nibbled a non-fattening wafer and bolted toward a member of the clergy, who was being welcomed with apostolic honors by the Judge.

"You look jolly well done up, old chap," said Chase. "Can I give you a lift?"

"You might ask the Bishop's three nieces to dance," said Brewster, who could think of no fate more exasperating.

"Sorry," he replied. "I'm so deucedly out of form that I haven't presumed to ask anyone."

"Then suppose you let him have your chair," said Mary with a honeyed smile.

Other chairs were to be had; but Chase waived the point and sauntered into the house. Whereupon, Kearney forsook his new friend the caterer in the middle of a genteel anecdote and made a quick exit to the rear.

"Did you wish to see me about anything in particular?" asked Brewster bluntly.

"No," she said.

"Then why did you bounce Chase?"

"How badly you put it! I really did him a kindness."

"A kindness!"

"He had talked himself out and needed help to get away. You don't mind, I hope?"

"We aim to please," he said, his head unturned by the explanation. "Charming day, isn't it? Almost a Maxfield Parrish sky. Stunning water effect, too."

"Don't feel obliged to entertain me."

"I have other sparkling topics besides the weather."

"But why not relax while you have the chance? We know each other so well that silence isn't embarrassing."

He took this to mean that she found him no more exciting than an ex-husband, and decided that something ought to be done about it. She had been too serene a bystander during the past ten days. She deserved a shock.

"I don't want to bore you," he said; "but if silence needsn't embarrass us, why should a little plain speech?"

She made no reply, but he sensed an atmospheric change.

"The fact is, I'd like to get your viewpoint on married life."

The coolness spread.

"You expect me to discuss that with you?"

"Discuss what?"

"My marriage."

"Certainly not. How could you fancy anything of the sort?"

"I beg your pardon," she said, coloring. "I beg yours. I dare say I wasn't clear. You drew a natural inference; I see that now. But your personal history wouldn't help me in the least, for you married a man of your own age."

"He was six months older than I," she said, inspecting the flame under the urn. "What was it you wished to ask me?"

"How great a difference in years do you consider safe?"

She gave him her full and amused attention.

"If they're stopping to think of safety, these people you have in mind, they surely don't need my advice."

"And even if a man and woman begin with very different mental luggage, don't you think, if they stick together, they end with pretty much the same lot?"

"Yes," she said. "And it's usually, a pretty cheap lot. The commoner nature will taint the whole. You can no more suppress it than a pickle in a picnic lunch."

"That's too pessimistic for me," he declared, uncertain whether he had started the train of thought he intended.

Her next words laid his doubts about her train of thought. It was traveling express.

"And, after all," she added, "it has nothing to do with Dora. She isn't common, she's simply young."

Brewster wondered if his face could possibly be as red as it felt.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," he asserted.

"But you have given yourself needless worry about the difference in age. What are seven years?"

Had she grown so indifferent that she had forgotten his age?

"Seven?" he repeated. "It's more than that."

"Oh, no, it's not. Mr. Thorpe himself told me that he is only twenty-four."

"Oh, he did!" said Brewster blankly.

"I'm surprised at your mistake. Isn't he a close friend?"

"We met in the army," he said, scrambling to firmer ground. "He seems older than he is."

"That's because he's so quiet. Yet he can be jealous. I think he hasn't realized that you were merely amused by Dora."

"Thorpe jealous of me?"

"Women notice little things that quite escape a man."

"They certainly do," he agreed. "Thank you for putting me on my guard. I wouldn't offend him for the world."

"But I'm positive it's all right now," she reassured. "Dora has plainly made up her mind to meet him half way."

He scarcely needed further evidence on that score; but the enamored pair just then passed below the terrace and furnished it. They apparently felt that this was a desert island.

"I must do my duty by the Bishop's nieces," said Brewster.

"Perhaps it won't be as painful as you think," said Mary. "The tall one is rather pretty."

As he went groggily to his martyrdom, Angela Lansing issued from the house with her eyes popping and whispered breathlessly to the Judge.

"My dear young lady," he checked her, "you are simply blowing in my ear. Please enunciate distinctly."

"Burglar!" she panted. "On the way to the tower to see the view. We were, I mean. Not the burglar. He dodged into the attic, and we locked the door."

"Sah!" he warned, grasping the significance of her news. "We mustn't alarm our guests."

"But you'll need help. Mr. McAllister isn't strong enough to be of use."

"I'll call Kearney," he said. "He was near by not long ago."

But his colleague was not near by now. And neither, he noted with a distinct tingling of the vertebrae, was Chase. So, accompanied by Angela, who displayed a courage worthy of her lineage, and refused to stay below, he mounted the stairs.

Angela explained again that it was the view which had drawn her to the tower. They were starting or, to be exact, just about to start, up the last flight, when a skulking figure slipped from the top landing into the attic. Locking the door was McAllister's idea, and it was her idea that the privilege of unlocking it ought to go to a possessor of two sound legs.

"Leave that to me," said the Judge. McAllister limped down a step or two to meet them and corroborated Angela's testimony that it was the view they had climbed to see. He also offered to fetch his automatic, but the Judge brushed the suggestion aside and fearlessly threw open the door.

It was a roomy attic with shadowy corners where a fugitive might easily lie concealed. But this intruder courted no shadows. Haloed with innocence and dancing notes, he stood squarely in the sunshine that poured through a western dormer.

"Kearney!" exclaimed the Judge. "What does this mean?"

And Kearney, with a murderous look at the brave McAllister and the lovely Angela, replied:

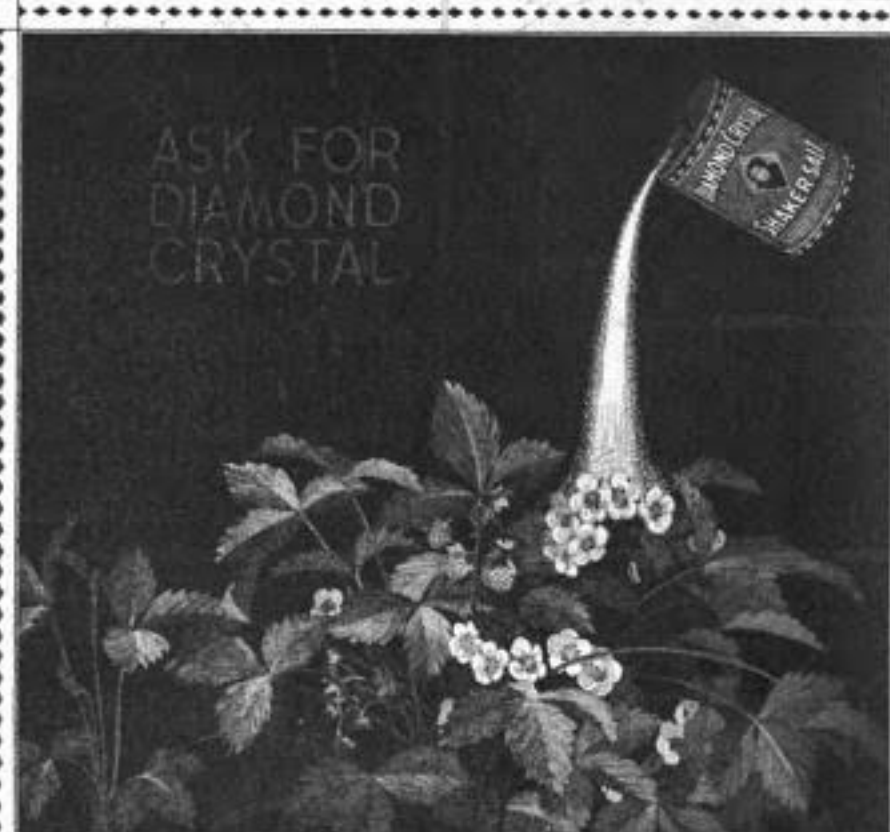
"Ask those love birds. They turned the key."

To complete the record, the Judge curtly demanded his business on that floor; Kearney improvised an errand to his trunk; and with that the public hearing closed.

The love birds gave them an immediate chance for a private conference, but they postponed this pleasure for an hour less crowded. If their man was not inside, where was he?

They had their answer down stairs. Chase was outside with the Bishop.

[CONCLUDED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE]



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# Lynette—the Plain One

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

led the way up the wide stairway to the top. The man stood quite still on the threshold of the southeast room. He looked at the big four-poster and its snowy valance, at the fine old bureau and little bedside table with its vase of posies.

"Oh, could I have it?" he asked humbly. Lynette flushed with pleasure. "I don't see why you can't. I'd thought of renting it to some old lady. I'm used to taking care of old people; but I dare say young ones need care, too. I'll do your mending."

"I'll be a good boy," he said meekly. "I'm working at the shipyards. I'll be out by seven in the morning, and I promise not to light my pipe in the house. And what, please, must I pay for all this loveliness?" Lynette named a price, but he protested. "That's not enough."

"It's the neighborhood. Not many would want to come here."

The man laughed. "I shall feel like a guest. You'll have to let me bring up the coal and wood, or I won't be comfortable. May I move in to-morrow?"

FOR the first week she hardly saw him. He was out of the house before she was up, and save for an unmade bed and well-filled coal hods, she would have thought him a dream. At the end of the week, however, he appeared at the kitchen door just as she was sitting down to her simple meal. She had found eating alone in the big dining-room a dull affair, and had taken to spreading a snowy cloth on the kitchen table. Lynette laid down her teapot and smiled as he handed her an envelope.

"My ridiculous rent," he explained. "Say—how cozy you look in here."

The old colonel's strong point had been hospitality, and Lynette inherited it in a good measure.

"Won't you sit down and have a bite with me?" she asked shyly. "I've enough for two; and it's dreary eating alone."

Lynette was setting his place, while he reached for a chair.

"Do you know," she said, "that I don't know your name?"

The lodger laughed. "And I don't know your real name. Of course I know you're a Danforth. I'm John Hartwell."

"And I," she said softly, "I'm just Lynette—the plain one."

"The what?" questioned the lodger.

"The plain one," she repeated, looking anything but plain as she leaned across the table. "You see, my sisters are all beauties, so the neighbors used to call me 'the plain one.'"

"Well," said the lodger calmly, "I don't know about Anna, but I bet you make the rest of 'em look like thirty cents. Lynette!" he added softly. "What a beautiful name. It reminds one of singing birds and old-fashioned gardens."

"It was my mother's name," said Lynette simply.

She slipped away, returning with a miniature which she held out to him. He looked at it for a long moment. "You're very like her," he said quietly.

"Oh!" cried Lynette. It was a protesting cry. "You don't think her beautiful?"

"As beautiful as the stars," the lodger reassured her.

This was in October. As the cold weather advanced Lynette wondered how she could have managed without the lodger. He fixed the furnace, brought in firewood, and thawed out frozen pipes. As Christmas drew near, he helped her with simple gifts for Anna's younger children.

It was on Christmas Eve that she went to Anna's. The lodger, too, was going home for the holiday; but as Lynette's train left first he saw her safely aboard, bearing her suit case and a white wrapped box, which he put into her hands at parting.

"Just a Christmas card," he explained, "but it's perishable. Good-by. Merry Christmas. And, look here, give my love to Anna, will you?"

"Too bad—all the lights went out; something wrong in the street, they tell me. We were so flurried that we nearly forgot all about you, Mrs. Bradley. Then Henriette phoned from the hotel that the girdle had been left out of the box. Ah, here it is! Is the skirt finished? Oh, what a nice piece of work. I must pay you now—and it's such a bad night you must let me take you home. I have a taxi at the door."

"Yes, Mrs. Robinson," I said. "I just want to wash my hands and then I'll be ready."

I went to the door, quickly turned the lock and took out the key. It was but a second's silent work; but she had seen, and screamed out:

Lynette laughed and waved her hand. As the train departed she lifted the cover of the box eagerly, and beheld a sweet old-time bouquet in its frill of paper lace.

Hours later, when Anna had exclaimed over its beauty, she turned quickly to her sister: "How old is that lodger? I thought you were looking for an old lady."

"I was; but he happened along, so I took him in. He fell in love with the house."

"And with nothing else?" asked Anna. Lynette blushed. "My dear, he's a boy. And you must remember, Anna, that I'm nearly thirty."

"A great age!" sniffed Anna. "I'll have to take a look at that lodger some day soon."

It was on a sparkling day in April when an imposing limousine stopped before the old Danforth mansion. The lodger had come home early to rake the paths. It was he who greeted the woman who alighted.

"Miss Danforth has gone out. Can I give her a message; or will you wait?"

The woman raised her lorgnette and looked at him. "I am her sister," she said briefly. "I will wait."

She swept past him, and the lodger returned to his path. Five minutes later he was greeting Lynette.

"If I mistake not, it's your sister Julia," he said, grinning. "She is very handsome. Not beautiful, like an old-fashioned garden, but—"

Lynette interrupted. "She must be going to that new Italian villa in the mountains."

"YOU seem rather free and easy with the hired man," reproved Julia.

"Hired man!" laughed Lynette. "Why, that's the lodger."

Julia stared. "This is what comes," she said angrily, "of having a girl brought up by an unconventional old saint like Father. You don't know what men are. If there were anybody worth knowing in this dull town you wouldn't have a shred of reputation left!"

She went to the door. "Come here," she said commandingly to the lodger.

He dropped his rake in surprise. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You can leave this house. I don't know who you are, or where you came from; but anyone can see what an unworthy child my sister is. If you've taken advantage—"

"Please don't," said the lodger hurriedly. "I can explain—"

"There is no explanation," said Julia coldly. "I shall take my sister to the station and send her to my sister Anna. When she returns you will be gone—on Friday, shall we say? Come, Lynette."

"But, Julia, you are talking nonsense. I can't see—"

"You will see when I am through with you," replied her sister.

The lodger turned to Lynette and smiled. "Everything's all right," he reassured her. "You ask Anna. She'll tell you. Now run along and pack your bag."

In the ride to the station Lynette gathered from Julia that the best of men were bad; that her escape with her good name had been miraculous; that her conduct was unmaidenly. She poured it all out to an astonished Anna, late that evening.

"Stuff!" said Anna, at the end of the recital. She laid a gentle hand on Lynette's shoulder. "Did he say anything?"

"He said everything was all right; that I was to ask you."

Anna smiled triumphantly. "Then I'll tell you, little sister. The world is not bad. It is what we make it. It was a beautiful world to Father and Mother. It's a beautiful world to Richard and me; and it will be a beautiful world to you. I'm going back with you on Friday. I have a longing to see the lodger."

But when Friday came Anna's youngest was down with measles, and Lynette returned alone. It was warm for April, and Lynette left the door ajar. Stepping into the hall she gave a little cry.

There stood the highboy!

Lynette reached out and touched it timidly. It was—and yet—it wasn't. It was wonderfully like, yet Lynette, who loved old things, saw a subtle difference.

She sank into the davenport and glanced at the stairway saw—the clock! She rose, and moving toward the dining-room beheld—the sideboard, her own sideboard. She would know it among a thousand. Lynette laid her cheek lovingly against its glossy side. Yet something was missing from the room. Lynette glanced toward the window. It was the toys, of course. Lynette opened the bottom drawer of the highboy. There lay the toys. No one but the lodger would have done it! And she loved him! He was a boy, and she was a silly old maid of thirty, but she loved him! Lynette sat down on the davenport and wept. She could not see the door opening wider.

"Do you care about the things like that?" said the lodger gently.

And then the lodger did an unbelievable thing. He sat down beside Lynette and put his arms around her. "Dear little singing bird," he said tenderly, "I've nearly died without you. I love you so much that if you won't love back I'll jump into the bay."

"But—but I am nearly thirty," Lynette protested, "and you are just a boy."

The lodger laughed. "On the twenty-eighth of June," he announced calmly, "you will be thirty years old. You see, Lynette, I've been studying the family Bible. You'll have to tell me how it feels because you'll get there first. I won't be thirty till the twenty-ninth."

Lynette moved away from him distrustfully. "You can't be. You're so . . . young. When I'm with you I feel younger than I ever have in all my life."

"After we're married," said the lodger boldly, "you'll feel about fifteen."

He slipped his arm through hers and led her to the door which looked out on the residence of the Italian fruit man.

"He is moving," he announced.

"Oh!" cried Lynette, "what do you think they'll put up?"

"I think they will put up a grape arbor with seats running along the sides, and—my darling girl, if you continue to weep like this I shall think you don't like it."

"But," cried Lynette, "I must be dreaming! Who are you? Why are you working at the shipyards? And where did you get my sideboard?"

"One question at a time, please," answered the lodger. "Your handsome sister Harriet left the sideboard to be sold, because she didn't want it. I could bite her! I've had it ages. The other things are the best substitutes I could find. As for the shipyards, I am forced to admit that I'm now their proud possessor, and am gradually buying out our undesirable neighbors."

"But how—"

"Oh, you mean the money?" asked the lodger carelessly. "I've oceans of it. I don't care a rap about the money. I like to work. But money comes in handy when you're buying old mahogany; and women, I am told, invariably find a use for it. I'll give it all to you. . . . Lynette" (his eyes met hers), "what did Anna tell you?"

"She said," answered Lynette, "that the world is what we make it."

"To live in this beautiful house," he said dreamily, "to work a little, and play a little, and love—always—would that make a beautiful world for us, Lynette?"

Lynette pressed her cheek against the lodger's coat sleeve, while the sunlight caressed the brasses of the highboy, and sweet April breezes surrounded them with promises of joy to come. The lodger slipped his hand beneath Lynette's chin and lifted her face a little, expectantly, while into Lynette's eyes, so like the eyes of her lovely mother, crept something that was not quite laughter, and not quite tears.

"Why, please,—are you waiting?" said Lynette.

bad mistake," she replied, but her snapping black eyes were full of rage that contradicted her words.

"How about that outfit down-stairs?" he demanded. "You're runnin' a gambler's joint, and this afternoon between four and five you were scared off."

She was silent for a moment; then, with a fatalism which they say is common in the criminal class when trapped, she threw off all pretense and surrendered to the reality of the situation.

"Well, that blond-headed officer got the better of me, after all," she replied calmly.

"What blond officer?" Brady inquired with sudden fierceness. "There ain't a

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## The Girdle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

"What are you doing!"

At that instant a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder. Officer Brady had emerged from his hiding place. "No screamin'," he said quietly. "You're Bess Compton—wanted by the Chicago police for forgery, you and that slick partner of yours. If you're not Bess Compton you are her double."

"I assure you, Officer, you have made a



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blond man in this district—all dark as crows."

She stared at him. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know that tall, thin officer—he must be six-foot-three—with curly blond hair? You'd know him in Asia if you'd ever seen him once."

I saw the officer turn quite pale. "There never was a man like that on the force," he replied, "except Lem Edwards, and he was shot dead down in that hall a year ago."

I saw a tremor go through her as she gazed at him with a half-frightened, baffled look; then she addressed him defiantly. "You do know somebody who's six-foot-three and with curly blond hair. You must. He opened the door so quietly that we didn't see him until he was right in the middle of the room. I screamed and switched off the lights. It was what we had agreed to in case of a raid, for we all knew the way out."

"And then?" asked Brady breathlessly. "It was an easy get-away; so easy that some of the crowd said I'd been mistaken. We weren't followed; and when I found Henriette had left out the girdle I took a chance, for I couldn't wear the dress without it."

"How did you get in?" questioned Brady. She laughed.

"Poor old crazy Barnett next door didn't seem to be around, but I had a key to his basement. I usually came in that way, sometimes at No. 318 when it looked reasonable, like someone coming to see the house. When I saw the room was just as we left it I thought he didn't disturb it for the sake of the evidence—that tall, solemn policeman; and if I hurried I could get the girdle before he returned, pay the dressmaker, and get her out of the house. I'd like to pay her now."

"Considering how the money comes, Mrs. Robinson," I said, "I prefer not to be paid."

She laughed again and retorted, "Well, if you consider how all money comes you'll be in the poorhouse before long."

"You are under arrest," said Brady. She sighed. "I suppose I am, Officer. I wish it had been that other officer. He was so good-looking."

"Was he in regular uniform?" inquired Brady, ignoring the uncomplimentary comparison.

"He was, and he had four service stripes on the arm of his coat."

"It was Lem," Brady said with a catch of the breath. "Lem had four service stripes."

"Don't make fun of me," she pouted. "Do you think I'd have run and left money for a ghost?"

Her emphatic tones settled it. Brady looked more puzzled than ever. "Who owns this house?" he asked.

"We do," she answered. "But we only use it day times. We bought it six months ago, my—my husband and I."

"I don't know whether to believe you or not," remarked Brady. "But you are under arrest, anyway. Move on."

Downstairs we went. Mrs. Robinson first, the officer next, I last. In the hall we paused. Suddenly there was a repetition of the shriek that I had heard that afternoon, now close by, shrill and terrified. She was pointing toward the dark back hall, and crying, "There he is! There he is!"

Brady wheeled about, off his guard for an instant, but the instant was enough. She was out of the house like lightning—down the steps and into the waiting taxicab, the door of which stood open. It was off in a second, Brady tearing down the street after it and blowing his whistle as he ran. Evidently, none of the force was within earshot, and the few pedestrians didn't know whether it was a fleeing burglar or a fleeing taxicab to which the policeman was giving chase. It was all over after the cab had turned the second corner. Broadway was swarming with taxicabs and cars, and no one policeman could arrest them all.

He came back panting, pale and rueful. "I'd have fired on her as she threw herself into that taxi," he said, "but my hand—shook."

"It did?" I said. "I won't tell anybody, Officer, at least not at present. What made your hand shake—that trick of hers to make you look, at nothing, while she made her get-away?"

His eyes fairly bulged. "He was there! I saw him—Lem—poor old Lem! I wouldn't go into that back hall again for a million."

"It was a trick she played on you," I urged. "People can do those things to other people by hypnotism or suggestion."

"I know," he assented, as if suddenly embarrassed by his confession, and glad of a way out through my explanation. "I've seen them Hindu fellows do it at the Hippodrome. She might make me see Lem, or think I saw him; but how did she know about him, unless she had seen him first? Them service stripes was what you call circumstantial, lady."

"I give it up," I said; "but you needn't give her up. That dinner dress of hers came from Richards & Brent. I'll describe it to

# The Girdle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

them to-morrow morning, if you want me to; and we'll find out who bought it."

He approved of this plan, and I made an appointment to meet him at that noted milliner's at nine-thirty.

We were taken straight to the head of the firm. After our story was told the chief costumer and the bookkeeper were sent for. When I described the dress they both became excited. It had been sent on approval, they said, to a woman living at the Cosmos Hotel, who declared that she had returned it to them within an hour by a special messenger. That messenger had never arrived; the police had been put on the case, but had got no further than the establishment of the fact that a messenger boy had called at the time and date given and taken a package away from the customer's rooms. They had been inclined, they said, according to their policy, to take the customer's word. The bookkeeper alone had scented some trick, and he was exultant. I knew now why the dress had not been altered at the shop.

"What name did she give?" I asked. "Was it Mrs. Alva Robinson?"

"It was not," said the head costumer promptly. "It was Mrs. Lemuel Edwards."

Officer Brady gasped. "Mrs. Lemuel Edwards," he repeated, his eyes round as saucers. Then he gathered himself together. "Don't telephone the hotel," he warned. "We'll go straight there and catch her with the goods."

When we had reached the street I asked Brady if he had known that Lemuel Edwards had been married.

"We all knew it," he replied, "though none of us ever saw her. Poor Lem used to boast that he had married a real lady; but she left him in three months—ran away with another man, cleared out all of a sudden. Lem never mentioned her name again. That was six years ago."

"Did he have four service stripes then?" I inquired.

"He did not," almost groaned Brady. "She guessed it. But if she didn't see him, what did she see? What started her running yesterday afternoon, a slick party like her?"

"Nerves," I said; but he seemed doubtful.

At the Cosmos Hotel they told us that Mrs. Lemuel Edwards had left for Chicago the night before. It was at that disappointing moment I remembered my big shears, which had held the vestibule door open. So on the slim chance of finding them we went to No. 318. The big policeman stationed in the hall had rescued them, and handed them to me mechanically as he said to his fellow officer with some show of excitement: "That old gazook next door has showed up, admits he knew people came in here through his basement; says he thought it was a club or secret society, and as they paid him well to come in through his basement, it wasn't his business to snoop. Here he is now. Come here, old boy, and tell your story."

The old boy, he seemed, indeed, a nonagenarian, came shambling down the hall. "I never knew nothin'," he began in an ancient, quavering voice. "I never knew about no gamblin' club till the big, tall policeman came through my basement about five yesterday afternoon. 'They've gone,' he says; 'they was too quick for me—them gamblers.' I ast him to sit down and have a cup of tea. 'Not so,' says he, 'many thanks! but I've got to keep an engagement in old Trinity Cemetery at One Hundred and Fiftieth Street.'"

Brady gazed horrified at his fellow officer, who looked him straight in the eye as he inquired, "Say, Bill, where did they bury Lem?"

"Trinity Cemetery," was the answer in a shaky voice.

I felt that I must interpose. I could not have these two fine six-footers in the clutch of superstition. "Do you think for one minute," I said, "that she'd have come back here if she'd really seen her dead husband? What she saw was alive, and he'll report the case at your police station, or some other, before the day is over. You'll see!"

"Sure, he was no ghost," wheezed the old caretaker. "He said he was takin' a bus up Trinity way. Ghostesses don't take no busses."

"Suppose we take a bus up Trinity way ourselves," I addressed the two policemen, "and see if anybody has visited Officer Edwards's grave lately."

"That's a good idea," Brady commented. "The sergeant's orders are to see the case through."

So he and I were soon on the way up-town. Brady knew the location of the grave; and when we reached the cemetery led me directly to it. Evidence that someone had recently been there confronted us: a crisp, fresh wreath of white carnations was propped against the headstone. I stooped to examine it. "Officer," I said, "this

wreath has only been here an hour or so. The flowers are not in the least touched with the cold; if they had been here all night they wouldn't look this way. This wreath was probably ordered by a man, white carnations are their choice in nine cases out of ten."

Brady looked thoughtful. "White carnations was poor Lem's favorite flower," he commented.

"Then someone who knew him well ordered them, and it's my opinion that whoever it was will be up here this morning to see that the wreath was sent as specified. I propose that we stroll around a bit, and see if anyone comes."

We were pretty tired of it after an hour and we were just preparing to leave the cemetery when suddenly Brady seized me by the arm. "Great Day in the morning! It's Lem himself."

A tall, fair-haired man in a policeman's uniform had suddenly appeared at the grave and was stooping over to examine the wreath.

"It can't be," I said firmly. "But, ghost or man, we're going to speak to him," and I marched straight up the walk. Brady after me. The look of terror in his face faded as we approached the newcomer.

"Tain't him," he whispered. "But might be his twin."

The visitor at the grave was so absorbed in his thoughts that I had to speak twice before he heard me. "Beg pardon, sir," I said, "are you a relative of Officer Lemuel Edwards?"

He turned a startled face to me; then threw a quick, apprehensive glance at Brady. "I'm his brother," he said. "And—and I'm wearing his old uniform, for a purpose."

Brady was evidently too much interested in the case to care whether or not a man wore a uniform he was not entitled to. "Are you Lem's brother Jim?" he asked eagerly, "who was out in China so many years?"

"That's me! I only got back two months ago. Just before that I had my first inkling of what that wretched woman did to ruin and end his life: Alva Somerset, you know," he said, addressing Brady, as if, of course, the whole distressing story were familiar to him. "I made up my mind I'd bring her to justice, if I had to camp on her trail for years. And I wanted to frighten her, too. Lem once wrote me she believed in ghosts, and was always afraid she'd see one. I knew her guilty conscience would be my best aid if I ever tried to look like Lem come to life. They had sent his things out to me; and when I struck New York I waited for the right time to put 'em on."

"How did you get on her track?" Brady interrupted eagerly.

"It would take all day to tell it; but I ran her down at last at the house I tried to raid yesterday single-handed. But she was too slick and swift for me. I gave her a scare, though, and I'm going right on with the good work," he added grimly.

"She's wanted for theft, forgery, and other counts," said Brady. "But she flew the coop yesterday for Chicago."

"That won't save her," James Edwards replied. "She broke Lem's heart; and Lem was the best fellow—." His voice choked. "It's cold fact. He never was the same after she left him. I'd like to put some questions to you, Officer," Edwards said. "The lady here?" he glanced interrogatively at me.

"She can tell you some things," Brady answered. "You look chilled through, ma'am. I know a dairy place near here where we can get coffee and talk."

"That suits me," I said, for my teeth were chattering.

We walked silently and solemnly to the entrance of the cemetery; and there the most unexpected thing in all the world happened. Suddenly, as if she had risen out of the ground at our feet, Alva Somerset Robinson stood before us.

She was smartly dressed; but she had lost her air of gay assurance, and under her rouge her face was pale. Only the abstraction in which she was evidently plunged had kept her from seeing us in time to turn and disappear in the crowd. No such luck was to be hers for many years. Her round, terrified eyes were fixed on James Edwards as if she was still uncertain whether or not she was beholding a phantom. Brady's hand on her shoulder awoke her from this trance. "Didn't go to Chicago, eh?" he said. "Wanted to see whether Lem was really in his grave."

At this her old assurance returned, as with a slight touch of cynicism, she replied: "Much good it does for a mourning widow to show her grief."

"Mourning widow!" James Edwards gave back savagely. "Your conduct put Lem where he is."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose you're his brother James he used to talk so much about. He always wanted me to meet you. Now I have that pleasure."

She extended her hand, but James didn't take it; then she turned to me. "For a dressmaker by the day you're rather talented," she said dryly.



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# The Eye of the Needle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)



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**What Next?**

said with conviction. "They'd want me then. But I guess there isn't much hope. And I shall adore being with you. Oh, may I go to work in the morning?"

She rushed home to tell the news, and Thatcher came in that evening to express his gratitude. He was torrentially happy.

"I'd rather she were under your influence than anything life could give her," he declared. "You're so wise."

An enveloping pleasantness lay about them. The light from a standing lamp poured goldenly over them both; at least, Isabel called it the lamplight, this sensation of a sunny deluge, and reminded her trembling heart that it must never hope.

"Oh, yes, you're undoubtedly right about everything. I dare say I had no business to send that letter. The thing has been bounding me."

It was only lamplight, after all, and they were merely two old friends discussing the children.

"I am glad you mailed it," she said, and so startled him bolt upright. "Oh, it is tyrannical; but there is only one road to happiness for a girl like Milly, and I want her to find it soon. Dear thing! She can't train with the brass kettles, as Richard can."

"Oh, Richard is pure brass," said his father. "If they both marry, their children will hardly know each other."

"Has Richard a girl?"

"Six at least. They call him up from the moment he gets home. They make it too easy for him, Isabel! Youth doesn't want the thing that drops into its hands." He was looking straight at her in utter unconsciousness, and she saw with a mighty surge of relief that he had never really understood the past.

The room was very still after he had gone. Isabel sat with palms digging into her cheeks, trying to edit the tumult of her heart. She had not been ashamed of their old past, and yet to find that it had not been as relentlessly clear to him as it was to her steady eyes started all the songs of spring.

"I can't change. I can't learn—I can only hide," she said at last. Then she had to find her usual quiet smile and open the door, for that was Thatcher's ring.

He came in in a heavy silence that was frightening. His hair was wildly on end, his gaunt, expressive face looked shocked. Dire questions about Richard started up and waited unuttered as they went back to the fire.

"Well?" she said.

He put a telegram into her hands. "I found that. The old lady is dead."

In her relief she could have laughed. "Oh, well, people don't leave one millions as a general rule," she said consolingly. "And you see she got your letter, even if she didn't answer it. The telegram is addressed here."

He was not to be cheered. "I don't like it!" he exclaimed. "The very fact that they sent a wire looks ominous to me. And it means weeks of upset and uncertainty. Here's Milly wild over going to work in the morning—that will be all over. Why work when you may be on the verge of a fortune? I haven't a doubt but that Richard will throw up his job on the spot."

"Then why tell the children?" she said, and so brought a startled light into his gloomy face. "The old lady wasn't even a personal acquaintance."

Thatcher in his grateful relief took both her hands into his.

"You always know what to do!" he declared, then looked down at her hands as though the feeling of them were surprisingly pleasant. And by her very longing to leave them there, Isabel in her bitter wisdom knew that she must draw them away.

**MILLY** took to work like a duck to water. All her unused power was turned on the small job, and the silent, beaming enthusiasm with which she attacked each day filled Isabel with warm amusement.

As the time drew near when mail might be expected from Valparaiso, Thatcher grew miserably depressed. It was a relief to Isabel when he went off to Brewster to deliver some promised lectures; but after the first day she was listening for the door bell like any schoolgirl.

On the fifth night, as she was finishing her seven o'clock meal, Richard came in on his way to an eight o'clock dinner, and with the conscienceless digestion of youth accepted some pudding. He was in wild spirits.

"I'll burst if I don't tell someone," he began, "and there is no sense in getting the kid all stirred up. Dear Editor, over at our house there's a long legal envelope addressed to my father and postmarked Valparaiso. Now what do you make of that?"

Thatcher's dread made it sound like dire news. "It is probably an offer of shares in a gilt-edged investment," she said.

"You know what I think it means?" Richard's excitement laughed, and he could still eat his pudding. "Aunt Camilla has croaked, and the kid and I have come in for a few millions," he set it forth. "I telegraphed Father."

"If it is true, what shall you do?"

Richard sprang up, needing his dramatic legs to express what he would do, but a cool voice behind him cut short the opulent pantomime.

"Better sit down again, Dickie, and keep tight hold of your job," Thatcher said, coming in.

"Is she dead? Don't I get anything?" Richard demanded.

Thatcher sat down beside Isabel with a heavy slump of his long frame. "Oh, yes,—she's dead, and you get a legacy," he said dryly. "It's a painting, four feet by six, of a religious subject, valued at five hundred dollars."

Richard's voice was a breathless whisper. "And that's all? No money?"

"Not a blooming, blessed cent," was the hard answer.

"Nor Milly?"

"Milly gets a brooch and locket, something in the nature of garnets and seed pearls. No money."

Richard leaned with stiffened arms on a chair back. In the silence that followed Isabel could not look at what must be written on the young face.

Suddenly he spoke. "All right, then!" One palm softly smote the chair. "That settles it. I'm going to be a rich man just the same. I like money." His voice was a little hoarse, but quiet enough. "I don't feel as Father does about it. I like rich people, rich ways of doing things—I mean to have all that. I've been skylarking round because I thought I might get it—this way. Now I'm going to work in earnest. I'm going to work like all possessed! We'll make it one grand old wake-to-night!" he went on, with a ghost of his usual grin. "Night, Dear Editor. Thank you for the pudding."

Isabel was smiling after him, as all women did. "He will learn to work," she said comfortingly. "And he will get what he wants, I think, but he will get a lot on the side that he doesn't dream of now."

Thatcher looked old and sad and remote from Richard. He seemed to have missed the revelation that had been so clear and so startling to Isabel. He soon rose to go.

"Well, the letter worked, and Aunt Camilla's millions are off your mind; I don't see why you aren't more cheerful," she observed.

The look that met hers was haggard. "Oh, the letter worked, all right; but I don't find it a cheerful world," he said, and Isabel grew sad herself, and did not try to keep him.

The shadow left by that Brewster week did not lighten. Thatcher came and went in a state of dark preoccupation that nothing could break through. Isabel gave up trying to understand. The one clear thing was that she must never hope; she must keep her serene way unstirred by the impulses of his loneliness, which often and often seemed like a hand held out.

Milly reported that Richard was much at home and working like a fiend, but that even this could not cheer her father.

"I think he's worried about money," she confided to Isabel. "Everything costs so much here. Perhaps he has lost some capital and won't tell us."

"Oh, I hope it is that," Isabel said, so strongly that Milly was surprised.

"Well, I don't," she said, and Isabel had to hide the sudden glow of her relief. She had not thought of anything so simple as money anxieties.

"I offered to give up my allowance, now that I have a salary," Milly went on, "and the way he bit my head off makes me pretty sure it's that. I'm going to save every cent of my allowance, Aunt Isabel, and so I'll have something for him if he does go smash. But I wish he'd talk about it."

A few nights later Thatcher came, in a very bad temper. It exploded almost at the front door.

"Will you tell me if Milly has to make her own dresses?" He stood over Isabel to demand it. "She says she 'likes to'—after working all day at the office, she likes to sew all the evening. I give her an allowance, isn't it enough? You know what things cost, Isabel. Does she need to make her own clothes?"

"She thinks you are worried about money," she told him. "What is it, Dan? What is the matter?"

His head dropped despondently into his

hands. "Ah, my dear, it's ten million dollars!"

"What!"

His somber nod insisted on it. "I'm to get some ten million dollars. Our letter so impressed that confounded old woman that she made me her residuary legatee—she was convinced I would make an able steward and all that. I know it's funny, but I haven't laughed yet. She's left a stumping legacy to the church," he went on; "but the money has been peacefully doubling itself for generations, so it may be even worse than she says. You warned me not to play fate, Isabel. You're always right. I'll never go against your wisdom again."

"And you don't want it—you never for a minute want it?" she asked.

"Oh, thunder, no!" he exclaimed, then reconsidered: "I don't want it, and yet I find myself thinking, suppose I fell ill and couldn't work. I ought to keep just enough to provide against that. And why not just enough to give the children a pleasant home? That's a wretched hole we live in—it wouldn't hurt them to have sunny rooms and an open fire. And just enough to—And so it goes on. I don't want a cent of it, and yet I begin to plan. I wish it were in the bottom of the sea!"

"You are still a poor man," she pointed out. "They won't pay over any money for months yet. Why don't you simply forget about it for the present?"

"They won't let me forget it!" He felt ill used. "They keep writing and cabling me to come down there: my interests demand my immediate presence and all that. I wired them. 'If there is another claimant, in heaven's name let him have it,' so there has been a lull. But it won't last, and the children will have to know, and they'll hate me, both of them."

Isabel braced her spirit against the overwhelming tenderness of her heart. "They would have a right to hate you," she said, her tone making it a solemn indictment. She had at least got his attention; his dark stare waited for her explanation. "Not because you did them out of a fortune," she went on, "but because you didn't trust them. Didn't give them credit for character enough to weather the experience. They are young, of course they would go a little mad at first. If you can't see beyond that, see them eventually making something good of it—Love without faith is an insult, Dan! I'd hate you for it myself."

He listened, but it was no use. He called her academic and theoretical, and went back to smiles about poison and mad bulls. Both grew decidedly heated, and they parted in righteous indignation, but their storms never left traces.

Thatcher was not allowed a moment's forgetfulness of his coming trial. Isabel gave up the argument, but the unconscious children made him wretched.

"Richard is simply eating up work," he groaned, a few nights later. "He was talking about it at dinner—what a lot more satisfaction there was in work than everlasting skylarking and being up all night. He is discovering for himself just what I have been trying to pound into him all these years. It's the critical moment! I wish that old woman"—he paused, fuming, then added a sighing—"hadn't died."

"Something struck Milly to-day," Isabel said, smiling over Milly. "She was late for the first time and rather given to starts and blushes. Is there a young man?"

Thatcher was positive that there was not. "She and Richard went off together, and probably stopped to have a good row en route," he suggested. "They were rather angelic to each other this evening."

Richard's discovery of the joy of work led him on to other discoveries. Nearly every night Thatcher had to report some fresh sign of stability or of family devotion. He took Milly to the movies, he read aloud to her while she darned his socks. The two seemed to have buried their familiar hatchet, and meals were times of affection and laughter, while their willing economies nearly broke their father's heart. When Richard insisted on contributing his share to the household expenses, Thatcher flew into a rage, but the boy was manfully firm.

"He says he cost me too much while he was in college, and he means to pay it back," he told Isabel, his somber eyes near tears. "And Milly said that she and Dickie felt that I was worried about money and they meant to pull their end. And she mentioned that her salary was always at my disposal. I felt like a murderer."

She affected irony. "Oh, yes; you are in a terrible position. I can't imagine a worse affliction than ten millions."

"I am afflicted," he said. "I've got to hurt my children, alienate them, just when they are at their goodest and warmest—I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)



# The Eye of the Needle

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84)

didn't dream they cared so much for me and home. And you ask me to spoil it with a silly fortune! They'll hate me presently, and you won't love me anyway, and I call it a pretty hard world."

It was entirely unmomentous, the way he said that—as though her not loving him had been a matter of daily discussion. Isabel clutched her wisdom and, so staidly, spoke as casually:

"But I do love you, Dan."

He came over to the couch and dropped down beside her. "Oh, yes, affection and all that," he said wearily. "But you've made it even unnecessarily clear that there wasn't any hope for me. Heavens, I don't blame you! But don't rub it into me tonight, Isabel." He took her hand from her knee and folded it between both of his. "I do need you so awfully!"

She could not speak; she could only stare at him in a white intensity that he took for surprise.

"Haven't you ever thought of it, dear?" he urged. "I've been sitting on your doorstep all winter; how could you help seeing?"

What she saw, blindingly, was that her wisdom had been for youth, while all the time Dan had been grown up, beyond the need of its petty hidings. Her breath was a silent sobbing, but perhaps her hand spoke, or perhaps the sunny deluge that seemed to pour down from the lamp swept them together. He pressed closer.

"I've been calling to you and calling to you, and you never would come one little inch to meet me!" he reproached her. "And yet it would all be so right and fine and wonderful—don't you want love, child? Or is it just that you don't want me?"

She had hidden for so long that to come out was like a rending of the flesh. "Ah, I want—everything," she stammered.

THE children greeted the news with wild enthusiasm, and Richard promptly brought over an oil painting, four feet by six, of a religious subject, which he offered as a wedding present. Milly insisted on giving a lovely old locket of seed pearls.

"I've made a dollar off Dickie, anyway,

for he bet you wouldn't do it," she explained, and so startled her father into hoots of laughter.

"There isn't much they don't know," he said, and then, remembering the secret that they still did not know, he grew sober, and his tenderness begged them to forgive him. The children insisted on hanging the picture, and there was a family gayety that was almost unbearably sweet, after the lonely years. Once Isabel turned away to a distant window as though to look down on the lights of the city, but really because her eyes were hot with tears.

Thatcher came to stand beside her, and the great opulence of the town shone up at him with a disquieting brilliance.

"Millions and millions down there," he said. "That is all I see, everywhere I look—millions. The way a murderer sees his crime."

There was someone at the door, asking to speak to Thatcher on business. He had been sent over from the apartment, he explained. Isabel saw a priest's cassock and an old, worn, good face as Thatcher led his guest into the dining-room.

An hour passed before they heard the door open and hearty farewells in the hall. Thatcher came back. As he stood over them, they saw that he was deeply moved.

"My beloved children," he began in a voice that broke, "I have some very happy news for you."

Richard sat up, and both waited in rigid stillness.

"Your Aunt Camilla left a large legacy to the church," he went on. "Once, her fortune was enormous. But all these years the rats have been at it, in and out, gnawing and nibbling, while she trusted it to untrustworthy hands, so that at first there was no knowing what would be left. But it seems there is a little over what she bequeathed the church, almost a hundred thousand dollars, and that, my very dear children, is coming to me." He held it out to them as a great joy; but Richard sat frozen, and from Milly's lips came a word that few magazines will print without a central dash.

"Then there's no ten millions for us?" she wailed.

Her father abruptly sat down. "How did you know?" he demanded.

Richard silently brought out a piece of newspaper, headed Valparaiso. On its margin was written, "Isn't that your father? Bully good news!" Aunt Camilla's will was given in full.

"We got it weeks ago, the day I was late to the office," Milly explained; "and we've been trying ever since to make Father feel easy about it. And now it's all wasted!"

Thatcher's expressive face went from shock to pain; then a saving humor began to tug at the muscles of his mouth.

"Well, Dickie, I suppose we sha'n't be going abroad together, after all," he observed.

Richard was never at a loss. "Of course, you would rather have Dear Editor," he said, rising. "Come on home, Milly, they don't want us."

"We can fight all we want to now," Milly said relievedly. "We've been perfect angels, Aunt Isabel. I couldn't have held out much longer, even for ten millions. A hundred thousand in the family will be rather nice," she added, cheering; but Richard went in sober thought, planning his future.

Thatcher took Milly's stool and went through it all in silence, now frowning or wincing, now smiling wickedly, and ending with a long breath of relief.

"So that's that," he said, lifting Isabel's hand from his shoulder to lay it against his lips. Then he looked up into her face. "Are you sorry about the ten millions? Should you have liked them, Isabel?"

She slowly shook her head. "Oh, I want what you want," she said. "I love you like that, Dan."

"You were a long time finding it out," he observed.

He would never know, and there was no need that he should. To the end of his days, Dan would tease her about how he had had to work to win her, and she would smile an amused hint of all she could tell if she would. Of such transparent secrets is built up the so-called mystery of women.

# A Little Matter of Business

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

after a while he would remember all about their marriage, and that his wife was so light and worthless a girl that she had married a man who told her that he did not love her. It was an endless afternoon.

Gradually, as the days passed Philip grew stronger, and as he grew stronger his mind and memory began to mend. Things came back to him in snatches, and he was trying hard to piece them all together. One day he delighted them by asking for his dogs and calling them by name. Not long after he spoke of his father. The cloud that had hung over the whole estate lifted. Sir Philip, their own Sir Philip, the master, was being restored to them again, and they could not rejoice enough!

Diana alone did not share the general happiness. She made a brave attempt when with the others, but she was silent, distraught, and grew pale and weary-looking, as if she had not slept well. Philip seemed loath to let her out of his sight, and he made love to her unceasingly in an awkward, boyish way that was charming. "But why isn't she happy?" he kept asking himself. But a day came finally when he began to look at Diana, strangely puzzled, and after that there was no more love-making, and Diana found time to take up her interrupted activities. Phil never avoided her and was invariably friendly and polite, but he treated her much as he did Joan and Beatrice, except for a slight formality.

By late June Philip was able to take short walks, and in another month he was astride his horse again—his own man once more. Very soon afterward he made a trip to London alone. When he came back he went straight to Diana. "I want you to ride with me," he said; "I have a good many things to talk over with you."

So again they were riding through a winding English lane bordered on either side by giant lime trees, this time heavy with emerald leaves. Phil reined in his horse. "It was here that I asked you to marry me, Di," he said. "Let's get off and chin a while."

They seated themselves on the fragrant grass, their backs against a massive trunk. "Diana," said Phil, staring straight ahead of him, "you know I went up to London to see what I was good for. Thought

they might want me to go back to India and try again; but the Chief doesn't think I'm up to it. Awfully decent about it he was, though. Said I'd pretty well found out what they wanted before I got hit in the head, or fell over a cliff, or whatever it was I ended with. Old Rutton really did the work, and I told the Chief so. They sent him back all loaded down with medals and things, and a pension big enough so he can buy three wives and never lift his hand again; and he went off happy as a king. So there's nothing left for me to do, but settle things with you. You've got things in wonderful shape here at home; but there's some property in Canada the Governor bought a long time ago, and I'm thinking of going out there and finding out what can be done with it. But before I go, I want to clear up things between you and me. I'm going to give you my word that I sha'n't tell you anything but the truth to-day, and you've got to promise me the same thing. Will you?"

Diana nodded. "Yes," she said simply. "I want to tell you first, Di, that I remember all about the bargain we made long ago, and you needn't be afraid of me now or when I come back from Canada—or ever. I've been wondering what made you so unhappy and I thought you might be imagining—things. You needn't. I never expected to saddle myself on you this way, but here I am and we have to make the best of it."

"Please don't," cried Diana. "You know I wanted you to come back."

Philip lighted a cigarette, took a puff and threw it away.

"Damn it, Diana, I'm no good at making speeches and all that, but I have to find out why you married me. I know now it wasn't for my wretched title. What was it, Di?"

There was a long silence before the girl spoke.

"You said—that if you had to go you would be happier if you knew that I was back here taking care of your mother."

back. But I knew you so little and I was always half afraid of you. At first, I confess, I did not think much about you, for our marriage was so hurried and sudden that it hardly seemed real to me. But then your letters began to come—and the letters from the Mater and the girls singing your praises. About all they ever wrote about was Diana. It knocked me silly to have you so good to them. They gave me a new picture of you. I began to wonder then just why you married me; even to suspect that it wasn't for the bally old title. I made up my mind I'd have it out with you as soon as my job in India was finished. Before, I had not cared much whether I lived or not. Then I began to want to live like everything—felt I couldn't die until I settled things with you. And so, with one thing and another, you were hardly ever out of my thoughts. And then came those long wretched months when I forgot you—forgot everything but pain; and all I cared about was to die and end it. And then it was they brought me to you, and when I found you were real, and not one of those bally dreams of mine—Well, there are things a chap just can't put in words, Di. They mean too much."

He took her hand and held it.

"Di dearest, do you think you can ever forgive me for that beastly proposal? I was an awful ass."

Diana nodded, but as she said nothing Phil went on talking.

"My memory still plays me tricks at times, dear. I can't remember anything much about India or my illness, but I remember a day in the garden when you told me you cared for me, had cared for me for six or seven years. Was that true, Di? I want to believe it, because I love you more than anything in the world."

"Are you sure you don't care for Maisie?"

"Good lord, no!"

"I thought you did once and I thought you would again when your memory came back. That is why I have been so unhappy."

"Then you do—care for me?"

Diana turned to him suddenly, her eyes misty with tears. "Please, Phil," she said huskily, "if you go to Canada take me with you. I—I could never bear it if you left me behind again."

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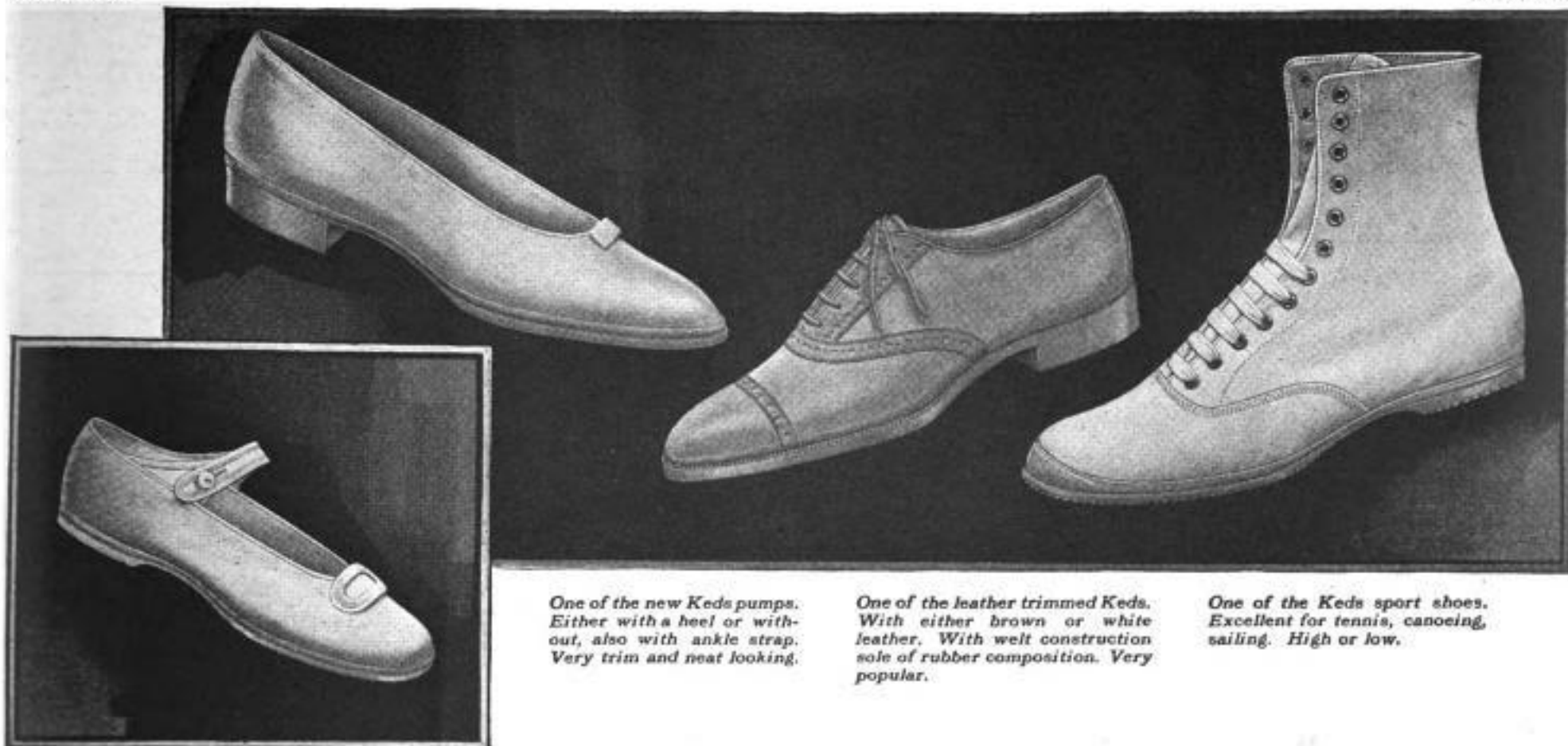
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# Keds

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# The Postscript.

## The Woman's Home Companion

### Synopsis of Previous Stanzas

"Companion" Fiction. In the lead.  
If you don't think so, Madam, read!  
"Companion" fashions. Best. Agree—  
Or if you do not, Madam, see!  
"Companion" cooking can't be beat.  
What's that? Well, try one, then, and eat!  
And covers. Best on any book.  
If you think not, why, kindly look!  
And then the garden pages. Best.  
Do what they say—they'll stand the test.—  
Potatoes beaming from each eye,  
With sweet corn waving ears on high.  
The Fic., Fash., Cook., the Cov., the Gar.  
And dear old P. S.—There you are!

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, we'd like to have it known,  
Has pages for you people who wish to "own your own."  
If you have thought of building, before you lay a brick  
Or even tell the mason his prices make you sick,  
Just read the building pages—there simple plans you'll see  
For houses, twenty rooms, say, to bungalows of three.  
Ustinks we hear you shouting, "The best I ever kenneed!"  
Oh, yes, in ours we'll read, dear, The Postscript at the end!

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION shows houses true and tried;  
You build one, and thenceforward it's where you wish to bide.  
They're planned to really live in, not just to please the eye,  
To folks who want a true home they whisper, "Come and try!"  
Though of the sleeping porches we sometimes thus have spoke:  
"Just take an ax and bust 'em!" it was our little joke.  
Peruse these pages, Madam, we feel you will commend.—  
(Sh-h, dearest, she won't miss it—The Postscript at the end!)  
[CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE]



### Striking at The Postscript

FOILED in his effort to suppress The Postscript by cutting two inches off the top, the printer has now begun to take little snubs at it when we aren't looking. For example, last month, speaking of the small girl on the cover we said, "One foot up and the other foot down"—and he left out the second "foot," thus destroying a classic line. You can't get to London town, or anywhere else, without both feet. Somewhere, in a flowery corner of that Elysium for folks who write nice things for children, where she must be queen, Mother Goose will drop a tear. And the typographical chap can't say he needed the space, because he left too much above and below the faithful picture (drawn from life) of The Postscript accompanying the lady on the lute.

You will observe that this month the printer has taken the big flourish line off The Postscript's heading; but we don't care anything about this. Perhaps it looks better without it—what do you think?—more modest. And The Postscript is modest, though it goes right on year after year sounding just the opposite. You mustn't judge by the way it sounds, but just take our word for it that it is modest, quite as much so as a violet hiding behind a mossy stone. Though ordinary violets are not so modest as the poet thought; The Postscript is a white violet, snuggled down in the grass of a tussock in the swamp.



### The Postscript's Gardens

SOME people think The Postscript's heading is queer, anyhow. They say the T is too small, or the h too large; that the second a looks like a wishbone, and the e like a clam, the two together resembling a curious x; and that the p is really an f. This may be so. But we think the Post isn't so bad, even

if the a is falling on its precious nose. That capital P we're rather proud of; it seems like a true work of art. We don't understand why there should be so much difference between those two s's, but that's the way it was—can't lay that to the printer. . . . We don't know about taking off that sweeping flourish. Rather a loss, we fear. What do you say?

It begins to look as though this Postscript would be all about itself. Well, why not? It's time there was a Postscript about The Postscript. Did we say it was a white violet? Maybe we meant something else. This reminds us of Miss Tabor's pleasant page this month. She suggests special gardens, which mean something more than a collection of flowers, such a one, for example, as that of Quite Contrary Mary. A happy thought. Once the COMPANION printed a story which involved a Shakespeare garden, with nothing but the flowers mentioned by the poet. It was large enough. We are thinking of planting a Postscript garden—there we go again. All filled with flowers that pop out afterward—four-o'clocks and evening primroses, and, and, —yes, —four-o'clocks and evening primroses. . . . But there must be a lot of others. Somebody say what they are, please. Our correspondents have not quite been doing their duty of late, anyhow.

Miss Tabor hopes the reader will find a special motif that she will like to develop in an individual garden. We have one besides that just mentioned; that tree toad of ours, which we've boasted about before, is back again, once more predicting the weather by uttering his cry—hollering, to use the scientific term. What shall be planted in a tree-toad garden? Something that makes a noise—trumpet flowers, canterbury bells, dog-wood, and— We'll think of some more in a minute. . . . Miss Tabor is always mentioning sun dials. Of course every garden should have one. We wish they didn't cost so much.



### The Detective Story

HERE is Miss Sholl back again with a detecting dressmaker, who has a hot and thrilling adventure which must have left her with a good story to tell her next customer. It's certainly the real thing in detective stories, with piercing screams that fairly make the blood crinkle in your veins. And then the way Officer Brady places his hand on the shoulder of the adventures (yes, yes, there's an adventures!) and says, "You're Bess Compton, wanted by the Chicago police—" Yes, it's there, that dear old "wanted"—"wanted by the police of So-and-so"—a detective story without that is a poor thing indeed.

Another thing we like in our detective stories is good literary language in the dialogue. "It was inadvertently left out," says the lady to Officer Brady, but the brave officer stands up to it like a man. Not thus does he speak himself, but he knows the language when he hears it. "White carnations was poor Lem's favorite flower," he says of his brother officer. We can believe this, though we are inclined to think the majority of the force favor the orchid as more in keeping with the character of their work.

You should begin a detective story at eleven or half past, not earlier, unless it is very long. You don't want the piercing scream till after midnight, and one o'clock is better. Any other way is not fair to the author.



### "The Eye of the Needle"

A story of the needle's eye  
That stayed the passage of the camel;  
But you don't find, although you try,  
That dehydrated, musty mammal.

No, it's a tale of regular folks,  
Dan Thatcher, Isabel, and Milly;  
Of Dickie, with his pedal jokes,  
And Aunt Camilla, down in Chile.

Now Dan and Isabel have known  
Each other for, you may say, ages;  
But when Dan finds himself alone—  
Oh, you know—men things are not sages!

And Isabel for many days  
Had kept the course of things impeded;  
Brought out those ancient Eve-ish ways  
That for this once were hardly needed.

And those ten millions that Dan feared  
He might, from Auntie, soon be handed—  
Though Isabel a little jeered—  
At last she wanted just what Dan did.

So always may it happen in  
This glorious time of love and mating!—  
We wish the harder if there's been  
A longish bit of lonely waiting.

But that last line—what do we see?  
Why, lady author, such confessing!  
"So-called!"—that really cannot be.  
Oh, Woman, please do keep us guessing!

By Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. We  
Believe it's too long since we met her.  
Perhaps our readers will agree  
That few can tell a story better.



### Number Seven and the Others

THERE seems to be this month no pattern with a name about which The Postscript can get excited. But No. 4058, a pattern from which you can make ten dresses, appears to be a highly interesting affair. There they are—count 'em—all pictured out. We seem, somehow, to be rather fond of number seven, though the lady wearing it certainly has a haughty way of looking down her nose at poor number eight, who has some very pretty ruffles, anyhow. After having taken up with number seven it is a pleasure to learn that it "is a very chic one," being close to something favored in Paris, where they ought to know what to favor.

Number two seems also rather fetching, as does number five. Number four certainly has a nice long collar; we like the idea of having your pockets in your collar; we confess we never should have thought of putting them there. But we shall have to go back to number seven as our favorite, and we're glad to see another reference to it. "No one will dream of suspecting" that it is made from the same pattern as the others, says the paragraph. Not to dream of a suspicion seems fairly safe. But we wish the lady wouldn't look in quite that way at the other lady, who seems an innocent young thing. But fashion ladies often make you think that their dispositions aren't all that they might be.

Of course this is not the only new pattern; there are many others, including one with Pointed Belt in Yoke Effect for—what do you think? Why, for the Lady Who Is Too Plump. An old friend, you see, sharing the stage with the Lady Who Is Too Thin. Sometimes in reading it almost seems as if all women were either Too Plump or Too Thin. Then we look about and see so many who are Just Right.



The grown-ups haven't all the patterns. We think little No. 3286 is the most huggable young person we have seen for a long time. There are some entertaining Better Babies this month. We think the young lady on a horse is our favorite. The shadow of the two is interesting, and suggests that it might have great speed if it could get away and start off across the landscape alone.



### July Jottings

ON A COOKING page we read of something that "makes a delicious dish for a company meal." That's the way it goes, the company getting all the good things, and the poor old family worrying along day after day with Pick-ups, Left-overs, and Cheaper Cuts.

We spoke recently of the curious bird that lives behind the large initial "I" at the beginning of some of the pieces up front. We observe others of the same family in the heading above the interesting large illustration by Mr. Mowat. Close study has revealed the big idea in the minds of these birds; they have disguised themselves as early worms, with the hope of slipping up on their morning victims without giving alarm.

The moment we look the other way the poets do something. Here is the author of "Summer Sky," who ought to know better, leaving half her lines unrhymed, and with other lines too long. Further, she makes a small boy use the word "sup."

The Postscript likes that editorial paragraph about how babies have to be mothered to make 'em prosper. Of course they have to be.

In the May Postscript we had the pleasure of welcoming a story hero who called himself an ass; but we pointed out that this was not, after all, quite the formula recommended by the fiction fabricator's union. But this month it appears in all its glory. "I was an awful ass," says Mr. Hero. This is perfect as far as it goes. The full and exact form as set forth in the union's pharmacopoeia is as follows: "By Jove, you must think me an awful ass!" We do not recall ever to have felt that the hero in making this estimate of himself was in the wrong.

In the Cooking Department something that is to be "seared and well browned" is to be turned with "a two-tined fork to prevent piercing." We don't just follow. If the fork is to be jabbed in, even a two-tiner will do some piercing; if it is just to be used to reach under and roll over, then why would not a three- or four- or multi-tined fork be just as pierceless? . . . We note a "cushion of veal," something we do not recall meeting before, though we are well acquainted with the rubber-heel of beef-steak.

By the Author.



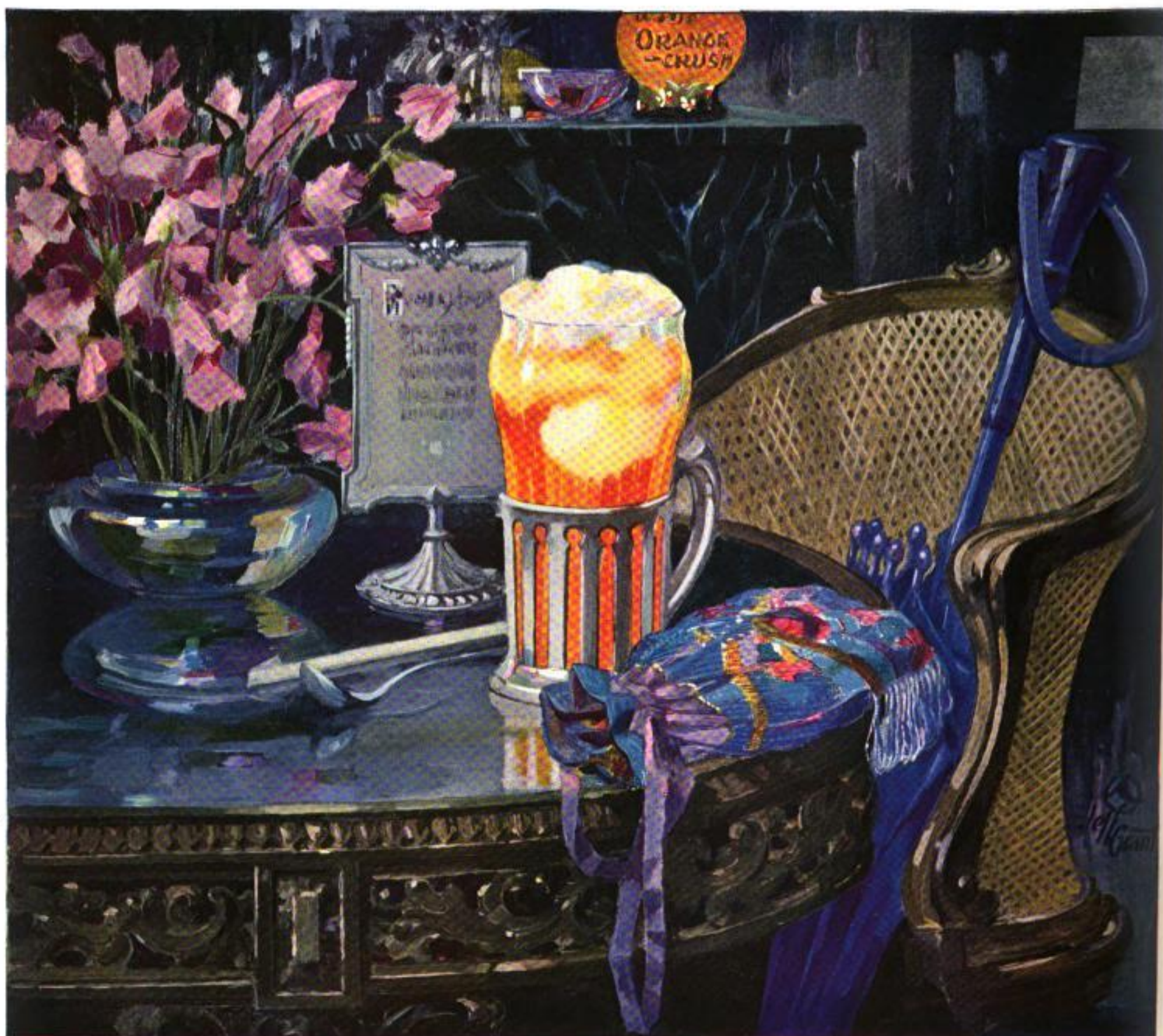
# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

August 1921

Twenty Cents

NOV 11 1921  
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AUGUST 1921

The Woman's Home Companion is published monthly. The price is 20c a copy; \$2.00 a year. Foreign postage, \$1 extra; Canadian postage, 25c extra. Entered at Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1921, The Crowell Publishing Company, United States and Great Britain.

## WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO  
 George D. Buckley, President  
 Lee W. Maxwell, Vice President and General Business Manager  
 Thomas H. Beck, Vice President  
 J. E. Miller, Vice President  
 A. D. Mayo, Secretary  
 A. E. Winger, Treasurer  
 EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 8

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## Coming Next Month

*Miss Gould's Campaign for Wearable Clothes*

MISS GOULD believes that every American woman wants wearable clothes, clothes that are fashionable, artistic, beautiful. Clothes that define good taste. Sometimes it is only an inch on the length of a skirt that changes it from the artistic to the burlesque. Sometimes it is only a fold of lace that makes a neck line charming or vulgar. Sometimes it is only a matter of too much transparency that puts a gown definitely out of the wearable class.

This "Wearable Clothes" idea of Miss Gould's has been endorsed by such fashion authorities as Henri Bendel and Harry Collins, Hickson, Inc., and Thurn.

In the September WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION you will see just how these four distinguished fashion creators interpret "Wearable Clothes."

Charles Sheldon brings each lovely, wearable frock before you in a series of his inimitable drawings.

Monsieur J. Simont, of Paris, internationally famous for his drawings of beautiful French and English women, gives us his conception of a well-dressed American woman as he sees her against her most appropriate background—Fifth Avenue.

In her popular Fashion Talk, Miss Gould will tell you what is wearable and what is not wearable, and why. You will know just how long to make your skirts, and how wide; where they should flare and where they shouldn't; where it's right to have the sleeves tight,

and where they should be full.

And there's a surprise coming, too, of special interest to every reader interested in clothes. Miss Gould will explain it.

## Announcing

Fall and Winter

*The Fashions*

The "Companion's" style book, "The Fashions," for fall and winter, will be ready for mailing September 1st.

This beautiful, fully illustrated book has been designed to carry out the idea of "wearable clothes."

All of these wearable clothes you can make yourself, because the "Companion" furnishes a pattern for each design. You won't have to worry your head, either, about the fabric to select, or what colors to choose, or what is the smartest note in trimming, because Miss Gould has thought this all out for you. She also gives you her word that it's real economy to use these patterns. They have been planned to cut from the smallest amount of material. And using them is really a simple matter. All you have to do is to follow the dress-making lesson that you will find on every pattern envelope.

The book will be sent on receipt of fifteen cents. Each book contains a coupon which is worth ten cents toward the purchase of any "Woman's Home Companion" pattern.

**Important Notice:** The Table of Contents for this number will be found on page 84





# EDITORIAL



## The Fortunate Children of New Castle

**I**N NEW CASTLE, Pennsylvania, there is something going forward that may well claim more than local interest.

For two years costume designing has been taught in this progressive city, not as a specialized "advanced" subject but as a part of the regular work in every grade of the public schools, from kindergarten up. Boys and girls alike learn to make original designs of simple, practical garments, and thereby absorb the underlying principles of proportion, of perspective, of color composition, of free draftsmanship.

What a change from the strawberry baskets and cubes that were the vogue when many of us went to school!

Do you remember sitting cramped over a pencil, striving to reproduce with painful accuracy the unimaginative lines of a strawberry basket? It, in turn, sat squarely on Teacher's desk, and the great trick was to catch the slant of its line, as your own desk was miserably southeast or wretchedly northwest of the front elevation. After this fashion was drawing, as they say, taught. For this laborious and futile system, New Castle has substituted the actuality of real clothes.

Imagine, then, the difference that the small citizen of New Castle encounters in his journey through school. In kindergarten the rudimentary designs are worked out in colored tissue paper, and the subject is the clothing of a fairy tale. Red Riding-Hood's red riding-hood, for example, or the Goose Girl's smock.

After the second grade the children begin experimenting—still in tissue paper—on clothes suitable for themselves.

In the seventh grade water colors are added to the equipment (combining with the tissue paper), and in the eighth grade the pupils work with the paints alone, selecting, also, their own color schemes and subjects.

Recently a contest was held in New Castle for the best designs to be submitted by these school children. Two hundred and fifteen entries were made, and of the nine prizes awarded three went to boys and six to girls. One of these designs was selected by the Fashion Editor of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for publication. It is shown on page 47 of this issue.

If any reader of the COMPANION is interested in introducing this plan into her own community we shall be glad to put her in touch with the New Castle authorities.

## Prevent This Unnecessary Cruelty

**T**HE American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is offering a prize of five hundred dollars for a humane trap for capturing fur-bearing animals. Traps which are at present widely used in trapping are extraordinarily cruel and torturing instruments. These traps catch the animals by the leg and fail to kill them instantly, as humanity would demand. The captured animals suffer frightfully from pain, hunger, and thirst and die most miserable deaths.

With no wish to destroy the professional trapper's occupation, the crusade for more humane methods is going forward through legislative action and the rousing of public opinion. It would be to the trapper's interest to have a better and more humane trap, for where the animal is instantly killed or captured uninjured the skin is more likely to be in fine condition.

There are two things every reader of this magazine can do to help abolish the cruel steel-jawed traps now so widely used. One is to write your state branch of the S. P. C. A. and give your endorsement to their campaign for humane traps.

The other thing you can do is to further legislative action on the matter. In the state legislature of New York a bill has been introduced prohibiting the use after September 1st, 1922, of the steel-jawed leg traps (commonly known as the steel trap), or any other form of trap not capable of killing animals instantly or of capturing them alive and uninjured. If you live in New York State write your assemblyman and your state senator in favor of the bill. If you live in other states, petition through your club or your civic league for the introduction of a bill prohibiting the use of cruel traps.

If any of our readers wish to compete for the \$500 prize

offered for a humane trap, details may be obtained by writing the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Madison Avenue and 26th Street, New York City.

It is interesting to note in this connection that fur farming is slowly but steadily developing in this country. Fox farms have been in operation for a number of years and now an enterprising stockman has succeeded in acclimatizing Karakul sheep and their Persian lambs. Fur farming is, of course, infinitely more humane than the present system of trapping, and it is to be hoped that it will develop still further.

## A Little Leaven

**T**HE always progressive Bryn Mawr has offered this summer a rich opportunity for seventy women. If it were possible for the offer to be extended to all women, and for all women to accept it, the millennium might be hastened by a few hundred years.

Here, in brief, is the opportunity:

The college has opened her doors to seventy "women in industry," that is, actual workers in various trades.

Three groups of courses have been planned, so fine and vital and interesting that it arouses envy in those of us who cannot qualify as "women in industry."

The first group includes "Subjects of special interest to industrial workers, such as courses in labor and economics, which will enable them to comprehend the industrial world and its problems as it now is, and to see how it may be improved and reconstructed in the future."

The second group of courses "deals with the products of civilization, and will, it is hoped, help the student to take her place in social and political life and become a good citizen and intelligent voter. This group will include literature, history, and art; or government and psychology; and for all students physiology and hygiene."

There is another smaller group of courses planned "To enrich the student's personal life and add to her happiness by the appreciation of beauty and culture and a better understanding of the world."

There will be brief lectures by trained and, let us hope, inspired and broadminded instructors, followed by class discussions, and, further, by small conferences. There will be absolute freedom of teaching and discussion.

This experiment in education will be watched not only by labor everywhere, but also by the employers of labor and by the general public. It may be one of the most effective—if not the quickest—ways of arriving at the basis of mutual understanding and coöperation, upon which our national happiness and prosperity depend to so great a degree.

## A Young Student at Ninety

**F**OR real youthful enterprise commend us to Mrs. Amy Davis-Winship, who, at ninety, enrolled this summer as a student at the summer school of the University of Wisconsin, taking, if you please, stiff courses in psychology and sociology.

Not everyone has the means, the time, or the opportunity that belong to Mrs. Winship, but many of us, instead of looking back regretfully to a youth deficient in chances for schooling, might do well to investigate the available ways and means of making up these deficiencies. Summer schools are open in most of our colleges and universities, with courses of from four to eight weeks at very small cost, and books we have always with us, to "read, mark, and inwardly digest."

No matter how old we are, education brings new interests, and a broadening and rejuvenation of the mind. If Mrs. Winship's example starts an enrollment of grandmothers in classes and colleges, why, so much the better for grandmothers.

The common sense and experience of these older women will provide a mighty fine seasoning and balance to the theories and ideals of modern education. At the same time, modern education will provide the grandmothers with a keen mental tonic, and a more potent elixir of youth than ever Ponce de Leon imagined.





For convenience, keep a solution of Lysol Disinfectant handy in a jar or bottle. Use it regularly.

Ordinary cleaning will not dislodge the germs that breed in the sink, wash tubs, waste pipes, and corners. When disregarded, such germ life often causes serious contagious disease.

Sprinkle such places twice a week with Lysol Disinfectant diluted with water. That kills germs, or prevents the creation of them.

On cleaning day, go over the

entire kitchen with water that contains a little Lysol Disinfectant. Being soapy in substance, Lysol Disinfectant cleans as it disinfects.

Use it in solution according to directions on the package. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

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# A Woman's View of Practical Politics

By HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON

**M**'STAKES in government are caused not by the failure of politics, but by the failure of people.

In the days of our fathers, candidates for public office were nominated by party conventions. And there is no better means of choosing candidates than by conventions made up of real representatives of the people, who keep their eyes firmly fixed on what is good for the people. But gradually, instead of choosing the strongest men as candidates, the convention delegates began to select those who could pay the most toward the campaign expenses, or could carry the foreign vote, or were "wet." Conventions did not fail. It was the people who failed.

Then direct primaries were instituted. But the voters, trying to pick candidates themselves, are confronted by the necessity of choosing the least objectionable from a group of poor nominees, simply because the best men are not willing to declare themselves and unfit men are brought forward for office. Primaries have not failed. It is the people who have failed.

Politics are only as good as the people themselves. Therefore it is of the most tremendous importance that the women-people repudiate "practical politics" as an excuse for dealing with government concerns in ways which they would never tolerate in their own personal affairs, and, instead, give to "practical politics" its real meaning of straightforward, honest understanding of the science of government.

In a very short time the municipal elections will be held all over the country. I can urge women to begin their study of "practical politics" in these elections, free from any charge of partisanship, because so great a proportion of the municipal elections are conducted along non-partisan lines.

It is amazing to see how many states which are accounted most partisan in Presidential elections, have conceded to their municipalities the right of electing their officials on local issues or personal characteristics of the candidates, utterly regardless of party affiliations.

## Three Ways to Run a City

**W**ITH partisanship to a large extent eliminated, the tendency has been to put municipal government more and more on a business basis. Thus there have arisen three general forms of city government, which with some modifications are in use in practically every city. There is, first, the old Federal system with the board of aldermen standing as the legislative body, the mayor as the executive, and the courts as the judiciary, just as the National Government is divided.

This is giving way to the two newer systems: the commission government, where the people elect three or more commissioners, each with a view to his fitness for taking charge of an allotted division of the city departments; and the city manager plan, where the commissioners elected by the people hire someone to look after the business affairs of the city, just as a manager is hired to look after a factory.

How are women to set to work at "practical politics" in the municipal elections, regardless of which of these forms of governments they have?

First, by showing courage as to what candidates they will support. In the elections last fall women voted for men for national and state offices who of necessity seemed afar off. There were very few women, proportionately speaking, who could know personally the men whose names were printed on their ballots. But in the municipal elections the candidates are close by. It is comparatively easy to get first-hand information about the men who want public office in your city.

Here it is that women will be tested. It will not do to vote for Mr. Jones because he is the husband of that nice Mrs. Jones, or for Mr. Smith because he needs the position in order to support his family, which is frequently the reason for electing certain men to office, especially in the rural communities. It is essential to pick a man who can do the work, and do it well. If you were a stockholder in a business concern, you would be mighty careful for whom you voted to manage your affairs. You are a stockholder in the municipality, and your individual vote is just as vital there as in any business with which you could possibly be connected.

The man for whom you vote should be a "representative" man. Women must be unwilling to tolerate in office a man whom they would be unwilling to accept in a social or business relationship. When I say social relationship, I do not mean society as it appears upon those state occasions when you rub elbows with a lot of

people, chatter about things in which no one is interested, and have your clothes almost torn in the general mêlée. Women in politics must learn to lay aside the snobbery which has grown in them with that sort of society. Politics is the great leveler, and women will benefit themselves and all humanity as they help to make the vast middle ground the common meeting place for all groups.

## Avoid "Entangling Alliances"

**W**OMEN have a certain freedom from entangling alliances, and they must be careful to maintain it. For fifteen years I have been a member of the board of education in Warren, Ohio, and for many years I have been president of that board. How often my heart has fairly ached for some member of that board who wanted to do the right thing, but was hampered in voting as he knew he should, because he was a bank director, and a heavy stockholder in the bank wanted him to do differently; or because he owned a big supply store, and an important customer wanted him to throw his influence in another direction.

Just as they are reasonably free from interlocking business relationships, so women are as yet little bound by partisanship. Women are not way inside the political machines even now, and, greatly as this may be deplored, in some instance, there are occasions on which it may work for good. Men usually are reluctant to oppose a candidate in "the ring," but women have no reason to hesitate on that score. I said to the men on the National Republican Committee, following the election last November, when it seemed as though most of the women in the United States had decided upon the Republican Party, "You must still watch out what candidates you nominate and what policies you establish. Women have chosen you, but we are not married to you yet."

However, in maintaining our independence to demand the best platform principles and the highest type of candidates within the parties, women must bear in mind the necessity of being good losers. It is a splendid thing to be able, after a fight within the organization, to go on with the winning majority, working for the great principles to which that particular party is committed.

Women who have been working for a cause have learned a great deal about this kind of loyalty. It is not a blind, unreasoning acceptance of conditions or people, but it is an intimate personal sense, which means being true to one's self, to one's principles, and to others. Double-dealing and "playing the game" are what have given "practical politics" its false meaning. They can result only in disaster and loss for all concerned, while playing straight means success for both the individual and the organization.

Women must take into politics the art of conservation, in the practice of which they are such adepts. Women are savers because they have never had much money to spend themselves; and their ideas of conservation are sorely needed at this time to bring about economy in government.

Industry is needed if women are to succeed in their ideas of "practical politics," and most women are taking this characteristic into their new work, astonishing men politicians not a little, just as those same men are astonishing the women by how much they talk, and how little they do.

## We Must Carry On to the Finish

**W**OMEN are going to require persistence, too. They will not like the bitterness and personalities which develop especially in municipal elections, but they must be prepared to carry on to the finish.

In our suffrage days we did not insist that we wanted to hold office ourselves. We always declared that what we desired was an opportunity to help choose the men who would govern our homes. Therefore I do not look to see any great number of women elected to public office, or even to declare themselves as candidates. One or two women in a legislative body are at a great disadvantage. They are curiosities to the onlookers, the impossible is expected of them, and their co-workers tip their hats to them politely instead of shaking hands and calling them comrades. If women decide that it is necessary, in order to give expression to their point of view, to elect women solely as women to membership in legislative bodies, they would better start a campaign to elect ten or a dozen all at the same time. Then, and then only, would the women members be in sufficient numbers to do some good themselves, and to gain acceptance on an equality with their men colleagues.

After all, it is in obliterating the sex line between men and women in politics that women have their greatest opportunity to serve at this time. The men feel toward us exactly as we would feel if a great foreign influx swept over us. They regard their own particular problems as overpowering, exactly as we do ours. And just when they think that they have all that they can possibly do, there has descended upon them a great mass of people, whom they do not understand very well, and who do not always understand them so very well. These new people, with their different characteristics, their varying customs, traditions and ideals have all to be assimilated. Meanwhile, those vexatious problems which existed prior to the invasion still await solution.

Is it any wonder that the men in striving to be patient are showing toward women patience without understanding, the patience of fathers toward willful, perplexing, exasperating children? They think that soon, like children, we will tire of this new game of politics and run away and leave them, whereupon they will go about their business in peace.

Women must join the parties. They cannot remain on the outside if they want men to adopt their attitude toward "practical politics," for few ever understand or appreciate the ideals of those who fight them. Men and women must counsel together, and there must be comradeship and cooperation if men are to learn women's point of view.

I do not know the definite steps by which men will come to understand women's point of view. It is a thing of the spirit, and can only be comprehended through the spirit. I do not expect it to come about in my generation. It is our granddaughters who will profit by men learning to understand women. It is like the young men of Kansas and the saloon to-day. This generation in Kansas has never seen a saloon, and prohibition comes easy to it.

The most devoted home woman, or the most absorbed business woman, who hesitates to undertake her part of the responsibility, will come to realize that she makes no sacrifice in so doing. No one ever works with a group without being repaid by personal growth and experiences, even though the growth be accompanied by growing pains and the experiences be not altogether pleasant.



Mrs. Upton holds the most important political position yet open to women, that of vice chairman of the National Republican Committee



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# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Gertrude B. Lane, Editor

Volume 48

August, 1921

Number 8

## The Girls

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED by HERMAN PFEIFER

*The story of the love and life of three women. A novel of brilliant realism, set in modern Chicago.*

IT IS a question of method. Whether to rush up to the girls pell-mell, leaving you to become acquainted as best you can; or, with elaborate slyness, to slip you so casually into their family life that they will not even glance up when you enter the room or leave it; or to present the three of them in solemn order according to age, epoch, and story. This last would mean beginning with Great-aunt Charlotte Thrift, spinster, aged seventy-six; thence to her niece and namesake, Lottie Payson, spinster, aged thirty-two; finishing with Lottie's niece and namesake, Charley Kemp, spinster, aged eighteen and a half—you may be certain that nobody ever dreamed of calling her Charlotte. If you are led by all this to exclaim, aghast, "A story about old maids!" you are right; it is.

Though, after all, perhaps one couldn't call Great-aunt Charlotte an old maid. When a woman has achieved seventy-six, a virgin, there is about her something as sexless, as aloof and monumental, as there is about a cathedral or a sequoia. Perhaps, too, the term is inappropriate to vigorous, alert, and fun-loving Lottie. For that matter, a glimpse of Charley in her white, woolly sweater and gym pants might cause you to demand a complete retraction of the term. Charley is of the type before whom this era stands in amazement and something like terror; Charley speaks freely on subjects of which Great-aunt Charlotte has never even heard. Words obstetrical, psychoanalytical, political, metaphysical, and eugenic trip from Charley's tongue. Don't think that Charley is a high-brow (to use a word fallen into disuse). Not at all. Even her enemies admit, grudgingly, that she packs a nasty back-hand tennis wallop; and that her dancing is almost professional. Her chief horror is of what she calls "sentiment." Her minor hatreds are "glad" books, knitted underwear, corsets, dirt, both physical and mental, lies, fat minds, and corporeal fat. She looks her best in a white fuzzy sweater. A shade too slim and boyish, perhaps, for chiffons.

The relationship between Charlotte, Lottie, and Charley is a simple one, really, though having, perhaps, an intricate look to the outsider. Great-aunt, niece, grandniece; it was understood readily enough in Chicago's South Side, just as it was understood that no one ever called Lottie "Charlotte," or Charley "Lottie," though any of the three might be designated as "one of the Thrift girls."

The Thrifts had been Chicago South Siders since that September in 1836 when Isaac Thrift had traveled tediously by river boat, canal boat, lake ship, and horse and wagon from his native New York State to the unkempt prairie settlement on the banks of the sluggish stream that the Potawatami Indian called Che-ca-gau. Their reason for thus having called a city after the homely garlic plant was plain enough whenever the breeze came pungently from the prairies instead of from Lake Michigan.

Right here is the start of Aunt Charlotte. And yet the temptation is almost irresistible to brush rudely past her and to hurry on to Lottie Payson, who is herself hurrying on home through the slate and salmon-pink Chicago sunset after what is known on the South Side as "spending the afternoon."

An exhilarating but breathless business—this catching up with Lottie; Lottie of the fine straight back, the short sturdy legs, the sensible shoes, the well-tailored suit, and the elfish exterior. All these items contributed to the facility with which she put the long Chicago blocks behind her—all, that is, except the last. An unwed woman of thirty-odd is not supposed to possess an elfish exterior; she is expected to be well balanced and matter of fact and practical. Lottie knew this, and usually managed to keep



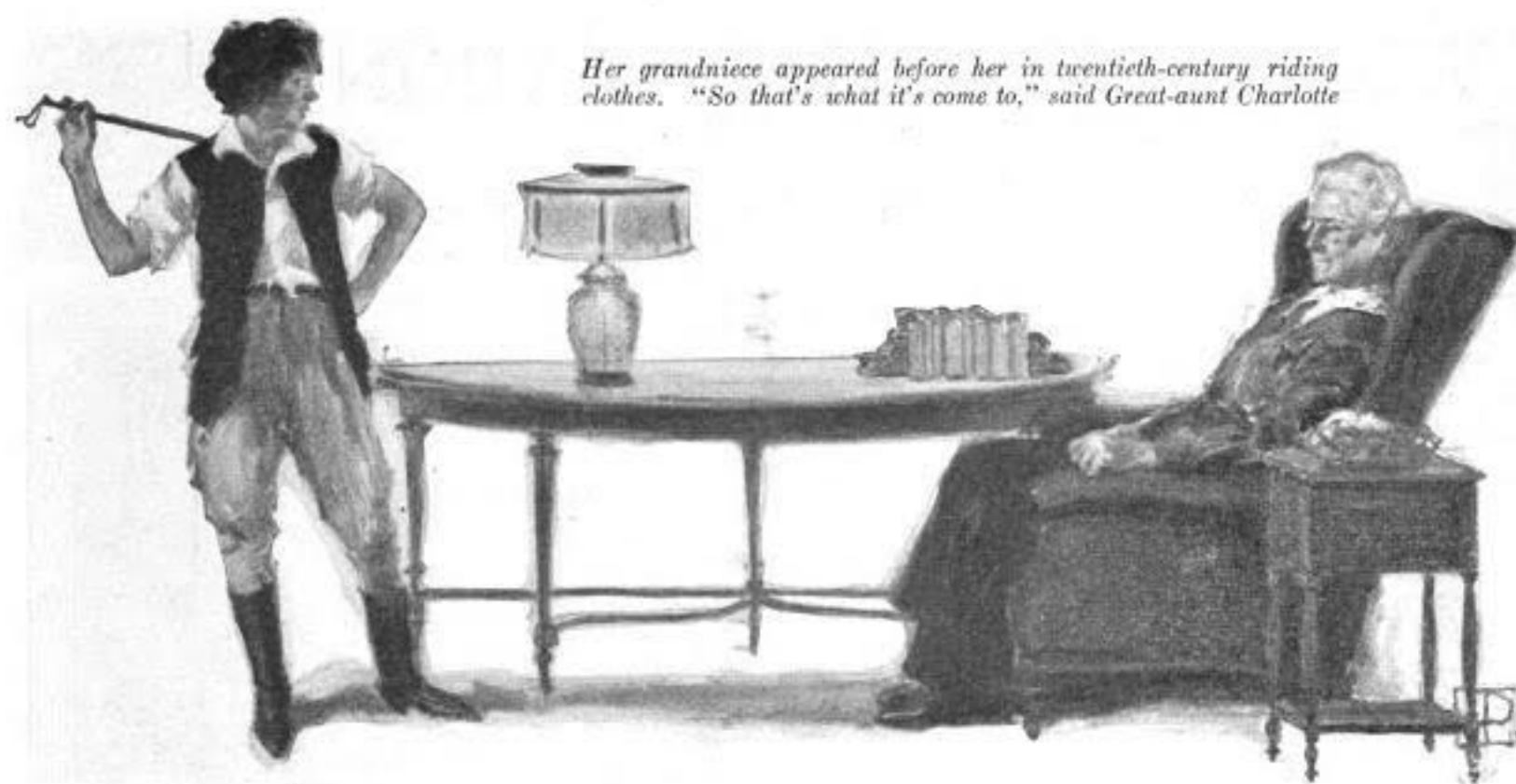
*With a little cry she threw her arms around him and kissed him. . . . There was something terrible about her not caring, not covering it*

the imp pretty well concealed. Yet she so often felt sixteen and utterly irresponsible that she had to take brisk walks along the lake front on blustery days, when the spray stung your cheeks; or out Bryn Mawr way, or even to Beverly Hills, where dwellings were sparse and one could take off one's hat and venture to skip, furtively, without being eyed askance. This was supposed to help work off the feeling—not that Lottie wanted to work it off. She liked it. But you can't act Peter Pannish at thirty-two without causing a good deal of action among conservative eyebrows. Lottie's mother, Mrs. Carrie

Payson, would have been terribly distressed at the thought of South Side eyebrows elevated against a member of her household. Sixty-six years of a very full life had taught Mrs. Carrie Payson little about the chemistry of existence. Else she must have known how inevitably a disastrous explosion follows the bottling up of the Lotties of this world.

On this particular March day the elf was proving obstreperous. Walking fleetly along now, she decided that she hated spending afternoons; that they were not only spent but squandered. Beck Schaefer had taken the





Her grandniece appeared before her in twentieth-century riding clothes. "So that's what it's come to," said Great-aunt Charlotte

others home in her electric. Lottie, seized with a sudden distaste for the glittering enameled box with its cut-glass cornucopia for flowers (artificial), its gray velvet upholstery and tasseled straps, had elected to walk, though she knew it would mean being late.

"Figger?" Beck Schaefer had asked, settling down her own plump person in the driver's seat.

"Air," Lottie had answered, not altogether truthfully; and drew a long breath. She turned away from the curb. The electric trundled richly off, its plate-glass windows filled with snugly tailored shoulders, furs, white gloves, vivid hats. Lottie held a hand high in farewell, palm out, as the gleaming vehicle sped silently away, lurched fatly around a corner, and was gone.

So she strode home now, through the early evening mist, the zany March wind buffeting her skirts—no, skirt; it is 1916 and women are knickerbockered underneath instead of petticoated—and the fishy smell that was Lake Michigan in March; the fertilizer smell that was the Stock Yards when the wind was west; and the smoky smell that was soft coal from the I. C. trains and a million unfettered chimneys; all blending and mellowing to a rich mixture that was incense to her Chicago-bred nostrils.

She was walking rapidly and thinking clearly, if disconnectedly:

"How we lied to each other this afternoon! Once or twice, though, we came nearer the truth than was strictly comfortable. . . . Beck's bitter. . . . There! I forgot Celia's recipe for that ice-box cake after all. . . . Beck's legs. . . . I never saw such—uh—tumultuous legs. . . . gray silk stockings ought to be prohibited on fat legs; room seemed to be full of them. . . . That's a nice sunset. I'd love to go over to the lake just for a minute. No, guess I'd better not, with the folks coming to dinner. . . . People always saying Chicago's ugly when it's really—Of course the Loop is pretty bad. . . . To-morrow'd be a good day to go downtown and look at blue serges. . . . a tricotine I think. . . . I wonder if Mother will want to go. . . . I do hope this once. . . ."

Here Lottie drew a deep breath, the kind of breathing that relieves stomach nerves. She was so sure that Mother would want to go. She almost always did.

Here we are, striding briskly along with Lottie Payson, while Great-aunt Charlotte, a wistful black-silk figure, lingers far behind. We are prone to be impatient of black silk figures, quite forgetting that they once were slim and eager white young figures in hoop skirts that sometimes tilted perilously up behind, displaying an unseemly length of frilled pantalette. Great-aunt Charlotte's skirts had shaped the course of her whole life.

Charlotte Thrift had been eighteen when the Civil War began. There's a really beautiful picture of her in her riding habit, taken at the time. She is wearing a hard-boiled hat with a plume, and you wonder how she ever managed to reconcile that skirt with a horse's back. The picture doesn't show the color of the plume, but you doubtless would know. It is a dashing plume, anyway, and caresses her shoulder. In one hand she is catching up the folds of her voluminous skirt, oh, ever so little; and in the other, carelessly, she is holding a rose. Her young face is so serious as to be almost severe. That is, perhaps, due to her eyebrows, which were considered too heavy and dark for feminine beauty. And yet there is a radiance about the face, and an effect of life and motion about the young figure that bespeaks but one thing.

Fifty-eight years had yellowed the photograph of the wasp-waisted girl in the billowing riding skirt when her grandniece, Charley Kemp, appeared before her in twentieth-century riding clothes: sleeveless jacket ending a little below the hips; breeches baggy in the seat but

gripping the knees. Great-aunt Charlotte had said, "So that's what it's come to!" You could almost hear her agile old mind clicking back to that other young thing of the plume, and the rose and the little booted foot peeping so demurely from beneath the folds of the sweeping skirt.

"Don't you like it?" Charley had looked down at her slim self, and had flicked her glittering tan boots with her riding whip, because that seemed the thing to do. Charley went to matinées.

Great-aunt Charlotte had pursed her crumpled old lips, whether in amusement or disapproval. "Well, it's kind of comical, really. And ugly. But you don't look ugly in it, Charley, or comical either. You look like a right pretty young boy."

Her eyes had a tenderly amused glint. Those eyes saw less than they used to: an encroaching cataract. But they had a bright and piercing appearance, owing to the heavy brows which, by some prank of nature, had defied the aging process that had laid its blight upon hair, cheek, lips, skin, and frame. The brows had remained jetty black; twin cornices of defiance in the ivory ruin of her face. They gave her a misleading sinister and cynical look. Piratical, almost.

Perhaps those eyebrows indicated in Charlotte Thrift something of the iron that had sustained her father, Isaac Thrift, the young Easterner, throughout his first years of Middle-Western hardship. Chicago to-day is full of resentful grandsons—and daughters—who will tell you that if their grandsire had bought the southwest corner of State and Madison streets for \$2,050 in cash, as he could have, they would be worth their millions to-day. And they are right. Still, if all those who tell you this were granted their wish Chicago now would be populated almost wholly by millionaire real-estate holders; and the southwest corner of State and Madison would have had to be as the loaves and the fishes.

Isaac Thrift had been one of these inconsiderate forebears. He had bought real estate, it is true, but in the mistaken belief that the city's growth and future lay along the south shore instead of the north. Chicago's South Side in that day was a prairie waste where wolves howled on winter nights and where, in the summer, flowers grew so riotously as to make a trackless sea of bloom. Isaac Thrift's contemporaries had bought North Side property, but Isaac Thrift built on Wabash, near Madison, and announced daringly that some day he would have a real country place, far south, near Eighteenth Street. For that matter, he said, the time would come when they would hear of houses thick in a street that would be known as Thirtieth, or even Fortieth. How they laughed at that! Besides, it was pretty well acknowledged by the wiseacres that St. Charles, a far older town, would soon surpass Chicago and become the metropolis of the West.

In books on early Chicago and its settlers you can see Isaac Thrift pictured as one of the stern and flinty city fathers, all boots, and stock, and massive watch chain and side whisks. It was neither a time nor a place for weaklings. The young man who had come hopefully out of York State to find his fortune in the welter of mud, swamp, Indians, frame shanties, and two-wheeled carts that constituted Chicago had needed all this indomitability.

It is characteristic of him that until his marriage he lived at the New Temperance Hotel (board and lodging \$2.00 a week; clothes washed extra), instead of at the popular Saugenash Hotel on Market and Lake. But in two years he had opened a sort of general store and real-estate office on Lake Street, had bought a piece of ground for a house on Wabash (which piece he later foolishly sold), and had sent back East for his bride. That lady left her comfortable roof-tree to make the long and arduous

trip that duplicated the one made earlier by her husband-to-be. Her letters back East are so typical and revealing that extracts, at least, are imperative.

The times are exceedingly dull in this city of Chicago; there is little business, no balls, no parties, some shooting, some riding, and plenty of loafers, and to-day, after the rain, a plenty of mud, which completes the picture. . . . The water here is first-rate bad, and the only way we get along is by drinking a great deal of tea and coffee—two coffees to one tea. . . . Everyone admires my pretty things from New York: my cherry-colored scarf; my gingham dress with the silk stripe in it, my Thibet cloth cloak of dark mulberry color; and my fine velvet bonnet which cost only \$3.50 in New York. It is prettier than any I have seen here. A milliner here said that it would have cost \$8.00 in Chicago, but I think that is exaggerated. The ladies here wear only one flounce to their skirts. Even my third best—the brown-and-white plaid merino—has three. . . . The mud here is so bad that the men wear hip boots and we women must go about in two-wheeled carts that sink to the hubs in many places. There are signs stuck up in the mud with the warning, "No bottom here." . . . Our new furniture has come. A beautiful flowered red and green carpet in the chamber and parlor. When the folding doors are open the stove will heat both rooms. . . . They have most excellent markets in this place. We can get meat of every description for four cents a pound, such as sausages, venison, beef, pork—everything except fowls. Of fruit there is little. I saw some grapes yesterday in the market, all powdered over with sawdust. They had come from Spain. They made my mouth water. . . . Every day great prairie schooners, as they call them, go by the house. They have come all the way from the East. . . . I am terrified of the Indians, though I have said little to Isaac. They are very dirty, and not at all noble as our history and geography books state. . . .

She bore Isaac Thrift two children, accomplishing the feat as circumspectly and with as much reticence as is possible in the achievement of so physical a rite. Girls, both. I think she would have considered a man-child indelicate.

Charlotte had been the first of these girls. Carrie, the second, came a tardy ten years later. It was a time and a city of strange contradictions and fluctuations. Fortunes were made in the boom of 1835 and lost in the panic of 1837. Chicago was a broken-down speculative shanty village one day, and an embryo metropolis the next. The Firemen's Ball was the event of the social season, with Engine No. 3, glittering gift of "Long John" Wentworth, set in the upper end of the dance hall and festooned with flowers and ribbons. All the worth-while beaux of the town belonged to the volunteer fire brigade. The names of Chicago's firemen of 1838 or '40, if read aloud to-day, would sound like the annual list of box holders at the opera. The streets of the town were frequently impassable; servants almost unknown; quiltings and church sociables noteworthy events. The open prairie, just beyond town, teemed with partridges, quail, prairie chicken. Fort Dearborn, deserted, was a playground for little children. Indians, dirty, blanketed, saturnine, slouched along the streets. "Long John" Wentworth was kinging it in Congress. Young ladies went to balls primly gowned in dark-colored merinos, long-sleeved, high-necked. Little girls went to school in bodices, low-cut and nearly sleeveless, toe-slippers, and manifold skirts starched to stand out like a ballerina's.

These stiffly starched skirts, layer on layer, first brought romance into Charlotte Thrift's life. She was thirteen, a rather stocky little girl, not too obedient of the prim maternal voice that was forever bidding her point her toes out, hold her shoulders back and not talk at table. She must surely have talked at table this morning. The horrid realization of this came as Charlotte reached the Rush Street ferry—a crude ramshackle affair drawn from one side of the river to the other with ropes pulled by hand. Charlotte attended Miss Rapp's school on the North Side, though the Thrifts lived South. This makeshift craft was about to leave the south shore as Charlotte, her tardiness heavy upon her, sighted the river. With a little cry and a rush she sped down the path, leaped, slipped, and landed just short of the ferry in the slimy waters of the Chicago River. Landed exactly expresses it. Though, on second thought, perhaps settled is better. Layer on layer of stiffly starched skirts sustained her. She had fallen feet downward. There she rested on the water, her skirts spread petal-like about her, her toes, in their cross-strapped slippers, no doubt pointing demurely downward. She looked like some weird white river lily afloat on its pad in the turbid stream. Her eyes were round with fright beneath the strongly marked black brows. Then, suddenly and quite naturally, she screamed, kicked wildly, and began to sink. Sank in fact. It had all happened with incredible swiftness. The ferry men had scarcely had time to open their mouths vacuously.



Charlotte's calliope screams, ominously muffled now, worked them into action. But before their clumsy wits and hands had seized on ropes, a slim black-and-white line cleft the water, disappeared, and reappeared with the choking, struggling, frantic Charlotte, very unstarched now and utterly unmindful of toes, shoulders, and vocal restraint.

The black-and-white line had been young Jesse Dick, of the "Hardscrabble" Dicks; the black had been his trousers, the white his shirt. He swam like a river rat—which he more or less was. Of all the Chicago male inhabitants to whom Mrs. Thrift would most have objected as the rescuer of her small daughter this lounging, good-for-nothing young Jesse Dick would have been most prominently ineligible. Fortunately (or unfortunately) she did not even know his name until five years later. Charlotte herself did not know it. She had had one frantic glimpse of a wet, set face above hers, but it had been only a flash in a kaleidoscopic whole. Young Dick, having towed her ashore, had plumped her down, retrieved his coat, and lounged off, unmissed and unrecognized in the ensuing hubbub. The rescue accomplished, his seventeen-year-old emotions found no romantic stirrings in the thought of this limp and dripping bundle of corded muslin, bedraggled pantalettes, and streaming, stringy hair.

Charlotte, put promptly to bed, of course, with a pan at her feet and flannel on her chest, and hot broth administered at intervals (though she was no whit the worse for her ducking), lay very flat and still under the gay calico comfortable, her hair in two damp braids, her eyes wide and thoughtful.

"But who was he?" insisted Mrs. Thrift, from the foot of the bed.

And "I don't know," replied Charlotte for the dozenth time.

"What did he look like?" demanded Isaac Thrift (hastily summoned from his place of business so near the scene of the mishap).

"I . . . don't know," replied Charlotte. And that, bafflingly enough, was the truth. Only sometimes in her dreams she saw his face again, white, set, and yet with something almost merry about it. From these dreams Charlotte would wake shivering deliciously. But she never told them. During the next five years she never went to a dance, a sleigh ride, walked or rode, that she did not unconsciously scan the room or the street for his face.

Five years later Charlotte was shopping on Lake Street in her second-best merino, voluminously hooped. Fortunately (she thought later, devoutly), she had put on her best bonnet of sage-green velvet with the frill of blond lace inside the face. A frill of blond lace is most flattering when set inside the bonnet. She had come out of her father's store and was bound for the shop of Mr. Potter Palmer, where, the week before, she had flirted with a plum-colored pelisse and had known no happiness since then. She must feel it resting on her own sloping shoulders. Of course it was—But then, Mr. Palmer, when he waited on you himself, often came down in his price.

Chicago sidewalks were crazy wooden affairs raised high on rickety stilts, uneven, full of cracks for the unwary, now five steps up, now six steps down, with great nails raising their ugly heads to bite at unsuspecting draperies. Below this structure lay a morass of mud, and woe to him who stepped into it.

Along this precarious eminence Charlotte moved with the gait that fashion demanded: a mingling of mince, swoop, and glide. Her mind was on the plum pelisse. A malicious nail, seeing this, bit at her dipping and voluminous skirt with a snick and a snarl. "R-r-rip!" it went. Charlotte stepped back with a little cry of dismay—stepped back just too far, lost her footing and tumbled over the edge of the high board walk into the muck and slime below.

For the second time in five years Jesse Dick's lounging habit served a good purpose. There he was on Lake Street, idly viewing the world, when he should have been helping to build it, as were the other young men of that hard-working city. He heard her little cry of surprise and fright; saw her topple, a hoop-skirted heap, into the mire. Those same ridiculous hoops, wire traps that they were, rendered her as helpless as a beetle on its back. Jesse Dick's long legs sprang to her rescue, though he could not suppress a smile at her plight. This before he caught a glimpse of the face set off by the frill of blond lace. He picked her up, set her on her feet—little feet in cloth-gaitered side boots and muddied white stockings—and began gently to wipe her sadly soiled second-best merino with his handkerchief, with his shabby coat sleeve, with his coat tail and, later, with his hand.

"Oh, don't . . . please . . . you mustn't . . . please . . . oh—" Charlotte kept murmuring, the color high in her cheeks. She was poised at that dangerous pinnacle between tears and laughter, between vexation and mirth. "Oh, please—"

Her vaguely protesting hand, in its flutterings, brushed his blond, curly head. He was on his knees tidying her skirts with great deftness and thoroughness. He looked up at her then, as she bent down.

"Why, you're the boy!" gasped Charlotte.

"The boy who pulled me out of the river. Long ago. I was going to school. Rush Street. You jumped in. I never knew. But you're the boy. I mean—of course you're grown now. But you are, aren't you? The boy, I mean. The—"

She became silent, looking down at him, her face like a

rose in the blond lace frill. He was still on his knees in the mud, brushing at her skirts with a gesture that now was merely mechanical; brushing, as we know, with his heart in his hand.

So, out of the slime of the river and the grime of Lake Street had flowered their romance.

A SHORT-LIVED and tragic enough romance. It wasn't that the Dicks were rowdy, or of evil repute. They were nobodies. In a day when social lines were so elastic as to be nearly all-inclusive, the Dicks were miles outside the pale. In the first place, they lived out "Hardscrabble" way. That definitely placed them. The name designated a mean, tumble-down district southwest of town, inhabited by poor whites. A welter of mud, curs, barefoot babies, slatternly women, shirt-sleeved men lounging slackly against open doorways, acrid pipe in mouth. Such was the "Hardscrabble" population.

Young Jesse Dick, sprung from this soil, still was alien to it: a dreamer; a fawn among wallowing swine; an idler with nothing of the villain about him, and the more dangerous because of that. Isaac Thrift and his prim wife certainly would sooner have seen their daughter Charlotte dead than involved with one of the Dick clan. But they were unaware of the very existence of the riffraff Dicks. The Thrifts lived in two-story and basement elegance on Wabash near Madison, and kept their own cow.

There was a fine natural forest between Clark and Pine streets, north, on the lake shore. Along its grassy paths lay fallen and decayed trees. Here the two used to meet, for it came to that. Charlotte had an Indian pony, which she rode daily. Sometimes they met on the prairie to the south of town. The picture of Charlotte in the sweeping skirt, the stiff little hat, the caressing plume and the rose must have been taken at about this time. There was in her face such a glow, such a bloom and radiance as comes to a woman—with too heavy eyebrows—who is beloved for the first time.

It was, as it turned out, for the last time as well. Charlotte had the courage for clandestine meetings in spite of a girlhood hedged about with prim pickets of propriety; but when she thought of open revolt, of appearing with Jesse Dick before the priggish mother and the flinty father, she shrank and cowered and was afraid. To them she was little more than a fresh young vegetable without emotions, thoughts, or knowledge of a kind which they would have considered unmaidenly.

Charlotte was sitting in the dining-room window

nook one day, sewing.

It was a pleasant room in which to sit and sew. Mrs. Thrift, at the dining-room table, was casting up her weekly accounts. She closed the little leather-bound book now and sat back with a sigh. Mrs. Thrift always wore a worried frown between her eyes. She took wife- and motherhood hard. She would have thought herself unwisely and unmotherly to take them otherwise.

"I declare," she said now, "with beef six cents the pound—and not a very choice cut, either—a body dreads the weekly accounts."

"M-m-m," murmured Charlotte remotely, from the miles and miles that separated them.

Mrs. Thrift regarded her for a moment, tapping her cheek thoughtfully with the quill in her hand. Her frown

deepened. Charlotte was wearing a black sateen apron, very full. Her hair, drawn straight back from her face, was gathered at the back into a chenille net. A Garibaldi blouse completed the hideousness of her costume. There quivered about her an aura, a glow—a roseate something—that triumphed over apron, net, and blouse. Mrs. Thrift sensed this without understanding it. Her puzzlement took the form of nagging.

"It seems to me, Charlotte, that you might better be employed with your plain sewing than fancywork such as that."

Charlotte's black sateen lap was gay with scraps of silk: cherry satin, purple velvet, green taffetas, scarlet, blue. She was making a patchwork silk quilt of an intricate pattern (of which work of art more later).

"Yes, indeed," said she now, unfortunately. And hummed a little tune.

Mrs. Thrift stood up with all the stir of outraged dignity. "Well, miss, I'll thank you to pay the compliment of listening when I talk to you. You sit there smiling at nothing, like a simpleton, I do declare!"

"I was listening, Mother."

"What did I last say?"

"Why—beef—six—"

"Humph! What with patchwork quilts, and nonsense like that; and out on your pony every day, fine or not, I sometimes wonder, miss, what you think yourself. Beef, indeed!"

She gathered up her books and papers. It was on her tongue's tip to forbid the afternoon's ride. Something occult in Charlotte sensed this. She leaned forward. "Oh, Mother, Mrs. Perry's passing on Madison and looking at the house. I do believe she's coming in. Wait. Yes, she's turning in. I think I'll just—"

"Stay where you are," commanded Mrs. Thrift. Charlotte subsided. Mrs. Perry came sweeping down the hall. It was evident that news was on her tongue's tip. Her bonnet was slightly askew. Her hoops swayed like a hill in a quake. Mrs. Thrift advanced to meet her. They shook hands at arm's length across the billows of their outstanding skirts.

"Such news, Mrs. Thrift! What do you think! After all these years, Mrs. Holcomb's going to have a ba—"

"My dear!" interrupted Mrs. Thrift, hastily; and raised a significant eyebrow in the direction of the slim figure bent over her sewing in the window nook.

Mrs. Perry coughed apologetically. "Oh! I didn't see—"

"Charlotte dear, leave the room."

Charlotte gathered up her bits of silk in her apron and fled the room dutifully, with a little curtsy for Mrs. Perry. In the dark passageway she stamped an unfilial foot.

Then, it is to be regretted, she screwed her features into one of those unadulterated contortions known as making a face. Turning, she saw regarding her from the second-story balustrade her eight-year-old sister, Carrie. Carrie, ten years her sister's junior, never had been late to school; never had fallen into the Chicago river; nor off a high wooden sidewalk; always turned her toes out; held her shoulders like a Hessian.

"I saw you!" cried this true daughter of her mother.

Charlotte, mounting the stairs to her own room, swept past this paragon with such a disdainful swishing of skirts, apron, and squares of bright-colored silk stuff as to create quite a breeze.

That night at supper she tried unsuccessfully to appear indifferent and at ease under Carrie's round, unblinking stare of malice. Carrie began:

"Mama, what did Mrs. Perry have to tell you when she came calling this afternoon?"

"Nothing that would interest you, my pet. . . . You haven't touched your potato."

"Would it interest Charlotte?"

"No."

"Is that why you sent her out of the room?"

"Yes. Now eat your p—"

"Charlotte didn't like being sent out of the room, did she? H'm, Mama?"

"Isaac, will you speak to that child. I don't know what—"

Charlotte's face was scarlet. She knew. Her father



There was a fine natural forest between Clark and Pine streets on the lake shore. Here the two used to meet



would speak sternly to the too-inquisitive Carrie. That crafty one would snivel, "But I only wanted to know because Charlotte—" and out would come the tale of Charlotte's foot-stamping and face-making.

But Isaac Thrift never framed the first chiding sentence; and Carrie got no further than the thrusting out of the lip. For the second time that day news appeared in the form of a neighbor. A man this time, one Abner Rathburn. His news was no mere old-wives' gossip of births and babies. He told it, white-faced. Fort Sumter had been fired on. War!

Chicago's interest in the soldiery, up to now, had been confined to that ornamental and gayly caparisoned group known as Colonel Ellsworth's Zouaves. In their brilliant uniforms these gave exhibition drills, flashing through marvelous evolutions learned during evenings of practice in a vacant hall above a little brick store near Rush Street Bridge. They had gone on grand tours through the East, as well. The illustrated papers had had their pictures. Now their absurd baggy trousers and their pert little jackets and their brilliant-hued sashes took on a new, grim meaning. Off they trotted, double-quick, to Donelson and death, most of them. Off went the boys of that socially elect group belonging to the Fire Engine Company. Off went brothers, sons, fathers. Off went Jesse Dick from out Hardscrabble way, and fought his brief fight, too, at Donelson, with weapons so unfit and ineffectual as to be little better than toys; and lost. But just before he left, Charlotte, frantic with fear, apprehension and thwarted love, publicly did that which branded her forever in the eyes of her straitlaced little world.

IN ALL their meetings these two young things had never once kissed or even shyly embraced. Their hands had met and clung. Touching subterfuges. "That's a funny ring you wear. Let's see it. My, how little! It won't go on any of my— No, sir! Not even this one." Their eyes had spoken. His fingers sometimes softly touched the plume that dropped from her stiff little hat. When he helped her mount the Indian pony perhaps he pressed closer in farewell than that fiery little steed's hoofs quite warranted. But that was all. He was overconscious of his social inferiority. Years of narrow nagging bound her with hands of steel.

A week after Sumter, "I've enlisted," he told her. "Of course," Charlotte had replied, dazedly. Then, in sudden realization, "When? When?"

He knew what she meant. "Right away, I reckon. They said—right away." She looked at him mutely. "Charlotte, I wish you'd—I wish your father and mother—I'd like to speak to them—I mean about us—me." There was little of Hardscrabble about him as he said it. "Oh, I couldn't. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

He was silent for a long time, poking about with a dried stick in the leaves and loam and grass at their feet, as they sat on a fallen tree trunk, just as for years and years despairing lovers have poked in absent-minded frenzy; digging a fork's prong into the white defenseless surface of a tablecloth; prodding the sand with a cane; rooting into the ground with an umbrella ferrule; making meaningless marks on gravel paths.

At last: "I don't suppose it makes any real difference; but the Dicks came from Holland. . . . I mean a long time ago. With Hendrik Hudson. And my great-great-grandmother was a Pomroy. You wouldn't believe, would you, that a shiftless lot like us could come from stock like that? I guess it's run thin. Of course, my mother—" he stopped. She put a timid hand on his arm then, and he made as though to cover it with his own, but did not. He went on poking at the ground with his bit of stick. "Sometimes, when my father's—if he's been drinking too much—imagines he's one of his own ancestors. Sometimes, it's a Dutch ancestor and sometimes it's an English one, but he's always very magnificent about it; and when he's like that even my mother can't—can't scream him down. You should hear then what he thinks of all you people who live in fine brick houses on Wabash and on Michigan, and over on the North Side. My brother Pom says—"

"Pom?"

"Pomroy. Pomroy Dick, you see. Both the . . . I've been thinking that perhaps if your father and mother knew about . . . I mean how we're not . . . that is, my father—"

SHE shook her head gently. "It isn't that. You see, it's business men. Those who have stores or real estate, and are successful. Or young lawyers. That's the kind, Father and Mother—"

They were not finishing their sentences. Groping for words. Fearful of hurting each other.

He laughed. "I guess there won't be much choice among the lot of us when this is over."

"Why, Jesse, it'll only last a few months—two or three. Father says it'll only last a few months."

"It doesn't take that long to—"

"To what?"

"Nothing."

He was whisked away after that. Charlotte saw him but once again. That once was her undoing. She did not even know the time set for his going. He had tried to get word to her, and had failed, somehow. With her father and mother Charlotte was one of the crowd gathered about the Courthouse steps to hear Jules Lombard sing "The Battle Cry of Freedom." George Root, of Chicago, George, whom they all knew, had written it. The ink was scarcely dry on the manuscript. The crowds gathered in

the street before the Courthouse. Soon they were all singing it. Suddenly, through the singing, like a dull throb, throb, throb, came the sound of thudding feet. Soldiers. With a great surge the crowd turned its face toward the street. Still singing. Here they came. In marching order. Their uniforms belied the name. Had they been less comic they would have been less tragic. They were equipped with muskets altered from flintlocks; with Harper's Ferry and Deneger rifles; with horse pistols and musketoons—deadly sounding, but ridiculous. With these they faced Donelson. They were hardly more than boys. After them trailed women, running alongside, dropping back breathless. Old women, mothers. Young women, sweethearts, wives. This was no time for the proprieties, for reticence.

THEY were passing. The first of them had passed. Then Charlotte saw him. His face flashed out at her from among the lines. His serious face, under the absurd hat, was white, set. And oh, how young. He was at the end of his line. Charlotte watched him coming. She felt a queer tingling in her finger tips, in the skin around her eyes, in her throat. Then a great surge of fear, horror, fright, and love shook her. He was passing. Someone, herself and yet not herself, was battling a way through the crowd, was pushing, thrusting with elbows, shoulders. She gained the roadway. She ran, stumblingly. She grasped his arm. "You didn't let me know! You didn't let me know!" Someone took hold of her elbow—someone in the crowd on the sidewalk—but she shook him off. She ran on at his side. Came the double-quick command. With a little cry she threw her arms about him and kissed him. Her lips were parted like a child's. Her face was distorted with weeping. There was something terrible about her not caring, not covering it. "You didn't let me know! You didn't let me know!" The ranks broke into double-quick. She ran with them a short minute, breathlessly, sobbing.

IT WAS a submissive enough little figure that they hustled home through the crowded streets, up the front stoop and into the brick house on Wabash Avenue. Crushed and crumpled.

The cruellest edge of the things they said was mercifully dulled by the time it penetrated her numbed consciousness. She hardly seemed to hear them. At intervals she sobbed.

"Who was he? Who was he?"

She told them.

At each fresh accusation she seemed to shrink into smaller compass; to occupy less space within the circle of her outstanding hoop skirts, until finally she was just a pair of hunted eyes in a tangle of ringlets, handkerchief, and crinoline. She caught fragments of what they were saying: ". . . ruined her life . . . brought down disgrace . . . entire family . . . never hold head up . . . common lout like a Dick . . . Dick! . . . Dick!"

It appeared that she had not only ruined herself and brought lifelong disgrace upon her parents' hitherto unsullied name; but she had made improbable any future matrimonial prospects for her sister Carrie—then aged eight.

That, unfortunately, struck Charlotte as being humorous. Racked though she was, one remote corner of her mind's eye pictured the waspish little Carrie, in pinafore and strapped slippers, languishing for love, all forlorn. Carrie, who still stuck her tongue out by the way of reparation. Charlotte giggled suddenly, quite without meaning. Hysteria, probably. At this fresh exhibition of shamelessness, her parents were aghast.

"WELL! And you can laugh!" shouted Isaac Thrift through the soft and unheeded susurrus of his wife's "Sh-sh-sh!" "As if I hadn't enough trouble, with this war"—it sounded like a private personal grievance—"and business what it is, and real estate practically worth—"

Mrs. Thrift interrupted with mournful hastiness. "We must send her away. East. For a little visit. That would be best, for a few months."

At that Isaac Thrift laughed a rather terrible laugh. "Away! That would give them a fine chance to talk. Away indeed, madam! A few months, h'm? Ha!"

Mrs. Thrift threw out her palms as though warding off a blow. "Isaac! You don't mean they'd think—Isaac!" Charlotte regarded them both with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

Her mother looked at her. Charlotte raised her own tear-drenched face, that was so mutely miserable, so stricken, so dumbly questioning. Marred as it was, and grief-ravaged, Mrs. Thrift seemed still to find there something that relieved her. She said, more gently, perhaps, than in any previous questioning:

"Why did you do it, Charlotte?"

"I couldn't help it. I couldn't help it."

Isaac Thrift snorted impatiently. Hetty Thrift compressed her lips a little and sighed. "Yes, but why did you do it, Charlotte? Why? You have been brought up so carefully. How could you do it?"

Now, the answer that lay ready in Charlotte's mind was one that could have explained everything. And yet it would have explained nothing; at least nothing to Hetty and Isaac Thrift. The natural reply on Charlotte's tongue was simply, "Because I love him." But the Thrifts did not speak of love. It was not a ladylike word.

Mrs. Thrift put a final question. She had to. "Had you ever kissed him before?"

"Oh, no!" cried Charlotte so earnestly that they could

not but believe. Then, quiveringly, as one bereaved, cheated, "Oh, no! No. Never. Not once. . . . Not once."

The glance that Mrs. Thrift shot at her husband then was a mingling of triumph and relief.

Isaac Thrift and his wife did not mean to be hard and cruel. They had sprung from stern stock. There was the narrow middle-class outlook of members of a small, respectable community. According to the standards of that community, Charlotte Thrift had done an outrageous thing. War, in that day, was a grimmer, though less bloody and wholesale business, than it is to-day. An army whose marching song is "Where Do We Go From Here?" attaches small significance to the passing kiss of an hysterical flapper, whether the object of the kiss be buck private or general. But an army that finds vocal expression in "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and "John Brown's Body" is likely to take its bussing seriously. The publicly kissed soldier on his way to battle was the publicly proclaimed property of the kisser. And there, in front of the Courthouse steps, in full sight of her world—the Addison Canes, the Thomas Holcombs, the Lewis Fullers, the Clapps—Charlotte Thrift, daughter of Isaac Thrift, had run after, had thrown her arms about, and had kissed a young man so obscure, so undesirable, so altogether an unfitting object for a gently-bred maiden's kisses (public or private), as to render valueless her kisses in future.

OF CHARLOTTE'S impulsive act her father and mother made something repulsive and sinister. She was made to go everywhere, but was duennaed like a naughty Spanish princess. Her every act was remarked. Did she pine, she was berated and told to rouse herself; did she laugh, she was frowned down. Her neat little escriptoire frequently betrayed traces of an overhauling by suspicious alien fingers. There was little need of that after the first few days. The news of Jesse Dick's death at Donelson went almost unnoticed but for two Chicago households—one out Hardscrabble way, one on Wabash Avenue.

There came to Charlotte a desperate and quite natural desire to go to his people; to see his mother; to talk with his father. But she never did. Instinctively her mother sensed this (perhaps, after all, she had been eighteen herself, once), and by her increased watchfulness made Hardscrabble as remote and unattainable as heaven.

She had no tangible thing over which to mourn, not one of those bits of paper or pasteboard or linen or metal over which to keen; nothing to hold in her two hands, or press to her lips or wear in her bosom. She had only her wound and her memory, and perhaps these would have healed and grown dim had not Isaac Thrift and his wife so persistently rubbed salt in the one and prodded the other. After all, she was little more than eighteen, and eighteen does not break so readily. If they had made light of it, perhaps she would soon have lifted her head again and even cast about for consolation.

"Moping again?"

"I'm not moping, Father."

"What would you call it, then?"

"Why, I'm just sitting by the window in the dusk. I often do. Even before—before—"

"There's enough and to spare for idle hands to do, I dare say. Haven't you seen to-day's paper, or heard of what's happened again at Manassas that you can sit there like that?"

She knew better than to explain that for her Jesse Dick died again with the news of each fresh battle.

She became curiously silent for so young a girl. During those four years she did her share with the rest of them: scraped lint, tore and rolled bandages, made hospital garments, tied comforters, knitted stockings and mittens, put up fruit and jellies and pickles for the soldiers. Chicago was a construction camp. Regiments came marching in from all the states north. Camp Douglas, south of Thirty-first Street, was at first thick with tents, afterward with wooden barracks. Charlotte even helped in the great Sanitary Fairs that lasted a week or more. You would have noticed no difference between this girl and the dozens of others who chirped about the flag-decked booths. But there was a difference. That which had gone from her was an impalpable something difficult to name. Only if you could have looked from her face to that of the girl of the old photograph—that girl in the sweeping habit, with the plume, and the rose held carelessly in one hand—you might have known. The glow, the bloom, the radiance—gone.

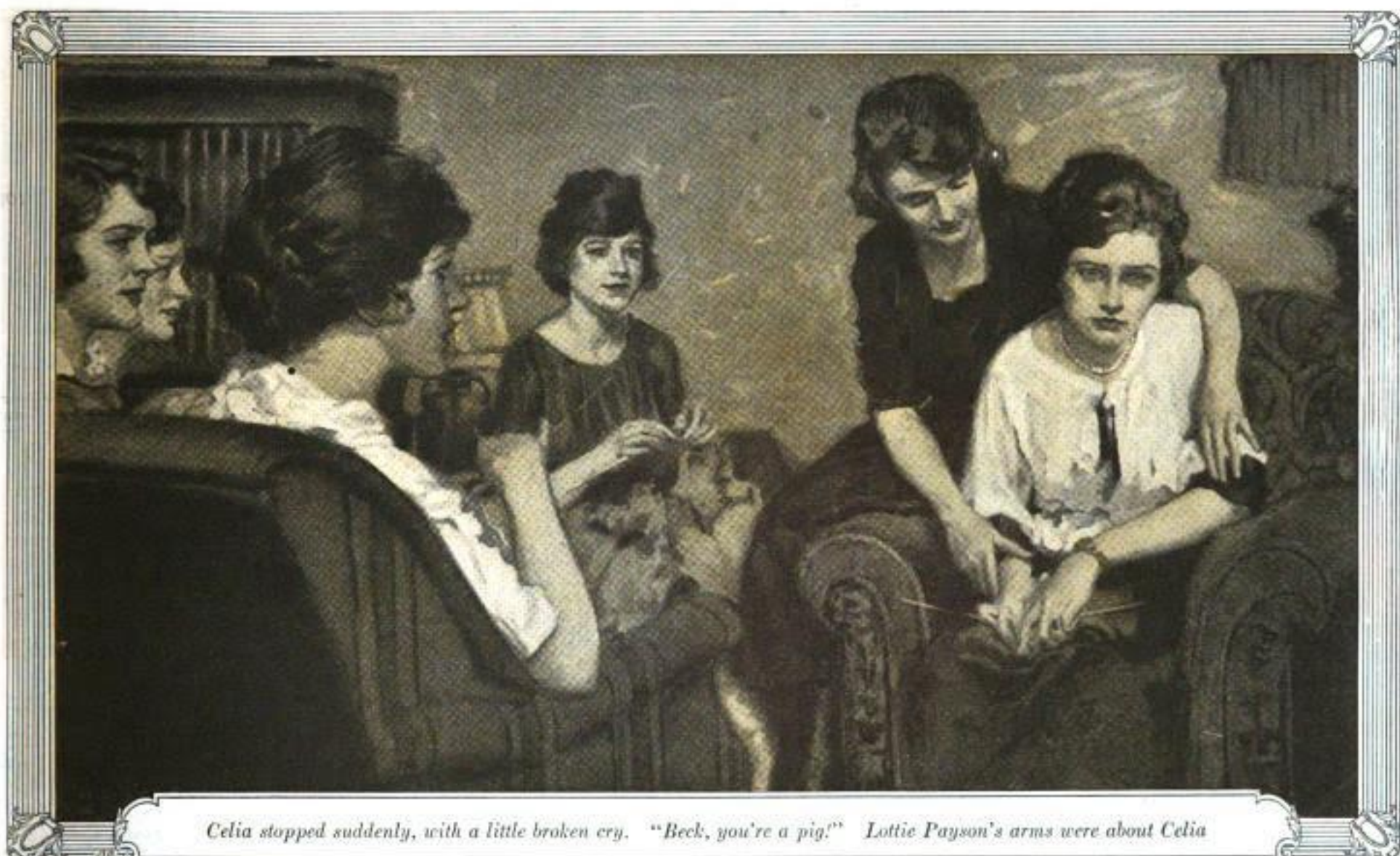
WHEN the war ended Charlotte was twenty-two. An unwed woman of twenty-two was palpably overfastidious or undesirable. Twenty-five was the sere and withered leaf. And soon Charlotte was twenty-five—twenty-eight—thirty. Done for.

The patchwork silk quilt, laid aside unfinished in '61, was taken up again in '65. It became quite famous, a renowned work of art. Visitors who came to the house asked after it. "And how is the quilt getting on, dear Charlotte?" As a novelist is sounded about an opus with which he is struggling, or a painter his canvas. Mrs. Hannan, the Lake Street milliner, saved all her pieces for Charlotte.

The winged sweep of the fine black brows was ruffled by a frown of earnest concentration as she bent intently over the rags and scraps of shimmering stuffs. Her cheated fingers smoothed and caressed the satin surfaces as tenderly as though they lingered on a baby's cheek.

When, finally, it was finished—lined with turkey red and bound with red ribbon—Charlotte exhibited it at the





*Celia stopped suddenly, with a little broken cry. "Beck, you're a pig!" Lottie Payson's arms were about Celia*

Fair, following much persuasion by her friends. It took first prize among twenty-five silk quilts. A day of great triumph for Charlotte Thrift. The prize was a basket worth fully eight dollars.

**W**HEN Charlotte was thirty Carrie, twenty, married. After all, the innocent little indiscretion which had so thoroughly poisoned Charlotte's life was not to corrupt Carrie's matrimonial future, in spite of Mrs. Thrift's mournful prediction. Carrie married Samuel Payson, junior member of the firm of Thrift & Payson, Real Estate, Bonds and Mortgages. He had showered his attention on Charlotte at first, but failing to rouse any interest, much less any response to his ardor, he presently allowed himself to be acquired by Carrie.

Samuel Payson was destined to be a junior partner. Everything about him was deferential, subservient. The very folds of his clothes slanted away from you. He was as oblique and evasive as Isaac Thrift was upright and forthright. In conversation with you he pronounced your name at frequent intervals. Charlotte came to dread it: "Yes, Miss Charlotte. . . . Do you think so, Miss Charlotte? . . . Sit here, Miss Charlotte. . . ." It was like a too-intimate hand on your shrinking arm.

The fashion for men of parting the hair in the middle had just come in. Samuel Payson parted his from forehead to nape of neck. In some mysterious way it gave to the back of his head an alert facial expression very annoying to the beholder. He reminded Charlotte of someone she had recently met and whom she despised; but for a long time she could not think who this could be. She realized at length that it was Uriah Heep.

Isaac and Hetty Thrift had too late relaxed their vigilant watch over Charlotte. It had taken them all these years to realize that they were guarding a prisoner who hugged her chains. Wretched as she was (in a quiet and unobtrusive way), there is the possibility that she would have been equally wretched married to a Hardscrabble Dick. Charlotte's submission was all the more touching because she had nothing against which to rebel. Once, in the very beginning, Mrs. Thrift, haunted by something in Charlotte's eyes, had said in a burst of mingled spleen and self-defense:

"And why do you look at me like that, I should like to know! I'm sure I didn't kill your young man at Donelson. You're only moping like that to aggravate me; for something that never could have been, anyway—thank goodness!"

"He wouldn't have been killed," Charlotte said, unreasonably, and with conviction.

Had they been as wise and understanding as they were well-meaning, these two Calvinistic parents might have cured Charlotte by one visit to the Dicks' Hardscrabble kitchen, with a mangy cur nosing her skirts; a red-faced hostess at the washtub; and a ruined, battered travesty of the slim, young and romantic Jesse Dick there in the

person of old Pete Dick squatting, sodden, in the doorway.

Charlotte, at thirty, still had a look of vigor, and of fragrant (if slightly faded) bloom, together with a little atmosphere of mystery of which she was entirely unconscious; born, doubtless, of years of living with a ghost. Attractive qualities, all three; and all three quite lacking in her tart-tongued and acidulous sister, despite that miss's ten-year advantage. Carrie was plain, spare, and sallow. Her mind marched with her father's. The two would discuss real-estate holdings like two men. Hers was the mathematical and legal-thinking type of brain rarely found in a woman. She rather despised her mother.

**I**T WAS soon after the second Chicago fire that Isaac Thrift and his son-in-law built the three-story and basement house on Prairie Avenue, near Twenty-ninth Street. The old man recalled the boast, made almost forty years before, that some day he would build as far south as Thirtieth Street; though it was not, as he had then predicted, a country house.

"I was a little wrong there," he admitted, "but only because I was too conservative. They laughed at me. Well, you can't deny the truth of it now. The finest residential property is on the South Side, and always will be. It'll be as good a hundred years from now as it is to-day. Only the finest houses, because of the cost of the ground. No chance of business ever coming up this way. From Sixteenth to Thirtieth it's a residential paradise. Yes, sir! A res-i-den-tial paradise!"

A good thing that he did not live the twenty-five years, or less, that transformed the paradise into a smoke-blackened and disreputable inferno, with dusky faces, surmounted by chemically unkinked though woolly heads, peering from every decayed mansion and tumble-down rooming-house. Sixteenth Street became a sore that would not heal—scrofulous, filthy. Thirty-first Street was the center of the Black Belt. Of all that region Prairie Avenue alone resisted wave after wave of the black flood that engulfed the streets south, east, and west. There, in Isaac Thrift's day, lived much of Chicago's aristocracy: millionaire, if mercantile; plutocratic, though porcine. And there its great stone and brick mansions with their mushroom-topped conservatories, their porte-cochères, their high wrought-iron fences and their careful lawns, still defied the years, though ruin, dirt, and decay waited just outside to destroy them.

Isaac Thrift had fallen far behind his neighbors in the race for wealth. They had started, as he had, with only courage, ambition, and foresight as capital. But they—merchants, pork-packers—had dealt in food and clothing on an increasingly greater scale, while Isaac Thrift had early given up his store to devote all his time to real estate. There had been his mistake. Bread and pork, hardware and clothing—these were fundamental needs, changing little with the years. Millions came to the man who, starting as a purveyor of these, stayed with them.

At best, real estate was a gamble. And Isaac Thrift lost.

His own occasional short-sightedness was not to blame for his most devastating loss, however. This was dealt him, cruelly and criminally, by his business partner and son-in-law, the plausible Payson.

The two families dwelt comfortably enough together in the new house on Prairie. There was room and to spare, even after two children—Belle, and then Lottie—were born to the Paysons. The house was thought a grand affair, with its tin bathtub and boxed-in wash bowl on the second floor, besides an extra washroom on the first, off the hall. It was an age when every possible article of household furniture was disguised to represent something it was not. A miniature Gothic cathedral was really a work basket; a fauteuil was, likely as not, a music box. The Thrifts' parlor carpet was green, woven to represent a river flowing along from the back parlor folding doors to the street windows, with a pattern of full-sailed ships on it.

Carrie's two children were born in this house. Isaac and Hetty Thrift died in it. And in it Carrie was left worse than widowed.

**SAMUEL PAYSON** must have been about forty-six when, having gathered together in the office of Thrift & Payson all the uninvested moneys—together with negotiable bonds, stocks and securities—on which he could lay hands, he decamped and was never seen again. He must have been planning it for years. It was all quite simple. He had had active charge of the business. Again and again Isaac Thrift had turned over to Payson money entrusted him for investment by widows of lifelong friends; by the sons and daughters of old Chicago settlers; by life-long friends themselves. This money Payson had taken, ostensibly for investment. He had carefully discussed its investment with his father-in-law, had reported such investments made. In reality he had invested not a penny. On it had been paid one supposed dividend, or possibly two. The bulk of it remained untouched. When his time came, Samuel Payson gathered together the practically virgin sums and vanished to live some strange life of his own, of which he had been dreaming behind that truckling manner and the Heepish face, with its red-rimmed eyes.

He had been a model husband, father, and son-in-law. Chess with old Isaac, evenings; wool-windings for Mrs. Thrift; games with the two little girls; church on Sundays with Carrie. Between him and Charlotte little talk was wasted, and no pretense.

A thousand times in those years of their dwelling together, Mrs. Thrift's eyes had seemed to say to Charlotte, "You see! This is what a husband should be. This is a son-in-law. No Dick disgracing us here."

The blow stunned the two old people almost beyond realizing its enormity. The loss was, altogether, about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Isaac Thrift set



about repaying it. Real estate on Indiana, Wabash, Michigan, Prairie, was sold, and the money distributed to make good the default. They kept the house on Prairie; clung to it. Anything but that. After it was all over, Isaac Thrift was an old man with palsied hands. Hair and beard whose color had defied the years were suddenly white. Hetty Thrift's tongue lost its venomous bite. After Isaac's Thrift's death, she turned to Charlotte. Charlotte alone could quell her querulousness. Carrie acted as an irritant, naturally. They were so much alike.

Carrie it was who became head of that manless household. It was well she had wasted her time in doing sums instead of being more elegantly occupied while at Miss Tait's Finishing School, in the old Wabash Avenue days. She now juggled interest, simple and compound, with ease; took charge of the few remaining bits of scattered property saved from the ruins; talked glibly of lots, quarter-sections, sub-divisions. All through their childhood Belle and Lottie heard reiterated: "Run away. Can't you see Mother's busy! Ask Aunt Charlotte." So then, it was Aunt Charlotte who gave them their bread and butter with sugar on top. Gradually the whole household revolved about Carrie, though it was Charlotte who kept it in motion. When Carrie went to bed the household went to bed. She must have her rest. Meals were timed to suit Carrie's needs. She became a business woman in a day when business women were practically unheard of. She actually opened an office in one of the new big Clark Street office buildings, near Washington, and had a sign printed on the door:

MRS. CARRIE PAYSON

REAL ESTATE

BONDS

MORTGAGES

Successor to late Isaac Thrift

LATER she changed this to Carrie Thrift Payson. Change came easily to Carrie. Adaptability was one of her gifts. In 1893 (World's Fair year) she was one of the first to wear the new Eton jacket and separate skirt of blue serge (it became almost a uniform with women) and the shirtwaist, a garment that marked an innovation in women's clothes. She worked like a man, ruled the roost, was as ruthless as a man. She was neither a good housekeeper nor marketer, but something perverse in her made her insist on keeping a hand on the reins of household as well as business. It was, perhaps, due to a colossal egotism and a petty love of power. Charlotte could have marketed expertly and thriftily, but Carrie liked to do it on her way down-town in the morning, stopping at grocers and butchers on Thirty-first Street and prefacing her order always with, "I'm in a hurry." The meat, vegetables and fruit she selected were never strictly first-grade. A bargain delighted her. If an orange was a little soft in one spot she reckoned that the spot could be cut away. Such was her system of false economy.

With the World's Fair came a boom in real estate, and Carrie Payson rode on the crest of it. There still were heart-breaking debts to pay, and she paid them honestly. She was too much a Thrift to do otherwise. She never became rich, but she did manage a decent livelihood. Fortunately for all of them, old Isaac Thrift had bought some low, swampy land far out in what was considered the wilderness, near the lake, even beyond the section known as Cottage Grove. With the Fair this land became suddenly valuable.

SLOWLY, but inevitably, the Paysons dropped out of the circle made up of Chicago's rich old families—old, that is, in a city that reckoned a twenty-year building a landmark. The dollar sign was beginning to be the open sesame, and this symbol had long been violently erased from the Thrift-Payson escutcheon. To the ladies in landaus with the little screw-jointed sun parasols held stiffly before them, Carrie Payson and Charlotte Thrift still were "Carrie" and "Charlotte dear." They—and later Belle and Lottie—were asked to the big, inclusive crushes pretty regularly once a year. But the small smart dinners that were just coming in, the intimate social gayeties, the clubby affairs, knew them not. "One of the Thrift girls" might mean anyone in the Prairie Avenue household; but it was never anything but a term of respect and meant much to anyone who was native to Chicago. Other Prairie Avenue mansions sent their daughters to local private schools, or to the Eastern finishing schools. Belle and Lottie attended the public grammar school, and later Armour Institute for the high-school course only. Middle-aged folk said to Lottie, "My, how much like your aunt Charlotte you do look, child!" They never exclaimed in Belle's presence at the likeness they found in her face. Belle's family resemblance could be plainly traced to one of whom friends did not speak in public. Belle was six years her sister's senior; but Lottie, with her serious brow and her clear, steady eyes, looked almost Belle's age. Though Belle was known as the flighty one, there was more real fun in Lottie.

Often and often, during these years, you might have heard Carrie Payson say, with bitterness, "I don't want my girls to have the life I've had. I'll see to it that they don't."

"How are you going to do it?" Charlotte would ask with a curious smile.

"I'll stay young with them. And I'll watch for mistakes. I know the world. I ought to. For that matter, I'd as soon they never married."

Charlotte would flare into sudden and inexplicable

protest. "You let them live their own lives, the way they want to, good or bad. How do you know the way it'll turn out! Nobody knows. Let them live their own lives."

"Nonsense," from Carrie, crisply. "A mother knows. One uses a little common sense in these things, that's all. Don't you think a mother knows?" A rhetorical question, plainly, but:

"No," said Charlotte.

ANYONE who has ever lived in Chicago knows that you don't live on the South Side. You simply do not live on the South Side. And yet Chicago's South Side is a pleasant place of fine houses and neat lawns (and this when every foot of lawn represents a tidy fortune); of trees, and magnificent parks and boulevards; of stately (if smoke-blackened) apartment houses; of children, and motor cars; of all that makes for comfortable, middle-class American life. More than that, booming its benisons upon the whole is the astounding spectacle of Lake Michigan forming the section's eastern boundary. And yet Fashion had early turned her back upon all this, as is the way of Fashion with natural beauty.

We know that the Paysons lived south; and why. We know, too, that Carrie Payson was the kind of mother who would expect her married daughter to live near her. Belle had had the courage to make an early marriage as a way of escape from the Prairie Avenue household, but it was not until much later that she had the temerity to broach the subject of moving north. She had been twenty when she married Henry Kemp, ten years her senior. A successful marriage. Even now, nearing forty, she still said, "Henry, bring me a chair," and Henry brought it. Not that Henry was a worm. He was merely the American husband before whom the foreign critic stands aghast. A rather silent, gray-haired, eye-glassed man with a slim, boyish waist line, a fair mashie stroke, a keen business head, and a not altogether blind devotion to his selfish, pampered, semi-intellectual wife. There is no denying his disappointment at the birth of his daughter Charlotte. He had needed a son to stand by him in this family of strong-minded women. It was not altogether from the standpoint of convenience that he had called Charlotte "Charley" from the first.

Thwarted in her secret ambition to move north, Belle moved as far south as possible from the old Prairie Avenue dwelling; which meant that the Kemps were residents of Hyde Park. Between the two families—the Kemps in Hyde Park and the Paysons in Prairie Avenue—there existed a terrible intimacy, fostered by Mrs. Carrie Payson. They telephoned each other daily. They saw one another almost daily. Mrs. Payson insisted on keeping a finger on the pulse of her married daughter's household as well as her own.

THROUGHOUT her school years Lottie had always had a beau to squire her about at school parties and boy-and-girl festivities. He was likely to be a rather superior beau, too. No girl as clear-headed as Lottie, and as intelligently fun-loving and merry, would tolerate a slow-witted sweetheart.

In a day when organized Social Work was considered an original and rather daring departure for women, Lottie Payson seemed destined by temperament and character to be a successful settlement worker. But she never became one. Lottie had too much humor and humanness for the drab routine of school-teaching; not enough hardness and aggressiveness for business; none of the creative spark that marks the genius in art. She was sympathetic without being sentimental; just and fair without being at all stern or forbidding. Above all, she had the gift of listening. The kind of woman who is better-looking at thirty-five than at twenty. The kind of woman who learns with living, and who marries early or never. With circumstance and a mother like Mrs. Carrie Payson against her, Lottie's chances of marrying early were hardly worth mentioning. Lottie was the kind of girl who "is needed at home."

Don't think that she hadn't young men to walk home with her from school. She had. But they were likely to be the kind of young man destined for utter failure or great success. The kind of young man who tries a pecan grove in Carolina, or becomes president of a bank in New York. None of these young men ever kissed Lottie. I think that sometimes, looking at her serious, pretty lips closed so firmly over the white teeth, they wanted to. I'm sure that Lottie, though she did not know it, wished they would. But they never did.

LOTTIE absolutely lacked coquetry, as does the woman who tardily develops a sense of sex power. In Lottie's junior year these gawky and studious young men narrowed down to one. His name was Rutherford Hayes Adler and he was a Jew. There is no describing him without the use of the word genius, and in view of his novels of to-day (R. H. Adler) there is no need to apologize for the early use of the word. He was a living refutation of the belief that a brilliant mathematician has no imagination. His Armour report cards would have done credit to young Euclid; and he wrote humorous light verse to Lottie, and sold insurance on the side. Being swarthy, black-haired and black-eyed, he was cursed with a taste for tan suits and red neckties. These, with the high choker collar of the period gave him the look of an end-man strayed from the minstrel troupe. Being naturally shy, he assumed a swagger. He was lovable, and rather helpless, and his shoe strings were always coming untied. His humor sense was so keen, so unerring, so fastidious as to be almost a vice. Armour

students who did not understand it said, "He's a funny fellow. I don't know—kind of batty, isn't he?"

This young man it was who walked home with Lottie Payson all through her junior and senior years; sat next to her at meetings of the debating society; escorted her to school festivities; went bicycling with her on Saturday afternoons. The Payson household paid little attention to him or to Lottie. Belle was busy with her love affair, Henry Kemp had just appeared on her horizon. Mrs. Payson was deep in her real-estate transactions.

It was at the end of Lottie's senior year that Mrs. Payson became aware of this young man whose swart face seemed always to be just appearing or disappearing around the corner, with Lottie either smiling in greeting or waving a farewell. End-of-the-year school festivities were accountable for this. Then, too, Belle must have registered some objection. When next young Adler appeared at the Prairie Avenue house it was Mrs. Payson who sailed down the rather faded green river of the parlor carpet.

"How do you do," said Mrs. Payson; her glance said, "What are you doing here, in this house?"

Rutherford Hayes Adler wanted to get up from the chair into which his lank length was doubled. He knew he should get up. But a hideous shyness kept him there—bound him with iron bands. When, finally, with a desperate effort, he broke them and stumbled to his feet, it was too late. Mrs. Payson had seated herself—if being seated can describe the impermanent position which she now assumed on the extreme edge of the stiffest of the stiff parlor chairs.

THE sallow, skinny little Carrie Thrift had mellowed—no, that word won't do—had developed into an erect, dignified, white-haired woman of rather imposing mien. The white hair, in particular, was misleadingly softening.

"May I ask your father's name?" she said. Just that.

The boy had heard that tone used many times in the past nineteen hundred years. "Adler," he replied.

"Yes, I know. But his first name. What is his first name, please?"

"His first name was Abraham—Abraham I. Adler. The I stands for Isaac."

"Abraham—Isaac—Adler," repeated Mrs. Payson. As she uttered the words they were an opprobrium.

"Your father's name was Isaac, too, wasn't it?" said the boy.

"His name was Isaac Thrift." An altogether different kind of Isaac, you would have thought. No relation to the gentleman in the Bible. A New England Isaac not to be confused with the Levantine of that name.

"Yes. I remember I used to hear my grandfather speak of him."

"Indeed! In what connection, may I ask?"

"Why, he came to Chicago in '39, just about the time when your father came, I imagine. They were young men together. Grandfather was an old settler."

Mrs. Payson's eyebrows doubted it. "I don't remember having seen him mentioned in books on early Chicago."

"You wouldn't," said Adler; "it isn't."

"And why not?"

"Jew," said Rutherford Hayes, pleasantly and laconically.

MRS. PAYSON stood up. So did the boy. He had no difficulty in rising now. No self-consciousness, no awkwardness. There was about him suddenly a fluid grace, an easy muscular rhythm. "Of course, Grandfather has been dead a good many years now," he went on, politely, "and Father, too."

"I'm afraid Lottie won't be able to go this evening," Mrs. Payson said. "She has been going out too much. It is bad for her school work. Young girls nowadays—"

"I see. I'm sorry." There was nothing of humility in the little bow he made from the waist. Ten minutes earlier you would never have thought him capable of so finished an act as that bow. He walked to the folding doors that led to the hall. On the way his glance fell on the portrait of old Isaac Thrift over the liver-colored marble mantel. It was a fine portrait. One of Healy's. Adler paused a moment before it. "Is that a good portrait of your father?"

"It is considered very like him."

"It must be. I can see now why my grandfather took his part to the last."

"Took his part!" But her tone was a shade less corroding. "In what, if you please?"

"Grandfather lost his fortune when a firm he trusted proved—well, when a member of it proved untrustworthy."

When he grew older he was always ashamed of having thus taken a mean advantage of a woman. But he was so young at the time; and she had hurt him so deeply. He turned again now, for the door. And there stood Lottie, brave, but not quite brave enough. She was not wearing her white dress—her party dress, for the evening. Her mother had forbidden her to come down. And yet here she was. Braver—not much, but still braver—than Charlotte had been before her.

"I—I can't go, Ford," she faltered.

"It's all right," he said then. And there, before the white-haired, relentless, and disapproving Carrie Payson, he went up to her, put one lean dark hand on her shoulder, drew her to him and kissed her, a funny little boyish peck on the forehead. "Good-by, Lottie," he said. And was gone.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]



# The Girl Who Wants to Write

ANYONE who has ever entered the field of authorship knows that among its penalties and joys is that of the heaping letter basket, in which dozens of missives (postage enclosed!) ask the following questions:

"How does one gain a first foothold?" ... "Why are my stories, though they have been praised by discerning people, continually sent back to me?" ... "Is a college course imperative?" ... "Why can't I get a hearing for my play?" ... "Where can I take a course in short-story writing?" ... "Is there a college of journalism?" ... "What is the work which can best be combined with writing while I'm trying to make my way?" ... "How can I get into the magazines, when I live, and must continue to live, in a small town far from any metropolitan influence?" ... "What books should I read?" ... "How can I most quickly strike my stride?"

These are only a few of the questions that pour in. And sometimes these questions are not at all easy to answer; for, as Brander Matthews, the dean of American critics, has recently pointed out, the career of a novice in this field is a circle of paradoxes.

"They have little chance of acceptance so long as they remain unknown, and they cannot become known until after they have been accepted. Perhaps the most helpful advice that an old-stager can proffer to an ambitious youngster would be to emphasize the value of cultivating a definite specialty, with the hope that he may sooner or later win more or less reputation as an authority on that subject."

Naturally, the girl who has means and the girl who lacks means, the girl of leisure and the girl without, face two totally different problems in the writing field. Yet it is a curious fact that young aspirants who have leisure, who are freed at the outset from any harassing stress of actual wherewithal, are often the very ones who underestimate what a precious boon their leisure is. They form the habit of dreaming too much, of making excuses for themselves. They even begin to imagine that they have no time!

Their situation is thereby made far more difficult than the circumstances justify, for in reality their problem is much simpler and less important than that of the self-supporting girl.

## "If Only—"

"I KNOW I could be something, if only I didn't have to live where my days are so broken in upon." ... "I know I could write if it weren't for so many social interruptions." Do these young women realize that, thrown upon their own resources, minus home duties or social interruptions, they would probably have to spend exactly the same amount of time on potboiling? "I know I could be something if only I were in the right atmosphere!" If only! If only! Back of all these "if onlys" hide the two subtle foes of accomplishment, and their names are laziness and lack of initiative. Literary aspirants should read the "Life and Letters of Louisa M. Alcott" and see what the author of "Little Women" had to face; or delve into "The Promised Land" and realize how Mary Antin combated difficulties.

Yet even in the midst of letters which complain of lack of time will come a note with such a genuine ring to it that no one could read it without realizing that the small-town girl who lives at home in a somewhat narrow atmosphere, has a real problem to face.

"It is impossible for me to leave home, or even finish my college course," writes one such girl; "but I have had two years at college and a good general background, and am continually writing and rewriting. Yet, although my manuscripts are typewritten, and sent out in quite a professional manner, they come back to me times without number. I will not give up; but I am very discouraged. I have been trying for about two years, and my neighbors are beginning to say, 'Well, haven't you made any headway yet?' This is a small thing; yet you know how irritating and spirit-destroying small things can be. Is there nothing I can do to get a foothold?"

Situations like this demand real perseverance and a power to overcome discouragements. Sometimes an ingenious idea proves helpful in solving the difficulty and clearing the way.

A young writer who is now beginning to have a modicum of success faced just such a problem as this, and she helped to solve it by the use of the "Readers'

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY



Zona Gale has long been known to "Companion" readers through the many charming stories she has written for this magazine. The most recent of these, "Patches," appeared in our March issue. As the author of "Miss Lulu Bett," Miss Gale has achieved a conspicuous and well-deserved success both as a novelist and as a playwright. Her present place in the front rank of American writers is the result of sure and steady growth from such small beginnings and accessible resources as Miss Mackay writes of in this article.

Guide to Periodical Literature," which is in almost all public libraries. She had previously familiarized herself with the work of authors which was of the same type as that which she aspired to do. In this index, listed under the names, she found a schedule of their output for the year, together with the titles of the magazines which had published their material. This was as good as a lecture on "How, When and Where."

She found, also, in the index a list of all the magazines published in the United States, and began sending some of her wares to the less known periodicals, even to small essay and poetry magazines that paid nothing for these contributions, but that gave an excellent opening for beginners. She discovered that many authors, such as Zona Gale and Edna Ferber, first wrote for their home town papers. She instantly followed suit.

Seeing her work in print proved to be clarifying and stimulating. She flung herself into all the opportunities her small home town afforded, and presently the tide of manuscripts began to turn. Meanwhile, she had taken a post-office box in order to avoid the postman's friendly "Well, here's some more!" It gave her a sense of privacy and security, and there was a certain excitement in slipping in for her mail that lent zest to her endeavors. What would the magic box contain! She typed her own manuscripts, which were always short and neat in appearance. She would no more have thought of sending out a careless, soiled-looking script than of wearing a frayed dress.

At first she wrote verse, short stories and articles; but as time went by she devoted herself to a special article with good result. As she acknowledges: "Developing the perseverance to make the most of a hampering environment is an excellent way to expand one's powers."

## Quantity is Journalism; Quality is Literature

INCIDENTALLY from her study of the "Readers' Guide," this young writer learned that many of the best-known short-story writers had only six or seven short stories to their credit during the year. Some of them had even less. This proved that it was quality, not quantity that counted in the long run. Quantity is

journalism; quality is literature. It also threw a searching light on the tales of vast monetary reward connected with a literary career. Five or six short stories certainly could not mean a very large income. Joy in the work itself, in the contacts, stimulating friendships, and the ever-new horizons was the real reward.

Now, if this young woman could gain and apply such knowledge to her work, so, also, can all other aspirants who read these lines. The home town library is open to all! The world of achievement is within the reach of the girl in Kentucky, or in Iowa, or in South Dakota. It is the way she uses the resources at hand which counts, plus a clear understanding of what she wants to do.

The kindest and keenest of counselors, the late William Dean Howells, advised young authors to apply the following formula: "Am I interested in what I am going to write about? Do I feel it strongly? Do I know it thoroughly? Do I imagine it clearly?"

And then he adds: "I should say it would profit the young contributor, before he puts pen to paper, to ask himself why he does so, and if he finds he has no motive in the love of the thing, to forbear."

This was Mr. Howells's belief. And the more the novice reads, the more she will become aware that most writers, whether they confess it or not, have, back of all they do, a definite philosophy of life, of which their art is the expression. Indeed, there are many writers who maintain that no deep-rooted work is possible until such a philosophy is obtained—and sustained!

## Initiative is a Requisite

A GIRL from western Ohio writes: "Family duties make it imperative for me to remain at home, in this small, remote village, which totally lacks literary flavor. I wanted very much to go to college; but it is impossible. So I have sent for the prospectus of the college I hoped to attend, and I am reading all the books required in the course on English Literature. Besides this, I have recently asked for and received a column in the local paper, which I fill with items about interesting things gleaned from current

books and periodicals. I receive no pay for this as yet, but it is wonderful practice and keeps me alert mentally. After all, life is a good deal like a tunnel. Just now it is dark; but I feel sure that if I keep on there is light at the farther end." Needless to say, there is always light for such courageous spirit as this.

A girl in Wisconsin says she found an opening through writing a series of articles about the development of community music and drama in her own state. "As you know," she writes, "Wisconsin is particularly 'live' in these respects, and I made a survey of everything that was being done in both cities and tiny towns. The result was an imposing category which was used as a 'Sunday Special.'"

The ambitious and indefatigable worker who has something to say and who knows how to say it, will always gain a hearing. And while it is true that the writing field is more overcrowded to-day than ever before in the world's history, it is also true that there were never more opportunities for those who have ability, grit, and determination. Practically all colleges and state universities now give courses in short-story writing, criticism, verse writing, novel writing and journalism; and though it cannot be said that such a course is a necessity for any writer, it is an excellent way of approach for the literary aspirants whose careers must make them self-supporting. The *pivotal* advantages of a college or journalistic diploma cannot be overestimated. If the writer finds success slow in coming, if her pocketbook suffers depletion, and if her high hopes are quenched for the time being, she has always her diploma to fall back on, as the means of tutoring, of research work, of special secretarial work, or the hundred and one branches open to college women, and very distinctly not open to women who lack this training.

Next in value to the pivotal advantages of a diploma as a "tide-over" when the "fell touch of circumstance" makes itself felt in a writer's life is the power to journalism, to write short, crisp, informative articles on subjects in which the public is sure to be interested. There are many openings for these in newspaper syndicates, Sunday specials, and in magazines.

This brings up the question of what kind of part-time work best combines with [CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



# Miss Ann Interferes

By HELEN NESBITT

ILLUSTRATED By LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

**T**HERE was just a thin line of silver lifting above the zigzag outlines of the Bitter Roots when Miss Ann poked her white head from an upper window. "Who's that?" she called in a matter of fact manner that indicated previous experience with other early and harried callers. The rather panic-stricken tattoo on the back door ceased.

"S'me, Miss Ann! It's Sally Lou! Her mother's not here yet! I've got the car!" "Young Jim" Lowe shouted with vastly more force and much less coherence than would seem to be needed.

Miss Ann apparently understood very well. "I'll be there's quick's a shake!" she assured him as she disappeared from the window.

Ten minutes later she was seated beside him in the little car that climbed the winding mountain road with the voluble agility of a steeplejack.

It was dusk when she came home again, having turned over her charges to Sally Lou's bustling mother, who had been conveyed post haste from "up the river" to care for her new grandson and his misty-eyed mother. Miss Ann was "mortal tired," but not so much so that she failed to notice the glimmering new leaves of the cottonwoods and the budding glory of the wild syringa bushes, and the lordly swing of the pines marching away into the sunset. Having breathed normally and quite unconsciously all her life, Miss Ann was not addicted to the habit of inhaling deeply when the river came in sight or the breeze freshened a bit. She did, however, indulge in a pleasant sniff or two as she looked about her with friendly delight at the mountains and river and wood.

"What a nice old world Sally Lou's little son has come to," she said, which was as near to rhapsodizing as Miss Ann ever came, vocally at least.

As Young Jim had sent the Hadley boy to milk old Bess and shut up the hens, she had only to feed Tige, when she was free to read the Spokane daily, which was her one certain contribution from the rural carrier.

In an earlier day, Miss Ann had been considered the prettiest girl in the valley, and she was still a mighty pretty old lady, with her snowy hair, and her blue, blue eyes, and the pink that still bloomed in her plump cheeks. Only newcomers ever wondered why she had never married; the valley people took it quite as a matter of course. If pinned down to it, they would have admitted, not without a vast surprise themselves at the discovery, that Miss Ann had never been known to "go" with anyone. And that, simply, was all there was to it. No valley man had ever touched Miss Ann's imagination; her idyls had been lived in Arcadia, and there you are!

That may explain—or it may not—the fact that, when she got around to the paper, she did not, for all her interest in affairs of the moment, read the first page first, and why, much as she admired them, she temporarily skipped the editorials, and settled down, instead, with a comfortable hump, to read the society page.

Here she met old friends and made new ones. It is quite true that none of these people were aware of Miss Ann's existence. But what of that? She had known them for years! The oldest Stuart girl was home from Smith, she noticed. The pretty Coyle twins were going to Pasadena with their mother. Mrs. Roger Thorne was giving a dinner for a visiting Englishman. (Miss Ann knew beyond a doubt that, in not more than two days at most, Mrs. Albert Thorne would give something for somebody. It had been like that for many years.) The McLaughlins were to open their cottage at Hayden Lake again. Miss Ann remembered with a pang that Sidney McLaughlin had slept many a quiet day in France since that cottage had been used. And it was only yesterday, it seemed, since he had been creating not a little excitement with his golf and was getting himself talked about as a very possible Western champion. He had played a losing game with Death, Miss Ann reflected, but the honors were his forever!

And then, as if it had hidden in an out-of-the-way corner in order to leap out and startle her, appeared the bald announcement that Mrs. Stephen Laird had retained Jolson, Conklin and Jolson as her attorneys in her suit for divorce.

Miss Ann was so astonished that she gave a queer little cry, and hopped forward to the very edge of her chair. Old Tige, aroused from early slumbers, gave a grump of protest at such unseemly behavior, and blinked at her

reproachfully, until she left off staring at the paper and stared at him instead.

"It can't be!" she said. "It just can't be!"

Perceiving that she was speaking at him and not to him, Tige settled himself to resume his slumbers, and Miss Ann went back to the paper.

But the notice was there, very concise and very distinct. Miss Ann's eyes blurred with sudden tears, and her mind went back to the months and the years of the past.

**W**HEN Stephen Laird was fifteen, his mother gave a very decorative children's party for him. As far as he was concerned, it was her one act of cruelty to him, though, naturally, Miss Ann could not be expected to know that he so regarded it. She made a clipping of the picture that ended the afternoon's gaiety. She preserved it, not alone for the sake of the sturdy if rather resentful-looking young host, but also because of the little butterfly lady who radiated in one corner of it. Even then Margery Arthur's "aliveness" was extraordinarily apparent. In some strange fashion these two laid hold of Miss Ann's heart, and thereafter, at frequent intervals, the old japanned box in the little living-room lifted its shiny cover to receive more and more notices and pictures of the vivid little maiden and the boy who outgrew his clothes and his expressions with startling abruptness. It is doubtful if any newspaper mention of either of these two ever escaped her notice. Year by year the old box gathered in clippings: Margery off to a Georgetown school, Stephen making records in Yale athletics; long vacations when Eastern classmates joined them and they frolicked along the Little Spokane or appropriated Lake Coeur d'Alene.

If there can be such a thing as matchmaking by telepathy, Miss Ann did it. A square-pompadoured young man from Harvard gave Miss Ann one anxious summer—but he came back the next spring to marry the second Richards girl, and so eliminated himself as a source of worry. A long-limbed young lady from somewhere in Texas came to visit her cousins, the Gallands, and seemed to have an uncanny way of attaching herself to Stephen. Miss Ann was very relieved when she went home.

Then came April of '17, and Miss Ann worried less about bayonets than about pretty nurses in too becoming garbs. She had no less than seventeen clippings to prove Stephen's physical fitness, but she had not one to assure her of his invulnerability of heart.

When Stephen went to the Presidio, and Margery betook herself to the coast and eventually into the Women's Motor Corps, Miss Ann felt that even Mars had conspired against her, for could Stephen be expected to compete against the combined male splendor of Camp Lewis?

But just before Thanksgiving of that gray year, Miss Ann's faithful chronicler brought her news of the hurried opening of the Arthur home, the flying trip from the Southern city, and the scurrying back from the coast; of the quiet little wedding with no bridal finery, but much khaki in evidence; and

no tears, as mark a peace-time wedding, only a wealth of love and hope showering itself upon the two young crusaders. To be sure, Miss Ann cried when she folded that clipping away in the old box, but there was no one there to see but old Tige, and tears disturbed him less than laughter.

From time to time there was a brief line of news from them. Then, one day, Margery was back again, alone, and Stephen was on his way "over there."

Miss Ann did not go to the length of thinking that his presence in France determined the fate of Germany, but she had a robust conviction that not a little credit was due him for the very satisfactory termination of things.

She herself had a war record decidedly to her credit, though she would have been exceedingly amazed had anyone suggested such a thing. She always felt that she had failed her country in its hour of need. She never organized anything; she only bustled around at the hardest, dullest work when the organizing was done. She made no speeches—she just cleaned the Grange hall before every patriotic meeting held for two years. She sold no bonds—she merely cared for the Gaines children every time Mrs. Gaines went out on a "drive," for that very energetic lady was said to "charm money out of the trees," and in three counties there was not to be found the equal of the Gaines boys for noise and destruction.

Miss Ann never made a knitting record, fast as her fingers could fly, but she did wash all the yarn that was used in the valley Red Cross. She almost forgot the taste of sugar; but all manners of delicacies in her best style went up and down the river and through the mountains in the wake of the "flu."

Indeed, she worked so intensely and so wholeheartedly that Armistice Day was months in the past before the ardor of her labors settled once more into the familiar routine of other days.

For many months she had promised herself one thing: she meant to go to Spokane to witness Stephen's return. She never thought of his homecoming as other than a spectacular thing. Imagine her consternation, then, when she read that Captain Laird and Mrs. Laird were in town again and were preparing their own home.

"There's a grateful republic for you!" Miss Ann



Miss Ann was so astonished that she hopped forward to the very edge of her chair. "It can't be!" she said



stormed. "You'd think to read that that he'd been off on a fishing trip somewhere! 'S a wonder if they don't charge him for mentioning that he's home again!" She shook the offending paper so viciously that old Tige eyed her warily and retreated to a more strategic position.

But thereafter, for many, many evenings, she sat on her little clean porch and watched the twilight deepen in royal splendor above the river, and thought, with a warm little glow at her heart, of those two children of her love.

Poor Miss Ann! How was she to know of the unseen changes wrought by separation, and horror, and the ever-present menace of rampant Death? It was not within her province to know that the men who came back were not the men who went. When a massive boulder tore itself loose from its moorings and crashed down into her potato bed, lacerating the face of the mountain, and scattering destruction in its wake, she could appreciate the fact that only time and patient effort would serve to undo the havoc wrought. But she had not considered that human intellect cannot be outraged and revolted and scarred, and remain as it was. So there was no way for her to know that those two who had lived in a community of interests for years had met again as strangers: worse, as strangers linked by a bond that made them daily intimates.

So, quite without any warning for her, Miss Ann ran full tilt into the fact that there was chaos where there should have been happiness.

She stared at the announcement for several minutes. Then she put the paper down and arose with marked deliberation. As she stood up she came face to face with her own reflection in the queer old mirror above the table whereon, year in and year out, reposed the old japanned box. "They are not going to do it," she said, looking herself in the eye. She spoke softly, and with great determination. "They're not! I won't let 'em!"

MISS ANN and the sun rose simultaneously the next morning. The cleaning the little house received amounted almost to an upheaval. But when dusk fell every chair was back in place, every cushion was thumped out full, and the rooms were fragrant with the odors of spice cakes and new bread, and the "cooler" looked like an illustrated article on cookery.

Her best suit had taken the air all day, and her shoes were shining glories. The Hadley boy had been interviewed about caring for old Bess and the hens the next day, for Miss Ann had determined upon a course of action the very thought of which left her quite speechless with terror.

She spent an exceedingly wretched night, and she faced the dawn in pure, cold misery. She berated herself for an interfering old fool, and asked herself in withering scorn if she had taken leave of her wits. But not for a minute did she waver from her purpose. There is no way of gauging the courage that, early in the morning, drove her down the mountain trail to the railroad station.

At the bend in the path which would hide her home from sight, she turned and looked back at the cool little sanctuary with something very like desperation in her heart. She wanted to run back and lock herself in it, and forget the wild scheme that she felt now would only bring boundless humiliation upon her.

But she faced about with a brisk snap, and giving her big cretonne bag a rather vicious shake—at which it rattled curiously—set off at a steady, purposeful pace.

When Miss Ann left the train at Spokane no one would have guessed that her head was hot and her hands cold, that her tongue was at least twice its ordinary size, and threatening to slip down her throat, that things generally were just misty blurs.

"Don't you be such an old silly," she told herself severely. "They can't do more'n shut the door in your face, anyway, and I guess it won't kill you to be invited about your own business!" But she didn't fool herself in the least.

She went into a drug store, from which she emerged a short time later, with a red-headed clerk at her heels, showering elaborate instructions and directions upon her.

The address she sought proved to be that of a pleasant, rambling bungalow set in a cool green expanse of grass and shrubs and flowers. Miss Ann mounted the broad steps and rang the bell with a vigor she could scarce credit as her own. Her one coherent thought was the formulated request she would put to the maid who would admit her. But even that one bulwark was denied her, for Mrs. Laird herself, passing just then through the wide



And so, with the pictures as passports, Miss Ann led them back by the pleasant road of memory

hall, caught a glimpse of the pink-cheeked, starry-eyed visitor, and came to let her in.

If poor Miss Ann had had any idea whatever of the lovable, appealing vision she was, she would have been spared the wretchedness of the moment that passed before she found herself speaking in a rapid, jerky voice that was as strange to her as it was to the tall young woman with the serious eyes and the unsimiling mouth.

"You are Stephen Laird's wife, aren't you?" she asked. "Margery Arthur that used to be? Please, my dear, I want to talk to you. I want to see Stephen—I mean I want to see your husband too. Is he here?"

Was he here, indeed? Mrs. Laird was just then on her way to the snug little library across the hall, where her husband and two men of the law awaited her. The significance of that conference was so blasting that she was only slightly astonished by the intense seriousness of this quaint little caller.

"Mr. Laird is here, yes," she answered, and was spared further explanation by the fact that Stephen appeared at that moment at the library door.

"Oh, there you are!" Miss Ann cried, and, much to his astonishment, she grasped his wife's hand and started toward the open door.

"I want to see you! I want to see both of you!" she was saying, when her glance fell upon the two men who were within the room. They came to their feet as Miss Ann stared at them blankly.

She pushed by Stephen and spoke earnestly to the older of the men.

"I want to see them!" she repeated. "Unless you are in a very great hurry, won't you please wait? I come quite a ways, and I got to go back at four, and I do want to see them—alone!"

And whether it was due to her great sincerity, or the amazing color in her cheeks, or the beseeching blue of her eyes, the two grave gentlemen looked at each other in quick acquiescence, and the older man bowed.

"Certainly, madam," he said, and, to Laird, "We'll wait out here."

Miss Ann closed the door upon their heels, and turned back to confront the two, who were waiting for her in obvious bewilderment.

Up to that moment, Miss Ann's attitude, mental and otherwise, had been deprecatory; she had felt constantly apologetic, even to herself. She had been miserably conscious of the strangeness of the course she was following. But quite suddenly she became only a highly indignant old lady. Here she had been trotting around the country since daylight, after a wretched, sleepless night, and she had burned her tongue on hastily swallowed coffee ten minutes before train time, and she had thought of them, and planned for them for years, and here they were making a miserable mess of the thing that she had hoped for and cherished for them! How dared they! The silly young ninnies!

"Sit down!" she said, and down they sat, rather abruptly as a matter of fact.

Her blue eyes snapped from one to the other....

"I came here to tell you that you are not going to spoil everything I've hoped for you for years! You don't know what you're doing; but I know, and I tell you I won't let you do it! You needn't worry; I'm not crazy, only I been up since four o'clock, and I never till this moment thought about not having a mouthful to eat, and I been making myself almost sick for fear you'd maybe not let me in, or think I was demented, or laugh at me! But now I don't care! I'm going to say my say!"

She opened the cretonne bag and brought out the old black box.

"Look at that!" she cried. "That's got about your whole life histories in it!"

They looked at the box, and at each other. The whole thing was quite beyond them.

Miss Ann flung back the cover, and brought out the first clipping, the birthday party picture.

"That's the first one I got," she informed them. "I liked the looks of both of you, and I sort of adopted you right then. And you don't know what children means to an old maid perched up on a mountain with only a sleepy old dog for reg'lar company. I guess there has been mighty little printed about you two that I haven't got. And how I did plan for you! I just made up my mind you'd got to take each other finally. And by the same token that's why you got to stay together now. Look at this one!"

Mrs. Laird gave a little gasp. "Oh, look, Steve, that was the day Becky fell in the river! Don't you remember? And she was such a sight! And so mad!"

"Yep. Mad because Bob fished her out instead of Reed!"

"And here—see this one! This was snapped the day you beat 'Red' Hillman! 'Member?"

"Uh-huh. That was the day you came back from Portland."

"Oh, yes. After Beth's wedding."

"And I thought you were getting too blamed interested in that cousin of Beth's—him with the voice, you know."

"The idea! You know he never looked twice at me!"

"Here! Look at this one! This was taken the day you went back to Georgetown the last time. And the day before that! Do you remember, Jorie? We sneaked away from the others—"

"And went down to Conklin's—"

"And got bogged up on that horrible road—"

"And never got home until all hours! And wasn't Mother frosty!"

"Lordy, how I hated to see you go the next day!"

"And how I hated to go, Steve!"

"Here you are in the Motor Corps uniform, Jorie. Some lady!"

"And this one, Steve. This was the day you went to the Presidio. I thought I'd strangle that day, Steve!"

"Um—well, I guess I swallowed a few times myself, honey."

And so, with the pictures as [CONTINUED ON PAGE 79]



# A Summer Survey

*A simple, workable plan for promoting Good Citizenship in your town*

IS YOUR town good-looking?

As good-looking as your own home?  
Or as it might be—if you put your experience and knowledge of housekeeping and your housewifely enthusiasm behind your town?

Let's prove the importance of these questions by an illustration:

If you traveled into New York City via the Erie Railroad you would pass a succession of suburbs, one of which would certainly attract your attention. Here the train bed is raised slightly above the level of the town and tunneled for pedestrians and vehicles. Its sloping sides have been converted into a plaza, emerald green most of the year, and lighted by opalescent globes swung from graceful standards, instead of unsightly poles. At one end of this plaza stands the town's flag pole, tended night and morning by Boy Scouts. Well-paved streets vanish in a perspective of arching trees. Most of the shops visible from the train are of timbered stucco, suggesting Stratford-on-Avon.

If you could step from the train and wander through this suburb, you would find many beautiful homes, but you would look in vain for slums. There are quarters occupied by negroes, by Italians, by Slavs, owners of small shops and day laborers, but here, too, you would see clean back yards, vegetable and flower gardens.

And if you tried to rent a house, you would find yourself at the end of a long waiting list. Nobody wants to leave this town—many would like to move to it.

Why?  
Because civic pride, community spirit, and good taste have made it a town good to look upon, and good to live in.

The name of that town is Ridgewood, New Jersey.

No, I do not live in Ridgewood; but I did in the days before this miracle of beauty was worked. It was then a nice, sleepy village, each of whose residents was absorbed in his own home life. Unpaved streets led to an ugly wooden railway station. Possibly that unsightly station, cold in winter, hot in summer, was responsible for the evolution of Ridgewood.

Town officials, commercial, church, and welfare organizations jointly besieged the Erie Railway Company for a new station. When they had won that station, civic pride grew by leaps and bounds, and real estate values went booming along with community enthusiasm. Today, when Ridgewood wants anything, its citizens, irrespective of political party, church creed, or social standing, cooperate to get it.

For several years the town boasted only one motion picture theatre. Ridgewood parents did not approve of the pictures offered by the manager and alleged that he was making money at the cost of their children's morals and good taste. The manager protested that he had to use the pictures which agencies sent him. Ridgewood as a community decided that it needed competition in the movies. It invited another manager to open a theatre in a building which it made available for this purpose. To-day they have clean movies in Ridgewood.

## Clean Streets Make Healthy Towns

THIS story has been told at length because it illustrates so clearly and triumphantly the spirit which is working in hundreds of towns all over the country. Fine feathers may not make fine birds; but clean streets, alleys, and back yards make a healthy town. The town which impresses a stranger as down at the heels generally lacks community spirit. Its officials usually sit with their feet on the desk, while streets go unkempt and unlighted, while flies and mosquitoes breed in stagnant water holes, and citizens lose interest in their individual properties.

The cure for these conditions is community housekeeping in which women take a hand.

On May 1st, two women figured in the press as mayors, newly elected on a clean-up ticket. One was Mrs. E. W. Ousley of St. James, Missouri; the other, Mrs. Florence J. Pierce of Goodhue, Minnesota.

Said Mrs. Ousley at her inauguration: "I made a house to house canvass and told voters we needed cleaner everything. I intended to clean and brighten up this town."

Mrs. Pierce announced that she hoped first to fix and tidy up such streets as needed it, without spending a lot of money, and to start the practice of making, from year to year, such permanent street improvements as the town coffers will warrant.

If the women of St. James, Missouri, and Goodhue, Minnesota, get behind their new mayors, what wonderful things may happen! With the town administration looking after the streets, and individual housekeepers looking after yards and alleys, well—there's just nothing to it but cleaner, healthier, more public-spirited towns, a new morale, a stronger community spirit, and finally clean politics.

Last month we asked you to take a few strolls through your town for the purpose of studying its children, turned loose in vacation.

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

This month we beg you to make a midsummer survey of your town's appearance, and decide how it would impress the stranger who enters its gates, or your cousin from a distant city who drops in for a visit with home-folks or a week's fishing.

Will he comment thus:

"Well, the old town hasn't changed any. Still asleep."

Or thus:

"Say, I wouldn't know the old town! Up and doing, what? Had a change of administration or a change of heart?"

Here are some matters worthy of study:

How does the town smell?

If bad odors come to you around corners, from alleys and cellars, what is their source? Refuse, decaying food stuffs, stagnant water?

Then consider the power of your health officer, the sanitary laws of your town, county and state. Every voter can have a copy of the sanitary code, or measures under which health officers act, for the asking.

Have you ever visited your local dairies, ice houses, and wholesale distributing centers for food stuffs?

Do you know the source of your water supply? Have you ever visited the reservoir, the pond, the spring from which your drinking water comes? It may be a pleasant walk or drive, worth taking for various reasons.

## "At Your Service"

THE following helps are available through the Good Citizenship Bureau:

1. "Good Citizenship Made Easy"  
A booklet of practical suggestions. Price, 10 cents.
2. Good Citizenship Leaflets  
As follows: (a) "How to Register;" (b) "Primaries, and Why They are Important to You;" (c) "How the President is Elected;" (d) "Nominations;" (e) "Law-Making;" (f) "Taxes and Where They go." Price, 4 cents each.
3. "American Life and Politics in Fiction"  
A list of 58 worth-while novels covering various phases and periods.
4. "This Government of Mine"  
A list of 47 best and most entertainingly written books on American history, biography, travel, etc.
5. "Put a Two-cent Stamp to Work"  
A list of institutions in different states which supply help and inspiration to all who are interested in politics and civic betterment.
6. "The Good Citizenship Bureau:  
What It Has Done and What It Can Do for You."
7. "Your Community and Its Government."
8. "Simple Facts About Local Politics"  
This easy text on how cities, towns and counties are governed also contains club programs. Price, 10 cents.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 will be sent on receipt of postage (2 cents for each leaflet).

The Good Citizenship Film, "Women Who Represent Women in Washington," picturing the various committee women working for the welfare program of legislation now before Congress. Excellent for civic, political, or community clubs. For the privilege of showing this film apply to the Good Citizenship Bureau.

Address Good Citizenship Bureau,  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, New York City.

Do you know where refuse and garbage are dumped, buried, or burned?

Who, if anyone, is responsible for the planting and care of trees? Has your town any park or cemetery associations?

Is your city properly lighted? Are poles for electric lights, telephone service and telegraph service well set and as sightly as they can be made?

If you paid a trained municipal worker to make a survey, these are just the matters he would investigate. Why not do it first?

All over the country women are doing such things. They are not waiting to be elected mayors, either.

They are stirring civic pride and community spirit, cooperating with honest office holders and unseating dishonest men.

They are employing in city government the spirit behind successful home-making, intelligence, economy, efficiency, and pride.

Last month on this page, I promised to present a few tips from the Convention of the National League of Women Voters, held in Cleveland, Ohio. Here is the first:

One day the chairman, Mrs. Maude Wood Park, announced that a certain report, scheduled for that morning's program, would be postponed to another day: "Mrs. Blank's baby is not well enough for her to leave. She hopes to be with us to-morrow or next day."

Nobody laughed at this announcement, but every face in that audience of five hundred women registered sympathy and concern. Mothers in homes are rapidly becoming mothers in civil life. They are making towns safe for citizens, as they have long made home a safe place for children.

In Lakewood, Ohio, on the outskirts of Cleveland, a woman determined to interest her newly enfranchised sisters in civic affairs and local politics.

## A Pyramid of Groups

SHE gave a tea for twenty women not yet identified with local politics or civics. To these twenty women she talked on the affairs of Lakewood, the State of Ohio and the U. S. A. And from her pleasant living-room that day she sent out twenty women, enthusiastically interested in civics and politics, each pledged to hold just such a tea, to which twenty women would be invited, preferably from different social or neighborhood groups.

They studied the same course. It included four main divisions: (1) The Constitution of Ohio; (2) Legislative Department; (3) Executive Department; (4) Administration Board. It included a thorough study of each subject, and emphasized the practical ways in which each division was related to the individual citizen.

Most interesting results came from this study course.

It took women to the Lakewood Public Library to gather material for talks and papers. They did not go alone. Their husbands went along to help carry books or make notes. Eight hundred men and women, a man for each of the four hundred members of the study circles, had become interested in civics and politics.

Husbands and wives became interested in what the state legislature was doing in Columbus, the state capital. The forum idea developed by the course taught them to weigh the pros and cons of legislation under consideration.

Best of all, the four hundred women gradually ceased to be human blotters, absorbing the views of speakers. They learned to think for themselves, to draw conclusions and to express these conclusions, standing on their feet, and without notes. Self-expression means development, mental, spiritual, and political.

The woman who worked out this successful plan of organization and its program was Mrs. W. G. Waitt. Family responsibilities have taken her from Ohio to Massachusetts, but Lakewood does not forget her. She still lives there through the Waitt Citizenship Classes, and her good work will move on steadily; for this year, each one of those four hundred women is pledged to form a new circle of twenty students.

## How to Use This Idea

STUDY the Waitt program, and see how easily it can be adapted to the needs of your community. And if you want to know more about how Mrs. Waitt chose her workers, so that her classes drew on many groups or neighborhoods, write her a letter, care the Good Citizenship Bureau, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and we will forward it to her.

A summer survey of your town will make you want to organize not only for fall elections but for year-round citizenship and community service.

The Good Citizenship Bureau can help you in many ways.

Glance over the booklets headed "At Your Service." I recommend particularly "Simple Facts About Local Politics" and "Put a Two-Cent Stamp to Work." The latter will tell you how to secure the aid of your state officials, state universities and state organizations. It will tell you where to secure interesting organization plans and practical programs.

And if you want to hold a mass meeting, or a get-together conference in your town, don't forget the Good Citizenship Movie, "Women Who Represent Women in Washington." Here is a feature which will make your towns-people open their eyes. It shows home-folks, women like you and me, at the National Capital, working for the bills that are going to make America a better place to live in.

Write the Good Citizenship Bureau concerning your community problems. We are here to serve you.





*Judith had begun smiling consciously at her father and mother*

# The World that Judith Found

By MARGARET BENTON

ILLUSTRATED by E. F. WARD

**J**UDITH KING and Molly Dayton had grown up together, had always done things at the same time—entered primary school, gone through grammar, made their curls into braids, been graduated from high school, made their braids into bobs. They'd had their mild flirtations at the same time, passing notes for each other down the aisle at school; held confidences at the age of youthful tragedy; they'd gone through two more years of school together, traveling back and forth from the pretty New England suburb to the nearby city, because Judith's mother couldn't bear to have her leave for college, and Molly Dayton wouldn't go without Judith. They finished this school together; and began a mild social life in their suburb, with new confidences to each other about the happenings of what they liked to call their "set."

Then, suddenly, their paths diverged. Molly Dayton, one morning, rattled Judith King's side screen door—Judith and Molly always entered each other's side doors when they were unlocked; when they weren't, they rattled them. Molly cried:

"Judy! Judy!"

Judith was washing dishes. She ran to Molly, shaking the drops from her hands.

Molly stood wiggling the door knob impatiently, almost breathless. Judy wondered what could have happened—why her eyes shone.

She unclasped the screen, saying merely, "Why, hello, Molly," but looking hard at her. Judy was more reserved than Molly, and oftentimes asked questions with her steady eyes instead of with words.

Molly flew to her; gave her a swift hug.

"Oh, Judy! I'm so happy! And I had to tell you right off quick. You're the first one—after Mother, of course."

Molly thrust out a hand—the left one. A small diamond in a simple setting twinkled up to Judith.

"Molly!"

Judith took a step back, now breathless herself.

"Last night!" Molly half whispered, half sang. "I hadn't the slightest idea, Judith. It all came in a minute. Ned—of course I knew he—and so did you, Judith," she defended with pretty blushes. "But I hadn't thought of this, truly, any more than you. But when he asked me—Oh, Judy, in a minute I knew! I just knew he was the only, only one for me."

"Ned Young. Of course, it's Ned. And of course I'm glad," said Judith. "Only, you know, I'm so surprised."

"And isn't it sweet?" cried Molly, holding up the little twinkling ring again.

"Yes, it's sweet," repeated Judith. "But it seems so strange, Molly. You and I."

"Oh, it won't make any difference with us, you old dear!" cried Molly generously.

"Of course not," repeated Judith, as if nothing could. "I didn't mean that at all. I meant, you and I've always done things together so, it seems so strange that you—"

Molly laughed in her overflow of happiness. "Oh, maybe you won't be so far behind, now I've set the example, Judy. I saw Randall, the other night," with a knowing air.

"Oh, Ran Comings! You know I wouldn't look at Ran!" said Judith.

Neither would she. Nor could she think seriously of any of the boys in the suburb with whom they had grown up. She didn't see, thinking it over after Molly had gone, how any girl could suddenly find out she loved anybody who had been under her nose ever since she was a baby. Molly and Ned did love each other; there was no question in Judith's mind about that. They loved each other in their way. But Judith thought it was a very narrow sort of way: "Just to love and marry, and settle down here!"

Judith had other ideas for herself. Life would not always be like this for her, she knew; life, for her, would not consist of a suburb existence; the world, and its vast, fascinating possibilities were for Judith King.



She had always dreamed deeply—that had been the only difference between her and Molly, the only unconventional quality, the only little veil between them.

Judith counted up her years. There were twenty of them, now. At twenty-one, Molly would have a husband, and a little home of her own—Ned's father was building them a bungalow, and Molly's father was to furnish it—and a car of her own to drive. Judith wondered how soon her own greater experiences would begin.

**T**HEN Milton Lee came to town. His rich grandfather owned a large stock farm on the outskirts of the suburb, and Milton had come to live there while taking courses in a university near by.

Judith met him at one of the entertainments the young people held. Ned introduced them, and Lee, despite being the lion of the evening—rich men's handsome sons from New York did not often come to Meadowville—rather kept close to Ned and Molly and Judith, and when they left went out with them and walked home with Judith.

From the first Judith liked Milton Lee. He was a handsome, likable chap, his dark, slightly aquiline-featured face a little reserved of its smile, but flashing out suddenly into magnetic radiance.

He stayed all that winter with his grandfather, seeing much of Molly and Judith, taking them often to ride in his grandfather's car—and Ned, too, when he could get away from the store which he owned and managed with his father—liking to pop corn in Judith's kitchen as well as did Ned or any of the other boys, enjoying running the ice-cream freezer, or wiping dishes afterward.

He became one of their intimate circle; and yet he was different from them! Judith couldn't tell wholly why. Even with the growing intimacy, Judith consciously thought of nothing other than friendship; and when, one early spring night, sitting on the back porch, he suddenly told her that he loved her, she was utterly surprised.

He had said: "Ned and Molly—they're going to be married in June, aren't they?"

"Yes," Judith said a little ruefully. She did not envy Molly exactly; but seeing all those pretty things, and the cunning little bungalow, and the attentions Ned gave her—

"I like Ned," Lee had continued. "He'll get along all right. Of course, he and Molly'll never set the river on fire; but he'll make Molly a good husband, and they'll be happy."

"Yes," agreed Judith.

He asked quietly—he had a quiet way of doing things—"And yet, would you be satisfied, Judith?"

Judith turned to him suddenly. Her dark, serious face brightened. "Oh, it's so good to hear you say that!" she responded heartily. "I—I don't mean to be"—she hesitated over the word—"untrue to Molly, and of course I love to see her so happy. But Father and Mother—they think it's *ideal* for them to be living here all the rest of their lives, and so does everybody else. I suppose it is. I suppose it's I that's wrong; but if it is, I'm glad you're wrong, too!"

"It's all the way you look at things. And I've thought all along, Judith, that you and I look at things about the same way. It's all right to live along here—for Ned and Molly, I suppose; but the world's pretty big, Judith, and there's so much in it. Why, I'd feel awful if I didn't think I was going to see the countries and everything I've read and heard about."

"So should I," agreed Judith, quickly and earnestly. The boy laughed softly.

"Judith, don't you know what I'm trying to get to?" he asked. "How happy we'd be, seeing things the same? Don't you know what I want to ask you—if you'll take a chance out there, in your world, with me?"

**J**UDITH started, turned to him. The great, wide world, and her dreams, coming true—the great, wide world, and what it had to offer Judith King.

She felt his hand find hers in the semidarkness, heard his:

"Judith, I love you. I'll—I'll do all I can for you, Judith. Dear—you will—"

A little choking sound came from Judith. Suddenly she drew his hand, with her own, over her lips.

"Oh, I will! I will!" she cried softly. "But it doesn't seem possible!"

And then she felt his arms around her; and later, they'd gone in and told her mother and father, who sat reading by the big lamp on the center table.

Judith had wanted the shades drawn first, but he had cried in a joyful way so out of keeping with his usual quietness:

"No! What do we care if they all see in, now?"

And Judith had blushed and agreed. Well, maybe she didn't care! And she had begun smiling consciously at her father and her mother.

So Judy, in her turn, showed Molly a diamond, much larger than the other girl's, in a queer, unique setting, at which Molly expressed her delight in little dances and hugs, though she said:

"It doesn't sparkle any more than mine, does it?"

Judith, after Molly had gone, stood still for a long time, holding her rare gem up to the light, wondering where Molly had got such an idea. And later, she thought how the size of the stones and the quality of the settings typified the difference in their lives—Molly's so small and simple, hers so fascinating.

Molly insisted immediately that she and Judith have a double wedding; they had always done things so to-

gether, they must do this. And Milton Lee planned a beautiful summer for her, with his people at a summer resort, of which she had always read with bright eyes.

So Judith, too, sewed on pretty things, and was made much of by the other girls and older women. Judith, too, had the attentions she had envied Molly. Judith, again, was up to Molly in experience.

At least, it would seem so. . . .

One night, Lee was to pick up Ned at the store, in his car, and bring him to Judith's, where she and Molly were preparing a little supper for them. The girls were in great spirits, making their inevitable plans, talking over their new clothes.

"I wonder what makes the boys so late," said Judith at last, after a sudden glance at the clock.

Molly said, "I guess I'll call up the store. Funny, though, they wouldn't call us if they were there. Quarter past seven!"

She was back from the telephone in the living-room in a moment. "No, no one there," she said.

Then the telephone bell rang.

"There they are, now!" she cried, running back.

Judith stood in the living-room doorway, watching her. She saw her face grow white. Then she heard her speaking in little gasps:

"Hurt? Both? . . . Where? Oh, wait! Judith! Mr. King!"

"Father!" called Judith.

**M**R. KING got the details. Molly stood white and trembling before him, her hand clutching his arm. When he put down the receiver, she cried:

"Oh, Mr. King, tell me! What is the matter? Is he—?"

"There, there, Molly, I guess it isn't so bad. There, there! I'll go right over to the hospital. I'll 'phone you right off."

"No, no!" cried Molly. "I'll go, too. I must go, too!"

"I'll come back for you," replied Mr. King, putting on his coat.

"No, no!" repeated Molly, trying to follow him out of the door, and as Mrs. King detained her she cried out fiercely, "What right have you to keep me? Doesn't he belong to me? What right have you?"

"Now, now, Molly," soothed Mrs. King, "sit down, child, and drink this. Ned will be all right."

Molly's hand shook so that she could not hold the cup. She sat staring, in the chair into which Mrs. King had pushed her. After a minute, oblivious of the others, she uttered in a little moan:

"Oh, Ned!"

Judith stood very still, looking at her strangely. Then she asked her mother quietly:

"What happened? How bad is it?"

"I don't know the details. The car skidded or was struck. They ran into that great oak at the old crossroads."

"Yes. But how badly are they hurt?"

"Of course I don't know," replied Mrs. King.

Molly gave a little moan; but Judith was very still.

It was only a few minutes more before Mr. King hurried back for the girls, and told them that the boys were beaten up quite a bit; Ned would be out in a few days, but Lee might be laid up for two months with a fracture.

Next morning, in the sunshine of the side porch, Molly came, as she had come every morning of her life after an unusual event, to "talk it over."

"Come out here," she called to Judith. "I can't look at that room in there, yet. Oh, how I suffered!" Her small face was white even now, and looked older, there in the sunshine, than Judith had ever seen it.

They sat together on the top step, as they had from girlhood, when they made their confidences.

"Oh, Judith, how in the world could you be so brave? I'm so ashamed of myself when I think how hysterical I am. Why, Judith, what's the matter?"

For the first time, she had noticed Judith's face. It was drawn a little, and shadowy, and the dark eyes held a queer light. Judith looked at her strangely; her fingers tightened over Molly's.

"Molly, I must tell you something. I've got to tell it to someone. It's kept me awake all night, and I'm miserable. Oh, Molly, I don't think I . . . really . . . love Milton. Not the way—"

**M**OLLY started. "Why, Judith King! You don't know what you're saying. You're all upset."

"No, you don't understand," persisted Judith. "Molly, you know how you felt when you heard, last night—"

"I could have died!" burst out Molly.

"Do you know what I thought when I knew something'd happened?" Judith asked in a small severe voice. "I thought, 'If Milton Lee dies, I can't get married. My chance is gone, and I'll have to go right on living here.'"

"Why, Judith King, I don't believe it!" cried Molly loyally.

"Well, I did," said Judith. "I guess I know how I felt. Oh, Molly, what shall I do?"

"Do?" gasped Molly, horrified. She sat gazing at her incredulously. Then she explained, relieved, "Of course, you're all tired out and nervous, Judy, or you wouldn't say such horrid things. I'm going, and give you a chance to rest."

She sprang up from the steps. Judith rose more slowly. "Then you don't think I ought to—tell him, Molly?"

"Tell him? Tell him what?" repeated Molly in

another little gasp. "Judith King, do you want to give him up, and upset everything for both of you? Is that what you want? To send him away, and not get married?"

"No, oh, no," hurried Judith. "Of course not, but—Look Molly, if it were you and Ned, you'd tell."

"Oh, Ned and I," said Molly; "we've known each other always. He understands me *precisely*. But you—"

**H**ER hand was still on Judith's arm; Judith had never seen her so serious as she continued, "Judith, if you want to be happy all the rest of your days, you've got to stop fretting yourself with questions and turning things inside out, as you've done all your life. You'll never find anyone who will like it, men in particular. Whatever would you gain to go mauling things over with Milton, if you really want to marry him?"

At her accusing, bright eyes, Judith said weakly, "I don't know."

Molly gave her arm a little pat. "Why, of course you don't. Now, don't think of it, or ever mention it again, and you'll be all right."

She was gone, "cross-cut," home. Judith sat in the sun on the step where Milton Lee had asked her to marry him, and where she had spent so many dreamy hours, alone. Her face had always been a little over-grave for its years; now it held a queer, shadowy look. She sat a few minutes, silently. Then she went into the house.

"Is the dusting all done, daughter?" called Mrs. King from her sewing-room. "See! I've surprised you and stitched up this." She held up a pretty blue soft thing. "You can pull the bastings if you want to. Why, daughter!"

Seeing her mother's kindly face, her kindly arms holding up the new service she had done for her, Judith's eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled.

Mrs. King rose. "I knew it would come, dear. It's bound to, after you were so brave last night." Her arms were around Judith and she drew the girl down on a couch beside her—not anxiously, but as if she were wholly aware of what the trouble was.

But Judith was saying between sobs, "Oh, Mother, something is wrong with me. I don't think I . . . love Milton. . . ."

"That you—what?" exclaimed her mother.

"Oh, I care for him *terribly*," said Judith. "But I don't know whether I—love him as—"

"Oh, yes, you do, Judith," Mrs. King contradicted. Then she looked curiously at her. "Whatever put that into your head?"

"I—" she hesitated, her brows drawn as if she could not find words. Then she began again: "Well, last night, when Molly—you know how Molly took it, about—"

"Molly's a dear child; but she's a little hysterical thing, Judith. What's that got to do with you and—"

"Do you know what I was thinking when I heard about the accident, and that Milton might be going to—maybe, die? I was thinking: 'Then my chances will be gone. I'll never get another as good as he is.' I think I want to marry him, Mother, because he is rich, and can give me a chance to get out in the world—you know that's what we're always planning about. And Molly was engaged, and I wanted to be, and—"

"Judith," interrupted her mother somewhat severely, "I don't believe that. You're all unstrung; but you'll be very, very sorry if you harbor such thoughts for a minute. Why, Milton Lee's one boy in a thousand, and you appreciate it, really. Don't you think I would be the first one to—to stop things, if I thought that you meant what you said, or that you weren't going to be happy—for Milton's sake, as well as your own?"

**A**ND, as Judith nodded, she went on more surely, "Of course I would. Now, listen, child. You've been talking with Molly, who shows all her feelings, anyway, and you think it's strange you didn't act as she did. You're a different type, Judith. You can't expect to feel just like Molly, any more than you act like her, or you look like her. Now, have patience with yourself. People who love the same things, as you and Milton do, grow together—that is, unless one harbors queer imaginings."

She patted the girl's shoulder encouragingly. "Run out and get the air. Go down to the square and match these silks for me, there's a dear."

When Judith, with her hat on, came in for the sample she came close to her mother's chair.

"Mother," she said, "I think you're right about everything you said. Milton and I do think alike about everything; and he's been planning, just like me."

She hesitated. "Mother, don't you think I ought to tell Milton, now that I—that I'm all straightened out again?"

Her mother laid down her sewing. She did not speak for a minute. Then she said, "I don't want to hurt you, dear. But you seem to know so little about things: Men don't see things as women do. Milton is many good things; but he's young, and impressionable, and sensitive, and it would hurt him if you let him know that you felt for an instant as you did. Now, try to get over your queer little ways, Judith, and be my happy little girl, and kiss me again."

Judith kissed her again, and this time went out.

But Molly's attitude the night of the accident had opened up some new, unimagined mine within herself, something of which she had never dreamed. And as she went on day by day watching (CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)



# The Good Scout

By VASHTI PETRIE

ILLUSTRATED by HENRY RALEIGH



NOW that we are home all safe again, and Bert has almost quit limping, I am glad we went to Sequona. Things have been different, and much pleasanter, in the house ever since. Sister Millie and Bert laugh and talk and chum around together now as if they weren't really married at all, and were just friends. But that trip was tough on us all while it lasted, and we were glad to get home again.

I don't know why Sister ever took the notion of going up there with Bert and me. She's fond enough of driving around town in the car when the boulevard's under her and the top is overhead, but she never liked long trips, because she complained that dust spoiled her frocks, and sun and wind overtouched her complexion. She used to want a closed car, but Bert never would hear to that. So we always counted her out on the long trips when Bert and I took along grub, blankets, guns, and fishing tackle and beat it for the mountains or the north lakes.

When we were packing up to go to Sequona, though, she came strolling into the den, swishing her silk things softly and bringing with her that faint smell of violets that always tells you Sister Millie is around.

"Put in some extra cushions, will you, Bert?" she said, easy. "I believe I'll go along with you boys." Like that.

Bert was squatting on the floor, rolling up bedding. He got up. "Not really, Millie?"

"Why, yes. It's rather too dull, staying here by myself, while you are away having a good time. I'll try your uncivilized life for a while, just to see if I like it."

"It's going to be a long, hard trip this time," Bert said, doubtfully, and kind of frowned. Bert is an awful busy lawyer, and he doesn't get many vacations.

"Oh, I know you'll take good care of me, dear," Sis answered, and smiled at him. So there was nothing else for it, because Sister Millie always does exactly as she chooses, and Bert never says much one way or the other.

But I wish you could have seen our car when it rolled out of the garage next day. Bert and I always carry a small roll of blankets on the running board. This had swelled to twice its regular size, and another awkward bundle of coats, robes, and canvas for a dressing-tent for Sis, rode on top of it. The grub box built on the left running board was all cluttered up with jars of salad dressing, vacuum bottles, and hampers that were certainly true to their name. When I got into the tonneau I tripped over two extra suit cases, and when I was down, a big new camp chair fell on top of me, and a leather dressing-case took me behind the ear.

"Gosh, this is going to be some trip," I said to myself. Sister didn't hear me. She sat beside Bert on the front seat, with a big hat to keep off the sun, and a close veil to hold her hair in. She was wearing a nice blue silk dress and little bronze shoes with high curved-in heels. She had looked fine as she came out of the house, but Bert just gave her one glance, said something below his breath, and went on filling grease cups. Bert don't talk much.

We covered the first sixty miles, all smooth boulevard, in record time. But there is a detour just before you hit the Ridge Road, on account of a bridge being out, and the car rocked a good bit in the ruts. There was dust, and Sister didn't like it. She covered her face with her little lacy handkerchief, and sat bolt upright and uncomfortable-like.

When we reached the foothills we stopped to take the top down, partly to make it easier for the engine, and partly so that we could see the scenery better. But of course it was windy, and Sis lost her big hat at the first curve. Bert stopped, and I got out and caught it just before it went down into a canyon. She put it on, but it blew off again; so after that she held it in her lap. I guess it was right then she got so sunburned.

We climbed up and up, mile after mile. Sometimes the road led out over a hogback where you could look almost straight down for a mile on either side, and the wind whistled across strong enough to blow us clear off. Then we'd curve sharply in against the hill once more, and go roaring on through those passes. Seemed as if I was hanging one foot or the other over the black edge of nothing at all, most of the time. The dressing-case slid around and dented my shins with its sharp corners till I was all over black and blue spots. Sis squealed every time another machine showed up suddenly around the blind turns, but of course there isn't any real danger up there, for the road is plenty wide enough for two cars anywhere.

We made a stop for gas at Lone Oak late in the afternoon, and Sister said in a faint voice, "Do we have to go



"Put in some extra cushions, will you, Bert?" she said, easy

any farther to-day, Bert?"

"Are you tired, Millie?" he asked.

"I'm all dusty, dear. I would so like to have a bath."

"We'll camp when we find a good place, then," said Bert. We had intended to get through to Rock Springs, and could have made it easy before dark, but he never said anything about that. We drove down the next wash till we found a little shelf beside the stream, and not far from the road. I rustled some firewood, opened the grub box and started supper, while Bert set up our cots in a row on a level space under a big green liveoak. He pumped up the air mattress for Sister's bed and put both army blankets and three pillows on it.

"Oh, are we going to sleep outdoors?" she asked, quite astonished. "I thought there would be some kind of a shelter."

"Well, there's an old barn about a mile farther up the boulevard, but it's probably overrun with vermin," he suggested. "We can go there if you like."

"Never," said Sister, and shuddered. "But my bath?"

"Better go down-stream and get out of sight of the road."

"Bertram Kyle, do you mean to suggest that I bathe out of doors—in a stream?"

"Well, where else, Millie?" Bert asked, patient-like.

"I thought of course you would take along—er—a portable bathtub—or—something. I can't do without a bath."

Bert went right over to the car and began to tighten up some bolts. He never says much. Sister flopped into her camp chair and looked around for a while. Presently she called to me:

"What are you doing, Rolf?"

"Gettingsupper," I said, cheerful. "Aren't you hungry?"

She came over to the fire. "What's that curious-looking stuff in the saucepan?"

"Oxtail soup," I told her. "Fine dope."

"Ugh. I never could eat canned soups," she said. "Why do you put so much fat in that skillet?"

"To fry the eggs."

"Fried eggs at this hour, Rolf! And coffee, too. We won't sleep if we drink coffee now."

"Well, I will," I said. "How do you like your ham—pretty brown?"

Sister shrugged her shoulders and walked away. When I got everything ready, I called out, the way Bert and I always do, "Come and get it or I'll throw it out."

Sister turned around and said in a frosty voice, "Rolf, I can see that this sort of thing doesn't develop your small stock of social amenities. You are quite grotesque."

We sat down, and Bert and I pitched in, but Sister said she wasn't hungry. She would have eaten some of the canned peaches; but I had opened them too soon, I guess, and there were two ants in them. She didn't want to drink the water because there were some cows standing in the creek not very far away. We told her that they were down-stream, but it seemed to start her thinking anyhow. So I made her a pot of tea with water we had brought from home in the canteen, and she drank some of that.

We turned in as soon as I got the dishes washed. I always do the work around camp on our trips, and Bert does the driving; because since I had infantile paralysis I can't use my legs good enough to hold the car on a hill; though I'm sixteen, and plenty old enough



I gave her Bert's automatic and she went—down that strange, lonely road into the dark



to drive in the city when it comes to that.

When we got ready to go to bed, Sister exclaimed, "Why, Bert, you forgot to put up my dressing-tent."

"I thought you would hardly need it till we made a permanent camp at Sequona, Millie; but I can put it up if you really want it," he said. So he did, but it was considerable bother, because it was after dark.

Sister must have taken some time getting ready for bed, for I had been asleep till she came rustling past in her silk dressing gown, smelling of cold cream. I heard her tell Bert that the bed was hard and the blankets rasped her sunburned neck and that she was surely going to catch cold, when he came to tuck her in. He didn't say anything; he just got into bed.

I always sleep like a log out of doors. It's lots better than being home. But that night I did hear Sister squeal when a leaf dropped on her face and she thought it was alive, and I waked again when Bert got up to pump up her air mattress, because she said it was leaking. The moon shone on her after a while, and he moved her cot. Then when she was cold I crawled out to put an extra robe over her, for Bert was asleep at last, and I hated to have him waked. When four o'clock came we were all kind of glad, I guess. It was quite light and the birds were singing like anything all around, so Bert said we'd better get up and do a lot of driving before it got hot.

I was sorry that we had just flapjacks and bacon for breakfast, because she wanted fruit and couldn't eat the other things—she said they were too greasy. So she only took a cup of hot water.

I hustled to get the dishes done while Bert rolled up the bedding and packed the car, but we needn't have been in a rush, because it took Sis quite a while to give herself a sponge bath and get her complexion and her hair done. By the time Bert had brushed her dress so she could put it on, it was past six, and the tent had to come down after that, so we didn't make such an early get-away after all.

We finished the Ridge Road pretty soon, though, and drove for miles on the good old straight-away up the Long Valley. Road's level as a floor, you know, just like a strip of silver ribbon, and you better believe it was fast going. Bert accidentally hung his cap over the speedometer when he noticed that what it registered was worrying Sister, and drove like a streak. We were up to Madras by noon.

Bert has an old friend that runs a barley ranch near there, and he had promised to look in on him as we went through. We pulled into the yard at twelve, and when Mr. Ransome saw Bert climbing out from behind the wheel, he let out a yell:

"If it ain't that dod-durned old pirate Kyle. Gosh-dang your picture, I knowed you'd show up at dinner time, all right. How d'y'e do, ma'am, come right into the house. The missus will be glad to see you; she gets lonesome for the sight of women-folks."

I could see Sister's eyes getting kind of narrow as she looked him over. He took her in at the kitchen door of that unpainted, rickety old ranch-house. I don't know what she thought, but when there's folks around she acts just like a gracious princess, whether it's the Jap that washes windows or the Governor of the State.

We ate a dandy dinner at a long table just covered with big dishes of vegetables, about six different kinds, and enormous platters of meat and dumplings. It was sure a landscape to see Sister Millie sitting opposite the Mexican field hands. She ate as much as one of them, though, because she'd been in the open air for twenty-four hours and had passed up the last two meals. Mrs. Ransome was kind of an old-looking lady with stringy hair coming down on her neck; but she had the pleasantest way of smiling at you, and I tell you she was some cook.

When we pulled out again Sis said, as soon as we got out of hearing distance, "I must say I cannot congratulate you upon your friends. What a dreadful life for Mrs. Ransome."

"What's the matter with it?" Bert asked.

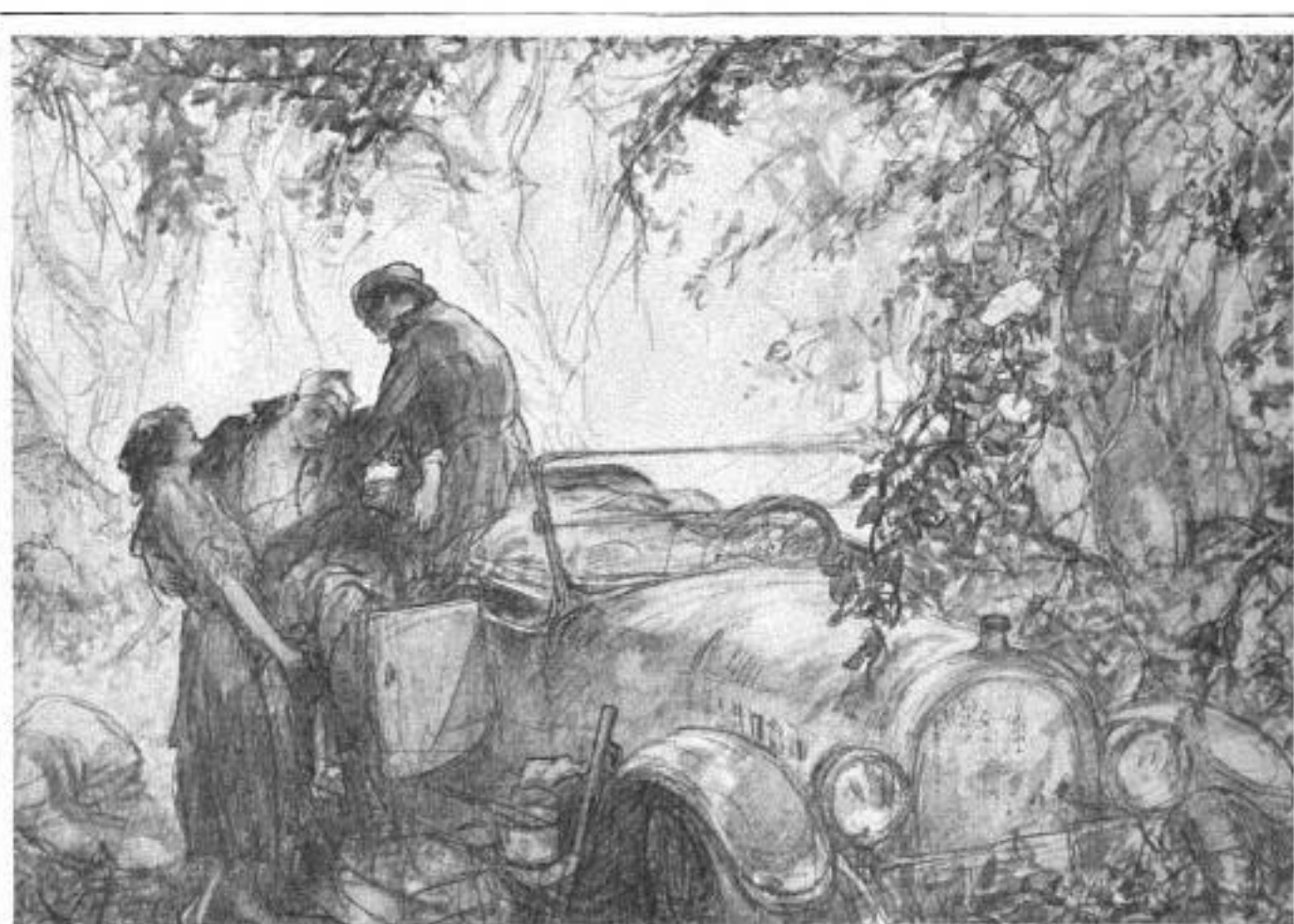
"Oh, the impossible men, the hot kitchen, the loneliness, the coarse food—everything. I'm sorry for that poor woman."

"She may have lost some of her good looks, but she's doing her fair share of the world's work," he said in a quiet kind of voice.

"Do you mean to imply that I don't do anything, Bertram Kyle?"

"Oh, lord," Bert said, and tramped on the accelerator. So it wasn't long till we got to some more foothills. We stopped at a funny little old mining town, called Gold Gulch, to get gas. A few houses stood in a straggling row along the main street, just one-story, whitewashed shacks with tumble-down fences around them. There was an aimless railroad sneaking through the weeds, a scummy creek wandering along, a few corrals with sleepy mules in them, and not half a dozen men in sight. They charged us fifty cents a gallon for gasoline there, too.

We went to climbing in good earnest as soon as we got out of that village. The narrow road began to wind forth and back on itself in short, hairpin-shaped turns, going up all the time. We rose right out of the heat and



*Sister did nearly all the lifting. He could help himself a little and I boosted, too*

desert shrubbery that had been all around us, and presently we were pounding along among tall pines and great oak trees. Bert kept the siren going all the time, but we just missed being smashed into by a truck coming down, at that, and Sister screamed right out. I had thought we were climbing some across the Ridge, but this road had it over that one like a tent.

After a long time we began to get glimpses out across the valley below. Golly! it was like being on the roof of the world. Far off we could see more mountains wrapped in blue mist and covered with straight pines standing on the slopes like soldiers.

Going down was a bit faster and more exciting. Sis just covered her face with her hands and said she didn't care any more what happened. I got out to fill the radiator, and picked her some big white dogwood flowers and sweet-smelling wild lilac, but she was too tired to notice them.

She said she was hungry, and I gave her a package of seedless raisins and some crackers from the grub box. At first she wouldn't eat them because the raisins hadn't been scalded; but I got out at the next ford and washed some in a tin cup, and she said she supposed they would have to do, and ate them all before I got the radiator filled, so I washed some more.

We climbed again through the trees, going in low most of the time. Gosh, how the water boiled. But we went right on to the top of those mountains. It seemed a shame to go down again on the other side and lose all that elevation we had gained, but Sequona was about seven thousand feet up in the next range. It was getting quite dark down in the valleys among the trees and the night birds had begun calling, but up on the peaks the sun was still shining.

When we had to light up, Bert unscrewed the spotlight from the wind shield. So I changed places with Sister and held it on the curves for him. I took the leather dressing-case in front with me, because she found it bumped against her. After a while she said:

"Bert, if you would only hold the car a little steadier I believe I could sleep. Do you really have to throw us about so?"

He told her he was sorry, but said we would soon be in Sequona now. It was nine when we got to Sequona, and we went right through the tiny settlement to a camping place Bert knew about beyond.

We kept the spotlight on so we could see what we were doing, and I made the fire and got supper while Bert set up the beds and the tent. Sister covered herself up in the tonneau and I think was asleep when I called them to the eats. But she came and didn't ask a single question about the grub, just helped herself to everything in sight, which showed that she was kind of getting used to things.

But at bedtime Millie said it was cold, and she hated the thought of another night on that awful cot. She was afraid the noise of the creek would keep her awake.

"There really seems to be something almost indecent about getting into one's bed out of doors this way," she said. "So public."

"Public! Millie, there isn't a soul for miles around," Bert reminded her.

"Oh, are we so alone? Suppose something should happen to you, what would I do?"

"Die, most likely. Go to sleep," Bert said.

"Bert, please don't be heartless. You are so cross to me, it isn't any wonder I can't enjoy myself. I fail to see the reason for an uncomfortable situation of this sort, anyway. Why camp at all, ever?"

"Well, Millie, there's the boy. These trips are good for him." Bert thought I was asleep.

"Don't you consider me in the least? Oh, I know you are going to say he is really my own brother, and that you didn't ask me to come. You always mention the obvious things."

Bert didn't say any more, and so we all went to sleep. He was gone with his rifle and a pocket full of sandwiches and raisins when we waked in the morning.

After I got the supper and breakfast dishes washed and Sister's bath water heated, I left her quite satisfied, manicuring her nails, and went down to the stream. I got pretty far away from camp, because there was always another dandy pool beyond that I had to try. There were lots of regular big steelheads in there, so I got to throwing the little fellows back into the water when they bit.

But when I looked at my watch it was two o'clock. What was Sister Millie going to say to me for leaving her alone so long? I beat it for camp with my creel full.

The first thing I saw when I got nearly in was Sister kneeling over something on the ground. I hurried up and found it was Bert lying there, white as a sheet, his eyes shut.

"He's fainted again," Sister whispered. "Get the ammonia from the case."

She was working over his foot. She had out the medicine box we always carry under the rear seat, and was unrolling tape and cotton. Then she poured alcohol on a wad of stuff and used it to sponge an ugly smeared wound that seemed to spread all over the top of Bert's foot.

"Roll, where is that ammonia?" Sister said, sharp, and I got it. But it surprised me to watch her. Bert and I had just sort of made fun when she took up that First Aid course during the war. Come to think of it, we'd always made fun whenever she tried to learn or do anything other than look pretty. She spread the foot with iodine and put a mighty professional-looking bandage of gauze and cotton on it. Bert opened his eyes presently and I filled a cup with some raw brandy and gave him that. Sister told me to.

After a while he revived enough to tell us about it in whispers. He stood below a bluff and fired at a buck that morning, he said, and the report from his gun must have jarred a stone loose from above. It came rolling down and landed on his foot. Then he fell over and kind of caved in some ribs on another stone. He was in pretty bad shape and just had to crawl into camp. He had about a mile to go. I don't see how he did it.

Sister cried only a little bit when he told about it, and she said, "We must get him to a doctor. The nearest is at Gold Gulch, I suppose. Bert, poor boy, we'll wait till you rest a while, and then we'll have to move you."

First, we made him more comfortable where he was, and then Sister and I went to work. We sorted our stuff over and left out everything we [CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



# The Return

By

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

ILLUSTRATED By WORTH BREHM

HE was so young that she was as yet unable to see the ineffable horizons beyond the morasses of sorrow. The melancholy that is born with all the children of men still lingered with her. Her conception of eternity was much clearer than that of time. She could easily believe in endless joy and endless woe, but not in the time which heals woe and dulls joy.

She was stealing around the side of the Hale house—she was Ellen Hale—to reach the corner of the east piazza and not have her mother accost her. Her mother sat, as usual on fine evenings, on the front piazza under the electric light, knitting. Ellen had been keeping a secret from her mother for some days, and she avoided her, when she could do so undetected.

Ellen was all in white and carried a little white silk bag on her arm. She moved through a tall growth of grass and weeds. White disks of daisies gleamed from it, and there was a strong fragrance of lilies blown from the garden. Swarms of fireflies were about. A soft curl of mist rose; the moon had a silvery and golden halo; the stars were pale as through a veil.

It was a night of delicate, elusive beauty, and Ellen ordinarily would have been thrilled by it. Now she was so sad that she felt pained and insulted by beauty which persisted in the face of her own sorrow. She brushed between the grasses, swaying to meet before her, impatiently, and gave a sigh of relief when she reached the corner of the east piazza.

Ellen switched on the light, seated herself in the hammock, and took a letter from her silk bag and began to read. She was tired to death, frightened to death, of the letter, yet she had to read it over and over and over.

The letter was in this wise:

DEAR ELLEN: I am here in France in a base hospital. I am rapidly recovering, but I am wounded—my face. The surgeons, one especially, with a terrible courage of his young convictions, have had a try at me. The result is remarkable. When the surgeons regarded their own handiwork, they were pale with restrained emotion.

Afterward I heard roars of laughter, of which they are heartily ashamed. They are a decent lot, but they can't usurp the work of the Creator with perfect success. The nurse who saw my face first, had hysterics. Then she fainted.

I asked for a glass. I nearly repeated the hysterics, but did not faint. I simply had the bandage replaced, and then did some thinking. I wondered at first, if my face had been a horror, if I could not have borne it with more grace. I might have been considered by some sentimentalists as a hero, but no one can make a hero of a clown.

My dear, my face is inexpressibly funny. It is the most awful tragedy in the world, that of comedy; I shall keep it covered while I live. I may be a moral coward, but I prefer kicks to ridicule.

And the pity which follows such ridicule is a shame. However, I am not now in the least disturbed. I am happy with a happiness of which I had never dreamed. I suppose it is the result of renunciation. Perhaps there is a heaven of sorts for every renunciation.

I have the honor of renunciation for my Country, and my Country is for the first time an entity to me. I feel toward her as the Greeks felt about their divinities.

There is still much left dignifiedly intact. I have my two good eyes for instance, my hands, and my legs. All useful. As you know I have plenty of money. I have my beautiful home in the mountains back of the village. I have there, to live with me, my uncle Bill Lester and my aunt Ann, who will not care a tinker's fiddle how I look, and have no sense of the ludicrous. My relatives will raise me in my self-esteem until I wander around the fields hunting a trout pool, for a looking glass, like what's his name? Narcissus. Then I shall regard my blemish as such beauty that I shall swoon from self-adoration, and drown in the pool, and become a beautiful flower, which you may find perhaps, and wear at your waist.

That makes me remember that you and I were to have been married on my return. That is, of course, over. I am in another dimension, where no wife can follow me. Lost hope, frankly, disturbs me no longer. It will not disturb you, when you have passed the surface shock of realization.

Be happy as you read this. I am happy. I long for my home, my uncle, my aunt, my books, my music, my artist's kit, my dogs, my horses, my motor. But I shall drive like the devil and pass everybody in a lovely blur of camouflage. Eat your honey. I eat mine.

DICK.

Ellen still held the letter when Lee Abbott came. She heard him greet her mother on the front piazza, smelled his cigar, heard him laugh when he was directed to her corner. Then he stood before her, a tall figure in his white flannels and held out a hand.

She took it limply. He tossed his cigar out among the grass and fireflies, and sat down opposite her.

*Ellen seated herself in the hammock, and took a letter from the silk bag*



Ellen spoke again. "Of course, we were both sure he was dead," she said lifelessly, almost indifferently. The sense of an eternity of misery was upon her, and she was limp before it.

"Of course. I couldn't have been such a cur as to have said a word to you, otherwise. But the news came so straight it seemed impossible to doubt it. We were sure he was dead, and I had always loved you."

"I never knew it." Ellen's lips hardly moved.

"I couldn't speak before I went to Europe. You were too young!"

"I think I was old enough to know my own mind," said the girl. She flashed with momentary indignation.

Lee started. "Ellen!"

"After you went to Europe, I knew, of course, that it had been only a girl's fancy," Ellen said proudly.

"Ellen—"

"Then Dick came. And I was two years older. A girl like me does not wait unless she is asked."

"How could I ask you? You were so young when I went away."

"Yes, I was; and girls are always such fools."

"I don't mean that, Ellen. It simply did not seem fair, to me. Why, you were not through school."

"I am now."

"Yes; and Dick is coming back; and, Ellen, perhaps—"

"Perhaps what?"

"Perhaps poor Dick is unduly sensitive. Perhaps he is not so disfigured as he thinks. He may be regarding himself as he fears you will."

"I don't care how disfigured he is, except on his own account," Ellen said harshly. "I am ready and glad to keep my promise to marry him when he comes back."

Lee sat still, with studying eyes upon her.

"What do you mean by looking at me like that, Lee?"

"What way?"

"You look exactly as if you knew something, but were not sure you ought to tell me. What is it?"

Lee's face suddenly stiffened. "Nonsense," he said, and tried to laugh. He rose. "I must be going. I promised Mother I wouldn't be late. Well, Ellen, it is good-by in one sense, not in another. I hope you will be happy. I know you will. Dick is a splendid fellow."

"I know he is. I shall be happy."

Lee laughed quite successfully. "Of course you will. Well, now the second fiddle leaves the orchestra. He really never had any business there. Exit second, enter first fiddle. Good-by, Ellen. I have been happy while it lasted, and shall be happy enough now it is over."

Ellen started and regarded him curiously. "I thought it was always very easy for men to get over—things."

"It is, very easy. I am glad it went no further. Why, I have never even kissed you, Ellen."

Ellen's face suddenly grew pitiful, then stiffened. "No, you never did."

"It did not seem decent, somehow, to say anything definite—to make love so soon after—we heard. But I was almost sure—you understood."

"There is no use talking about understanding, or not understanding, now." Ellen's voice rang harshly.

"I love you, all right. I will say that, for the sake of my self-respect. I can say it now I am going, and feel honorable. Good-by, Ellen, I know you will be happy."

"Oh, yes, I'll be happy. Don't worry, Lee."

"My only thought now is for you."

"Thank you."

"We shall be very good friends always."

"Thank you. I hope you will have a happy life, Lee."

"I shall be happy enough, if you are." His voice rang tenderly.

The girl's face quivered, then became firm again. Lee turned. "Oh, by the way," he said. "Dick doesn't mention it in his letter, didn't know, I suppose; but his ship has sailed. It was in the night papers. She docks



next Saturday. Of course, Dick will have to go to camp first before he comes home. Good night, Ellen."

"Good night, Lee."

They shook hands. The man went. Ellen returned to her hammock.

She lay face downward, and shook with dry sobs. She did not comprehend existence outside of eternity. She was an integral part of it. She would never cease to live and suffer.

After a while she rose, and went around to the front piazza where her mother sat knitting. Ann Hale was a small, keen-eyed, pretty woman.

"Lee went early," she remarked.

"Yes... I ought to tell you, Mother. There has been an understanding between Lee and me, but we had never said anything."

"You could not, so soon."

"There is something else. I had a letter from Dick, Thursday. He was not dead, after all."

"I knew it, dear. Your father and I saw it in the paper, but we waited for you to speak first. I saw the letter on the hall table."

"He is coming home. His ship has sailed."

"Yes?"

"Here is his letter. I will leave it for you and Father to read. Where is Father?"

"Gone for a game of chess with the rector."

"Dick was badly wounded. He has entirely recovered. He writes he is much disfigured. He very nobly says he does not expect me to keep my engagement."

"But you will?"

"Of course, Mother. What kind of a girl do you think I am?"

"But Lee," her mother whispered hesitatingly.

"The men who did not fight expect to make way for those who did. Lee is like that," said Ellen. She went out with a swirl of white skirts.

Her mother looked after her with a troubled face. Then she adjusted her glasses, and read the letter. When her husband came in, she showed it to him. "What do you make of it?" said she when he had finished, and the two regarded each other.

Ellen's father looked sober; but he laughed a little whimsically.

"Only that we must not try to play the rôle of Divine Providence to our daughter, dear," said he. "I think from this letter that there is not much cause for worry."

"You think?"

"I think there are heights beyond human ties for human souls."

"Then?"

"Perhaps poor Dick has reached them. If he has, no daughter of ours, not even our precious Ellen, is good enough for him."

A piteous little sound reached their ears. "Poor child, she is crying," said her mother pitifully.

Lee, going home, met his mother. She knew about Dick. She had strolled down the road in order to walk with her son and comfort him. She was a handsome woman, high-figured and compact, in rich attire. She listened to what Lee told her. He repeated the substance of the letter.

"Then Ellen is going to marry him?" she said.

"Of course."

"Does he want her to?"

"Mother!"

"Listen, Lee, before you become explosive. I saw Dick's aunt Ann this afternoon. She and his uncle have a letter from Dick. She says he writes as if he were happier than mortal man, does not allude to Ellen, but his Country. It sounded incredibly idealistic to me."

"Dick is an idealist; but, Mother, Ellen!"

"How does she feel?"

"Could I insult her, Mother? She is happy and honored, of course."

They reached the porch of the Abbott house, mounted the steps, and sat down opposite each other. Lee's mother sat rather stiffly. She was highly corseted and majestic.

"You don't really believe what you say about Dick?" Lee asked, and his voice was impatient.

"No, I suppose not. After all, as you say, the girl is Ellen, and she is lovely. I don't suppose any man could have been expected to do such a thing before the war. Perhaps the war may do away with the work of the ages in some respects, and produce diamonds among the characters of men."

"Perhaps," Lee agreed absently. "I wasn't thinking entirely of that."

"What is it, Lee? You are not telling me something."

"I don't know if I ought, Mother; still, I suppose I

might as well; only, don't repeat it until Dick gets home, and we really know the truth. There are so many rumors. Well, I saw Jim Sawyer on the train coming out to-night, and he had a letter from a man he knows in Dick's regiment, and this man, he is a Maine man, nobody we know, wrote something about Dick that sounds mighty queer."

"He wrote that Dick's face isn't really badly disfigured at all. It seems it was something rather terrible at first, in a grotesque fashion that was worse than any other. Now, he declares, it is healed, and the scars have faded, so there is no need of covering it, but Dick insists upon doing so. Nobody can convince him, it seems, that it isn't just as bad as it was at first."

"Doesn't he look at his face in a glass, I wonder?"

"Yes, Jim says he does, but seems to see wrong. The surgeons think it a persistent delusion from shock, and that he will never get over it. Jim says they think he might; but he is so settled in his mind over the whole matter, so contented, and even happy!"

"Didn't he mind about Ellen?"

"Jim says he has given that sort of thing up so completely that his old conception of life no longer exists for him, says he is a sort of fanatic over patriotism. Of course Jim got all that impression from his friend's letter. Jim says his friend writes he could understand it better if Dick were French, but it seems a queer turn for a New Englander's mind to take, such a rapture of idealism."

"Jim and his friend don't know what they are talking about," said the woman. "I belong to an older generation, and I know. New England out-Latins all the Latin races when it comes to raptures of idealism. It is nothing extraordinary for a man of pure New England lineage to turn to any ideal, especially that of Country and Patriotism, as a girl disappointed in love turns to religion. Dick might have done that, too. All that strikes me as

generations to come. No wonder, if Dick's is twisted, too."

"But, Mother, what of Ellen?"

"Why, it seems to me very simple, and very fortunate. Ellen, of course, never really cared for anyone but you, and now her course is not only the happy one for her, but the only one."

"I can't believe it. I mean I can't believe that about Dick."

Lee's mother rose. She bent over her son, silks rustled, laces fluttered, and a perfume as from a great flower was exhaled. "That is the wisest attitude for you, son," she assented. "Good night. Whatever happens, I am glad you have the strength of mind to face it."

After she had gone, Lee sat smoking and thinking. He dwelt upon what he had heard of the wounded man's attitude of mind, and a great calm came over him. He had a conviction that it was true.

As the time drew near for Dick's return from the camp whither he had gone on landing, the excitement in the village grew. Lee heard no more of the rumors that the disfigurement had disappeared. In fact, he saw Jim Sawyer a few days later and he said he thought his friend must be mistaken. "I have seen another fellow who was in the same hospital," he said, "and he declares that nothing short of the Resurrection Day could ever make poor Dick's face anything but a horror. He says he thinks Ellen Hale is a heroine."

That night Lee Abbott understood renunciation, and with no enthusiasm of idealism to assuage the agony. He did not see Ellen again. He did not dream of what she contemplated doing. Ellen had heard the rumor that Dick's scars had healed, but placed no reliance upon it.

An innovation was planned for the returning soldiers. People were wild with delight over them, and especially over Dick.

"We are going to carry that man on our shoulders up the mountain to his home," one boy, too young for war, cried. "No automobile and no horse shall carry that man, but the arms of the men for whom he has fought!" He tossed his curly blond head as he spoke, and waved his arms.

Lee was in the crowd when the boy spoke. "I wonder if the poor chap will like all the fuss and feathers," he said to an older man by his side.

The man laughed. "No man ever lived who did not like an ovation," he returned.

Lee shook his head doubtfully; but he suddenly realized what the village opinion had been about himself and Dick's sweetheart, and was silent.

Lee planned heroically within his own mind, where Dick and Ellen would meet. "It is moonlight again," he thought. "They can meet in that corner of the east piazza where Ellen and I have sat. He will go there after the honors are paid. He will go in his car. They can meet in that half light of silver and shadows. It will be easier."

The preparations were on almost a grand scale. It was a small but rich community, and the tide of sentiment swept everybody off their feet. They could not do enough. All the village was decorated, but the prosaic Main Street was the masterpiece. It flew all the flags of the allied nations; arches of flowers spanned it. What had been for men's lifetimes a street of village stores and homely dwellings was a highway for fairy princes to travel. When the commonplace undergoes such transformation it becomes far greater than the originally unique, and partakes of the beauty of spirituality.

It was a day of brilliant sunshine, and light winds which wove the flags into kaleidoscopic effects of color. The people were massed in the street, waiting. Their faces were full of love, of joyous excitement. When the flag-decked train came in, the station platform was thronged, but the crowd was kept back by ribbons held by girls in white.

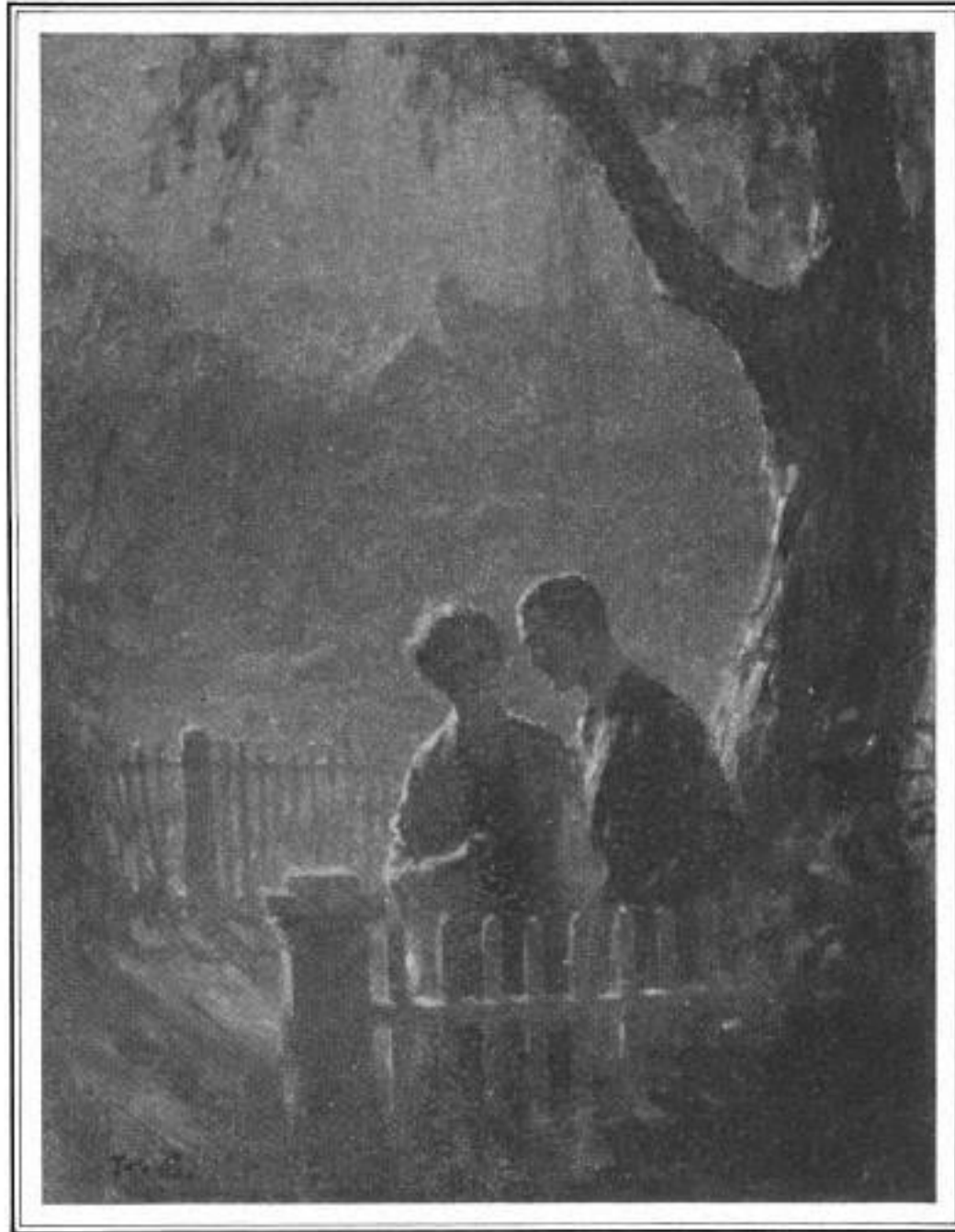
Then a strange thing happened. Ellen told her mother about it, when she could remember collectedly: Somebody took her home in a car. She could never recall who. She

was lying on the davenport in the living-room when Lee called up on the telephone. Her father answered.

"She is all right," he said in response to Lee's inquiry. "Of course," he added, when Lee stated that he had been unable to do anything except put Ellen in the car.

At the other end of the telephone, Lee's mother stood beside him.

He hung up the receiver and turned to her in a tempest of white rage. "If it had been [CONTINUED ON PAGE 83]



Lee, going home, met his mother. She knew about Dick

unusual is the patriotism as regards this country in this war. It would seem to me to call for a World patriotism as far as this country is concerned; but I suppose Dick was simply compelled to fall back upon the personal element."

"But, Mother, it looks a little as if his brain were twisted."

"Everybody has a twisted brain, my son, and especially now. The war has attended to that for at least three



# Judging Women

By JEAN H. NORRIS

City Magistrate of New York



**A**FTER nearly two years as the first American woman to judge women—speaking in the strictly judicial sense—I am an optimist about them. I am convinced that the woman of to-day still cherishes the finest instincts and the most authentic traditions of the woman of yesterday. She adds to these a broader intelligence and a more generous conception of service. She points the way to a noble, sanely balanced, useful woman of to-morrow.

One who has had such an opportunity as mine to study the psychology of women finds that the amazingly interesting thing about them is the growth and development of their intellectual rightness, of their ability to think clearly and bravely, as well as to feel intensely.

Contacts, in my work, are by no means restricted to criminals, to women accused of sex offenses, or even to women of my own city. It is a varied grist that flows through a New York court-room. Some of the women, who may be there for reasons reflecting no discredit on themselves, have come from big towns, little towns, country farms at the opposite ends of the United States. Then, too, through being the first woman to sit in the criminal courts, I have met women in all parts of the country, who have asked me to explain my work to their clubs and organizations. My acquaintance with professional women—lawyers, doctors, social workers—has increased steadily.

From Fifth Avenue to Grand Street, from Riverside Drive to Hell's Kitchen, from New York to Texas, from Oregon to Virginia, under all their superficial differences, most women I have known want the same things: happy homes, good children, husbands who love them, success in their work, beauty in their lives, self-respect, the friendship of other women, freedom, courage, good sense. Most of these things women always have wanted; but they have groped for them emotionally. Now, without feeling less, women are thinking more. They are trying to straighten out the tangles of their lives by taking thought.

One of the situations, for example, in which the woman of an earlier generation would have justified herself for dissolving into emotion, was desertion by her husband and the father of her children. Not only would she have suffered by the betrayal of her affection, but her outer, as well as her inner life, would have been paralyzed. In nine cases out of ten, she either would have "gone home to Father," or else depended on public charity, until the absconding husband could be forced to support her. She would have felt that a little "plain sewing" was the limit to any possible exertion on her part.

## "I Don't Want His Money!"

**T**HE woman of to-day has shown me, over and over again, how differently she meets this particular reversal of her fortunes. It is not merely the "new" type of feminist who protests against alimony—to be carefully distinguished from a father's support of his children—as an insult. Many an industrially trained woman, of the so-called "poorer classes," has thought out the problem of being indebted for sustenance to a man who no longer cares enough about her to remain her husband, and her intelligence has revolted against such a settlement.

"I don't want his money for myself," such a woman has told me repeatedly, in the Court of Domestic Relations. "The children are his, as well as mine, and it's only fair he should do his part toward looking after them. But I can take care of myself. I did it before I was married, and I can do it again. When he cared for me and I was keeping his house, it was all right, but now—I don't want his money!"

That is the modern wife's idea of self-respect, which goes to prove that she is giving some new things to the relation of marriage, as a counter-balance to her new demands on it. Such self-respect finds a channel for expression through the training the woman has received for self-support and the demand for her services, but it is a product of clear thinking. Does it mean, however, a diminution in true womanly feeling? I think not.

When I have seen the wonderful, the almost incredible sacrifices made by the poorest, most uneducated mother for her babies, I have laughed at the idea, advanced in some quarters, that motherhood is going out of style. It has been proved to me over and over again, since I have been a judge, that no woman is so depraved, so heartless, so stupid, as not to feel stirrings of love for the child to whom she has given birth.

Mothers make their mistakes not from lack of love, but from lack of authority or lack of understanding. The depth and diffusion of intelligence among women to-day are most encouraging. Yet being a judge has taught me

that even really clever women may be stupid as mothers.

The causes of incorrigibility are almost as various as the girls themselves who appear on this charge, and many an incorrigible girl comes before me in the Woman's Court. Incorrigibility means, under our statute, "associating with vicious persons and liable to become depraved." In other words, the mother complains that the daughter remains out late at night, associates with bad companions, is disobedient and refuses to work. In cases of incorrigibility, the mother usually is the complainant.

Frequently, the charge is dismissed and the mother made to understand she is to blame more than the girl. After a conviction, in the majority of cases the girl is placed on probation and returned to the custody of her parents. In the course of the trial, I talk with them and try to show them how far they—especially the mother, for a girl is molded by her mother—are responsible for what has happened.

The trouble may go back to early childhood. The mother of to-day loves her daughter, wants to give her every advantage, desires to set her free from the repressions and prohibitions with which the mother's girlhood was compassed about. So she fails to teach her that which every generation of children must be taught—respect for law and authority. The little girl must learn respect for her parents and teachers; then it follows naturally, when she reaches maturity, she will respect recognized authority.

Another mistake, which not only the poor mother but the mother in almost every social group outside the very rich is likely to make in her treatment of her adolescent daughter, is the error of too much unselfishness. It is a psychological truth that a thoroughly unselfish mother breeds a thoroughly selfish and thoughtless daughter, with an overgrown passion for pleasure that may lead her into the most dangerous paths.

At the opposite extreme from the overindulgent mother is the one who indulges her daughter in nothing; whose love takes the form of the sternness that goads to rebellion. This type of mother is to be found in two widely separated parts of the American scene. She is among the Old World women on New York's crowded East Side. She is in remote, rigidly religious, native American communities. She is unwilling to let her daughter out of her sight. She lumps together indiscriminately as "bad" all parties, "movies," dances. She expects her daughter to be at home every evening, never to enjoy the pleasures natural to her age. Such discipline defeats its own ends. For it drives any girl, who has in her heart the spirit of youth, either to secret deceit or open revolt—often with the unhappiest consequences.

## The Modern Mother Listens to Suggestions

**Y**ET in dealing with the "consequences" either of maternal overindulgence or of maternal overstrictness in disposing of the case of incorrigible daughters, even in talking with the anxious mothers who, when I have visited their towns or communities, have told me, "Of course Mary is a good girl, but I am worried about her and I thought you might advise me." I have encountered the new readiness of women to use their brains, as well as their hearts, for the solution of their problems. Mothers are less dominated by the old, irrational, "It's my child, and I guess nobody can tell me what to do" instinct. They listen to suggestions. They are mentally flexible enough to adopt new methods. They are willing to co-operate intelligently with their daughters in making a fresh start toward a new relationship.

The girls themselves have more sense than many give them credit for. Even so-called "bad" girls, who at first have been angry because I sent them to hospitals to be cured of drug addiction or disease, afterward have admitted the justice of their treatment, and have responded loyally to efforts to help them to a different life. As for the headstrong, pleasure-loving, silly, "incorrigible" daughter of to-day, the surest way of reaching her is to appeal to her intelligence. Show her the physical, psychological and social reasons for those laws which she flouts. Point out to her the logical result of her present course of conduct. And bring home to her the fact that she can



Judge Norris is not only the first woman to wear the judge's robes in criminal courts, but is a distinguished lawyer as well, having practiced at the bar for ten years before her appointment to the bench. She was president of the National Women Lawyers' Association for three years, is now president of the New York State Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and is well known as a suffrage worker and as a writer on legal topics.

change it, can make herself a different sort of girl by the use of her brains and will power. She will respond—remarkably.

The spirit of the Woman's Court is to reunite the young girl with the home, to reestablish in society the girl who is a first offender. We try to give another chance to every young girl who comes into court charged either with incorrigibility or a sex offense. We aim to place her on probation for six months, which means putting her on her honor. During her period of probation she is advised and counseled by her particular probation officer. I personally give one evening every week to interviewing these girls, and we try to procure positions for all those out of work. The old method of imposing a fine and letting the girl go has long since passed into the discard. A real human interest is taken in her particular problem, and in every way we try to solve it and see her on the right path. Sixty-five to seventy per cent of our "first offenders," covering a period of five years, have absolutely "made good."

## Helping the Girl Who Has Made a Misstep

**A** MODERN development in feminine psychology, which has been impressed on me repeatedly during my service on the bench, is woman's humanity—as opposed to her traditional inhumanity—to woman. Good women everywhere, in quiet, unsensational ways, are trying to help the girl who has made a misstep and who wants to "come back." They try to make her well and strong physically. They find for her interesting work, which she is fitted to do. They do not deny her

social rehabilitation, when she has shown she deserves it. If women show a new spirit of generous service toward those of their sex who have failed, they do not lack an equally generous spirit of recognition for those who have succeeded. That is another thing my work as judge has taught me. Not only did the women of my own city—many of them of an opposite political faith—express great satisfaction over my appointment to the bench; not only have I had from them the most friendly cooperation whenever I asked for it, but from hundreds of women, all over the United States and Canada, I receive, even to-day, after nearly two years of service, cordial and appreciative messages.

That their awakened intelligence is a force to-day in public as well as in private affairs has been discovered by many persons besides myself.

"I always opposed the franchise for women," a judge in a state supreme court told me, not long ago. "And I confess I'm sorry I did, for it was only after women got the vote that I discovered what an intelligent wife I had."

Other men are making the same discovery. They are finding that woman's new preoccupation with political and social conditions is making her a better comrade than ever. I have known many women interested in politics and civics—not a few of them married. Their husbands are frankly proud of the political ability of their wives, and they—the husbands—often plume themselves on having developed it!

Among the things I think I have learned about women is that neither participation in politics nor the ability to earn seriously endangers the home. Nevertheless, I should like to see a keener appreciation everywhere of the importance of home-making. My work has convinced me that the restlessness in marriage displayed by some of our younger women is due mainly to the fact that they have not been trained for their job. I have urged definite instruction in the duties of wives, mothers and homemakers. It is not that I think the interests of women should be narrowed down again to the old dogma of "church, children, and cooking." I simply cannot see why the new training for citizenship and for self-support given the young girl of to-day should not go along with training for women's immemorial tasks in the home.

To-day's daughter is not faultless, of course—let us hope she never will be anything so uninteresting! But I rather incline to the conclusion that some of the defects for which she is most criticized—her startling and extravagant clothes, her floutings of convention, her aggressiveness—are the products of the age of transition through which she is passing. The taste of her freedom is so new in her mouth that it sometimes slightly intoxicates her. In a few years she will recover what she seems temporarily to have lost in poise and temperateness.

We shall, I trust, have more and more women on the bench, and in other positions where they may deal directly with their own sex, and help to interpret it to the world. Of course, men sometimes say that they know more about women—the trouble is they know so much that isn't so!



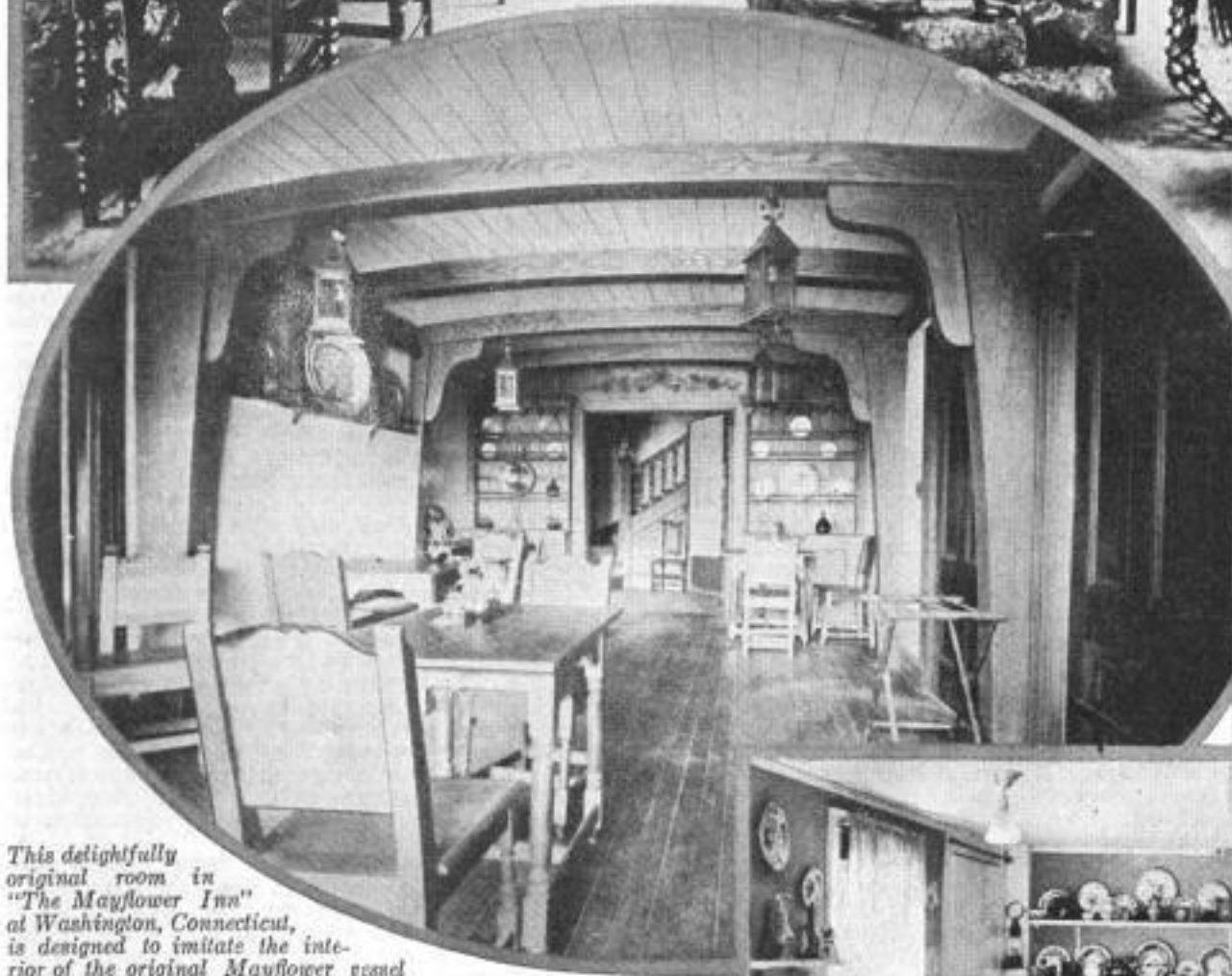
# At the Sign of the Tea Room

*Some charming places in New England*



Everybody recognizes this corner in "Mary Elizabeth's"

**B**ASKET-HUNG rafters, climbing vines, and even an old well and moss-covered bucket make this *al fresco* tea room a refreshing place to linger in on a hot summer day. Nothing could be simpler than its appointments—its whole appeal lies in the charm of its unspoiled natural setting—and, incidentally, in its very excellent cuisine.



This delightfully original room in "The Mayflower Inn" at Washington, Connecticut, is designed to imitate the interior of the original Mayflower vessel

**T**HE fascinating photograph above, at the right, shows "Ye Candle Glow Inn and Tea House" taken by moonlight. It is the oldest house in Norwich, Vermont, and is only twenty minutes' walk from Dartmouth College. The students are its enthusiastic patrons—you see, it makes a specialty of waffles. During the summer months it caters to automobile parties and to camp girls.

**W**HAT'S in a name? "Polly's Place" would tell you, should you stop off some summer afternoon to enjoy a cup of tea in its quaint, old-fashioned atmosphere. Where is it? Way up in the tip of New Hampshire—at Colebrook, to be exact—right on the way to picturesque Dixville Notch of tour-book fame.



**F**OR the most interesting and helpful personal account of running a successful tea room, we will pay One Hundred Dollars; for the two accounts next in interest and helpfulness we will pay Fifty Dollars each. Send photographs, if possible. Do not write more than twenty-five hundred words. Contest closes September 15th. Address "T Room Editor," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# "Terms to be Arranged"

By CORINNE HARRIS MARKEY

IT'S absolutely perfect! If we could own that house and live in it—well, I'd ask nothing more of life!" Phyllis Lathrop sighed covetously as she sank into a rocker. "Nancy, you should have gone with us." She addressed her sister, Miss Nancy MacFarlane. "The suburbs are gorgeously green! The trees budding! And that house!"

"What's so wonderful about it, Steve?" Nancy inquired of her brother-in-law. "Does it have four walls and a roof and floors?"

"All of that; and a yard worthy of the name, and a garage with space for two cars, and a good, broad driveway." Stephen Lathrop drew a deep breath of appreciation.

"And large closets, and an all-enamel sink," supplemented Phyllis.

"And big shade trees, and shrubbery," continued Steve. "What kind of house is it?" interrupted Miss Nancy MacFarlane. "Brick house? Stone house? Frame house?"

"Brick; dark, rich, purplish brick," ecstasized Phil. "Run all over with Boston ivy," put in Steve. "Oh, it's some house, all right! We've a thirty-day option on it. The owner said he could sell it in three days if we didn't take it."

"I'll bet he could, too," Phil replied. "But we can't buy it unless we sell this flat, can we, Stevie? Do you think we can sell it in a month?"

"I shouldn't be surprised. I'll stop at the Gartner Realty office in the morning and give them the exclusive sale. They're live people."

"I'm glad we had it decorated," Mrs. Lathrop gazed appraisingly at the dainty paper and freshly enameled woodwork. "I'll have Joe wash the windows to-morrow."

(Joe was the janitor.) "Clear window panes brighten up a house as nothing else does."

And until bedtime the Lathrops enumerated the manifold attractions of the suburban house.

"Well, real estate agent!" Stephen greeted his wife one evening a week later. "What's the news of the day?"

"Steenie dear, I believe it's sold!" Phyllis tried to impart the glorious message calmly. Having an effervescent nature she admired repression. "And I do hope it is! Katy's been disgruntled all day. You see, we just have to get the house straightened the very first thing in the morning, and it upsets her schedule. And I like to have her look nice when people go through. She says she can't work dressed up."

"I'm with Katy," asseverated Miss MacFarlane. "Phil makes us all doll up. You'd think we went with the flat. She'll insist on Joe's wearing a carnation in his buttonhole next."

"What about this sale? That's what interests me," queried the head of the house.

"Of course that's all that interests you," Nancy retorted dryly. "You don't have to be on exhibition, and have a lot of strange women prowl through your room, and look in your closet, and size up your clothes. It would be amusing to watch them if it weren't so annoying. A haughty dame puffed through to-day, her massive, bejeweled front elevation admitting, 'There may be people who have to live in a place like this,' and her fur-covered rear elevation proclaiming, 'But, thank heaven, I don't have to!' She affected not to see me, at all. Then there was a meek little wisp of a woman who said this was the handsomest house she was ever in. She told me, shyly, that the dress I was wearing was lovely, too. And as for a bath, Steve, I suggest between three and four A. M. It's the only time that one can be sure that no one wishes to inspect the bathroom."

"Good heavens, Nance! I know it's a nuisance to have people running through the house, but what about this prospective customer?"

"It's that Mrs. Ryan," Phyllis explained. "You know Mr. Gartner and I showed her through yesterday afternoon. She's a sweet old lady with silvery hair. She didn't say much, but sent her daughter in the afternoon. The daughter just loved everything; said it was an adorable apartment, a darling living-room, the dining-room was perfectly dear, and the sun-parlor just too sweet for words, and asked if I didn't just hate to give it up. Honestly, Steve, she almost convinced me that I did."

"Well, it isn't a bad place to live in. I've seen worse. It's unusually light for a flat."

"There's no use talking it up to me, Mr. Lathrop," retorted Phil. "Don't I explain the advantages of the neighborhood; of forty feet of air space on one side and fourteen on the other; of furnaces that heat well; and of a compact house, with no waste space, all day long?"

"That's not all of it," added Nancy; "she tells them that it's a good investment; that the net interest on our equity, at the old rate of rent, has been between thirteen and fifteen per cent, and that now, with rents soaring as they are, twenty-five or thirty per cent can be made easily."

Mr. Lathrop looked at his wife in surprised admiration.

"That is very clever, Phil; I'll just resign my job and you can open a real estate office. No need for me to work, married to a business woman like you."

"And, Steenie! I haven't told you all. This morning she called up and asked for the dimensions of the dining-room, and when I gave them to her she said that, while her furniture was heavy, she could get it in nicely."

"Good! That sounds as if she really were interested."

Convinced that the flat was as good as sold, Phyllis dreamed of beautiful flower beds, of a canopied couch swing, of frosty drinks served under a shade tree on a delightful lawn. During the week and a half that followed she waited with what patience she could to hear from Mrs. Ryan; then, when her patience had slipped past its limit, she consulted her agent, who in turn consulted Mrs. Ryan, and learned that she had decided not to buy at present, but to remain where she was.

Phyllis was bitterly disappointed. For a brief space of time she floundered in the valley of despair; then, rousing herself, she renewed the attack with redoubled energy.

She called up Mr. Gartner and suggested cutting the price, but he advised against that. "If you only had space for a driveway," he said, "I could have sold your house a half-dozen times."

"But we haven't," wailed Phil, "and we can't possibly buy any; we've tried. But there are several garages in the neighborhood that can be rented."

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Lathrop. Well, we'll try to get a buyer who doesn't own a car."

"Can you suggest anything that would make it more salable?" asked Phil.

"Not a thing. It really is an attractive place, and we'll sell it. There's no need to worry. If all my clients would cooperate with me as you have, Mrs. Lathrop, selling houses would be a joy." Mr. Gartner's optimism took the edge off Phyllis's disappointment.

The next few days passed uneventfully, finally ushering in a bright, warm Sunday. First of the flat seekers to arrive early in the afternoon was a tall, thin woman, the antiquity of whose face, figure, hair arrangement, and clothes harmonized perfectly.

Led by Phyllis and followed by Steve, she inspected the apartment carefully, finishing just as an old lady whose sole interest in her future home was centered in the size of the pantry, and her husband, equally interested in the condition of the basement, arrived.

The harmonious one announced her intention of "just looking through again to get a better idea of things." Therefore, she not only accompanied the elderly couple on their tour of inspection, but trailed along with two ultra-smart young women who planned on having the partition between the living-room and the dining-room removed so as to make better floor space for dancing; and again with a pompous gentleman and his sedate, low-voiced daughter, neither of whom expressed an opinion of the apartment, complimentary or adverse.

There followed a lull in business, during which Miss Hammond, the ancient maiden, comfortably seated, related her life's history to an apparently interested hostess and a nodding host, while the afternoon lengthened into evening.

At last Phil, who had no experience in closing a deal, asked tentatively, "Does the house appeal to you, Miss Hammond?"

"Why, yes, it does. I like it real well, and I think I'll take it," answered that lady.

Phil's heart leaped for joy, and Steve sat up, suddenly awake, and thoroughly alert.

"You ask ten thousand dollars for it, and you said that you were willing to make terms," went on Miss Hammond, business-like now that she was started. "Well, I think that in four months from now I'll be able to pay down two hundred dollars, and after that I can pay fifty dollars a month—every month."

A silence followed her statement. Phil's face wore a baffled, incomprehending expression as her blue eyes sought her husband's. And Stephen Lathrop, a young man of good breeding, grinned—grinned outrageously; then, seeing his wife's disappointment, gallantly came to her aid by explaining to Miss Hammond that as the upper flat rented for eighty-five dollars a month and the lower one would bring seventy-five he would not only expect a larger payment down but more each month. Comprehending, after the third explanation, the superannuated lady departed, leaving Phil with the conviction

that the old flat would never sell, and that she and Steve would have to live in it the rest of their lives.

As the end of the month drew near the stream of inquirers thinned to a trickle, some days not one calling. By implication, comparison, and direct comment, that portion of the public that tramped through Phyllis's home had impressed on her all of its objectionable features. She now thought of it as a dark, dismal, dirty, crowded little flat, and believed that she and Steve would grow old and ugly and ill-natured from living in it.

It was when her spirits were at this low ebb that she admitted a short, thick man, who handed her a soiled card upon which was printed:

MR. ISAAC ROSENBAUM

Jeweler and Loan Broker 4576 DEARBORN AVENUE

Mr. Rosenbaum was keen and alert, and noticed the good as well as the bad points of the house, but stressed the good ones and passed over the bad ones, not even mentioning the absence of a driveway and garage.

"I'll go home and get my wife," he said as he left. And he did. Within an hour Sarah Rosenbaum had examined the range, the sink, and the pantry, and approved them, and the rest of the house.

"Now, I'll bring my friend who knows about buildings, in the morning; he'll decide for me," promised Mr. Rosenbaum, and departed.

Early the next morning Mr. Rosenbaum, accompanied by his friend who knew about buildings, arrived.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I think we'll take it," Mr. Rosenbaum decided, "Gartner Realty Company has the handling of it, you said? I'll go and fix it up."

There was much rejoicing in the Lathrop home that evening.

About four-thirty the next afternoon, Mr. Gartner telephoned Phyllis and told her that Mr. Rosenbaum had been in, and suggested trading his farm in Oklahoma for the flat, and when he learned that the Lathrops wouldn't consider a trade, said that another flat owner would.

Limply Phyllis hung up the receiver. She was still limp when a slender, timid little man asked apologetically to be shown through the apartment.

"Certainly," answered Phyllis briskly. She walked toward the dining-room. "The floor sags here," she explained, "and over there by the piano, too."

The man gasped.

"There are forty feet on this side of the house and fourteen on the other, but we don't own any of it. We haven't a garage or a driveway, and we can't buy ground to put one in. We've tried."

"This bedroom is dark," she informed the pusillanimous gentleman hurrying after her, "and it's unbearably hot in the summer. The solarium is dirty," she went on ruthlessly, "in fact, the whole house is dirty. Everyone in this neighborhood burns soft coal, and it is impossible to keep either the house or one's clothing clean."

"Yes, St. Louis is dirty," agreed the man. "May I see the basement, please?"

"Just go down," answered Phil, making no effort to accompany him, as was her wont.

"The Gartner Realty Company has the sale of this," he remarked as he thanked her for her courtesy and apologized for the trouble he had put her to.

"Good thing you didn't want to sell," laughed Nancy, as Phil joined her, "but why so bitter? You always liked the flat until you saw that house."

"I don't like it now," answered Phyllis.

Brilliant spring sunshine streamed into the Lathrop dining-room the next morning.

"A gentleman wants to talk to you on the telephone," Katy informed her mistress.

After a brief conversation Phyllis returned with a queer expression on her mobile face.

"The man who looked at the flat yesterday afternoon says that he will go to Gartner's office to-day and pay a thousand dollars earnest money, and the rest just as we want it," she stated calmly.

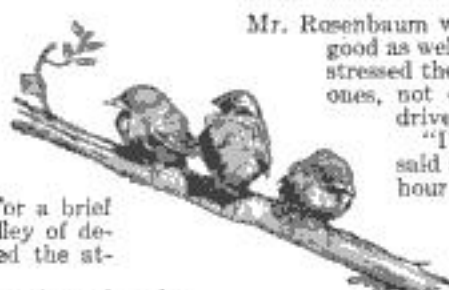
"Not the one you told about the sagging floor and—everything!" gasped Nancy.

"Yes. And he said that my truthfulness helped make the sale; that now he wouldn't have to look for defects. His wife went through here some time ago, and said it was the handsomest house she was ever in. She said the ladies had such nice taste. The younger one was wearing a lovely gown."

"That little woman?" murmured Nancy.

"Congratulations, real estate agent!" exclaimed Steve. Pushing him aside, Phyllis looked about her almost regretfully. "We've always been so comfortable here," she sighed wistfully. "I wonder if the sun shines in that dining-room in the morning."

Nancy, aghast at such variability, ejaculated: "Now, what do you know about that!"





# An Island in a Thousand

## Conclusion of this diverting Novel

By MARK LEE LUTHER

ILLUSTRATED by GEORGE WRIGHT



COMPARING notes in the cool of the evening and the lee of the dog kennel, the Judge and Kearney deduced that Chase had used the house merely as a passageway. The Bishop, whose veracity could not be doubted, had let fall that he had chatted at some length with Chase on foreign missions and found him a man of broad sympathies and keen intelligence. And, as regards intelligence, they were forced to admit that the Bishop was right. The riddle of his neglect to ransack the upper floors was still to solve.

Taking a solitary stroll in the darkness, the Judge glanced in through a window of the living-hall. His wife, the busy day behind her, lay reading on the davenport. Eliot was aimlessly turning the pages of a magazine, seemingly oblivious of the hubbub which drifted in fitful gusts from the waterside.

Yet the hubbub was not unmelodious, and presently, with a stir of something vernal under his shirt front, the Judge sauntered across the lawn. A large black-and-white Chinese lantern lit the upper deck of the houseboat and a ukulele, strummed by Dora, led a mixed quartet. The air was popular. The Judge had heard it scores of times, and never once distinguished a word. But now, thanks to the efforts of Thorpe and McAllister, he gathered that it concerned eyes that said "I love you."

In a low wicker chair near the rail, her slender hand laid pensively to her cheek, sat Mary Page. What musings the song roused in her were not mirrored in her face. It was the listener beside her whose face was for the moment a mirror, and the Judge, reading it by the inner light just rekindled in his breast, penetrated the day's great mystery. Chase had lost interest in dishonesty because he was honestly in love.

Deeply stirred, the Judge retreated across the foot of the lawn and struck into a path skirting the shore. The situation called for lucid thinking; but he drifted in a fog of mere feeling, alarmed for Mary, sorry for Chase. He could not be impartial where Mary was concerned. What was he about—that jackanapes, Eliot—in allowing her thoughts to dwell on anyone else? Then Dora flitted disturbingly across his mind. Could there be any ground for his wife's gloomy hints regarding her? He must keep an eye on the minx. He must keep an eye on Mary. If she seemed too interested in that cheeky adventurer, it would be his duty to tell her all he knew.

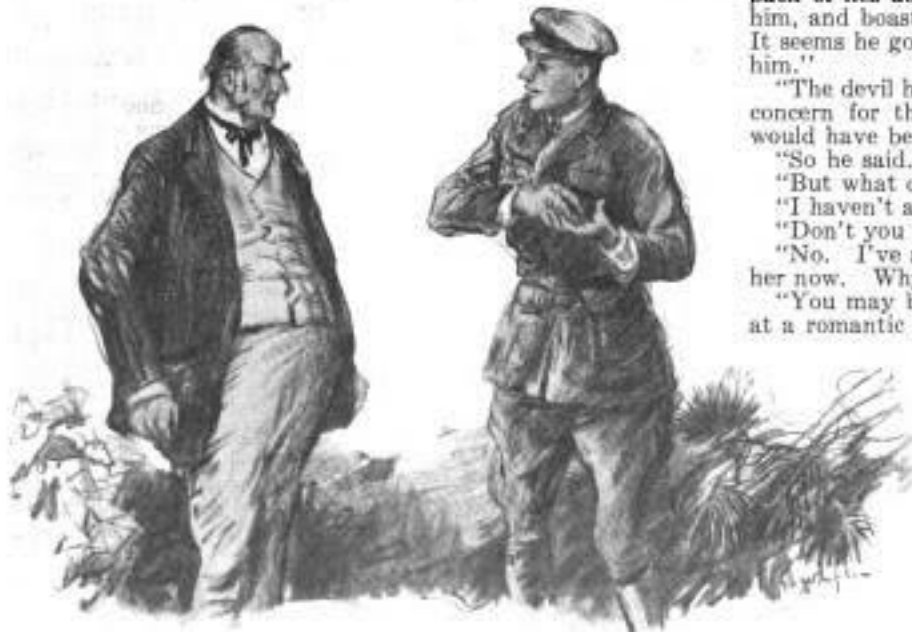
But, sketching this delicate interview, he had to admit that he knew very little. The case against Chase was flimsy. There was no positive evidence that connected him with the fur thieves. Kearney might be a useful police official, but he was not a congenial co-worker. He lacked too many of the inhibitions of a gentleman.

It was at this stage that he met Puddiford or, rather, the reek of his pipe, which he at first took for the advancing fumes of another forest fire in Michigan. He was seen and hailed.

"Walk right in," said Puddiford hospitably. "There's always room for the Lord of the Isle."

So the Judge walked in, chose a seat to windward and,

"Before you explain," said the Judge, "you might tell me what you deduce from this photograph"



as a further measure of self-defense, lit a patrician cigar. "Restful spot," he remarked.

"It sure is. Gives you a chance to get a line on things," replied Puddiford. "Find your weed pretty strong to-night?"

"Eh?"

"You choked. I thought maybe it was your cigar. I've often wondered how you could stomach so heavy a brand. In fact I was speaking of it to Steve only yesterday."

A blistering retort leaped to the Judge's lips but he held it back. No doubt, to a fanatical reformer, his choice Havana and Puddiford's lowly compost would seem equally accursed. Moreover, he saw an opening for a question which till now he had felt it would be imprudent to put.

"I infer that you and Mr. Chase are old friends," he said casually.

"Why?"

"You use his given name freely."

"He's just as free with mine. We were 'Steve' and 'Al' half an hour after we first shook hands, which wasn't quite a month ago."

"Indeed?"

"You see he did me a good turn right at the start," said Puddiford. "I'll tell you about it, if you can stand a small conversational dose of my hog-cholera mixture."

"As large as you like," said the Judge.

"That's a rush offer, Judge, but I'll have a heart. My little girl thinks I brag too much about my business, and I guess I do. Yet, as one man to another, if you'd made half a million clean dollars out of an idea you hatched all by your lonesome, wouldn't you feel like blowing your horn? Sure you would, even if you do hail from the codfish belt. I'll also say in passing that New Englanders are no shrinking violets when they have a product to boost. However, to get down to cases, I used to have a traveling salesman, one of sixty, who was entered on the payroll as George Slingsby, and, believe me, his middle name was Skunk. He got hold of my formula and—while he was still taking my money—tried to form a rival company. Another salesman gave him away, and I kicked him out of the factory."

"Literally?"

"Literally and personally," he returned with unctious. "Do you suppose I'd delegate a job like that? My only regret is that I wasn't wearing hobnailed boots. You see, I didn't know the whole story then. I only learned the real horse-power of his nerve when I met Steve Chase. It was just luck, too. I happened to register ahead of him for dinner in a Watertown hotel and, as soon as he saw my John Hancock, he introduced himself and said that if I was the Puddiford who made the hog-cholera mixture, he'd like to have a private talk. Well, to boil it down, he had run across Slingsby, and the whelp had told him a pack of lies about the bad treatment I'd handed him, and boasted that he'd be even with me yet. It seems he got my Dora to promise she'd marry him."

"The devil he did!" exclaimed the Judge, with a concern for the chit which twenty minutes ago would have been inconceivable.

"So he said."

"But what does she say?"

"I haven't asked for her version."

"Don't you intend to ask for it?"

"No. I've a notion he looks like a two-spot to her now. Why rub it in?"

"You may be mistaken in her feelings. She is at a romantic age. This scamp has undoubtedly painted himself as a martyr. If she should be still infatuated, she might run off with him."

"Not while he's in the jug."

The breeze shifted and the pipe overwhelmed the perfect, but the Judge failed to notice it.

"That's why Chase spoke out," said Puddiford. "He knew Slingsby was a crook."

"And in jail!"

"Yes. He was nabbed for

"Do you realize where we are?" she said when she could. "Perfectly," said he. "It's heaven"

forgery not long after Chase met him."

"How long ago was that?"

"Some time in the spring." He was silent a moment. Then, "White," he asserted, "that's what Steve is."

"I can understand your gratitude," said the Judge.

"Acts of disinterested kindness are all too rare. But Mr. Chase seems an unusual man. He has been something of a wanderer, I gather."

"Yes; born restless, perhaps."

"Has he a profession?"

"You can search me. He talks more about places he's been than folks he's known. It may be a fool guess, but I've wondered if he could be a detective."

"A detective?"

"The high-grade kind, you know—government agent."

The Judge knew that this theory would divert Kearney, but he kept the joke to himself. Nor did he care to tell Kearney what else had passed between him and Puddiford in the pavilion. Chase's motive may have been unselfish. Whether it was or not, Dora's folly was her father's affair and no subject for gossip. But what he had heard roused his interest in the surprising puss herself, and to masculine interest of any sort the surprising puss was as sensitive as a barometer.

A new cordiality in his manner the morning after the tea party brought a smile to her Cupid's bow, which leaped bewitchingly to her eyes as soon as she could concentrate on his truly admirable nose. By the second day she was toying with a fascinating plan, and on the afternoon of the third day the fascinating plan got the better of her and, stalking the Judge, she caught him alone in the pines and told him the deathless tale of the inexperienced girl and the man of the world.

She did not begin as usual. She adapted the story to her auditor, whose advanced age she felt debarred him from enjoyment of sentimental details.

"I made a goose of myself last summer," she confided, "and now I'm in such a pickle that I need the best advice I can get. I hate to bother you with it, Judge Brewster, but you are the wisest person I ever met and, besides, you can tell me whether this man—of course there is a man in it—has any legal hold on me."



"Proceed," he said, arranging his fingers in a church-and-steeple. "Proceed."

She did so with relish. It was thrilling to fancy herself a client consulting her attorney. When she ended her ramble he summed it up for her with a terseness that showed he had missed nothing.

"These, then, are the essential facts," he said: "You verbally agreed to enter into a contract of marriage with one George Slingsby at an unnamed date. You corresponded with him at regular intervals after he went in the army, repented of your promise when peace came, wrote him to that effect, and returned his ring. He declined to accept his dismissal and informed you by letter of his intention to come in person and press his claim. Receiving no reply, he ascertained your present address by telephone from the friend through whom your joint correspondence has passed."

Dora shuddered at the bare bones of her romance thus exposed.

"How dreadfully cold-blooded and — and serious it sounds," she faltered. "Could he sue me for breach of promise?"

"No. In the eyes of the law you are an infant."

"I never dreamed I'd be glad to hear myself called an infant," she owned. "Thank you so much for relieving my mind."

"I'm not through," said the Judge.

Then the cross-examination began, and the illusion of a legal atmosphere left nothing to be desired.

"Just when did Slingsby telephone your friend?"

"The same day she wrote me. She sat right down and dashed off a note. She thought I'd be crazy to see him."

"What was the date of her note?"

"She didn't date it. It was soon after I came to the islands."

"And you came here when?" pursued the Judge.

"The second week in June. Surely you don't think George will try to see me?"

"I think he would if he could," said the Judge, without wrenching the truth. "Was this telephone conversation brief?"

"Oh, yes. He simply told her he was Mr. Slingsby, and got my address."

"I should like to have a definite conception of this man. Visualize him as accurately as you can."

"I had that in psychology. The teacher asked us to visualize a spoon, and I was dazed to find I couldn't see both ends at once."

"Take Mr. Slingsby in sections if it will come easier."

"Well," she began, "he was always well dressed. He had the latest of everything. He said it was good business. You couldn't help noticing his clothes. His neckties were lovely and matched his shirts, and he invariably wore silk socks. I'm afraid, though, that isn't a very clear picture. It is really very hard to visualize."

"How about his hair, and his eyes?"

Dora did her best, but as she evoked them from the shadowy past George's features had less individuality than his haberdashery. Brown hair, two blue eyes, one mouth, a nose and chin in the usual location do not a portrait make. The Judge would have traded the lot for a thumb print.

"Did he never give you his photograph?"

She started and blushed.

"Of course he did! It's the ping-pong size and I'm wearing it this very minute." She fished a locket from inside her blouse and undid the neck chain. "You'll hardly believe it, but I had utterly forgotten that it was here."

"I don't doubt you in the least." He unsung his glasses and met Mr. Slingsby's jaunty gaze. "So this is your former suitor? His mode of dress is all you led me to expect. But now, as a little lesson in observation, I will point out one or two things you seem never to have remarked: His nose has a slight deviation to the left; his right eyebrow has a tendency to arch independently of its fellow; his mouth is crooked, his forehead is too narrow for his jaw, and there is a dimple in his chin."

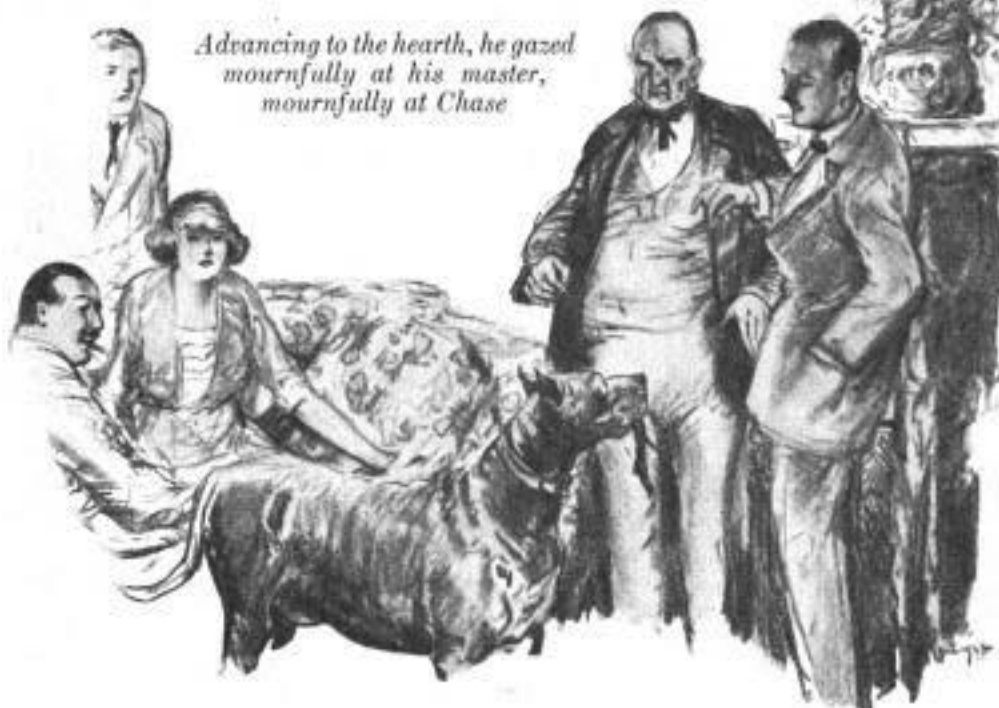
"I did notice the dimple," said Dora, "but it went out of mind."

"Like this memento," he said, prying the picture from the locket, "for which I assume you have no further use."

HE LEFT her, still enveloped in legal atmosphere, sitting on a log, and made off through the pines. Dora and

her father between them had supplied so much food for thought that he felt qualms of indigestion. But it was no longer the features of the enterprising Mr. Slingsby that engrossed him. He was trying to piece out the full and authentic portrait of Stephen Chase.

Since in June the ex-salesman was safe under lock and key, the voice over the telephone could not have been his. That Chase had impersonated him was highly probable. Having obtained the address he wanted, it would be easy to contrive a meeting as casual as Puddiford had described. If he had been thus unscrupulous, his motive could hardly be honest. Very



Advancing to the hearth, he gazed mournfully at his master, mournfully at Chase

likely he had hunted up Puddiford in order to trade on his gratitude. It was just such a scheme as would occur to an adventurer. And had he then, instead of fleeing him, conceived the idea of using him as a stepping stone to greater plunder? Who could say? There was not a scrap of proof that he had ever heard of the stolen sables.

When his thoughts began to scurry in circles, the Judge usually flexed his muscles, so now, coming out in the rear of the kitchen garden, he fell to weeding a neglected row of parsnips. By and by a chuckle unknown to bird life issued from the neighboring wood and, straightening, he met Kearney's grin.

"Is there anything humorous in the sight of a man weeding parsnips?" he asked.

"Back there at the house I took you for Chase," said Kearney. "You're both wearing gray suits to-day."

"Well?"

"Come into the tall timber, and I'll give you an earful." The Judge's sense of duty overcame his distaste for Kearney's manners; but he culled another handful of

weeds to show that he jumped at no one's bidding and was unmoved by cheap curiosity.

"Before you explain," he said, as they struck into the grove, "you might tell me what you deduce from this photograph. The study of the human face as an index to character has its pitfalls, but I should be glad to know if your impressions coincide with my own."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exploded Kearney after a single glance at Dora's first love. "Why, this is Tony Driscoll!"

"Driscoll?"

"The head of the gang—the crook who's doing time for forgery. Where did you get it?"

"I prefer not to state."

"Not to me!"

"To anyone. This is no reflection on you personally. I came by the picture in a quasi-confidential way. The owner of it had no suspicion of this man's criminal activities. You have my word for it."

Kearney frowned at the photograph.

"I know this much," he said. "It belonged to a Jane."

"To a what?"

"A skirt—some dame he was dippy over. She wore it in a locket."

The Judge recovered the photograph.

"It does look as if it might have been fitted into a locket," he conceded, tucking it into his card case. "Yes; I dare say it was."

Kearney went a few paces in moody silence.

"Look here," he broke out. "I'm no keener than you to drag in innocent outsiders. If you want this party kept clear, what you say goes. But I'd have been blind in both eyes not to have seen that I jarred you when I identified Driscoll, and I've a hunch that somehow it gave you a new slant on Chase."

The Judge had plainly not done justice to Kearney's powers.

"We'll assume that for the sake of argument," he said.

"Do you, for any reason of your own, believe that Chase knows Driscoll?" Kearney asked.

"Yes," said the Judge grimly. "But what of it? It doesn't prove that he is his accomplice. Certain of Chase's acts and words since he came to the island seem suspicious, but they are not evidence."

Kearney laughed.

"I'll soon have evidence. After the tea fight I thought all bets were off, but I was wrong, dead wrong. The fact is, he is again sitting up and taking notice. To-day, for the first time, he opened his head about furs."

"Did you lead him up to the subject?"

"Me! I'm not such a boob. It was Argus. We were gassing together down by the boathouse when up comes the dog and lays a mole at Chase's feet."

"Strange! I've never known him to bring his finds to anyone but me."

"Maybe the gray suit fooled him."



"Are you pleasant company for yourself?" "Sometimes," he replied



"Impossible."

"Well, anyhow, Chase drew the prize, passed a remark on moleskin, and began to talk about the fancy prices people cough up for furs."

"Did he mention saffers?"

"No. He stuck to seal and silver fox, and, believe me, he knows what they're worth."

Stirred by this news, the Judge halted on a little cliff, rising sheer from the river, and gazed absently out over the tangle of vines that fringed its edge.

"Kearney," he said, "the authorities blundered badly in their early conduct of this affair."

"Sure they did," Kearney agreed. "They ought to have put me on the case at the start. But I'm used to having some bonehead higher up do the wrong thing, and call me in to straighten out the mess."

"I doubt if you succeed in this instance."

"Care to stake a tenner on it?"

"I never indulge in games of chance. Why are you so confident?"

"I'm confident because what happened to-day put me next to a whale of an idea. If Chase is here for the goods, he'll fall for my bait, and inside of twenty-four hours will be turning state's evidence to save himself. Listen to me...."

THEY walked on, and Mary Page, idling in a canoe under the little cliff, made what she could of the few phrases which had dropped so abruptly through the overhanging vines. Her cheeks burned as she perceived their significance. It was an officer of the law who had scrubbed the decks and polished the brasswork of her houseboat. And the quarry this man-hunter had watched was her paying guest! The humiliation of it stifled her. Yet it was no thunderbolt that Chase was under suspicion. Only her pride was shocked. Why hadn't they come to her frankly and asked her aid? It was inexcusable of them to have kept her in the dark. They had treated her like a silly girl—another Dora—a featherbrain no one could trust.

"Oh, very well!" she said with an intonation all women and most husbands could have grasped without a blueprint. "Oh, very well!"

She paddled away in the direction opposite to that taken by Kearney and the Judge and, hugging the shore, rounded a dwarf Gibraltar and there, his back against the rock, found Chase. The encounter startled them both.

"These canoes!" he said, jumping up with a laugh. "They steal on you like ghosts."

She suddenly decided that the sooner she spoke her mind the better. "How deep is the water there?"

"Quite deep enough for a canoe—if that is what you mean?"

"That is what I mean."

He put one hand on the gunwale as she glided up and held out the other to her.

"I'll stay where I am," she said.

He found a perch of a sort at the water's edge. She had a humane impulse to offer him a cushion from the canoe, but repressed it. She felt that she ought to make him as uncomfortable as she could. He seemed much too elated at her call.

"This is very gracious of you, Mary," he said.

She punctured this illusion with a glance.

"Don't do that again," she requested coldly.

"You are 'Mary' in my thoughts," he said, catching the idea with no difficulty. "You always will be. But I won't think aloud till you give me the right."

"Then that is settled for good and all. I told you plainly the other day that I had nothing to give you. I haven't changed my mind, and I never shall."

"You can't prevent my hoping."

"I think I can, Mr. Chase."

A LOOK half puzzled, half wary, came in his eyes. "I'm going to set you an example in candor which I trust you'll follow. Why did you send my houseboat adrift?"

He jerked back as if from a physical blow, stared uncertainly, and then, conscious of his burning color, shrugged.

"You don't deny it?"

"No."

"That's something in your favor," she said slowly.

"Will you be as truthful with me throughout?"

He tried to read her eyes. "Will you play fair?"

"I won't bargain with you. But if you are afraid that I may use anything you tell me to do you harm, why, you needn't be."

"That's all I want," he said with a sigh of relief. "How did you find me out?"

"Through David. He saw you cast off that night."

"When did he get word to you?"

"Our second day here. He sent a message by the man who brought the skiff, and I went to see him."

"Alone?" he asked quickly.

"No one listened to our talk, and I've kept what he told me to myself."

"You're an amazing woman."

"You are an amazing man, Mr. Chase. Hadn't you any compunction whatever about sending us adrift at midnight and in a storm?"

"There was no danger. The boat was easily steered. I had studied the channel."

"And the cove where you put in?"

"No. I was making for the landing beyond. The wind shifted, however. I had to take what I could get. That was the only ticklish part of the business."

"You weren't afraid that some of us would wake?"

"Not after the punch."

"The punch?"

"Have you forgotten that I mixed a punch for dinner as a tribute to the passing of John Barleycorn? It was a very special recipe. Not a thing injurious in it, though. I'd have drunk freely of it myself if I hadn't had our little voyage on my mind. The finish required a level head, as I've intimated. There was a slight crash as we grounded, but it turned out that we had damaged nothing of importance."

"Merely a no-trespassing sign! Of course that didn't matter. And my feelings at being thrust on the Brewsters! Those didn't matter."

"THEY did very soon," he said. "I hadn't been here long before I'd have given five years of my life to be back where we were. I was ashamed of what I'd done, ashamed of what I'd come to do. I wanted to go straight to make myself over into something better than I've ever been. If you want stronger proof that I'm sincere I'll tell you why I came to this island."

"Don't!" she protested. "I'd far rather you didn't."

"And I'd far rather not," he said. "I'd hate to have you think worse of me than you do when I'm gone. Shall I leave this evening?"

"No, no!"

"Why not?"

"You mustn't go suddenly. It would be the worst thing you could do."

He lost color.

"Is that a warning?"

"Yes. I heard something to-day that wasn't meant for my ears. If you hadn't been frank with me I shouldn't have breathed a word about it. Perhaps I shouldn't now. But I'm going to tell you all the same. I don't know what you came for—I don't want to know—but whatever it is, they suspect that you are looking for it. You have been watched from the first."

"Who are 'they'?"

"You must guess. It oughtn't to be difficult. They aren't sure, you've been too shrewd for them so far, but they mean to test you, set some kind of trap. Don't walk into it. Don't run away from it. Stay till you see what it is and then go with your head in the air."

"What a trump you are!"

She flushed painfully. Praise from the lawless for a lawless act!

"Don't, oh, don't! That's the last straw!"

"Wait!" he said, as she caught up her paddle. "I won't thank you. God knows I haven't the words! But I can do something for you, something I hope is a good turn. If it shouldn't be—well, it will mean another black mark against me. I brought your boat to the island, but I didn't keep it here. The man who managed that was Eliot Brewster."

SHE sat for a moment without speaking, her eyes on the river's farthest reach.

"Is it a black mark?" he asked.

Not the most tactful of her sex, she became for once tact incarnate.

"Not against you," she said.

She sped the canoe through the quiet waters till a wooded headland shut her from sight, drifted for an interval through green shadows dappled with sunlight and then, with a meek opinion of the woman she knew best—whom she had not known as intimately as she supposed—went slowly home. Rounding the last point, she saw Brewster on the dock. He was alone and looked as little pleased with his thoughts as she was with hers. The boat-house balcony at which he stared was still gay with geraniums, but it inspired no gayety in him and, with a touching heave of the shoulders, he shifted his stare to his shoes.

Seeing him thus cast down, she felt the compassion of a fellow sinner. And compassion is an emotion hard to hide. Yet she might have hidden it if left to her own devices. She intended to land decorously. Not like a queen from a royal barge, of course. Nothing so showy. Just with simple dignity. But the canoe shied at the critical moment, as canoes will, and she was catapulted ashore.

Brewster had extended a helping hand. But both hands, both arms, were needed to cope fully with her predicament.

"Do you realize where we are?" she said, when she could.

"Perfectly," said he. "It's heaven."

THIS striking geographical discovery, which he would gladly have shared with the world, she persuaded him to keep for the present a secret. It seemed only fair to that other interesting sinner she had left in purgatory. Not that she put it thus to Brewster.

To him she said:

"You know that I've never truly loved anyone else, Eliot; but the others don't know it and I'd rather they shouldn't. So, if you don't mind, we'll let things go on as they were."

"Oh, I suppose you want to give the impression that you're awakening to my good points gradually?"

"If I'm able."

"You will be," he said with conviction. "Nobody better. But don't overdo it. How much time will you need? A week ought to be plenty. You're going to be married very shortly, you know."

"Am I?"

"You are."

"Oh, very well," she said, and not in the least as she said it when thinking of Kearney and the Judge. "Then I'll begin to admire you as soon as I decently can."

TO BREWSTER, who for thirty-odd hours never once saw her alone, the celestial moment at the landing began to wear the semblance of a dream. Not by so much as a glance did she signify that she was his. In fact, the few glances she deigned to bestow on him were so formal that he was moved to wonder if she had again changed her mind. And, to add to his gloom, it started to drizzle at daybreak and continued to drizzle till dusk.

No one else found the weather depressing. Kearney set forth briskly in the launch for some unnamed port. Main force could not have held the Judge indoors. Puddiford and Chase went fishing in Mary's skiff. Pam took her usual swim and a solitary tramp. Her sister and McAllister preëempted the loft behind the geraniums for the afternoon to read Swinburne, which forced Dora and Thorpe to the moist pavilion, where, so far as Brewster could tell from a discreet distance, they read palms. His own constitutional was brief, and he decided that it would be more bracing to sit with his mother and by artful indifference lead her to praise Mary. But this dutiful plan came to naught. She had joined the mackintosh brigade and gone calling at the houseboat.

AT A quarter to five Kearney returned, and carelessly betook himself to the toolhouse, where he betrayed no surprise at finding his colleague.

"Well?" queried the Judge, rising stiffly from a nail keg. "Where in the name of destiny have you been?"

"Clear to Ogdensburg."

He burrowed in an inner pocket of his slicker and extracted a dark, hairy, shriveled object, no wider than his finger and scarcely three fingers long.

"So that is an undressed sable skin!" exclaimed the Judge.

"Not much to look at, now is it?"

"It's contemptible."

"The price wasn't, believe me. And it's only a second-rate pelt at that. But, if it does the trick, it's a bargain. How has our handsome fur-fancier spent his day?"

"Fishing."

Kearney grinned.

"It's our turn to fish now. We'll hook him sure with this bait, Judge. It's the swellest idea I ever had."

"I grant you that it is an original conception. The uncertain factor of the situation is the dog."

"Don't get cold feet about Argus," protested Kearney. "He's the kingpin of the scheme. Who'd suspect a dog of trying to put something over? Nobody. And don't worry about your own part. I wouldn't ask you to help if you weren't the one that Argus makes for with the truck he finds. Sometime when you're gassing with Chase, up will come the Danish wonder with this little joker. All you have to do is look innocent and keep your eye peeled. I can't tell you when I'll pull it off. I'll have to watch my chance. So just drop the matter out of your mind."

The Judge might as well have tried to forget neuralgia. Indeed, when his wife presently came into the living-hall where he sat, his face looked so drawn that she asked if it was neuralgia that ailed him.

"At any rate, it's damp here," she said. "I'll order a fire on the hearth. Besides, it will be more cheerful this evening. I've asked Mary to bring her guests to the house. That boat is dreadfully dismal in a rain."

THE Judge brightened at the prospect and, sorting his piano records, sketched a program so enticing that he could hardly wait to display its varied beauties to others. He rejoiced like a prima donna about to shine on a gala night. Noble strains accompanied his thoughts as he dressed for dinner, during dinner, and after dinner while he sipped his coffee. His welcome to the houseboat party was whole-souled in its warmth. He could seldom collect so large an audience. Glowing with anticipation of the pleasure in store for them, he waited for the preliminary chatter to subside and the moment to arrive when "a little music" would seem an inspired suggestion.

But before a lull could befall, Puddiford twitched his sleeve and besought a private word with him in the library.

"Who is Thorpe?" he asked abruptly. "I want to get a line on him at once."

The Judge hated to have questions shot at him. He preferred to do the shooting himself. He was annoyed at being buttonholed at all.

"Mr. Thorpe is my guest," he returned stiffly.

Puddiford looked taken aback at this frosty sequel to the warmest judicial greeting he had met.

"That's a humdinger of a recommendation, of course," he drawled; "but I'll have to know more than that about a would-be son-in-law. If you feel that it's not according to Hoyle for you to furnish particulars, I'll apply elsewhere."

The Judge's jaw dropped.

"Do you mean to say that he—that you—"

"He wants to marry Dora. Broke it to me to-night. A fall wedding! I told him to forget it."

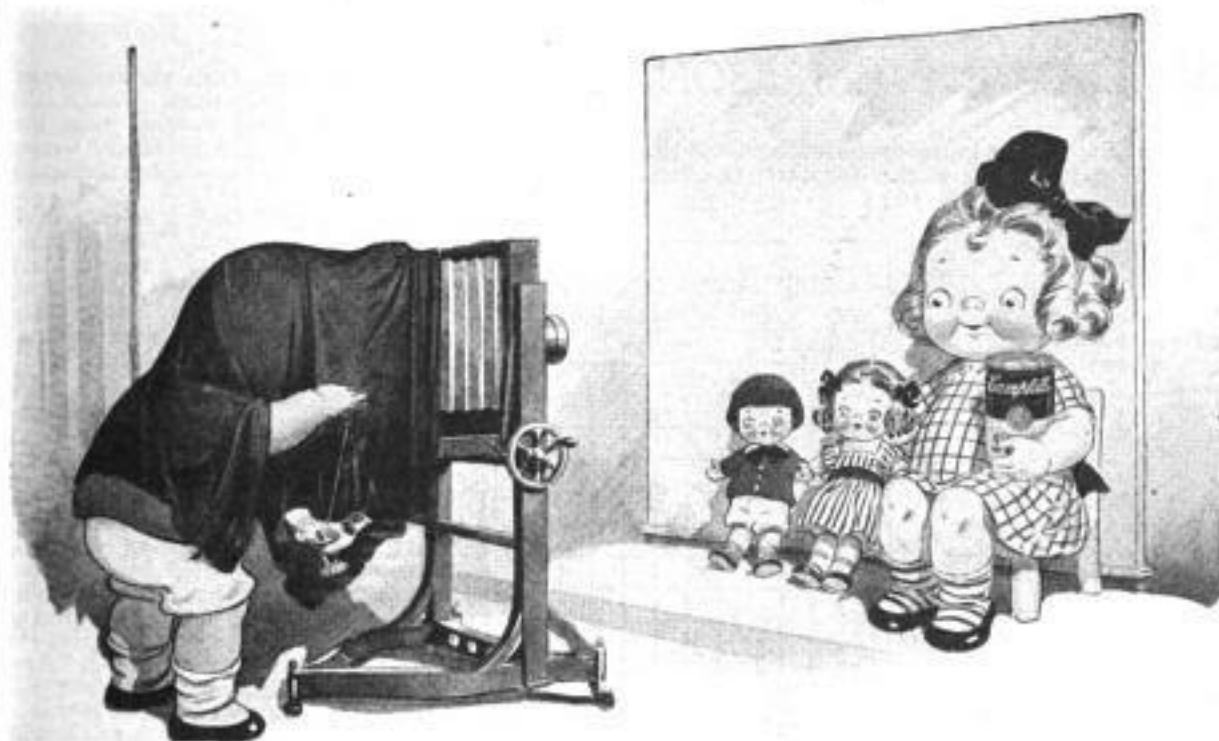
"Sound advice. It would be most imprudent, most unsuitable."

"It would sure be imprudent," said Puddiford. "I don't propose to have her marry anybody for two years yet. But why would it be unsuitable? What have you got against the boy?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 83]



I bring them up on Campbell's Soup—  
The very bestest plan;  
That's why we're such a lusty group,  
Mister Picture Man.



## It takes with the children

No wonder they like it! In the stimulating savory wholesomeness of Campbell's Tomato Soup they get the very essence of health and vigor, the body-building elements which children especially need. All the value of a good soup is there, plus the rich tonic property of tomatoes.

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

Fragrant luscious tomatoes gathered red-ripe from the vine are prepared with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other ingredients, pure and appetizing. A soup that everybody likes. You will be delighted with the variety of tempting dishes you can prepare with it.

**12 cents a can**

### Delicious Cream of Tomato

You'll want it often—it's so good and so easily made. In saucepan, heat Campbell's Tomato Soup to boiling point, after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then stir the hot soup into an equal quantity of hot milk or cream. A smooth, rich, fine-flavored soup for the home meal or more elaborate dinner party.

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



# The "Weight Chart" Campaign

*How the Nutrition Clinic has been established in big and little communities throughout the country. How about yours?*

By WILLIAM R.P. EMERSON, M.D.



HAVE watched with the keenest interest and satisfaction the growth of our nutrition idea since the publication of the COMPANION's first article on this subject, just two years ago this month. Those of you who have followed this series will remember that I first talked to you on the subject, "Is Your Child Under Weight?"

It is quite in keeping with modern tendencies that out of this interest in each mother's individual child came the desire to give every child in the community the benefit of this important discovery—to bring every child up to normal weight and thus to vigorous health.

The experiment in Walpole, Massachusetts, described in the May COMPANION, was a splendid example of this community interest. This month I want to tell you of other inspiring incidents. Every community, it is true, must work things out in its own way, but this fundamental fact remains: Wherever the program laid down in the COMPANION articles has been carried out, the results are strikingly similar. The essentials of health so easily secured will quickly restore almost every malnourished child to normal weight and strength.

## Rochester is a "Live Wire" City

THE city of Rochester, New York, has been recognized for many years as having a distinction all its own. It has an unusual number of public-spirited men in both professional and business life. New programs for more effective social life or citizenship do not have to wait there for a hearing or a trial, as they do in many other cities. Rochester has manufacturers who are as much concerned with matters of human interest as they are in production. Employers and employees unite in taking pride in progress that really counts, and ensures permanent prosperity. The city has had the same mayor for fourteen years, a fact which speaks well for both the man and the community.

Another index of efficiency is the type of workers found in the city's child-helping organizations. The statement in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION that, in spite of all that is now being done in this country by social and educational agencies, one third of the children in every community are still suffering from malnutrition was regarded as a challenge by one of these executives, and it was at once decided that this state of affairs, with its menace of further disease and failure in life, must not continue to be true of Rochester.

As a beginning, a study was made last summer of one thousand children attending the Daily Vacation Schools. Further weighing and measuring showed, as such experiments invariably do, that the more well-to-do classes are just as much under weight as the poor. In fact, the survey showed ten per cent more malnutrition among well-to-do children than among Italians of recent immigration.

## What the Rochester Committee Learned in Chicago

ABOUT this time, it was learned that the director of the Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund in Chicago had reorganized all the work of her society in accordance with our nutrition program. This seemed a lead worth following, and a committee from Rochester was sent to Chicago to find out just what had resulted from the change made.

One of the most interesting facts discovered by the committee was that the futility of school lunches without attention to other essential features of the nutrition program had been so thoroughly demonstrated that it was possible by the saving thus effected to utilize thousands of dollars direct for health education through nutrition classes.

The committee also learned that as the first classes organized in Chicago were able to report results, requests to extend the work came in from all sides. It had been expected that it would be needed in the Stock Yards District, and in groups representing the Associated Charities, Mothers' Pensions, the Juvenile Court, and Working Certificate interests, and it was not surprising that the directors of the orphan asylums saw the need. But in addition to all these, and many other philanthropic

undertakings, the mothers in the wealthiest homes of the city insisted upon having classes for their children, and gave such effective co-operation that very gratifying gains in weight were soon made in this group. This led to requests from the Country Day School and the Francis W. Parker School, where health is recognized as the prime essential for the school program, and any serious attempt to secure it is not regarded as something to be antagonized and resisted, as is too often the case in school administrations.

The citizens of Rochester believe that no one organization or worker should carry on alone, or look for glory as a result of "star" work. All share in the common interest and stand ready to bear their part.

This principle was applied to the planning of a nutrition campaign. The program was placed before the directors of every type of social organization, and it was agreed to combine in holding an institute for training the workers needed to carry out the under-

ing members came from various types of child-helping organizations. The National Capital sent its chief medical inspector of the director of the Modern Health Crusade. Other cities were represented by prominent medical and social workers.

The University of Rochester entered into the program from the start. The training begun in this institute is now a regular part of the university course, the first instance of an institution of higher learning rising to meet this fundamental need, although others are now following its lead.

## "Are We in Famine-Stricken India?"

BEFORE the exercises of the institute began a large number of children were weighed and measured, and those seven per cent or more under weight for their height were organized into demonstration classes. When the arms and backs of some of these children were seen, even the experienced workers were startled, and one of them exclaimed, "Are we in famine-stricken India, or are these children from the war districts of Europe?" It was hard for them to appreciate that here, as elsewhere, a third of the children were under weight, under-nourished and mal-nourished.

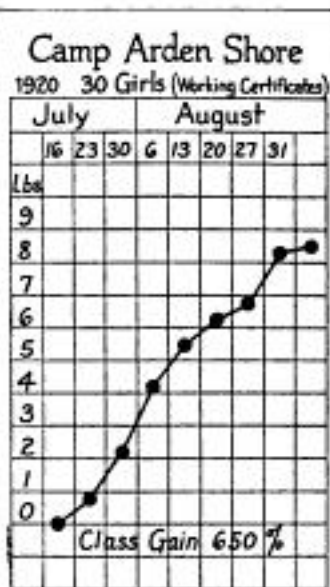
The complete physical examination was always made in the presence of the parents, and one mother brought her boy two hundred miles to be examined. Public interest in this city is such that all phases of social work expect and receive the cooperation of the newspapers to an unusual extent. Both parents and children were therefore fully informed in regard to the procedure, and as a result there was none of the distrust so often encountered in other cities. The public and parochial schools united in the work, and no time had to be wasted in overcoming prejudices or misunderstandings.

The first step in making children "free to gain" is to provide machinery for removing physical defects. As usual, the most common defects found were obstructions to breathing. In many cities, despite the best efforts of the nutrition workers, the first year of organized class-work will nearly pass before the existing agencies are able to care for all the adenoid and tonsil cases discovered. No city has ever risen to meet this need in the way that Rochester answered the demand. The Association of Allied Hospitals had only to be informed how many cases would require attention, and a special hospital was fitted up which was able to care for a hundred children a day. The most urgent cases were selected, and *seventeen hundred operations were actually performed during the first month.*

Here again the aid of the press was invoked. One of the reporters remarked, "It is as easy to get space on the first page for the nutrition campaign as it would be for a murder trial!" Such glowing accounts were given of the good times provided for the children while preparing for the operations and recovering from them—moving pictures, stories and music—that in place of the all-too-common dread of the hospital there were instances of boys borrowing or buying tickets from those needing care, and presenting themselves for operations when their own throats were free from obstructions!

The other causes of malnutrition appeared in the usual order: lack of home control, overfatigue, faulty food and health habits. A typical case is that of a boy who ate no breakfast, but depended upon the cup of cocoa furnished him at school at half-past nine. He attended school all day and then practiced on the violin at home. Feeling hungry after school he spent five or ten cents for ice cream or candy, preferably the latter, for he could carry the bag of candy in his pocket and munch on it until supper time. He did not care for vegetables, but liked meat, and was fond of soaking his bread in tea. His standbys were pie, cake, doughnuts, and cookies. Without poverty in the home, this boy was starving for proper food, taking less than a thousand calories daily, when he needed more than twice that amount. He had faulty food and health habits, and was also suffering from overfatigue. When these difficulties were seen by himself and his mother, they were quickly cleared away, and he soon went "over the top."

The excellent work in Americanization already done in Rochester made the problem of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 30]



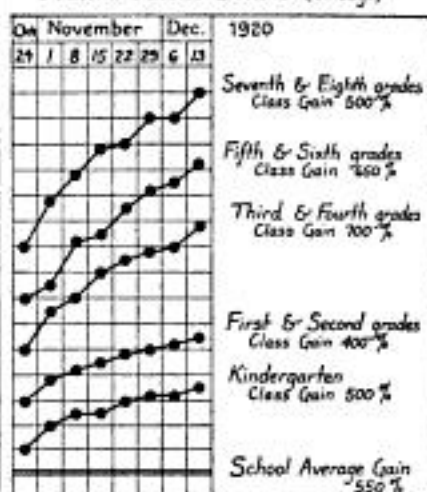
This chart shows the average gain of 30 girls who were building up their health for working certificates.

## Bring Your Child Up to Normal Weight

The following printed material is available for readers of the COMPANION whose children are under weight:

1. Reprints of previous articles: "Is Your Child Under Weight?" "The Climb to the Normal Weight Line." "Your Child's Food Habits." "The Habit of Health." "Does Your Child Get Tired?" "The Value of Happiness." "But My Child Won't Eat." "Common Sense versus Magic." "The Over-Weight Child." "Every Child Over the Top." "Summer is Growing Time." "Camping Out at Home." "Malnutrition in Grown-ups." "How to Keep Fit at Forty." "A Bottle of Medicine and a Sad Heart." "Letters Mothers Write Me." "Going It Alone." "My New Boss—Myself." "Every Child Free to Gain." These will be sent for 3 cents each, 57 cents for the set.
  2. Weight Record and Form for History and Physical Examination 35 cents
  3. Table of 100-Calorie Portions of Food 3 cents
  4. Special Leaflet on Worms, Constipation, and Bedwetting 3 cents
  5. Pamphlet on "Nutrition Clinics and Classes, Their Organization and Conduct" 10 cents
  6. Pamphlet on "How to Organize and Operate a Nutrition Clinic" 8 cents
  7. Directions for a Homemade Shower Bath 3 cents
  8. Practical Mental Tests for Growing Children 10 cents
- Institutions and communities may obtain special rates for quantities.  
Address: Doctor Emerson's Clinic for Delicate Children, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

## Francis Parker School (Chicago)



This chart shows the gains of Miss Marion Mosley's five classes in the Francis Parker School, Chicago. Twenty children in each class—nearly one hundred children in all—averaged a gain of over 550 per cent over a period of seven weeks' time. Each square represents one pound, and each line a different class in nutrition.

taking. It was determined that the movement should reach into all parts of Monroe County, in which Rochester is located, and invitations were also sent to workers in neighboring cities.

Over one hundred persons enrolled for the training course, including twenty-two physicians and seventeen nurses; twenty teachers of physical education, who will make the nutrition program a part of their schedule and course of study; a number of school principals and supervisors, visiting teachers, specialists in home economics, domestic science and Americanization, represented a variety of academic interests; and the remain-





# Cool, lukewarm or hot water — Which?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot. The point is, you can use hot water but there is no need to with Fels-Naptha. Therefore, so many choose the washing method of greatest comfort—cool or lukewarm water and Fels-Naptha; and the method of greatest ease—soap the clothes well, soak (with light rubbing on extremely soiled places), and rinse.

Fels-Naptha is the perfect combination of good soap and real naptha. The naptha works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes all

the dirt away, leaving the clothes sweet, fresh and bright! And with that delightful clean-clothes smell!

Get the real naptha soap—the good golden bar in the red-and-green wrapper. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!



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Philadelphia

Thousands have for years found Fels-Naptha indispensable in camping and outdoors where hot water is hard to get. It works so remarkably, even in cold water.



Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha!

And its uses are so varied! Fels-Naptha easily, quickly, thoroughly cleans dishes, pans, clothes—everything. And astonishingly so in cold water.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# If You Have a Flower Hobby

*Here's the way to get the most out of it*

By GRACE TABOR

Editor of the COMPANION'S Garden Department



Exhibited annually, East and West, and this year in St. Thomas, Ontario, is the lovely gladiolus

**W**HATEVER the enterprise upon which an individual embarks, it is a pretty safe conclusion that association with others engaged in like enterprise will be to his advantage, and very probably to his pleasure, also. This is the real reason, of course, for the formation of all societies, and for carrying them on and preserving their records. And what is true of all is naturally true of garden societies.

Yet because one may be a gardener without studying—and may have a garden without being even a gardener!

—wonder is sometimes expressed that anyone should think it worth while or desirable to belong to this or that horticultural group. To some it seems an affront to the everlasting privilege of raising something, shared equally by all, that there should be great organizations devoting themselves seriously to some one particular kind of plant; and there may be something to be said on their side!

But that is not the question we are raising in this article, as you may have guessed.

**T**HE real issue, as we see it, is, what more can the ordinary gardener—who has not a great deal of time, perhaps, to devote to gardening or to studying about gardening and plants—do to further his efforts and to make such knowledge as he has and such work as he is able to do produce the best results. Obviously, he works at the most terrific disadvantage if he undertakes to work alone; for there is admittedly more to be learned than any one individual can embrace, even if all his time is given to study.

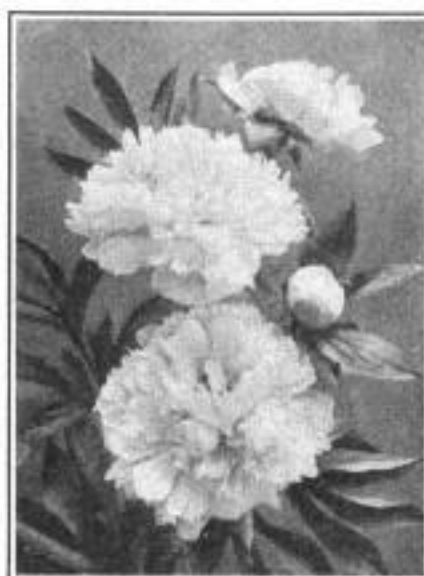
The answer is, of course, evident, since you know before I begin what I am going to talk about: He can affiliate with a society, either of a general character or one devoted to the particular flower he wishes to excel in raising; and this he should do. Gardeners and flower lovers owe it to themselves to take advantage of the opportunities which these societies open to their members, and they owe it to other gardeners and flower lovers to give them the ever-widening opportunities which energetic support of such organizations insures. Apart from the high degree of technical knowledge to be acquired through society bulletins and publications, there is an exhilaration in the personal contact resulting from a widened horticultural horizon which inspires to prodigious feats in gardening!

Of the horticultural societies existing here in this country not all are of popular appeal, naturally; for some of the strongest are associations of professional, or commercial, growers of fruits, vegetables or flowers. But there are enough devoted to plant culture for the pure love of the plant: to give every amateur in the land the encouragement and the help he needs to be successful with his particular hobby. As to having a floral hobby—a favorite flower in the truest sense—it seems almost inevitable, once one has developed the garden instinct latent in all humanity. For, however general one's knowledge may be, and however catholic the taste in flowers as the ornaments of the garden, there is almost sure to come a special liking for one particular thing—not always because it seems more beautiful than any other, but sometimes because it has an interest analogous, perhaps, to character in the human species. At any rate, it begins to seem worth while to know this particular thing as intimately as possible; and so it transpires quite naturally that the gardener, advancing from his novitiate, takes up the habits, history, kinds, and possibilities of some one thing with especial interest, without his general interest in the other things he raises abating in the least.

**T**HE most popular flowers are naturally the ones represented by the strongest floral societies. And it will take no one very long to guess that at the head of the list stands the *American Rose Society*. This society was organized in 1899, and since 1916 its membership has increased more than eight hundred per cent, while its "medals and awards are the highest honors attainable for roses in the Western Hemisphere." All the new roses produced by American fanciers (and there is an increasing number annually, of increasing merit) are registered with the *American Rose Society* in order to secure recognition,



The growing of such wonderful sweet peas as these ought to win a bronze or silver medal, we'll say



The annual exhibition of the phenomenally popular peony will occur this year at Boston, while next month there will be held in New York City a dahlia show which will be the largest exhibition of any single flower ever held anywhere in the world



while the great rose producers of all the world send it advance information.

And, to quote its urgent little prospectus, it puts all this great field of knowledge into the hands of "anyone who loves roses and is willing to spend one cent a day (Sundays and all holidays not counted) in learning about them." As it has members in more than eight hundred towns in forty-three states, its claim to be a national brotherhood seems legitimately founded.

There are four kinds of membership, but each is entitled to



You can learn all about roses for "one cent a day—Sundays and holidays not counted"

full enjoyment of all that the society represents: the Life, Sustaining, and Research members being those desirous of making extra contributions to the society's resources. Annual members pay three dollars a year dues, receive admission to all shows in which the society takes part and all its publications, including the splendid "American Rose Annual," which cannot be obtained outside of the society.

A further recently planned help is the free advice to members, given by a committee composed of the rose authorities of the country, "who serve without charge the rose fraternity included in the society's membership."

Youngest of all the flower organizations is the *American Iris Society*, which came into existence in January, 1920, in response to an enthusiasm for this lovely flower which amounted to a spontaneous demand that such a society for the promotion of its welfare be formed. One of its noteworthy offerings to members are notes of special interest month by month; and members are entitled to the use of its library, to its publications, and to exhibit at any show held under its auspices. The dues are the same as in the *Rose Society* (three dollars a year) and among the five hundred charter members there are "veriest amateurs, experienced lovers of gardens, commercial growers, breeders and connoisseurs." The *American Peony Society* was incorporated in July, 1904. One of the authorities on this flower sums up all its virtues, with the assertion that on the skill of the gardener it makes less demand than almost any other hardy perennial, for it "has the constitution of a weed and can very nearly take care of itself in the struggle for existence." Lovely as present day peonies are, however, it is confidently predicted by growers and hybridizers that it will still be many years before they will have reached with it the perfection which they dimly perceive as potential in the flower. The dues are three dollars a year, with an initiation fee of two dollars. The publications of the society go to all members, and there is, of course, an annual meeting and large exhibition in connection therewith, last year's occurring at Reading, Pennsylvania, this year's at Boston.

**F**OR those whose interest is in plants requiring annual renewal there are the following societies:

The *American Dahlia Society*, is a particularly energetic organization which came into existence in 1915. It publishes a lively little quarterly, which goes to all members. The dues are two dollars a year; or another organization may affiliate with it in a body for the sum of ten dollars annually. There is, further, a Life Membership upon payment of twenty dollars. A trial garden is maintained at the Connecticut Agricultural College, and another, for the Southern section, at the Maryland State College of Agriculture, where new varieties are tested before being accepted for registry. That there is more than a little talk about the exceedingly sweet and nutritious sugar obtainable from dahlia tubers is a hint of possible future use not as yet anticipated by those who have a few plants in the corner of the garden!

The *American Sweet Pea Society* is a twelve-year-old organization with dues at two dollars a year and a club affiliation at ten dollars, which insures each one of the society's silver and bronze medals for local award. Membership includes subscription to the "Sweet Pea Bulletin," and admission to society exhibitions.

The *American Gladiolus Society* was organized in 1910, and has annual exhibitions which have carried it east and west, and this year across the border into St. Thomas, Ontario—that literally "Flower City" by reason of the splendid activities of its Horticultural Society.

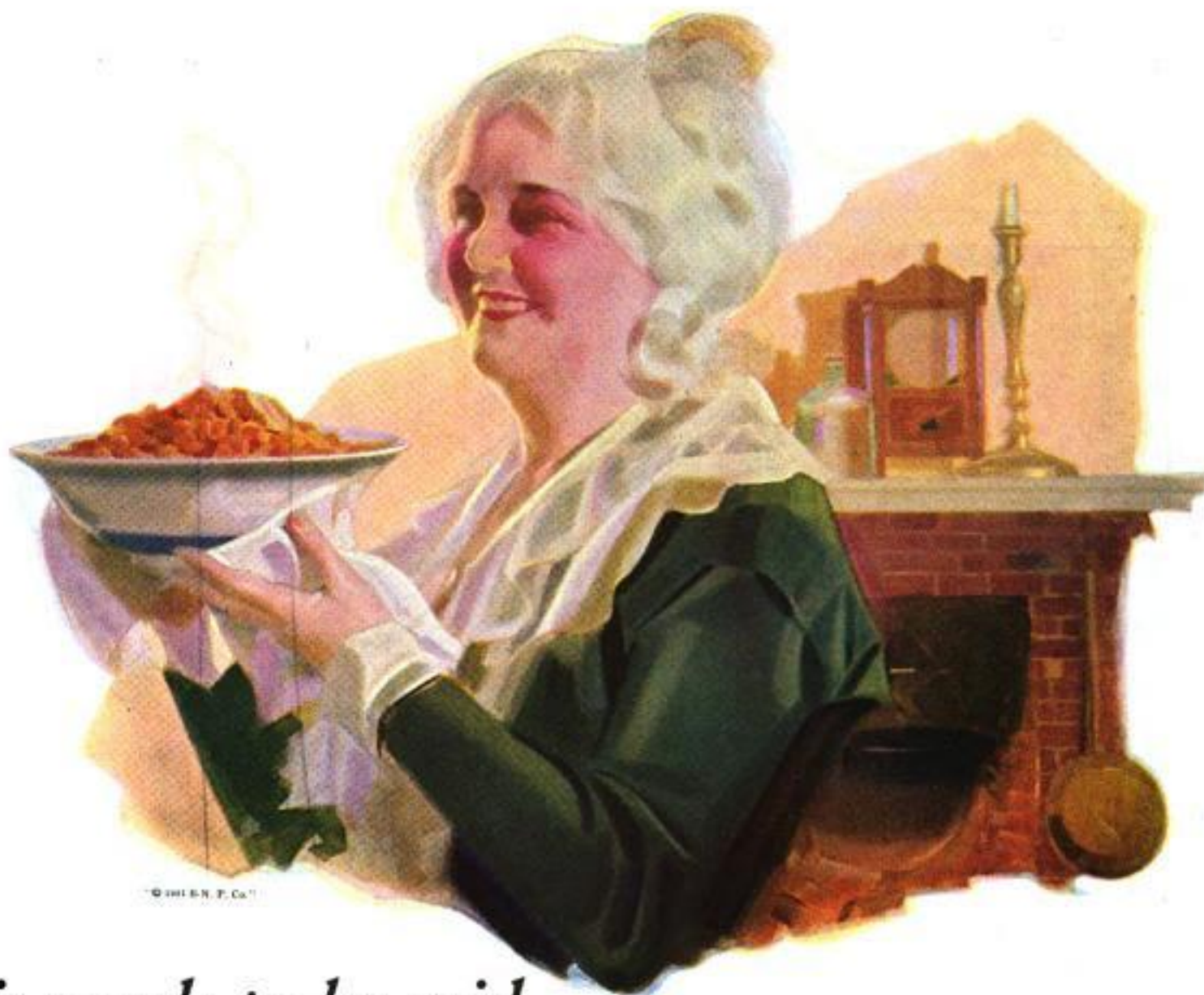
Finally, just as its flower is the last flower of the year, there is the *Chrysanthemum Society of America*, not a large organization but largely responsible for the marvels of color and substance that the autumn shows reveal.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** All flower lovers, whether amateur growers or professionals, are welcomed as members in the societies here mentioned. If you wish to join any special society, or to ask more information about it, address Flower Societies, care Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Next to the rose, the exquisite iris is perhaps the most enthusiastically responsive of garden flowers





## There is much to be said for the old-fashioned cookery flavors

The natural way to eat is to make a pleasure of it. A generation or two back, folks thought less of fads of nutrition and more of real honest food-flavors. A shepherd's pie with a browned crust of mashed potatoes, or a duck eaten with its own gravy, followed by a simple jelly—plain food well cooked was the uppermost thought. Not much variety at one meal, but variety on different days.

Authorities have long maintained that flavor in foods actually aids the digestive processes; in short, the foods you like best are the ones that like you best. Thus flavor stands out as Nature's most reliable guide in the selection of proper nourishment.

### *We have not tried to improve on Nature*

Just as our Beech-Nut Bacon is smoked over beechwood and hickory to impart the delicate aroma of Nature's most valuable seasoning with-

out destroying the inherent tastiness of the pork, so in our Beech-Nut Pork and Beans we have sought a natural blend. The simple harmonizing of pork flavor and bean flavor has frankly been our aim.

The pork is of fine quality, while the beans are grown in the New York state countryside surrounding our plants—plump, sound beans, mealy-smooth and tender under the tongue. The *delicately mild* tomato sauce does not drown the natural pork-and-bean flavor. The addition of chili sauce or catsup is left to your exact individual taste.

### *A surprise in economy*

Of course we can't *describe* the flavor. It must be experienced. We are confident that those bean-eaters who prefer genuine pork and bean flavor in all its simplicity will like Beech-Nut Pork and Beans. If you are numbered among them, we ask you to try three cans. Besides your discovery of a perfect flavor, there's an economy surprise in store for you when you get them from your grocer.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY  
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y. Plants at Canajoharie  
and Rochester, N. Y.

### BEECH-NUT "Foods of Finest Flavor"

Bacon  
Peanut Butter  
Pork and Beans  
Tomato Catsup  
Chili Sauce  
Ginger Ale  
Oscar's Sauce  
Cider Vinegar  
Prepared Mustard  
Jams, Jellies, Marmalades and Preserves

Confections  
Mints  
Chewing Gum

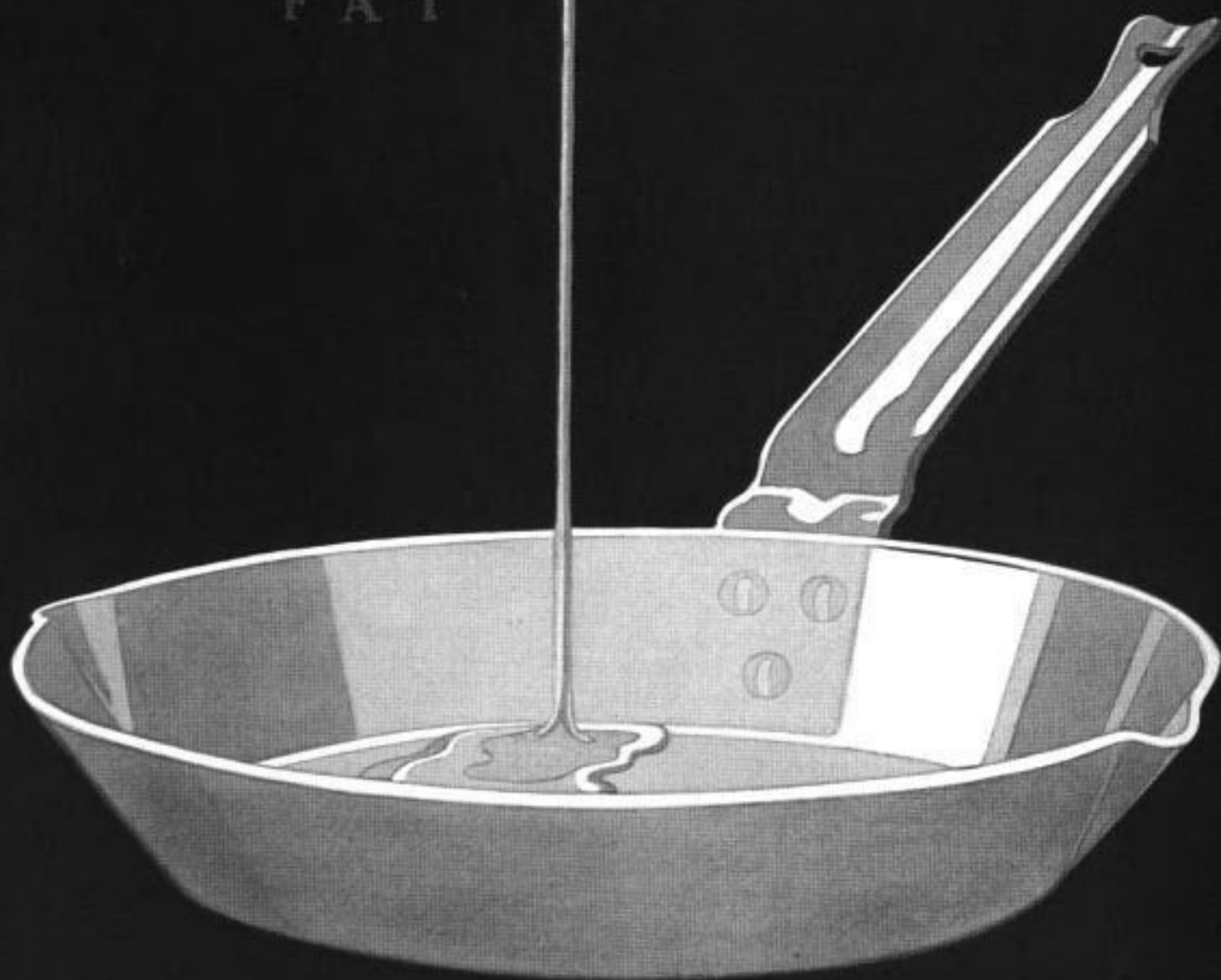


# Beech-Nut<sup>Pork</sup> and Beans





PURE  
DELICIOUS  
VEGETABLE  
FAT





*The Companion's Picture Section for August*



© JOHN RABEL

Liberty — "from her isle-altar gazing down"



# Garages of Good Design

Selected by  
CHARLES VAUGHN BOYD

IF FURTHER information is desired about the houses and garages illustrated on this page, it may be had by writing to Mr. Boyd, in care of the COMPANION. Please enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with your request.

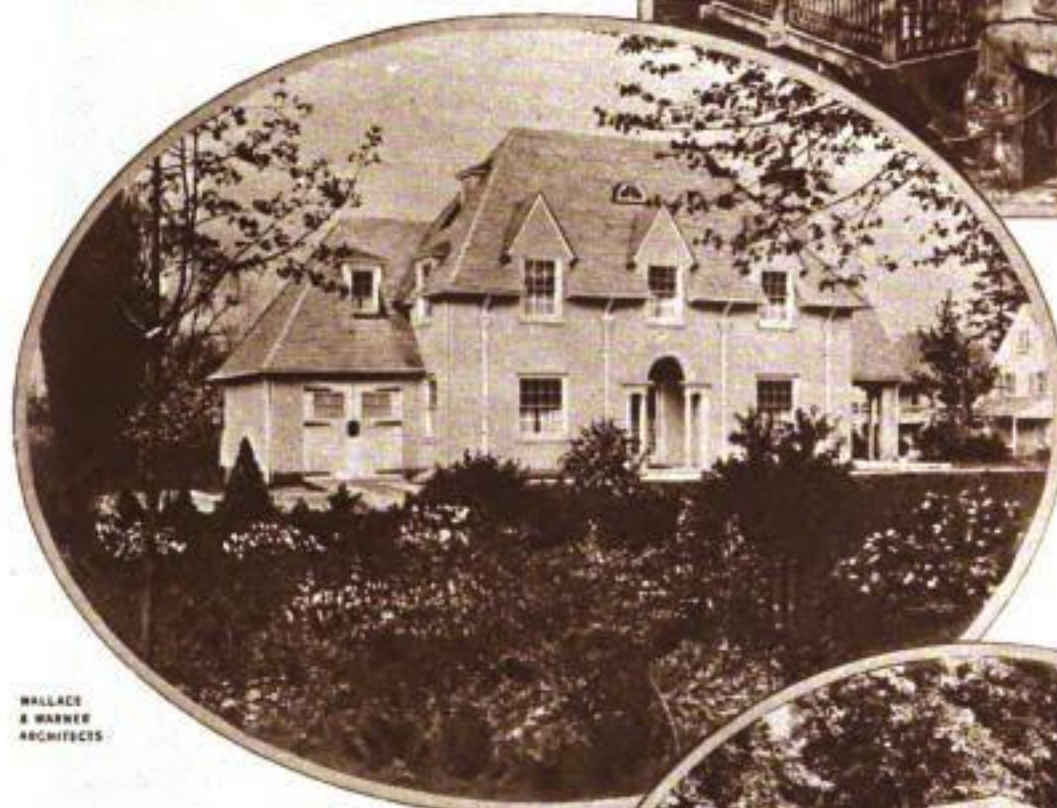


JULIUS GREGORY, ARCHITECT

FOR a picturesque hillside site, the house depicted above is singularly appropriate, its high-pitched roof reflecting the steep grade of the landscape. Hollow-tile, finished with an exterior coating of cement stucco, rough in texture and warm gray in hue, with decorative touches of red bricks, is used for the exterior walls, while the roof of shingles is laid in wavy lines to simulate thatching. The garage is located in the basement, its glass-doored entrance being shown in the illustration. It is accessible from the street by a wide driveway of easy descent, and from the house by a door opening from the cellar proper. The advantages of a garage within the house are too obvious to require enumeration, but the artistic way in which this garage has been treated is noteworthy.

HUNTING & SHRIGLEY ARCHITECTS

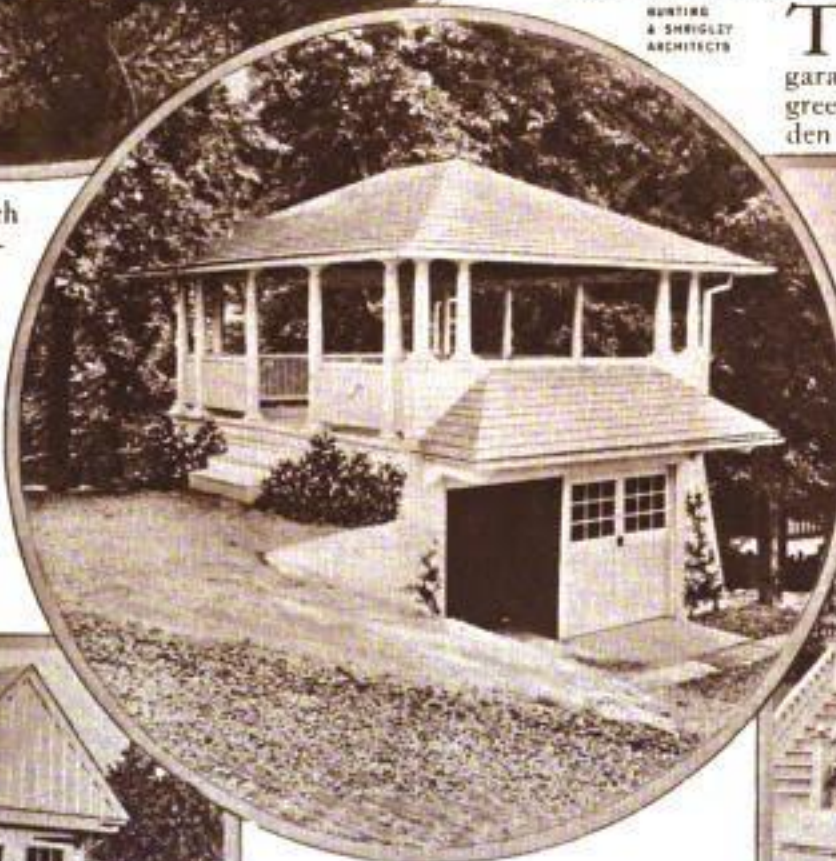
TUCKED away beneath a terrace at the roadside, this interesting little one-car garage encroaches not in the slightest degree upon the garden area. Indeed, the garden is carried right over it, as you see.



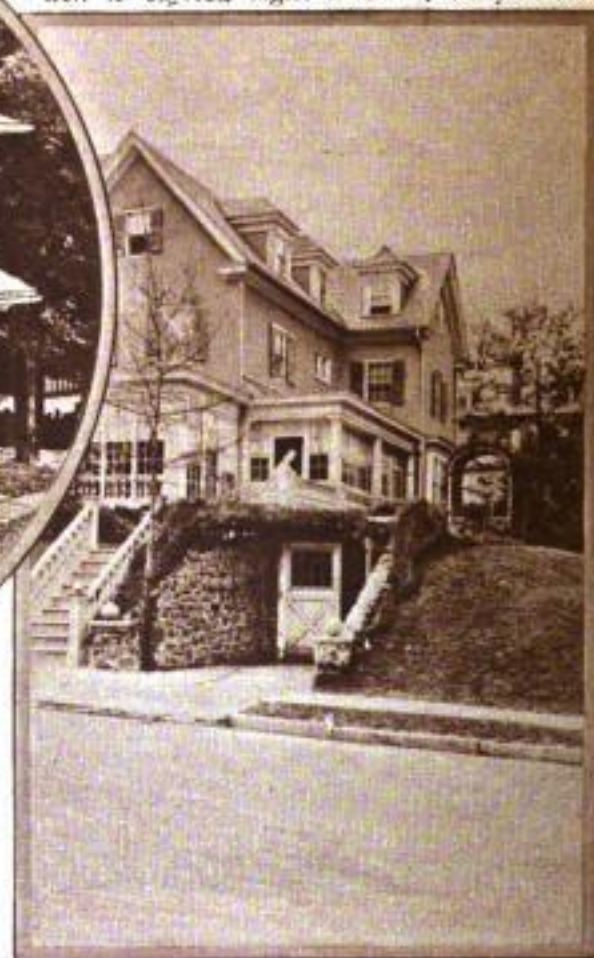
WALLACE & WARREN ARCHITECTS

WITH its strong suggestion of French influence, the architectural treatment of this little house is delightfully refreshing; while the frank inclusion of the garage as an integral part of the first floor is commendable as an indication of the desire of the designers to avoid subterfuge in handling an essential modern home requirement.

DISTINCTLY Colonial is the colorful stone garage below, with its roof of mottled slate, its white batted gable ends and its massive door hinges of wrought black iron.—J. W. Platt, Jr., Architect.



A PROPERTY of rolling contour permitting a drive of easy grade, paved the way to the unusually interesting design above in wood and stucco, which embodies a roomy, two-car garage and a pavilion for social games or dancing.

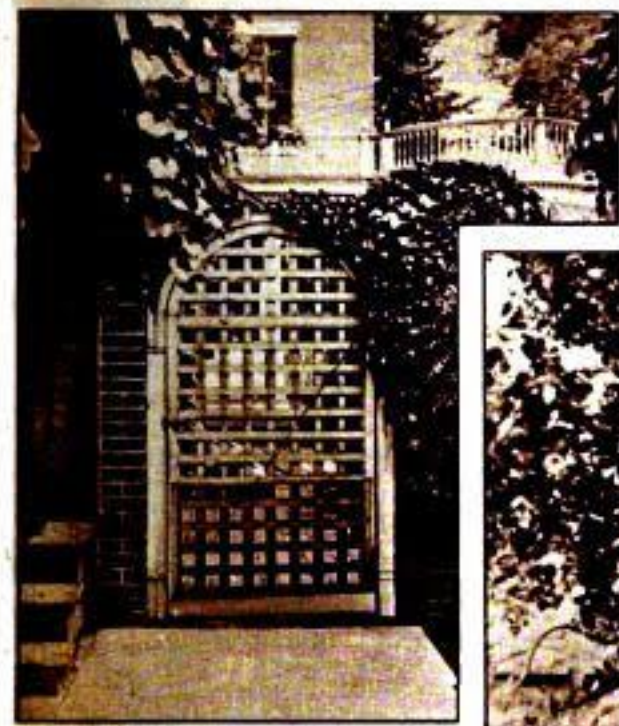




# Picturesque Arbor Gates

*Through which glimpses may be had  
of the intimate little gardens beyond*

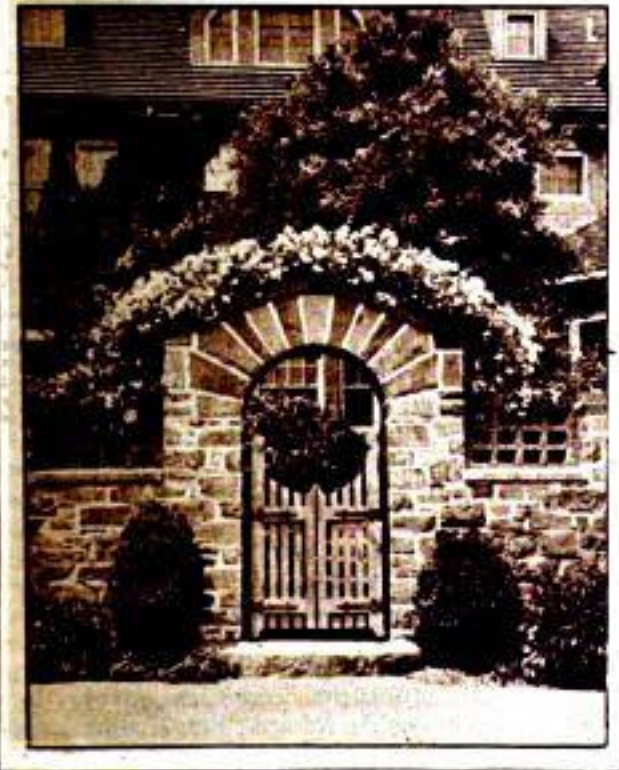
SELECTED and DESCRIBED By HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE



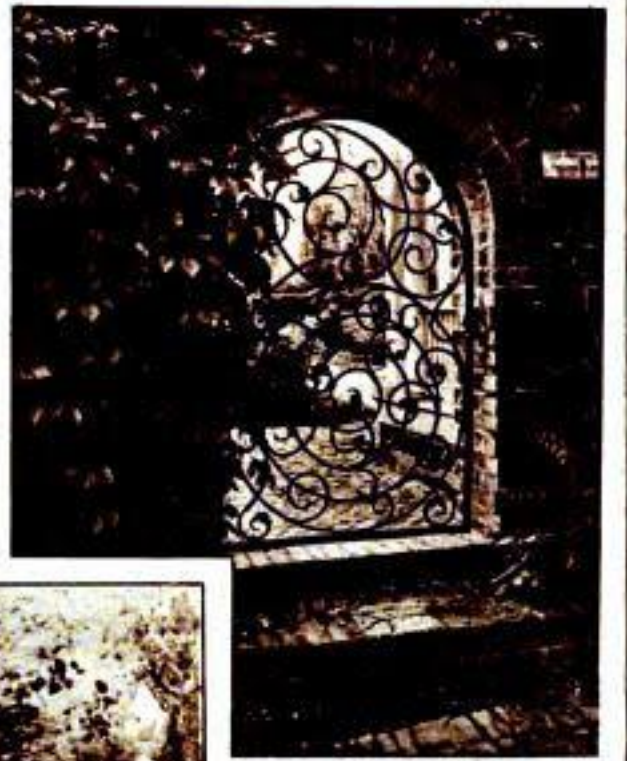
A GARDEN gate of lattice invariably makes a heart appeal, so indissolubly is it linked with our childhood associations of weathered grape arbors and trellised enclosures. Set between two sturdy piers of brick, and banked with vines trained over its latticed frame, the frank simplicity that characterizes the charming example above, is delightfully refreshing.

OFTEN a garden gate bears the symbol of what lies behind it—a grouping of fruit, for instance, may suggest an orchard, or a rose, or iris, or peony, the special flower to be found in the garden just beyond.

ALFRED C. BOBBIN, ARCHITECT



THE high brick wall surrounding this garden is broken by an arched entrance fitted with an ornamental gate of wrought iron. Smothered in ivy, the outline of the gateway is just sufficiently obliterated to challenge the attention of the visitor by the very inviting barrier it imposes.



ALFRED C. BOBBIN, ARCHITECT

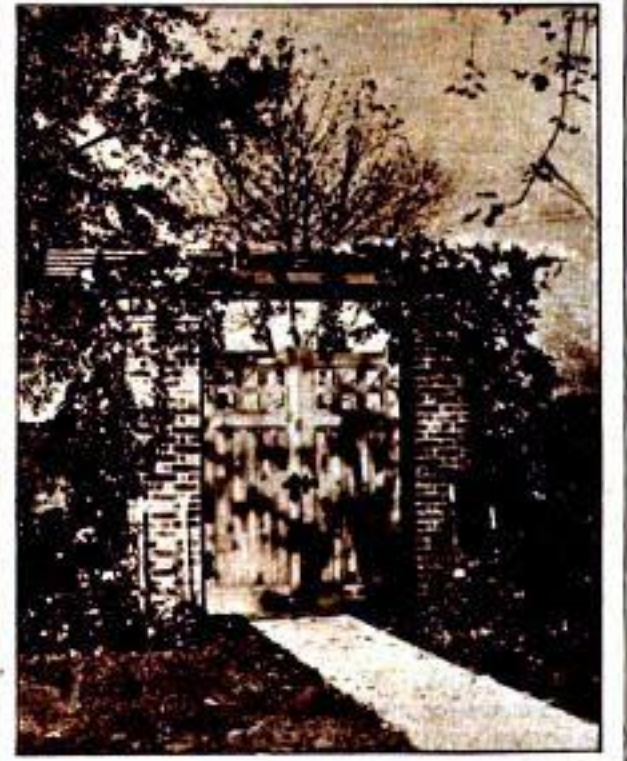
AN ornamental gateway, designed after the type made famous by the early Colonial craftsmen, exerts a never-ending fascination upon the garden lover. This particular example (center) depicts an oaken gate of simple palings introduced between stone pillars connected with an arch of great beauty. The two piers are capped with hand-carved urns, after the style of Samuel McIntyre, the noted wood carver of New England, and are tied to the background by the pink rambler roses which span the entrance archway.



ALFRED C. BOBBIN, ARCHITECT

LIKE the "house opposite," which always seems to offer more superlative attractions than one's own humble abode, so is the garden whose enchanting mysteries are glimpsed through the palings of a charming gate. While strength and stability are supplied by the massive stone piers and connecting arch of this interesting example (left), the homely simplicity of the swinging wooden gates with their old-fashioned strap hinges, relieves the formality that otherwise might be emphasized, and adds a peculiarly picturesque note to the composition.

Given a wise choice of materials and a pleasing design, it would seem impossible for the novice to go astray in the development of this garden detail, the arbor gate, but much depends upon the planting, as so expressively illustrated in all the examples on this page.



CROSSVERDE ATTERBURY, ARCHITECT

IT IS frequently to a happy combination of materials that the best expression of the garden gate is due, and in this case the brick piers and oaken gate with pergola top go to form a peculiarly interesting composition. A free standing gate, which is not directly a part of the wall, is usually tied to its surroundings by the planting, to help make it an inherent part of the landscape.



# As Many Plays as there be Moods

ONCE upon a time, New York theatres closed tight as a drum in summer. But to-day, midsummer visitors to the big town are not satisfied with mere sight-seeing and Coney Island.

ON THE contrary, they demand some real drama, and much good comedy—which explains why some of last season's hits have had no vacation, and why others will re-open early in August.



A Ben Ali Haggin "Pastel," Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, on the Amsterdam roof.



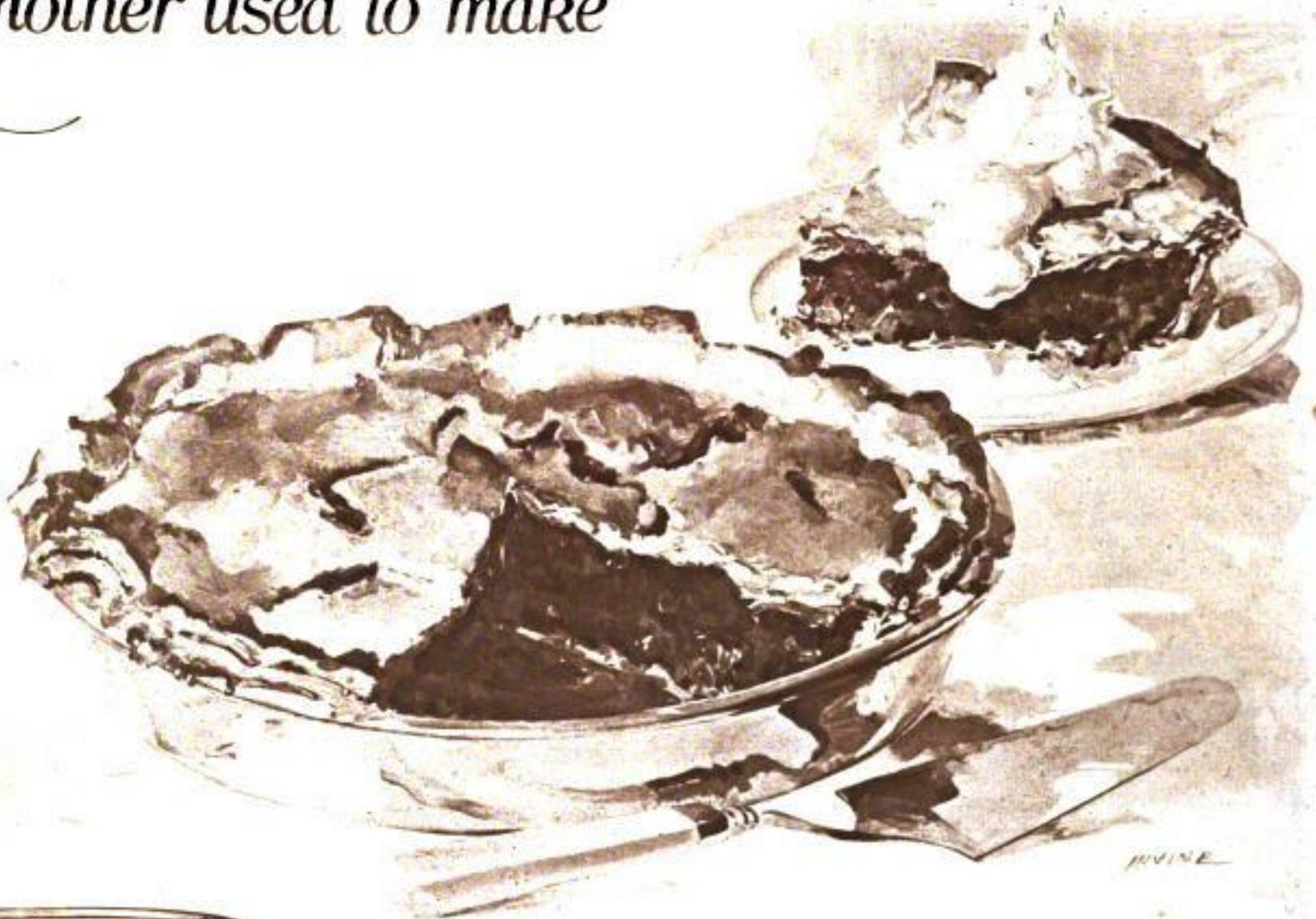
HUNGARIAN, English, and American life is pictured in this trio of plays. Each has its own appeal, yet the same person may enjoy all three. Just above you see a dramatic moment in the Franz Molnar play, "Liliom," freely translated in American idiom as "The Roughneck." A legend in dramatic form, highly symbolic, this play was the climax of a fine season's work by the Theatre Guild, produced with extraordinarily effective settings by Lee Simonson. In the picture you see Joseph Schildkraut, a recruit from the Jewish Theatre of the East Side, who gives a marvelous interpretation of a man swayed alternately by evil influences and stirrings of a finer nature.

ANOTHER triumph for the Theatre Guild is "Mr. Pim Passes By" (above). A delicate and delightful comedy of English life by A. A. Milne, which is at once a terrible warning to the absent-minded and a hopeful hint to wives of opinionated husbands! Laura Hope Crews as the diplomatic wife carries her audiences along on ripples and waves of laughter. The "bride-and-groom" pose on your left shows Carroll McComas as "Lulu" and Brigham Royce as "Ninian," in Brock Pemberton's production of "Miss Lulu Bett," made from the Zona Gale novel. But it's Louise Closser Hale as "Gramma Bett" who keeps you bubbling with laughter.



# NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

*"Like mother used to make"*



## Mince Pie with Whipped Cream

Surprise your family by having ice cold None Such Mince Pie topped with a generous helping of whipped cream.

Made in your own kitchen or at your baker's, such an appetizing, satisfying mince pie is the final proof of your good dinner.

Serve None Such Mince Pie at least once a week. For None Such Mince Meat is nourishing and readily digested.

None Such saves you all the work of buying and cooking the eleven choice ingredients that go into it. You put on the finishing touches to have the best of pies.

None Such Mince Meat has set the standard for over thirty-five years. Many other mince meat dishes can be made with None Such.

### Try this recipe

**NONE SUCH CAKE**—Stir to a cream two eggs, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of butter or substitute. Add one-half cupful dark molasses, one cupful sweet milk, stir thoroughly. Mince fine with a fork the contents of one package of None Such Mince Meat. Sift together three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt. Stir into mixture until of proper consistency. Bake one hour in a moderate oven. This makes two cakes.

Merrell-Soule Sales Corporation, Syracuse, New York  
None Such Mince Meat, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

*None Such Mince Meat comes in two convenient forms: in cans, ready for use; in packages, condensed*

**EVERY THURSDAY IS NONE SUCH MINCE PIE DAY**



# Five Ready-Made Blouses

From the season's best sellers

If you cannot find these blouses in your local shops, Miss Gould will be glad to buy them for you.



No. 1. Surplice Over-blouse, \$1.95

**O**F WHITE self-striped voile is this delightfully cool over-blouse for hot August days. It is made in tie-back surplice style, with wide collar and cuffs of crisp white organdie, edged with dainty valenciennes lace. It comes in sizes 36 to 44 bust. Price, \$1.95.

No. 2. Cotton Voile Over-blouse, \$2.95

**N**OVACATION should be without this hand-embroidered over-blouse of cotton voile in charming coloring and of unusual cut. It comes in delightful summer-time shades of rose or orchid embroidered in white, in maize embroidered in brown, white embroidered in copenhagen, navy embroidered in gray, or copenhagen embroidered in navy. Sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Price, \$2.95.



No. 3. (right).

No. 3. Blouse with Vestee, \$1.50

**A** BLOUSE that any woman can wear well. It's of dainty white voile, the long collar and vestee trimmed with drawn work and lace in filet pattern. Sizes, 36 to 46 bust. Price, only \$1.50.

No. 4. Blouse with Jabot, \$1.95

**C**CHARMING blouse in jabot frill style, to wear with sports skirt or tailored suit—of white cotton voile trimmed with drawn work and lace in filet pattern. Sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Price, \$1.95.

No. 2. (left).

No. 5. Georgette Over-blouse, \$3.95

**O**VER-BLOUSE of georgette in tie-back panel front style, trimmed with broad bands of real filet, fine tucks, and valenciennes lace. It comes in white or flesh. Also in bisque, with the lace dyed to harmonize. Sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Price, \$3.95.



No. 4

No. 5

## HOW TO ORDER

**BE SURE** to state size and color. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails.

Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No garment sent C. O. D., or on approval.

Miss Gould does not do general shopping. She purchases only the garments shown on this page. Orders for these garments cannot be filled after September 20th.

It is always wise, if possible, to send in your orders early.

## RETURNED GOODS

**ANY** purchase not satisfactory may be returned, but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if garments are for exchange or re-funded money.

Do not return to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed.



# "Served Perfectly!" How it is done with America's Favorite Beverage



*With a deft, sure hand he adds the ice-cold, sparkling water. It looks for an instant as though the glass would overflow, but it doesn't. The amount is five ounces—exactly the right proportion.*

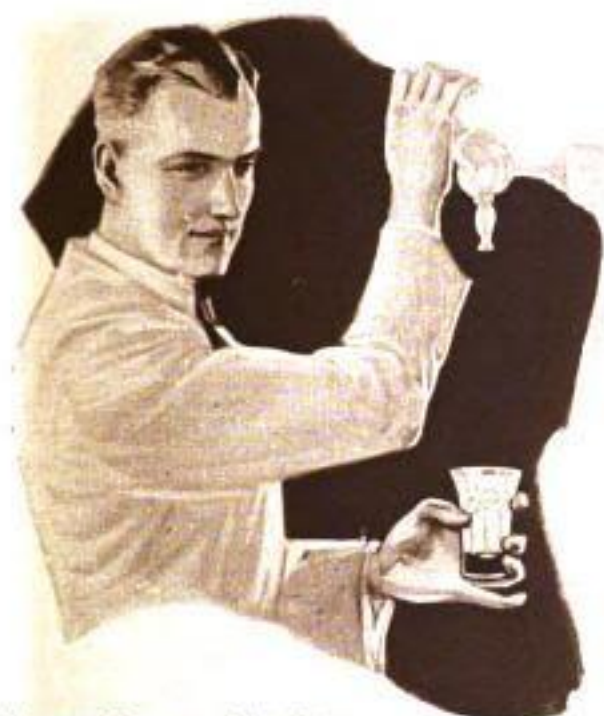
ounce of syrup, this quantity fills the glass.

You may take up a bit of the proportion of water with ice, as a small cube or crushed. Stir with a spoon.

Done quickly? You bet. The rising bubbles just have time to come to a head that all but o'ertops the brim as the glass is passed over the marble fountain for the first delicious and refreshing sip.

Guard against the natural mistakes of too much syrup and too large a glass. Any variation from the ratio of one ounce of syrup to five ounces of water, and something of the rare quality of Coca-Cola is lost; you don't get Coca-Cola at the top of its flavor and at its highest appeal.

Coca-Cola is sold everywhere with universal popularity, because perfect service and not variations is a soda fountain rule.



*You meet few men with skill like that of the soda fountain expert. He takes a six-ounce glass and draws just one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup—the precise base for the best drink—service that eliminates waste.*

Take a six-ounce glass, not a larger or a smaller one.

One press on the syrup syphon, with the soda man's sense of touch for exact measurements, gives one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup—you know just where it should come to in the glass to be precisely the right amount.

Pull the silver faucet for five ounces of pure, ice-cold carbonated water—with the one

That's the soda fountain recipe for the perfect drink, perfectly served. Coca-Cola is easily served perfectly because Coca-Cola syrup is prepared with the finished art that comes from the practice of a lifetime. Good things of nine sunny climes, nine different countries, are properly combined in every ounce.



*It has all been done in flashes. The glass is before you before there is time for conscious waiting. Thirst is answered by the expert with Coca-Cola in its highest degree of deliciousness and refreshingness.*

## Drink

# Coca-Cola

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.





DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

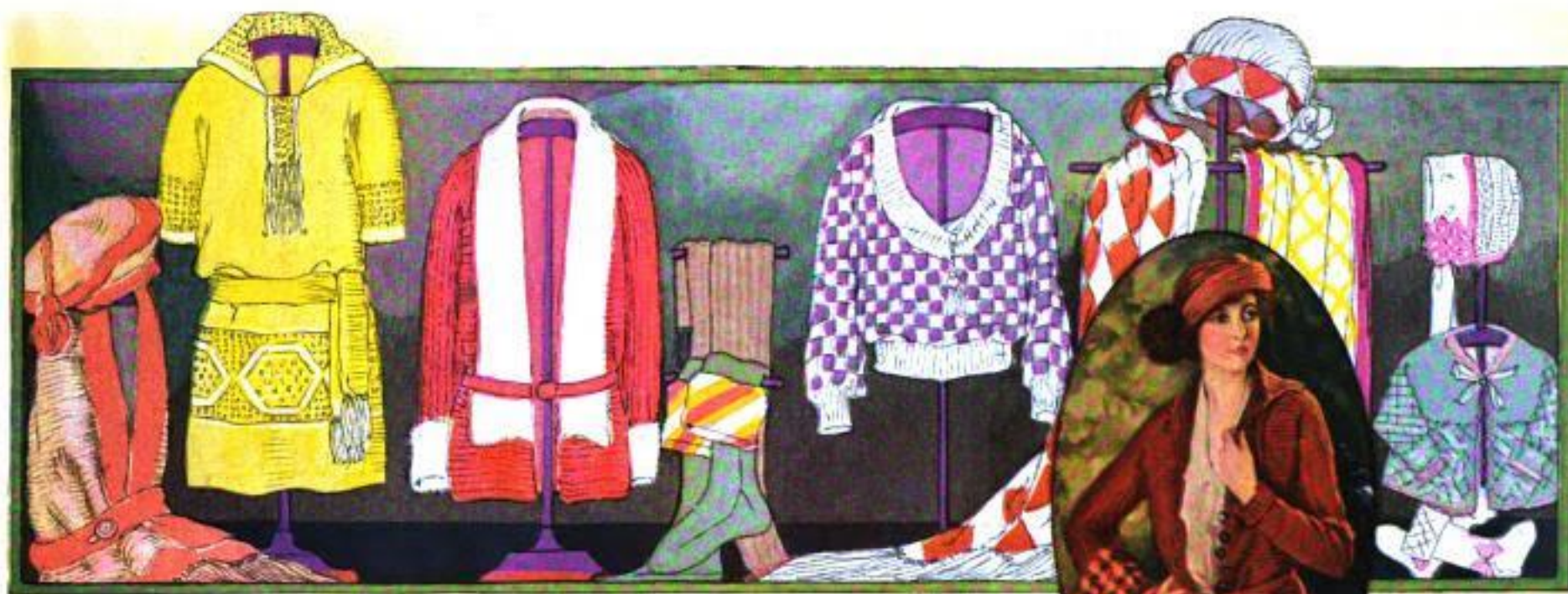
GOWN FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

## *It's a Wise Gown That's of Brocade*

**I**F IT'S black and gold brocade, so much the better, for then it can certainly depend upon a thoroughly successful winter. It must be a simple gown—with the artful simplicity of Fifth Avenue—for the magnificent fabric makes much ornamentation seem cheap. But into the subtle manipulation of its folds may go all the cunning of skilled fingers.

**I**N THIS new fall gown from Bergdorf Goodman, nothing could seem more simple than the bodice, low cut over a straight under-bodice of black velvet. The interest centers in the skirt, that is beautifully draped about the figure to the right side, from which the fabric falls in exquisite folds to the floor. The correct accessory is the fan of black lace.





# America's biggest maker of yarns tells how to wash knitted things

**F**OUR out of every five women who knit use The Fleisher Yarns. Beautiful in color, uniform in size, weight and finish, these yarns are used for every type of garment that can be knitted of wool.

Because knitted garments usually receive such hard and constant wear, they must be laundered frequently. Read this letter from the makers of The Fleisher Yarns. They tell you here the method of washing they have found to be safest and best.

Send today for "How to Wash Fine Fabrics"

Fourteen leading manufacturers of silks, woolens, cottons, blouses and frocks give their own tested recipes for washing fine fabrics in this comprehensive new laundering booklet. Expert and full washing directions for every kind of garment. One copy of this practical, scientific handbook will be sent free to each applicant upon request. Write for yours today. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. B-8, Cambridge, Mass.

## How to keep knitted garments shapely and fluffy

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring.

**Colored Woolens.** Have suds and rinsing waters barely lukewarm. Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone won't cause to run.

**Woolens** should be dried in an even temperature, that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry

woolens out of doors except on very mild days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Knitted garments should never be wrung or twisted. Squeeze water out.

Sweaters will not retain their shape if put in a bag and hung to dry. Pull and pat them into shape being careful not to stretch them. Spread on an old towel to dry.

Knitted blankets and afghans, like other knitted articles, should never be hung up to dry. Spread them on a towel and pull into shape.

THE FLEISHER YARNS  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Knitted garments can be washed as safely and as satisfactorily as cotton if the proper methods are used. The wrong methods will ruin them in the very first laundering.

We are suggesting to women who buy our yarns to wash them in Lux. A harsh soap would shrink woolens.

The Lux flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. This means that there is no possibility of bits of solid soap sticking to the soft wool and yellowing it.

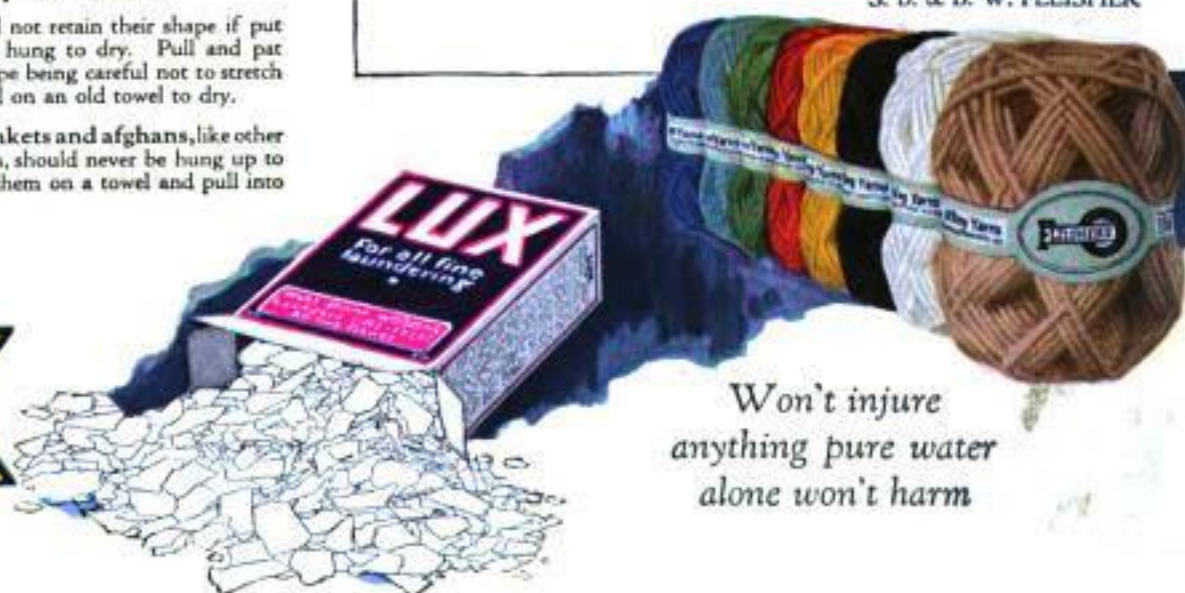
Rubbing cake soap on wool, or rubbing wool to get the dirt out makes its scale-like fibres mat up and shrink. We recommend Lux particularly because its thick lather eliminates rubbing of any sort. The dirt dissolves in the suds and leaves the garment soft and unshrunk.

An infant's or child's sweater has to be laundered so frequently that women often become careless after the first washing. Our wool is so pure and so well spun that it will remain soft and fluffy after repeated launderings, provided the washing is done in this safe way.

We are glad to say that we can trust yarns of the most delicate color and weight to Lux with the assurance that the result of the washing will be entirely satisfactory to our customers and to us.

Very truly yours,  
S. B. & B. W. FLEISHER

# LUX



Won't injure  
anything pure water  
alone won't harm





*Will the impression you made last night—*



*Endure the light of the sun today?*

# Complexions—Night and Noon

Almost any woman can look pretty at night, but only perfect, natural skins can face the glare of noon.

A radiant skin, healthy and glowing, is the very foundation of charm—and every woman can have one. Aids to beauty are many, but the essential is a thoroughly clean skin.

## *Good complexions call for soap*

Beautifying cleanliness requires not only a clean surface, but also thoroughly-cleansed pores. Such cleanliness calls for soap.

Dirt, oil and perspiration clog the skin. So does powder—so does rouge. At least once daily this accumulation should be removed. The best time is at night. Then for hours of sleep the skin has a chance to breathe.

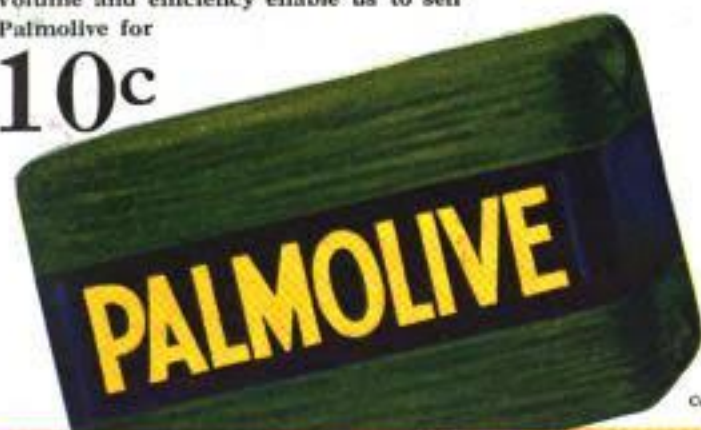
Without such cleansing, glands and pores become enlarged and irritated. Their functions are retarded. Skins become coarse. Blackheads and blotches may follow.

## *Must be done with lather*

This cleansing must be done with soap. There is no substitute. One must force lather into the

Volume and efficiency enable us to sell  
Palmolive for

**10c**



pores, using a gentle massage. When that is rinsed out, the dirt and oil come with it.

## *A balmy lather needed*

The study has been to produce a balmy, creamy lather. A lather that soothes while it cleanses. A lather which leaves the skin soft.

To do that modern science has gone back to methods of 3,000 years ago. It employs a blend of palm and olive oils. Not as Cleopatra used them, but prepared in modern ways. In Palmolive soap these matchless oils are perfectly combined. As a facial cleanser, the world has never found anything better. And it probably never will.

Palmolive cleans the skin with a gentle and soothing emollient. It leaves the skin in blooming, fresh condition. Its daily use is the foundation of skin beauty. Its every application penetrates the skin with the most beneficial oils of the ages.

If the skin is very dry, apply cold cream before and after washing. The soap will make a balmy lather. Rub it gently into the pores. Rinse out with warm water, then apply a dash of cold water as a tonic. Then you have done the utmost, beyond good food, fresh air and exercise, to beautify the skin.

## *Why only 10 cents*

We bring palm oil from Africa, olive oil from Spain. They are the costliest and the best oils a facial soap can employ. Yet Palmolive sells for 10 cents. The reason lies in enormous production. Millions use Palmolive. And our effort for many years has been to place it within everybody's reach.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.  
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Copyright 1925 The Palmolive Co. 1253



## *Supreme for 3,000 years*

Egyptian beauties used palm and olive oils. Roman beauties used them in their famous baths. As skin cosmetics, palm and olive oils have for ages stood supreme. But in olden times only the favored few could get them. And none could get them in this ideal form.





No. 4066

No. 4021

Nos. 4009-3883

## Light Clothes for Light Housekeeping

*Suggested by the weather*

**E**LECTRIC washing machines! Vacuum cleaners! Fireless cookers! And hot weather! Consider this array of reasons for a little lighter housekeeping, and see if you can't find a reasonable excuse for a little lighter house dress. If you don't need to get down on your knees and scrub the floor in it, why not choose a dainty lawn or a thin cotton crepe or voile for your summer house dress? You'll feel so cool and pretty in it that it will make your light summer housekeeping a pleasant diversion.

For example, try blue voile and white checked gingham for No. 4066. No. 4021 would be decorative in cool green dotted swiss. And for Nos. 4009 and 3883, wouldn't you like white lawn brightened with flowered lawn? Or, if house dresses always mean checks and stripes to you, try gingham tissue. It's cooler than a regular gingham.



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*And approved by Miss Gould*

Patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

No. 4066—Straight-Hanging House Dress, Dart-Fitted in Front. Sizes, 36 to 44 bust. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4021—One-Piece Dress with Casing at Waist Line. Sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4009—Blouse with Buster Brown Collar and Long or Short Sleeves. Sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Pattern, sixteen cents. No. 3883—Skirt with Applied Pockets. Sizes, 26 to 32 waist. Pattern, sixteen cents.

Special features are shown at the left. No. 4066, in straight-hanging style, has front slightly fitted by darts. No. 4021 features the popular elastic at the waist. And Nos. 4009 and 3883 permit two waists to one skirt.





# They Fight Film

Those people you see with white teeth

Wherever you look you see today uniquely pretty teeth. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. Twice a day they fight the film which made their teeth look dingy.

This is to urge that you test this modern film combatant. A test is free. Watch the effects in your mirror.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that is alarmingly common.

## How teeth are ruined

Most users of the tooth brush find that teeth discolor and decay. Careful people are not exempt. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

The cause lies in that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. The tooth brush has left much of it intact.

## How to combat film

Now dental science, after diligent research, has found ways to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is fast bringing, both in Europe and America, a new era in teeth cleaning.

## Watch the change in a week

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. The ten-day test we offer will be a revelation. It will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. Then it leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

It also aids Nature in ways now considered essential. It multiplies the salivary

flow—Nature's teeth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Pepsin is also applied.

The effects come with every application. So the teeth's great enemies are constantly combated as they never were before. Cut out this coupon now, and learn what these new methods mean to you and yours.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, bringing five effects now considered essential. Approved by highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

## 10-Day Tube Free 570

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 837, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

## The visible results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific purpose of the other three effects. You will be glad you learned of Pepsodent.

# Inevitable Embroidery

Now you wear it  
on your sleeve!



No. 4064

BY WAY of suggestion: White crêpe de chine embroidered in navy. Apricot cotton crêpe—the embroidery in browns and dull blue. Or jade-green jersey with white wool embroidery.



To show you how simple it is. No. 4064

THE little dress with the youthful, informal look of sports is having a tremendous vogue—especially the over-blouse or over-the-head style with the elastic at the waist. Gay wool jersey, linen, Japanese cotton crêpe, checked gingham, Canton crêpe, and crêpe de chine are favorite materials. A little embroidery is inevitable, and the voguish place to put it is on your sleeves, especially if they are the kind that give a space from neck to elbow unbroken by an armhole seam.

The pattern for this dress may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Write for pattern No. 4064—Over-blouse Dress (including transfer for embroidery). Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width of skirt in size sixteen, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, thirty cents.

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## A Sixth Grade Dress

Designed by  
DOROTHY KLEE  
NEW CASTLE, PA.



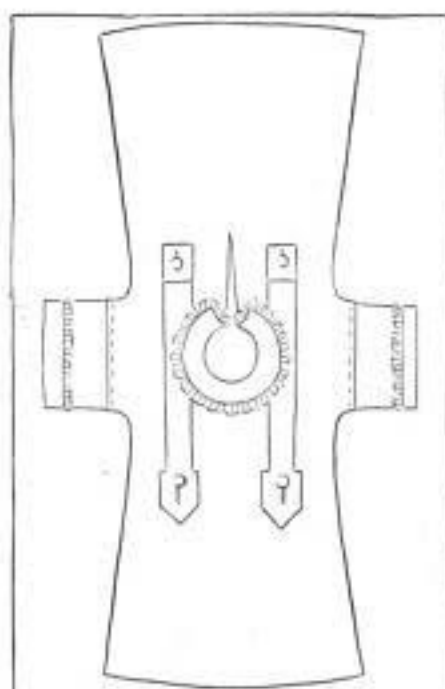
No. 4065—The prize-winning design in blue chambray and yellow batiste

IF THE little girl in the picture had her hair bobbed, she would look like Miss Dorothy Klee, who thought out the dress. Although Dorothy is the proud possessor of a prize-winning sketch and a very pretty prize, too, for that matter, still, she is just a slip of a little eleven-year-old girl. And she isn't a prodigy, either.

In New Castle, Pennsylvania, where Dorothy lives, it's quite a matter of course for the children to help Mother select her clothes. They draw pretty little sketches of their own frocks, too. One little girl said it's just as much fun as playing paper dolls. You see, applied art is part of their regular school training.

But clothes designing is not only a girl's game. When New Castle held a designing contest recently for the sixth, seventh, and eighth grade public school pupils, and awarded nine prizes selected from the designs shown in the photograph above, three were carried off by very

THERE'S a pattern, including complete directions for cutting and making. No. 4065—Bloomer Dress with Pockets and Straps Cut in One: Long or Short Sleeves. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Pattern, twenty cents.



PROBABLY Dorothy Klee studied domestic science as well as applied art. Certainly she planned a dress that is easy to make, as the diagram above shows. What could be simpler than finishing the dress on the flat and then closing the sleeve and under-arm seams?

proud little boys. If you look closely at the photograph you will notice that the children design for grown-ups as well as for themselves.

We suspect that Dorothy Klee, who won the first prize in the sixth grade, knows about sewing as well as art. She thought about the basting and the stitching and the pressing as well as the lines of the dress when she planned it. The sketch will give you an idea of just how easy it is to make. First, the closing is



Frances Tipton Hunter

The straps that form the pockets in front hold up the belt in the back

finished, then the straps applied and the collar and cuffs sewed on. Even the hem could be turned while the dress is flat before the sleeve and under-arm seams are closed. Miss Gould has seen to it that there is a pattern, if you want to copy the dress. It's No. 4065, see description below, and at the left. Directions for ordering are given below.

Perhaps you would like it in crushed strawberry pink crepe with airy net frills, or in gray linen crash, collared and cuffed with orange handkerchief linen. You know gray and orange is one of the new color combinations this summer. Or, if you like figures, try a flower-sprigged calico with the edges of the pockets and straps outlined with rickrack braid. It might be well to add that there's a long sleeve in the pattern. If you are looking ahead to fall, here is a design suitable for serge or wool jersey. Think how attractive it would be with a touch of contrasting wool embroidery.

ORDER No. 4065 from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Be sure to state size desired, and do not fail to write your name and address plainly.

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## For Ice Cream and Frozen Desserts

Rich and delicious ice cream, custards, puddings and desserts of all kinds can be made with Carnation Milk. Just cows' milk evaporated, then sterilized in hermetically sealed containers, it is convenient, economical and absolutely pure. We will gladly send you our Cook Book; it includes good recipes for frozen desserts of all kinds.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY  
840 Consumers Building, Chicago  
940 Stuart Building, Seattle

## Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"



The label is red and white

**Carnation Ice Cream**—2 cups Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add the sugar to the milk and stir until the sugar is melted. Add the vanilla and freeze. Use three parts ice and one part salt in freezing. This recipe makes one quart, enough to serve six people.

**Frozen Custard**—1 1/4 cups Carnation Milk, 1 1/4 cups water, 1/4 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Scald the milk. Beat the eggs slightly; add sugar and salt. Add the scalded milk and stir constantly. Put in double boiler and stir until mixture thickens and a coating is formed on spoon. Cool, add flavoring and freeze. This recipe makes one quart, enough to serve six people.

**Cafe Mousse**—2 cups Carnation Milk, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon vanilla, 1/4 cup very strong coffee. Mix well together the ingredients, and chill thoroughly; then whip. Set the bowl in a pan of ice water while whipping; take off the froth as it rises. Turn the drained whip carefully into a mould, cover tightly, binding the edges with a strip of muslin dipped in melted butter, bury in ice and salt for freezing. Let stand for 3 hours, wipe off mould, and turn on serving dish.

There are many other recipes as good as these in the Carnation Recipe Book. Send for it.





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## The Comfortable Shoe that is *always* stylish!

A COMFORTABLE shoe that is stylish! You find it difficult to believe such a statement, don't you? You have been accustomed to thinking you must have foot aches and pains if your feet are to appear well groomed!

By wearing ARCH PRESERVER SHOES your feet are always vigorous and healthy—always comfortable—because they are supported as Nature intended. They allow the foot to rest as normally in the shoe as do the feet of the little child in sandals.

The ARCH PRESERVER SHOE while carefully supporting the arch of the foot, also supports itself and its shape is maintained throughout its life. The various lasts and heights of heels conform to the demands of fashion.

The construction of the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE is an exclusive feature. These advantages are not to be had in any other shoe. Keep your feet well—and happy—and good looking. If they have been weakened already by the shoes you now are wearing you will get relief with ARCH PRESERVER SHOES.

Please write for booklet No. 21 "Why Suffer with Well Feet?" and the name of our nearest dealer through whom the shoes are sold.

Women's and Misses' ARCH PRESERVER SHOES and Low Cuts in a wide variety of styles for all occasions, are made only by

**THE SELBY SHOE CO.**

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Makers of Women's Fine Shoes  
for More Than Forty Years!



Unless this trade-mark appears it is not a genuine ARCH PRESERVER SHOE. The exclusive arch construction offers firm support for the foot during the entire life of the shoe and gives the shoe longer life.



Canvas Oxford



Sport Strap Sandal



Sport Oxford



Canvas Oxford



## Fashionable Felts

*Another temptation in hats*

WE HAVE with us again an old friend—felt. And the people who know say that you can't do better for your first fall hat. In fact, you may be assured that you are doing quite the correct thing if you buy a felt hat to wear now.

They come in all the most swagger little sports effects, or in more formal models for dress wear. They are made for flappers and for matrons. And they have only one drawback: after you decide to buy one, you will probably have the most desperate struggle to settle on a color, so fascinating is the soft green of lettuce or pistache suggestion, and silvery gray, and the more vivid copper, paprika and sulphur shades that hint of fall.



THE circle above shows one of the new wide-brimmed models in silver-gray felt. It rolls sharply at the back and is finished with a large flat cockade of navy blue ribbon.

Just below there is a little mushroom shape in orchid, with slashed brim and a large flower motif of silver and orchid ribbon with yellow silk floss center. Next comes a rolling brim style in sulphur trimmed with loops of navy moire ribbon. The fourth hat is copper-colored, sewn with felt and finished with two copper-colored quills. The fifth is pistache green—a narrow-brimmed affair for the mature woman, with white gardenias and lilies of the valley at the side back—a new trimming effect.



Selby Shoe Co.

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE



# The Hat that Johnny Wears

With instructions for making, by ISABEL DENYSE CONOVER

THERE are big Johnnies and little Johnnies, and big hats and little hats. Sometimes things seem to get mixed up and a big Johnny walks off with a little Johnny's hat. I've known many a manly chap nicknamed "sissey" by the other fellows, just on account of his hat. And we have all seen the very little boy bravely trying to live up to a hat patterned four years older than he is.

A boy's age is what determines the style of hat in which he looks best. Take the hats "a," "b," and "c" shown below. They are the kind that very little boys wear—the two-, three- and four-year-old Johnnies who haven't lost their roly-poly baby looks. In summer, they are made of piqué, linen, or just chambray to match exactly his suit. Then, in cold weather, the same shapes are copied in felt and tweed.

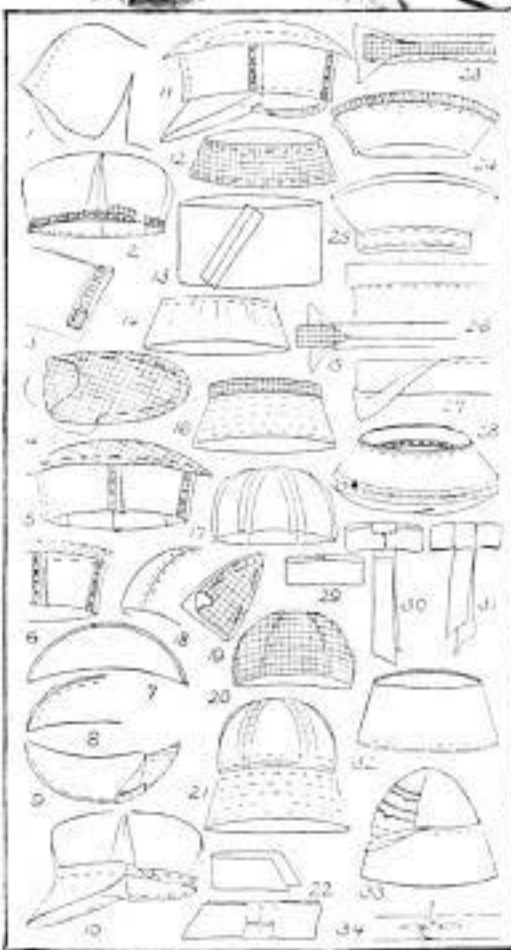
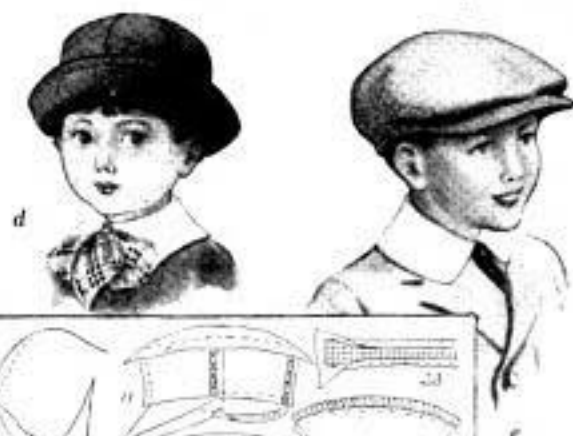
For those little boys who are in the longing-out ages of four, five, and six no style looks better than the regulation sailor in sketch "f." Such a hat is good-looking either in serge or drill.

When the boy reaches the grown-up age of eight and takes to starched Buster Brown collars, see to it that he has a soft hat. The hat "d" to the right is a practical style for cotton crash, homespun, or serge.

The next step brings the boy to a cap that's just like Dad's. Usually, he puts it on when he is about ten years old. And, just like the boy in sketch "e," he is mighty glad to do it.

ALL the hats shown on this page are included in one pattern. Hats "a," "b," and "c" are cut in a size suitable for boys from two to four years old; hat "d" for boys from eight to ten; hat "e" for boys from ten to twelve, and hat "f" for boys from four to six. The number is 4067—Boys' Hats and Caps. Pattern, twenty cents.

There is a transfer pattern included for hat "b" and directions for working the embroidery on both hats "a" and "b".



HATS "a," "b" and "c" are quite similar in construction. The crown in each case is made of only four sections, which are joined with open seams, just as the crown of hat "d" is made in Fig. 17.

The lining for the crown is made just the same as the outside. Fig. 32 shows the two pieces for the brim of hat "b" or "c" stitched together. In Fig. 33, the outside crown and lining are inserted between the two thicknesses of the brim. Cover the joining with a fold of material. A button sewed on with embroidery floss makes an attractive finish. The brim of hat "a" is joined to the crown in the same manner.

IF YOU stand in awe of the inside of a boy's cap or hat, just glance at the construction views above and be convinced that, after all, they are not so very different from coats and other garments that you have made. And the pattern gives you just the shape that makes the hats right. It's No. 4067. See description above.

Send your order to Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Always write your name and address plainly.

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WHETHER you are making hat "d" in cotton crash or a woolen such as serge, it will need an interlining. Use tailor's canvas for the brim interlining. To prevent stretching, stitch around the top and bottom of the brim interlining. (See Fig. 12.)

Make an open seam where bias brim facing joins. (See Fig. 13.) Fold brim lengthwise through center and run a gather thread around edge. (Fig. 14.)

The fullness can be eliminated by covering with a wet cloth and pressing with a hot iron. After facing is slipped over canvas, stitch around brim.

Cut the head band of buckram, and sew brim to it, as in Fig. 16. Make open seams in joining crown. (See Figs. 17 and 18.)

Reinforce lining pieces with net. (See Figs. 19 and 20.) Join outside crown to buckram band. (See Fig. 21.) Then sew lining in place. Fig. 22 shows bow, and Fig. 15 sweat band.



DO YOU know that boys' caps, such as cap "e" have an interlining of coarse canvas at the top? That's what makes them roll smoothly without breaking into messy folds.

In making a cap such as "e," stitch darts, as in Fig. 1, and press them open. Stay the bottom with tailor's canvas. (See Fig. 2.) Reinforce the seams of the lower lining with tape, as in Fig. 3. Cut the coarse, light-weight canvas interlining larger than the top lining piece. (See Fig. 4.) Figs. 5 and 6 show the two parts of the lining joined.

The top facing for the peak ought to be a little larger than the under facing. (See Fig. 7.) In joining, hold it to the size of under facing. (See Fig. 8.) Cut foundation of stiff buckram or cardboard. Fig. 9 shows facing slipped over foundation.

Join peak to outside hat, as in Fig. 10. Then, stitch lining to outside across back and turn it inside the cap. Turn under raw edge of lining across peak, and slip-stitch it in place.

The sailor cap "f" also has an interlining to help it roll smoothly. Here a thin layer of wadding is used. Cut wadding larger than top lining, as Fig. 4. Fig. 24 shows the lining pieces joined. For inside head band, fold a piece of lining over wrapping paper, as Fig. 23. Join lining to this head band, as in Fig. 25. Figs. 26 and 27 show outside head band made over paper. Fig. 28 is cap joined to head band. Stitch lining to cap around bottom. Figs. 29, 30, and 31 show the bow for the side of the cap.



TWO things make O-Cedar Polish Mops even more popular than ever before.

First, the Mops have been improved—made bigger, better and stronger.

Second, prices have been reduced. You can now buy an O-Cedar Mop at below before-the-war price.



## Note the 6 Proven Betterments

See the new models at your dealers. See how much bigger and stronger the mops are. Compare them with others for strength. Notice the strong steel center to keep the O-Cedar in its original shape. Remember they can be washed, cleaned and renewed without being taken apart. Note the additional quantity of cotton.

## Sold on Trial

Any O-Cedar mop is sold with the distinct understanding that if you are not delighted with the work, time and money it saves, your money will be refunded without a question.

# O-Cedar Mop

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Now at Below Prewar Prices

Large Size \$150 Cottage Size \$100



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# PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

ANTISEPTIC  
for Pyorrhea prevention



## Soft, sensitive gums—

Gums that bleed easily, warn you of pyorrhea. Take immediate steps to restore them to health or you may lose your teeth.

Dentists use and prescribe Pyorrhocide Powder. Scientifically compounded, it is the only dentifrice that has demonstrated its efficiency in dental clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea treatment and prevention.

If you have pyorrhetic symptoms, as manifested usually in soft, bleeding, spongy, receding gums, use Pyorrhocide Powder. Its twice a day use makes the gums firm and healthy and it cleans and polishes the teeth.



Pyorrhocide Powder is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply. Sold by leading druggists and dental supply houses.

**FREE SAMPLE**  
Write for free sample and our booklet on Prevention and Treatment of Pyorrhea.

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**SOLD BY  
DRUGGISTS  
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MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Pictured in a 16-page Style Book of latest fashions in Dresses, Coats, Skirts, Waists, Corsets and Underwear. Patented features provide ample expansion. Clever designing conceals condition. This Style Book sent you absolutely FREE. Write today. Write Dept. 31 Lane Bryant 35 St. N.Y.

**STYLE  
BOOK  
FREE**



## Your Baby

Should be a healthy happy growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable hygienic clothing.

### NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS

Are the softest, smoothest and least irritating flannels made and are sold only by us. "Non-Nettle" stamped every half yard on selvage except silk warp.

### Send for Free Sample Case

containing samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete linen of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalog showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits, Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the baby, and valuable information on care of the baby. For 25 cents we will add a complete set of seven Modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that will cost \$1.25 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 337 Summit St., Toledo, O.  
Established in 1880. Known around the globe.

## Cutting Without Curves

Sewing reduced to simple terms for hot weather

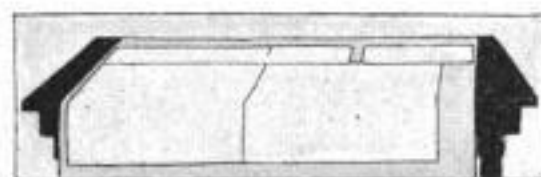
A buttercup-yellow voile nightgown is the prettier for the contrast of black embroidery with little orange posies growing here and there



No. 4052



Pictorially speaking, here is the story of underwear which is cut from straight pieces. "It cuts without waste." See picture below



"It goes together without puckering." No bias edges to pull and draw and refuse to be fitted to straight edges. There's no pinning, fussing, and adjusting



"It irons smoothly." We all know the ease with which an iron runs up and down the straight of the goods and how sometimes a bias won't flatten out



No. 4063  
Above

**STRAIGHT-PIECE** garments are the simplest form of dressmaking, especially adapted to hot-weather sewing. Not only are they quickly cut out and made, but also easily laundered. The nightgown and envelope chemise (No. 4062) are of similar construction, cut with a straight lower section set onto a straight band that is adjusted to the figure by small tucks. The lines of embroidery make a charming finish easily done. Negligee (No. 4063) should be made of reversible material; pussy-willow meteor is used here, satiny side out. The fabric is cut so that strips of the reverse of the material show at the sides. The silk is also used, crêpe side out, at the bottom and around the neck. Colorful clusters of hand-made fruit touch up the negligee smartly. The diagram at the bottom of the page shows how simple the negligee is in construction.

These patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

No. 4062—Nightdress and Chemise Cut from Straight Pieces (including directions for embroidery). Sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4063—Negligee Cut from Straight Pieces (including directions for making fruit ornaments). Sizes, 34 to 38 bust. Pattern, sixteen cents.

Peppermint green is a cool shade for a negligee of pussy-willow meteor



No. 4062

An envelope chemise of pale orchid batiste may be becomingly embroidered in blue chain-stitch and pink flowers

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# Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

WITH Welch's it is possible to make many delightful Summer drinks quickly and easily. One of the finest is the famous WELCH PUNCH.

Squeeze the juice of three lemons and one orange into a pitcher; add one cup sugar, one pint of Welch's and one quart of water. Serve cold.

Welch's may be blended half and half with ginger ale; it may be added to lemonade to give color or flavor; it may be served as a hi-ball by adding plain or charged water. For the children's party or for a simple, refreshing, wholesome drink at any time, two parts plain water may be added to one part Welch's. Serve cold.

Remember that Welch's is a pure fruit juice. Each bottle of Welch's contains all the juice and food elements of many bunches of rich, ripe Concord grapes.

When served "straight" as a fruit juice, Welch's should be sipped, from small glasses. It is an appetizing fruit course for breakfast. One or two small glasses each day provides the body with vital elements and promotes health.

## *Here are two more real Summer delights.*

**WELCH SUNDAES**—Prepare a frozen cream, and when firm turn the cream by the spoonful into fruit cocktail glasses. Have ready a sauce made by boiling one cup of Welch's with half a cup of granulated sugar. Pour over ice cream in glasses, either hot or cold.

**WELCH GRAPE SHERBET**—Welch's, one and one-half pints; water, two pints; sugar, one and one-half pounds; juice of three lemons. Freeze medium stiff. Beat thoroughly the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, then stir the froth into sherbet. Freeze, and stand aside for an hour before serving.

*For home use, order Welch's by the bottle or case from grocer, druggist or confectioner. At the Soda Fountain, ask for a Welch Hi-Ball. Welch's is served at Clubs and Restaurants. Say Welch's and get it.*



**The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.**



# Wanted—a Washing Machine

By MARY ORMSBEE WHITTON

ILLUSTRATED by MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT



"No shortage of information," he remarked—"about ninety advertisements and forty-seven booklets"

THERE comes a day in the average American family when Mrs. John Smith looks up from her coffee cup to Mr. John Smith, who sits concealed behind his newspaper, and says, "John, there is nothing for it; we have just got to have a washing-machine." His consciousness penetrated by the desperation of that tone, John looks around his paper, whistles a bit, and then replies, "Well, my dear, if we've just got to, why I guess we can. What kind of a machine do you want?"

Now Mrs. Smith is a little nonplused. She hasn't gone that far. She has been seething with indignation for weeks at the alleged laundress who didn't come, and the laundry that tore the hem off her best sheets, and she is tired to distraction with putting in her own strength to make up these deficiencies. So she falters a bit, and answers hesitatingly, "Why—er—any kind that's good."

Whereupon Mr. John Smith subsides into his newspaper:

"When you've made up your mind, let me know, and I guess we can fix it."

IT HAD never occurred to Mrs. John Smith that the mere selection of a washing-machine would be difficult; she had quailed inwardly before the price, but that didn't seem to bother John much. Of course, she knew that washing-machines were demonstrated in the offices of the local lighting company, and in some of the department stores, but she felt a bit timid about being demonstrated "at."

Finally, someone tells her of certain domestic laboratories, where washing machines are tested and guaranteed, so she writes to ask what make of machine they recommend. To her dismay, she learns that one laboratory alone has examined and passed nearly twenty different kinds of electric-washers. At this, she is ready to throw up her hands, but she then remembers that the husband of her neighbor, Mrs. Brown, is an electrical engineer, and so naturally must know what kind of washing-machine she ought to buy. She therefore consults with Mrs. Brown, who consults with Mr. Brown, who sends back a Delphic response to the effect that almost all kinds of washing-machines are good; but that they are different.

Luckily, Mrs. Brown is able somewhat to illuminate the oracular nature of her husband's answer. "George says," she interprets, "it's something like automobiles. There are hundreds of them, and they all get over the ground. But you've got to pick out the one that has the particular features you need."

The particular features she needs! It hasn't occurred to Mrs. Smith that she has any particular needs. All she wants is a machine

to do the wash! Mrs. Smith is becoming pretty well discouraged; but John arrives with unexpected aid. One evening he comes home and drops a huge sheaf of papers onto her sewing-table, remarking, "About that washing-machine we were talking of. Thought we'd better be getting up some information, so I've had the girl at the office clip every advertisement that she saw, and write for the booklets. There's no shortage of information—about ninety advertisements and forty-seven booklets."

"That's just the trouble," wails Mrs. Smith; "Mr. Brown—he's an electrical engineer, you know—says there are at least a hundred machines, and they all wash. Then he wanted to know what my particular requirements were."

"Particular requirements," echoes Mr. Smith. "That sounds familiar. Rather guess I get what he's driving at, after reading those forty-seven booklets. He means how large a one do we need? And how much space have we got for it? And is our hot water hot enough, or do we need a special heater, and are we going to keep it in the kitchen or the cellar? That's what he means."

"Oh!" exclaims Mrs. Smith, a sudden light breaking in on her. "Then why, in the name of common sense, couldn't he say so straight off!"

NOW, there is a great deal to be said for the state of mind exemplified by Mrs. Smith. With electric washing-machines springing up on every hand, the problem is no longer, "Will they wash?" but, what particular type of machine will fit best in the particular niche of one's household régime.

It can readily be understood that when washing-machines first became actualities, the prime object of the manufacturer was to produce a machine that would wash. As time went on, it was learned that several different combinations of motion, water, heat, and soap would effect the desired cleansing. As the machine passed into everyday usage, different points would come up: certain conditions required a smaller vehicle; others suggested drying auxiliaries; various ways were developed for heating and wringing, and for the consumption and handling of water. This has produced a galaxy of machines—some operated by electricity, others by hand power,

water power, or gasoline engine driven—so that the housekeeper contemplating purchase may well be deterred by the very wealth of opportunity.

Through this maze of specialization, however, the searcher will discover four main types of machines: the cylinder, the oscillator, the agitator, and the vacuum, all of them efficient washers.

The cylinder type has an outer tub with an inner cylinder or drum of metal or wood, in which the clothes to be washed are placed. This cylinder revolves, and on some machines reverses, to obtain the necessary agitation. This revolving lifts the clothes out of the water and drops them back into it, thus flushing the water through the fabric of the cloth.

The oscillator or rocker type has a metal or wood tub in which the clothes and soapy water are placed. The tubs rock back and forth, accomplishing the cleaning of the clothes by tilting the tub, or through similar means by which the hot suds are forced back and forth through the fiber of the cloth.

The agitator or dolly type has a tub of wood or metal, usually made with corrugated sides and bottom and an agitator or disk called the "dolly," which fits down onto the clothes. This agitator grasps the clothes and, turning and reversing, agitates the clothes, forcing the soapy water through the fabric, thus cleaning them.

The vacuum type machine has an outer tub equipped with moving cups or cones, resembling inverted funnels. These cups operate up and down, forcing the water through the fabric on the down stroke, while on the up stroke the suction draws the water through the clothes.

A Solomon himself could not select any one of these four types of machines as the best, any more than you could select, out of a showroom full of well-designed tables, the "best" table. Each is "best" for some particular thing. The thoughtful purchaser of a washing-machine will see that a more

most machines are supplied with castors, it is desirable for water supply and disposal. If you haven't a separate laundry, as so many women have not, is the machine to go in the kitchen or in the cellar? While it is generally desirable to segregate the laundry, keeping it as far as possible from the cooking, the kitchen is sometimes the only practical location for the machine, since in the cellar one does not always find sufficient light and water supply, and it is not always possible to install these requisites there. It is also pointed out that where a woman is responsible for the safety of little children, she is not willing to disappear into the cellar for an hour or two, and leave the children unguarded. Where this is the case, the kitchen, with all its disadvantages, must still be preferred, although a sizable bathroom sometimes suggests a compromise-location.

If, however, a kitchen location is finally selected, the housewife should figure out the best practical position for the machine, and then measure the floor space available. Size alone is not enough; shape should also be considered, for there are washing-machines of almost any style, from squat, square ones, to long, thin ones, while for very contracted quarters there are several "baby" machines of three- and four-sheet capacity, oftentimes the only machine possible for an apartment-house dweller, unless it be the type of machine that can be kept inside the set tub.

THE water supply should also be reviewed. Washing-machines are readily filled, either by being connected with the regular plumbing—a condition usually possible only with house-owners—or by an ejector hose from a nearby faucet. The machine may also be filled, though less easily, by hand and by pail. Where thoroughly hot water is obtainable, the question of keeping the water heated throughout the washing period is a minor one; but where the machine must be filled by hand, or where the water supply itself is not very hot, the prospective purchaser should not forget the possibilities of the auxiliary heater. In some cases the device is a part of the machine itself, while other manufacturers supply a heating element, usually gas, to be attached to the frame of the machine. It goes without saying that, before deciding upon a machine with such a heating attachment, the prospective buyer must make sure that her laundry has a gas connection. An electric machine can be attached to any outlet, by the way, and its installation is simplicity itself. Its cost of operation varies from one to three cents an hour, depending on the local rate for current.

The day has gone by when it is safe to assume that any woman is deficient in mechanical sense, and yet some of us are still machine-shy. If bread mixers, electric grills, and vacuum cleaners offer no difficulties to you, you may safely select any kind of washing machine, as far as its operation is concerned. While it is of course understood that any of the well-known makes are safe with proper handling, yet a woman in her home is often unable to ensure that proper handling because of many inopportune interruptions: her children dash in with insistent demands, at just the wrong moment; or the doorbell rings, or almost anything happens that would interfere with the orderly and precise running of an intricate machine. For the ordinary woman, in the ordinary home, and particularly when also responsible for the ordinary children, the safety provisions of the machine under consideration should receive the most minute examination, such as the devices for controlling the operation of washer and wringer, for eliminating danger from caught clothing, for preventing the motor from being overworked and burned, and so on.

If a washing-machine were only a washing-machine, it would not so rapidly have become a household necessity. Its function as clothes dryer is nearly as important to the housekeeper as its ability to cleanse. This department of the washer's activity is represented either by the power wringer, or some special drying arrangement, such as a rotating drying drum within the machine itself. As a time and muscle saver, the power wringer or special dryer can hardly be overestimated. For fully six months of the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 62]

## Laundrying at Home

If you do your family washing,

Or if you have a laundress "by the day,"

Or if you are a business girl who "does up" her own dainty lingerie, blouses and accessories,

Then you will find the following series of bulletins—"Laundrying at Home"—of the greatest help:

- Bulletin 1. Removal of Stains
- Bulletin 2. Supplies for the Home Laundry
- Bulletin 3. Washing Cottons and Linens: Washing Woolens and Silks
- Bulletin 4. Washing Machines
- Bulletin 5. Ironing
- Bulletin 6. The Equipped Home Laundry

These six bulletins, bound in a most attractive cover, will be sent upon request. Address Household Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

intricate mechanism will possibly produce more speed but require more intelligent handling. A type developed to withstand hard usage may either be a little slower, or a little harder on the clothes; yet again, the type designed to avoid wear and tear on the garments may consume more soap and water.

A first consideration in selecting a washing-machine is space. Although a permanent location is not absolutely necessary, since





No more of this!

# Once you have *soaked* your clothes clean you will never again *rub* the dirt out

**T**HE old way made such a drudgery of washday. Hours of rubbing on a washboard. Turning and lifting and punching the heavy clothes in a steaming boiler.

That is what washday has meant to housewives for centuries. It used to be necessary, for there was no other way to get the clothes clean.

But now that is all over. There is a new way that makes washing merely an incident in the daily round instead of the grind it used to be.

Next Monday wash your clothes this new way. All you need is a package of Rinso.

*Rinso is an entirely new form of soap, as remarkable for the family washing as Lux is for silks, woolsens and all fine laundering.*

It comes in fine granules so full of pure soap, so rich in cleansing value, that they do more to make your clothes clean than hours of hard rubbing can do.

Rinso is not a "washing powder"

and is not used like a "washing powder."

## Just put to soak this way

Dissolve half a package of Rinso in just enough cold water to make it the consistency of thick cream. Add two quarts of boiling water. When the froth subsides there is a clear amber liquid which, poured into your tubful of cold water, makes rich suds.

You soak the clothes overnight, or for three hours, in these soapy, bubbly suds. When you take them out they are perfectly clean. Rinso has loosened every particle of dirt. A thorough rinsing carries it off and leaves the clothes as white as when you used to rub and boil them. Only very soiled spots such as collar bands need a light rubbing with your hands.

## Makes your clothes last longer

The ingredients of Rinso are of finer quality than have ever before been used in a soap for the family washing. You can see by your hands how pure and harmless it is for it doesn't even redden them.

In these pure suds your clothes are as safe as in water alone. There are no harsh acids to eat holes in the fabric or fade the colors. Washed this safe way,

your clothes will give you twice the wear you have been getting.

## Rinso softens hard water

For hard water make an increased amount of the "soap liquid" according to directions on the package, and continue adding this to your tub of cold water until you have a good, rich suds.

Get Rinso today from your grocer or any department store. Send for trial package. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. C-22, Cambridge, Mass.

## If you use a washing machine

Soak the clothes overnight in the usual Rinso way. The cleansing suds loosen every particle of dirt. In the morning rinse thoroughly and the clothes are clean—even the worst spots.

## Rinso is not a "washing powder"

At first glance the fine Rinso granules may look like a "washing powder." But make this test: Use a heaping teaspoon each of Rinso and "washing powder" to a glass of boiling water. After a few hours see what happens.



**"WASHING POWDER"**  
—high in harsh chemicals  
—low in soap  
it pours out



**RINSO**  
—absolutely harmless  
—so rich in soap  
it "jells"

# Rinso

Soaks clothes clean



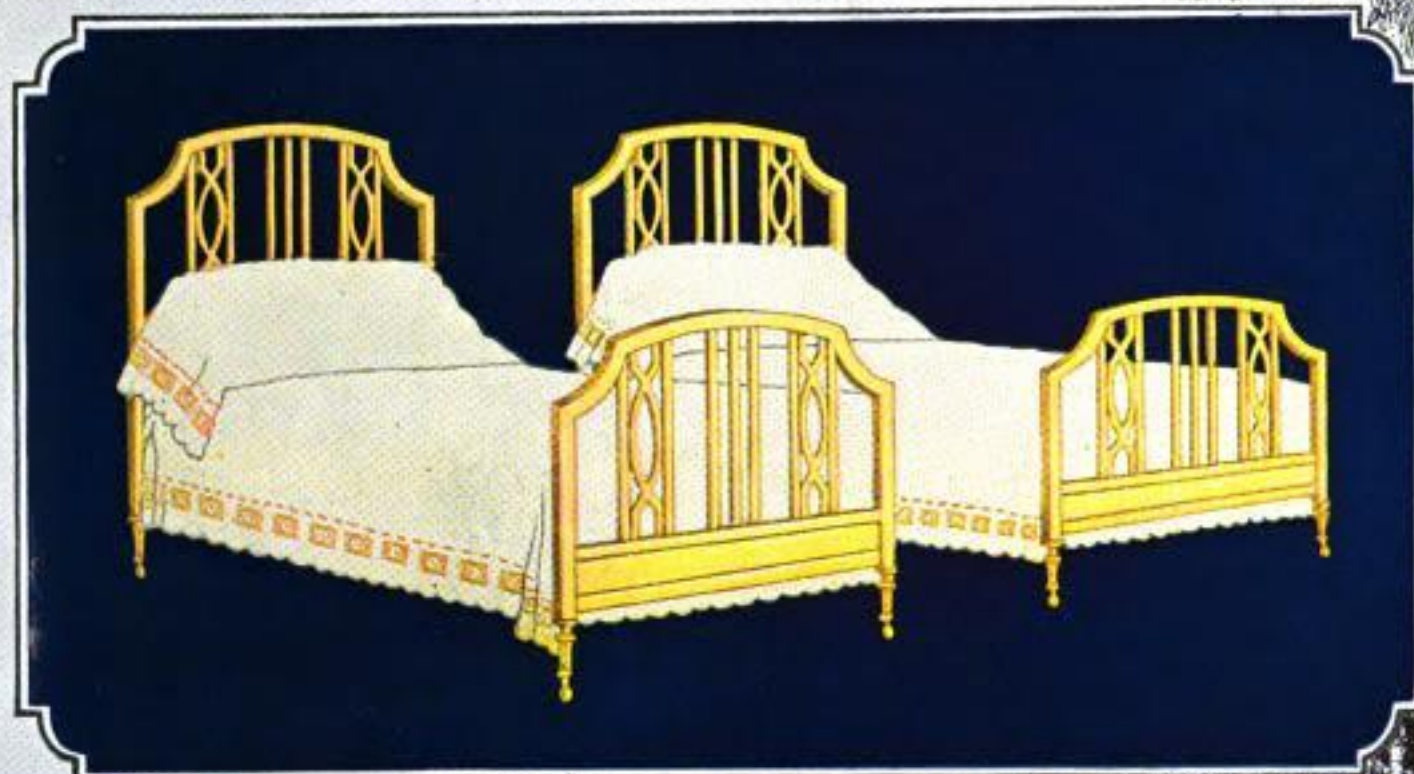
## Send for trial package

Large trial package—half the size of regular Rinso package. Send only 4c. for postage. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. C-22, Cambridge, Mass.





© 1921 Simmons Company



The "CHIPPENDALE"  
Design 1978—in Twin Pair

## Does a Sound Night's Sleep Just "Happen"

IN the old days, when you bought a bed, its *sleeping quality* was pretty much a matter of luck.

That was before Simmons produced these fine beds *Built for Sleep*.

Now you need only look for the *Simmons Name* on a Bed, Crib or Bed Spring.

This name is your unfailing assurance of a noiseless steady bed, a flat, resilient spring. An invitation to every nerve and muscle to *relax*, so you sink deep into sound, refreshing sleep, every night, all night.

And it is Simmons who produces these exquisite *Twin Beds*—a great help toward restful sleep, when a room is shared by two persons. Neither sleeper disturbs the other, nor communicates colds or other infections.

### Look at Simmons Beds at Your Dealer's

Let him show you how Simmons Beds are Built for Sleep—with the *pressed steel Corner Locks*—firm, foursquare, noiseless!—Here is one of the exquisite Period Designs, the "CHIPPENDALE," built of *Simmons Square Steel Tubing*; seamless and smooth; beautifully enameled in Ivory White and Decorative Colors.—If he cannot show them to you, *write us*. We will arrange for you to see Simmons Metal Beds, Cribs, Day Beds, and Simmons Springs—in every way worthy to go with Simmons Beds.

#### SIMMONS COMPANY

NEW YORK

ATLANTA

CHICAGO

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MONTREAL

(Executive Offices: Kenosha, Wis.)

#### FREE BOOKLETS ON SLEEP!

Write us for "What Leading Medical Journals and Health Magazines Say about Separate Beds and Sound Sleep," and "Yours for a Perfect Night's Rest."

# SIMMONS BEDS

*Built for Sleep*



This glorious view of inspirational mountains may be had for the asking, a few yards of canvas, and a blanket.

Full particulars about how to get information about other delightful camp reservations, state and national, are given on page 81.

## Next Door to "Paradise"

### A rent-free vacation for the family

ONCE upon a time my husband and I found ourselves confronted with the problem of disposing of a two months' vacation with three small children. Where to go without too much expenditure—how to give the youngsters a healthy, happy time and yet escape boredom ourselves—that was the question. Sentimentally, our minds turned to the spot which had been the starting point for the five-hundred-mile canoe trip which had formed part of our honeymoon.

But perhaps conditions had changed since those halcyon days. The only way to find out, it seemed, was to go. And go we did, shipping ahead our equipment and landing in the Narrows of Lake George one afternoon in early June. And now, for many years, we have spent our summers there, rent-free, on a pine-clad island, a short paddle from that marvelous little body of water set in the very mountainside and known as Paradise Bay.

Little by little we have accumulated a store of wisdom which has made our days in camp something to dream of in the winter months, to sigh forlornly over when on some hazy September day the last tent stake is pulled. It is this knowledge I want to pass on to others.

When one of the country's millionaires sought a perfect site for his winter home, he selected Santa Barbara as most nearly meeting his idea of perfection. For the same reason, for his summer home he chose the narrows of Lake George, where he erected a costly dwelling. I wonder how many people realize that this same location—same tonic air, same glorious view of inspirational mountains, and a world-famed sheet of water—is available to the rest of us for the asking, a few yards of canvas, and a blanket.

AS LONG ago as 1885 practically all the islands in the lake—of which there are about one hundred and seventy, ranging in size from a few square feet to several acres—were converted into state land. These islands recently have been put at the disposal for temporary occupation of anyone wishing to use them for legitimate, strictly recreational, purposes. In other words, they cannot be put to any commercial use. Intended simply as playgrounds, they have been accorded every facility to render them desirable.

Camp sites have been cleared, docks erected, inconspicuous latrines provided and, in many instances, fireplaces and tent floors placed. In return, all that is asked is a thorough disposition, by burning or burying, of all refuse, a regard for live timber, the purity of the water supply, and the utmost care in respect to fires. But these are the more or less well-known conveniences of other state and Federal reservations. For those who have only a brief vacation, for those who wish to enjoy the charms of the wilderness without packing a kit on the back and roughing it, or for families with children, Lake George possesses unique advantages:

In the first place, it is within easy reach of anyone living in the

Described by  
HAZEL  
RAYMOND LANGDALE

northeastern section of the country, by automobile, train, or a combination of train and steamer. In fact, the most popular route—by the Hudson River night boat and Lake George steamers—forms a part of the scenic tour to Montreal, Thousand Islands, and Niagara, with consequent admirable connections.

Once arrived at the lake, a surprising number of attractions reveal themselves. For, in the very midst of what is still a wilderness of heavily forested mountain ranges, stretching hilly upon hilly across to lower Lake Champlain on one side and into the heart of the Adirondacks on the other, are to be found small towns, summer colonies, or hotels ready to supply milk, ice, home-made butter, groceries, camp outfits, gasoline—everything, in short, one could desire. As a climax to all this, let me add that on the islands flies and mosquitoes are practically unknown.

A sojourn at Lake George offers pleasures innumerable—swimming in water crystal-clear to a depth of fifteen feet; bass, perch, and lake trout fishing; mountain climbing with superb panoramic views as rewards at the summit; sailing, canoeing, motor boating, yes, and, at rare intervals, aeroplaning at a dollar a minute, and cheap for the price! Oh, the days are never long enough for all one wishes to do!

WHAT are the first steps toward camping at Lake George? Very simple! Make up your mind you are going. Then write to the forest ranger for a permit. This permit, allotting you a camp site for the length of the stay you indicate, will be issued to you ten days before your arrival, insuring you a desirable location made ready to welcome you.

The equipment needed will depend, of course, on individual circumstances: the duration of your stay, the number and kind of people in your party. It is possible to hire complete outfits including everything from blankets to boats. But there is nothing like owning one's own Lares and Penates, beginning with ever so little, perhaps, and increasing from year to year. Our experience has run the gamut of tents bought from expensive sporting-goods houses to second-hand army tents and homemade tents of unbleached muslin and eight-ounce canvas. One and all they have proved satisfactory either to stow away in a canoe on a cruise, or to stand the wear and tear of a season's camping.

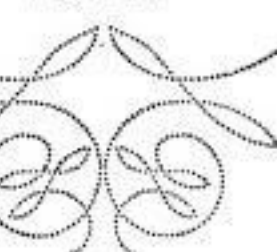
There are few occasions when the lake is not navigable for any sort of boat that does not leak, and there is plenty of lee, with consequent calm waters. But, for the benefit of any who are constitutionally timid on the water, a word of advice: Camp near a steamer stop and you will never be weatherbound!

Camp life at Lake George, under the hospitable auspices of the State Conservation Committee, is unique. Its joys cannot be told. Next door to Paradise? It's Paradise itself.

TRIM and graceful ankles are the reward of the woman who wears BURSON stockings, because BURSON's fit perfectly and have no ungainly seams to pull awry. These stockings hold their shape no matter how many times they go to wash. They are specially knit to prevent runs and they wear a long time.

**BURSON**  
Fashioned Hose

SILK  
MERCERIZED  
COTTON  
LISLE





# Good Looks

*August's own recipe—Comfort first!*

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD



HAVE you ever thought of comfort, just good, old-fashioned, solid comfort as a beautifier? I don't believe you have. Well, it's my newest beauty secret for these hot, horrid days. You can't beat it for common sense, now, can you? And stop and think a minute, yourself—isn't it as true as it's sensible?

Perhaps those of us who think we belong in the martyr class have so trained ourselves that we can smile when our hearts are aching. But what about smiling when our feet are aching? How pleasant an expression can you muster when every step you take is torture? You can't be your natural best self when you are wearing a shoe that pinches. It does things to your face, too, makes it look gray and pinched.

And there's the heel with the blister. It can take all the joy out of the dance you have dreamed of with Him.

Then there are those other fun spoilers and romance killers—almost as pesky—the coiffure that slips from its mooring at just the wrong moment, the false puff and its antics, the hair-pin that spitefully digs into your scalp, and even the ordinary pin out of place and bent on doing its deadly worst in the way of pricking you. Why, even these inconsequential things have been known to bring promptly that dreaded beauty-destroying look, to say nothing of robbing the moonlight of its glamour. Don't, I beg of you, dress in a hurried, careless way if there's a chance for an after-the-dance moonlight stroll.

Really, pain is a great foe to good looks. And sudden pain at the inopportune moment can play havoc with a budding love affair.

Now, comfort works just the other way. If you are comfortable, you are apt to be pleasant, and pleasantness and prettiness are often synonymous terms. So my talk this month is to help you to be cool and comfortable as well as better-looking.

When the thermometer soars I always think first of my friend Fatty. Surely she has the worst of it in the good old summer time. She looks so red, so wet, so sticky, so shiny. And she feels each one of these different ways, separately and collectively. Well, to cool her, to soothe her, to beautify her—that's what I'm after.

The chances are she has an oily skin, and of course it never looks worse than in hot weather. So here's a quick refreshing treatment just for her. A cream, a special one, and a tonic lotion. Together, they work wonders. When you see the cream and take a sniff of it, you think of crushed rose petals; but its special qualification is that it is made of oils that do not absorb. It takes out the blackheads and removes dust and dirt. Here are the rules for using it: Pat the cream in, let it stay on your face for a few minutes, and then rub it off with a soft cloth or a pad of absorbent cotton. Follow this with the lotion, which is a real skin freshener. It stimulates the blood vessels and enlivens and brightens the whole face. Then, too, it takes the redness out. But you must be sure to use it in the right way, and that is to apply it with absorbent cotton that has first been dipped in ice water.

If your skin is thick and oily and you are old-fashioned enough to like to wash it with soap and water, here's a bit of information for you: Of course you feel your oily skin ought to be washed with hot water, yet how you do hate the thought of hot water on a hot day. Well, you don't have to use it. I have just found a soap for oily skins that can be used with cold water, the colder the better. Then there is another new soap, especially good for the skin that is oily. It's medicated and acts in a most beneficial way on the oil glands. It reduces large pores and helps to take away blackheads. It's a soap

worth trying after motoring, too. But if you have a pet soap and you know it agrees with your skin, stick to it.

In making the most of yourself, remember that a perspiring face never goes along with poise. You don't feel very dignified or at ease if your face is moist and you are conscious that drops of perspiration are falling off your nose. Now, do you? Well, to-day there is no excuse for a perspiring face, even in the hottest weather. Pin your faith to astringents, and you're pretty apt to look your dignified best. A beauty specialist, who is a real beauty herself, told me the other day of quite an out-of-the-ordinary astringent that she uses. It is made from a very old Russian recipe, and she claims it accomplishes a combination of desirable things. For instance, it draws the heat from the face, cools, and soothes the skin, and makes a satisfactory base for powder. Then, too, it has the added quality of giving strength to the muscles, a most important quality that, in the quest for good looks, we all know how vital it is to prevent the muscles from



Comfortable reducing, especially designed for the stout woman

relaxing. You and I know that when the contour of the face loses its youthful strength and begins to sag, we might as well stop telling fibs about our age. The thick, baggy, flabby chin tells at a glance that we are no longer young. You don't want jowls, do you? It seems to me that of all the things that might come to us—we who are striving for good looks—jowls would be the most unpleasant. Even the sound of the word makes me quake—and feel older. But, goodness, we mustn't think of it! We are discussing pleasant things, comfort and good looks. Only just this suggestion in passing: Don't neglect the muscles in front of the ears. When you are patting in a cream or using an astringent, under the chin, pat also the muscles that run from the chin to the ears. And pat with a lifting movement. As you strengthen and firm these muscles you keep the tissues under the chin from sagging. Day in and day out work on these muscles means the youthful look. Another cooling



This is no time for "her golden hair to be hanging down her back"

astringent said to have a reducing effect on the double chin is specially pleasant to use in the summer because of its fresh outdoor balsam odor. And there is still another astringent lotion that comes to my mind that takes away all excess of oiliness from the face. It cleanses the skin, too. By the way, it is one of the new ways of washing the face. So much for astringents. Remember their importance and don't pass them by.

I haven't been talking to my friend Fatty in particular right here, though of course astringents are specially good for her fat face. But here is something that is just for her. It is a nonfattening skin food and it will cleanse and freshen her face and not make it one little bit fatter. I am mentioning this because I know so many fat women who are afraid to use a cream on their round, plump faces for fear of making them fatter.

And here is something else, especially for Fatty's own ear. It's about exercising—yes, it is. Now, I can just hear you groaning. But take heart. Remember this article is about comfort as well as good looks. Have you ever thought of getting thin, or at least thinner, in the comfortable way? I know you are saying, "Don't talk to me about exercises in hot weather. I haven't the strength to take them. I hate the thought of anything strenuous, and to tell the plain truth I would rather look bunched and pudgy all the days of my life than take exercises for reducing when the thermometer is soaring." Well, just wait a minute. Listen to the new way. You like to lie in bed, don't you? Well, you can take these exercises lying comfortably in bed. You get the maximum of result plus comfort with a minimum of effort. Surely that sounds enticing. Of course, it isn't every Fatty that will relish waving her legs in the air, or every bed that can stand it. But that's one of the essentials of getting thin the comfortable way. You stretch out in bed and then start the leg waving. Up must go your right leg in the air, the higher, the straighter, the better. Get it up, even if you do it with a big tussle and a hard struggle. After it's up, wave it. Then switch to your left leg and do the best you can with that. Wave not once, but six times, if your courage is with you. You can rest here if you have to. Then start all over again and wave—both legs in unison. Kick them up together. Make circles with them. Let them run about at will, but always in the air. Forget the fact that your muscles are not as limber as they used to be. Here's the time for abandon. Cultivate it, Fatty! These leg-waving exercises are recommended for reducing a large abdomen, making the hips slender, preventing the waist from growing thick and for making rigid muscles supple.

You can try bicycling, too, for reducing; only if you're fat and hot, do it in bed instead of on a sunny, dusty road. Just propel an imaginary bicycle with your feet in the air. Sounds easy. Well, if you can manage to do it, you can pedal away several pounds. But, let me caution you, don't take too long a ride at first. Overdoing has a lazy, restless reaction, the kind that adds weight.

You can't overlook diet if you are longing for the figure of a sylph. Eliminate fat-forming foods. And don't have a menu too varied. It's better to eat much of one thing, if you're sure it's the right thing, than a little of many things. Give up the bite between meals. Eat regularly and at stated times. Practice self-denial. It's hard, I know, yet you'll be more comfortable in the end.

But perhaps you are saying, "I'm not comfortable. In spite of everything, I'm quite uncomfortable. Anyone would be—in August." Well, change your habit. Go after comfort as Pollyanna went after happiness—decide you are going to have it. Don't rush, don't fuss. Eliminate as many of your worries as you conveniently can, and incidentally your tight shoes. Smile, powder your nose, and then smile some more.

Grace Margaret Gould will be glad to advise any reader about her good looks problems, if she will write, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. The matter will be treated as strictly confidential. Address Grace Margaret Gould, Good Looks Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Smiles above board, but, oh, what agony under the table





## There is constant danger in an oily skin

**I**F your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny—you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple. But too much oil not only spoils the attractiveness of any girl's complexion by giving it a disagreeable shininess—it actually tends to bring about an unhealthy condition of the skin itself.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using each night the following simple treatment:

*With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.*

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it is an indication that the treatment is doing you good, for it means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing.

After a few treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and

your skin will gain a new sense of smoothness and firmness.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

### "Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week. In it you will find the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples

of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 208 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 208 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



## Panned Fish

**C**LEAN small fish, cut off head, and if the skin is thick and tough remove it. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in a mixture of flour and corn meal, and cook until a golden brown on both sides, in butter, tried out salt pork, or other fat, over a tin of solidified alcohol. You will find that fresh-caught fish are delicious when served in this way.



Campers will find that fish are panned perfectly over heat that's canned

## Fish Hash

**T**AKE equal parts of cold flaked fish and cold boiled potatoes finely chopped. Season with salt and pepper. Try out fat salt pork, remove scraps, leaving enough fat in pan to moisten fish and potatoes. Put in fish and potatoes, stir until heated, then cook until well browned underneath; fold and turn like an omelet. If easier out-of-doors fry in bacon fat.

**M**OTORISTS, whether they camp by the meal or by the day, are notoriously ravenous in appetite, and consequently the little portable stoves that burn solid alcohol are very popular with them. The stoves can be set up anywhere, and water boiled for tea or coffee, and chops, bacon, or fish fried.

These little stoves are equally practical and convenient for the girl who lives by herself in a single room, or in a boarding-house where she hasn't the freedom of the kitchen.

You can quickly and quietly get a hot drink in the night for an invalid on one of them; they're fine for emergencies; and suppose your gas were turned off or a big thunderstorm put your electricity out of commission, you'd be glad to have an alcohol stove to heat the baby's milk.

The alcohol chafing dish still holds its own for Sunday-night suppers and other spreads. Neither has it gone out of date for jolly candy-making.

A chafing dish on the dining table is an excellent utensil to use for cooking soufflés. There is little danger of their falling if they are kept constantly over boiling water while they are cooking. The soufflé that is given on this page may serve as the main dish at a meal.

## Meals in a Minute

*No matter where you are*

By ALICE BRADLEY

*Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery*

## Shrimps à la Newburg

Remove intestinal vein from one-half pint fresh boiled or canned shrimps, cook three minutes in four tablespoons butter in upper pan of chafing dish. Add one teaspoon lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne, few grains nutmeg, and two-thirds cup thin cream. Cook until boiling point is reached. Beat two egg yolks slightly, add three tablespoons of the hot cream, mix well, pour into the chafing dish and stir until slightly thickened. Put hot water in lower pan of chafing dish, place under the Newburg to prevent over-cooking. Serve Newburg with small crisp crackers.

## Soufflé of Tomatoes and Macaroni

Wipe and cut in pieces one quart fresh tomatoes. Simmer until reduced one half, rub through a strainer, and again simmer until reduced to one cup. Break in pieces one-half cup macaroni, and cook until tender in boiling salted water. In upper pan of chafing dish, melt two tablespoons butter, add two tablespoons flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one-half cup rich milk and the tomato purée. Bring to boiling point and let simmer two minutes; then add two-thirds cup grated cheese, one-half teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, and the

cooked macaroni. Place hot-water pan containing boiling water under the mixture, then add yolks of three eggs, beaten until thick and lemon-colored, and cut and fold in whites of three eggs, beaten until stiff. Cook over the hot water for fifty minutes or until firm, and serve at once.

## Quick Peppermints

Put two cups sugar and three-fourths cup boiling water in chafing dish or saucepan, stir until sugar is dissolved, and bring to the boiling point. Remove grains of sugar from sides of pan with a piece of cheesecloth or a pastry brush dipped in cold water. Boil until sirup spins a long thread and let stand until cool. Add six drops oil of peppermint, beat until creamy and drop from tip of spoon on wax paper. When mixture becomes too thick to drop, stir over hot water until it will drop again. Continue dropping and heating until mixture is used.

## Quick Checkermints

MAKE like Quick Peppermints, using six drops oil of wintergreen instead of peppermint and color delicately with pink color paste just before beating, or while the candy is cooking.

## If Wood is Your Fuel

*Here are some suggestions that will insure success in cooking*

**B**EFORE using a wood-burning stove, investigate its drafts. Drafts in a stove are not intricate. Take off all the top covers, the doors of openings for use in cleaning out soot, and any openings into the oven. Trace the path which the smoke takes from the fire box to the chimney. Open and shut the drafts to learn when the heat path around the oven is open and when closed.

When starting the fire, open the draft that gives the smoke the shortest path to the chimney, and leave it open until the fire is burning well. Open the draft that is below the fire box and lets in the air, at the end of the stove.

Empty the ashpan, start with a fairly clean grate, and lay in inflammable material that will burn quickly. A double page of crumpled newspaper (do not lay it in flat), or fine, dry shavings, or dry bark will burn and blaze quickly. On this place fine sticks or kindling. The amount must be gauged according to the individual stove. Ordinarily it may be piled in until there is room for only about three medium-sized sticks of soft wood, which are laid on top. Apply the lighted match to a scrap of paper that should be left sticking out through the bottom of the grate. As soon as the paper begins to blaze, put on the top covers.

The kettle of water should be ready to put on immediately, that it may get the benefit of heat from the very beginning. In a short time the kindling and wood will burn and drop down onto the grate. This leaves room for more wood. If the fire is not very well

## Buttermilk Biscuits

2 cups bread flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 cup buttermilk

2 teaspoons cream of tartar  
3 tablespoons shortening

Stir together the dry ingredients. With tips of fingers work in shortening; add buttermilk. Roll half inch thick, cut out, and bake twelve minutes in hot oven.

## Green Apple Pie

LINe a deep pie plate with plain pastry. Wash and wipe apples, cut in six pieces, without paring, and remove cores. Fill plate heaping full, sprinkle generously with sugar, using three-fourths cup or more, depending on the sourness of the apples. Sprinkle with a few grains each

salt and cinnamon and with one tablespoon fat salt pork finely chopped, or one tablespoon butter in small bits. Cover with pastry, and bake three-fourths to one hour in moderate oven.

## Blueberry Cake

1½ cup butter  
½ cup sugar  
1 egg  
½ cup milk

1½ cups flour  
2½ teaspoons baking powder  
1 cup blueberries

CREAM the butter, add sugar gradually, and egg well beaten. Sift together one cup flour and baking powder, and add alternately to the first mixture with milk. Then add blueberries mixed with the other half-cup flour, bake thirty minutes in greased cake pan, and serve warm.

There is nothing quite like the subtle, delicate flavor imparted to food cooked over a clear-burning wood fire. Neither is there anything quite like the horrid smoky taste a poorly managed wood-burning stove gives.



Once one has mastered the art of starting a wood fire, it is surprising how quickly the kettle will boil and the oven become hot enough to bake the buttermilk biscuits or the blueberry cake or the green apple pie!

started, add more fine kindling or soft wood. As soon as there are enough blazing coals, begin to put in the hard wood. For a short, quick fire soft wood is best; but for baking, or keeping up a continuous heat, hard wood is imperative.

If wood is scarce and expensive, it is possible to plan the cooking so that everything for the meal can be done with only a few sticks. In order to do this, have all food ready to put onto the stove and into the oven before the fire is lighted. A few hardwood sticks will keep a fire going all the morning and enable the housekeeper to do all the cooking she needs.

Before using the oven be sure that the draft is changed. Have it fixed so that the heat from the fire box will take the path that goes over the top of the stove, down at the end and under the oven before it can get out to the chimney.

If a slow fire is wanted, close the door and dampers that allow air to enter at the end of the stove below the fire box.

To make toast, have a brisk fire and lay the wire toaster on top of the stove with the covers on.

To heat liquids quickly, have one or two saucepans that may be placed directly over the fire with the stove cover off.

Hot-water tanks are built on as part of many wood stoves, supplying water for dishwashing and other household purposes, or the range may be fitted with coils for heating water in connection with a tank and pressure water supply.





# Steamed Blueberry Pudding

## Steamed Blueberry Pudding

$\frac{3}{4}$  cupful Crisco      5 teaspoonfuls baking powder  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful sugar       $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
 2 egg yolks       $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful milk  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls wheat flour      2 egg whites  
    1 cupful blueberries

*Use level measurements*

Cream the Crisco; beat in the sugar and yolks; add the flour with the baking powder and salt, alternately, with the milk; beat in the whites and berries. Steam in a Criscoed mold one hour and a half. Serve hot with blueberries stewed with a little sugar.



## *and other Steamed Desserts— How to make them tender and tasteful*

AS in making cake, the way to make pudding batter light is to use a shortening that enriches it without making it soggy. Crisco is such a shortening. It is so rich that less is required, yet its vegetable origin makes it so delicate that the richest pudding remains light and digestible.

As in making pie, the way to enjoy in puddings the full flavor of the ripe fruit, unspoiled by any fatty taste, is to use a tasteless, odorless shortening in the batter. Crisco is free from all animal fat and it keeps sweet indefinitely; it always is tasteless and odorless.

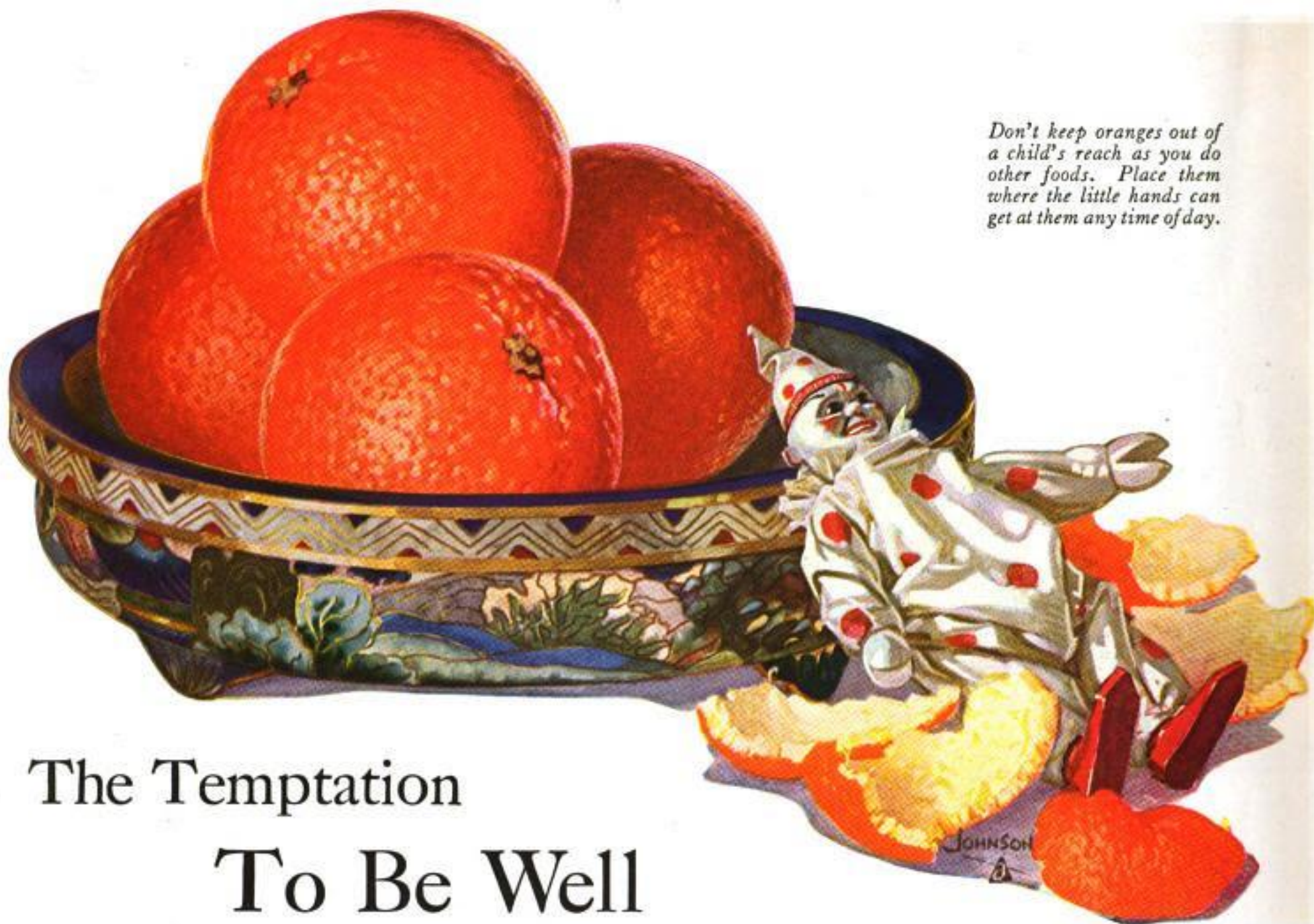
Try Blueberry Pudding as in the recipe at the left and you will find that steamed desserts can be made to satisfy everybody in your family.

Can you make 16 different, easy puddings?

You can with the help of "Recipes for Everyday," the cook book written exclusively for Crisco by Mrs. Janet M. Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School. This book contains practical cookery and baking helps, drawn from Mrs. Hill's wide experience, and 100 original recipes which feature economy and ease in cooking. Simplify your cooking by sending for a copy. Bound in blue and gold. Illustrated in colors. Book sent postpaid on receipt of 10c in stamps, less than half its wholesale cost to us. Address Section E-4, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.

**CRISCO**  
*For Frying - For Shortening  
 For Cake Making*





Don't keep oranges out of a child's reach as you do other foods. Place them where the little hands can get at them any time of day.

# The Temptation To Be Well

—Keep it Always in the Family's Way

Oranges are ever tempting people to enjoy good health.

Because Nature knows they're good for you she has given oranges a most seductive color—the color of the sun itself, the greatest of all healthful influences.

Thus oranges themselves urge you to eat of them, so that you may be well every day.

## What Oranges Do

Oranges make for *alkalinity* in the blood, a healthful offset to the acidity of fat foods.

They don't, as some think, *cause* acidity.

Their organic salts and acids are appetizers and *digestive* aids which increase the efficiency of *all* the other foods you eat.

## Form the Habit

It's the orange-eating *habit* that brings the really beneficial results—not the eating of an orange merely now and then.

Note the people who are invariably bright-eyed and alert. You will find that they're the *daily* eaters of good fruit.

# Sunkist

## Uniformly Good Oranges

The *uniformly good* oranges are Sunkist. Buy them *fresh* daily the year round at any first-class store. They are picked ripe in California every day throughout the year and shipped fresh daily by fast freight to every market in the land. Sunkist are practically seedless, juicy, tender,

firm and sweet. They cost no more than ordinary oranges. Note our offer of a valuable free book in the panel to the right. It suggests the use of oranges in scores of attractive ways. But above all, keep a bowlful of tempting oranges always in the family's way.

California Fruit Growers Exchange  
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers  
DEPT. 512, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

## Free Book

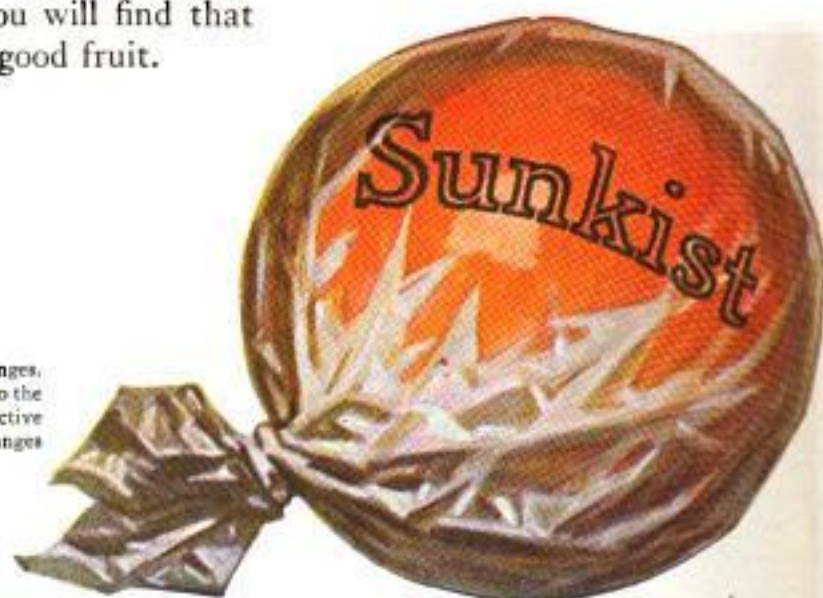
By ALICE BRADLEY

Miss Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, an expert household economist, has written a special book for us containing more than 200 tested recipes and suggestions for the use of oranges and lemons.

All are accurate and practical. There are plain home dishes, salads and desserts prepared in a jiffy, and new ideas for those who entertain.

Just send a post card for a copy. It is free. Address Dept. 512.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA





# The Common Vegetables

*Cooked in uncommon ways*

By ALICE BRADLEY

Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

YOU won't get tired of living out of the garden this summer if you try an occasional new trick with the dear old family vegetables. Some of these recipes make appetizing luncheon and supper dishes in hot weather.

## Brussels Sprouts in Ramelkins

Pick over one pint brussels sprouts and soak in cold water to which is added one-fourth teaspoon soda, and drain. Cook until tender in boiling salted water, drain, and, if large, cut in halves or quarters. Add one cup white sauce, one and one-half tablespoons chopped pimiento, salt and pepper to taste, and put in ramekin dishes. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

## Red Cabbage With Apple

SHRED one medium-sized red cabbage, add two sliced apples, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth cup vinegar, and one and one-half cups water. Cook, uncovered, until tender. Drain, add two tablespoons dripping or margarine, and more seasoning if necessary.

## Beet Relish

Mix one cup chopped cold cooked beets with three tablespoons bottled or fresh grated horseradish, two tablespoons lemon juice, two teaspoons powdered sugar and one teaspoon salt. Serve with cold sliced meat.

## French Fried Potatoes

Cut potatoes in one-fourth-inch slices, then cut crosswise into one-fourth-inch strips. Cook in boiling salted water ten minutes, drain, rinse with cold water, drain, dry on towel, fry three to four minutes in deep hot fat. Drain on paper and sprinkle with salt.

## Carrots Vichy

SLICE carrots very thin, put in pan, brush each layer with melted butter. Cook in oven very slowly until tender.

## Cucumber Sticks

PARF cucumber, cut in quarters and then in eighths, and serve on bed of crushed ice. Eat like celery, dipping pieces in salt.

## Eggplant Creole

PEEL an eggplant and cut it in one-inch slices, then in dice. Simmer for fifteen minutes, then drain and press out the liquid. Chop one onion and cook in two tablespoons butter, add eggplant, and toss about till golden brown. Pour Creole Sauce over it, simmer a few moments.

## Creole Sauce

BROWN two tablespoons butter in frying pan, add two tablespoons flour and stir until blended. Add one cup strained tomato, one teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste. Add one green pepper chopped fine and cook over hot water for fifteen minutes.

## Lima Bean Timbales

RUB through a strainer two cups cooked lima or shell beans. Melt one tablespoon fat, add two tablespoons chopped onion,

and stir and cook until tender but not discolored. Add to the bean pulp, with one egg yolk slightly beaten, three tablespoons chopped nut

meats, one-fourth teaspoon pepper and salt to taste. Pack in timbale molds and steam one-half hour. Turn out and serve with or without tomato or creole sauce.

## Canned Vegetable Goulash

BOIL for five minutes one cup carrots, eighteen small onions, three-fourths cup celery, and one and one-half green peppers. Plunge in cold water. Remove skin from carrots, cut in slices and put in pint jar. Add onions, peeled, celery cut in pieces, and pepper cut in strips. Add bit of bay leaf, and one sprig parsley. Fill can with stewed tomatoes, adjust rubber and top, and partially tighten cover. Sterilize one hour. Use when desired, as a vegetable, or in soups, stews, or casserole dishes.

## Leeks on Toast

TRIM leeks, place trimmings in pan, on top of them place the leeks, add one-half cup hot water and steam thirty minutes or until tender. Reserve trimmings and water for soup. Arrange leeks in bundles on small pieces of toast on a platter. Put white and yolk of hard-cooked egg separately through a potato ricer, chop fine one tablespoon ripe olives, and two teaspoons parsley. Mix lightly and arrange to represent a band across the middle of each bundle of leeks. Garnish the center of platter with parsley. This is a decorative dish.

## Scalloped Oyster Plant, or Salsify

COOK oyster plant in boiling salted water until soft, drain, remove skin, and cut in one-third-inch slices. Put a layer of buttered crumbs in baking dish, cover with slices of oyster plant, season with salt and pepper; then repeat, and sprinkle lightly with crumbs; add enough milk to moisten, or a combination of milk and stock in which oyster plant was cooked. Bake in a hot oven until crumbs are well browned.

## Green Pea Oysters

DRAIN two cups cooked peas, and rub through sieve. Add two eggs beaten slightly, two tablespoons butter melted, two-thirds teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, a few grains cayenne, and few drops onion juice. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on hot greased griddle. Cook until brown on one side, turn and cook other side. Serve immediately.

## Vegetables in Casserole

REMOVE ends and strings from one pint string beans. Cut in two crosswise and put in casserole dish. Cover with two cups chicken stock or water. Add one teaspoon salt, and bake one hour. Wash and scrape one bunch oyster plant. Put in cold water with two tablespoons vinegar. Let stand ten minutes. Cut lengthwise in pieces two inches long and one-fourth inch wide. Put in casserole dish on top of beans and bake thirty minutes. Wash and scrape two roots celery, cut like oyster plant and add to casserole. Cover and cook one hour. Add one pimiento cut in strips and four tablespoons butter, and serve.

Every drop  
awakens flavor



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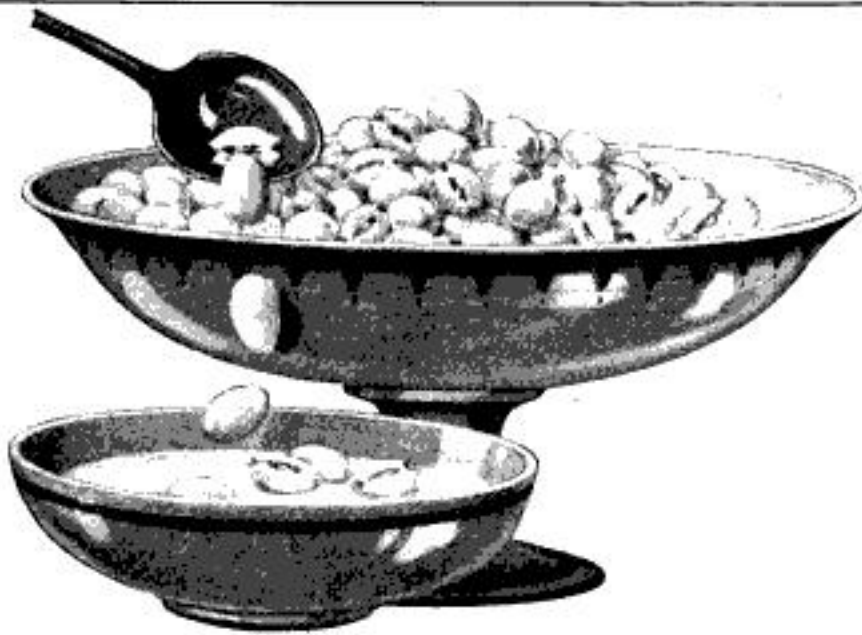
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## Like Nut Bubbles

### Float in every bowl of milk

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. The grains are airy, flaky, toasted—flimsy as a snowflake. And they taste like nut meats as they melt away.

It makes whole wheat delightful. Children revel in it. And all the 16 elements are fitted to digest.

### Steam-exploded

The grains are steam-exploded. The moisture in each food cell is changed to steam. Then over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Thus every food cell is fitted to digest. Every atom of the whole grain feeds. Prof. Anderson has thus created the greatest cereal foods in existence.



Queen of all the breakfast dainties

Douse with melted butter for children to eat like peanuts at their play.

Don't serve for breakfast only. Enjoy these delights to the full. Then end the day with Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk.

### Tidbits of rice

Puffed Rice is rice grains puffed in like way. The walls are thin as tissue. The flavor is exquisite.

This is a food confection. Girls use it in candy making. Chefs use it to garnish ice cream.



Like puffed nut meats on ice cream

## Puffed Wheat

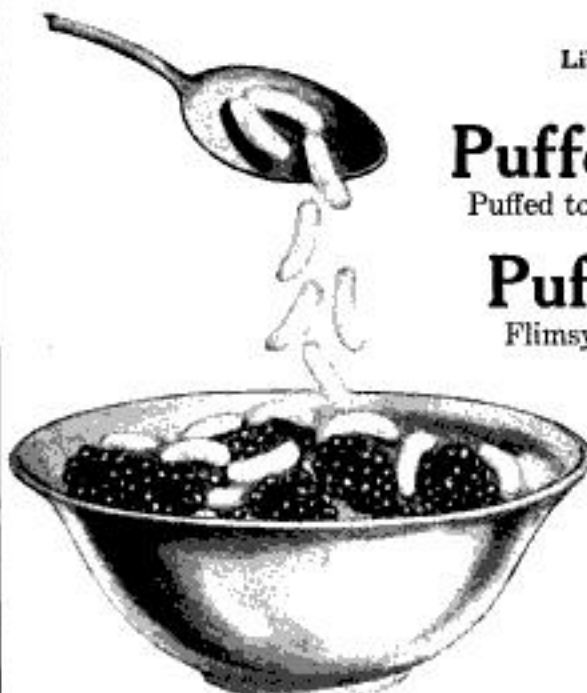
### Puffed to 8 times normal size.

## Puffed Rice

### Flimsy, flavory bubbles.

### Mix them with your berries

Puffed Rice adds a delicious blend to berries. The grains are fragile and flaky. They add as much as the cream and sugar. Try them in this way.



**The Quaker Oats Company** Sole Makers

# Better than a Hoe

*A short cut for midsummer gardeners*

IF YOU place water in an open bowl, it soon disappears through evaporation.

If you cover over or seal up your jar, your water remains in it indefinitely. Now, all gardening depends upon water. The earth is simply a great big bowl that is filled by the spring rains with water. If you allow that water to evaporate, your plants cannot grow. If you prevent that water from getting away by evaporation, your plants will thrive like unto the green bay tree of tradition. You can prevent evaporation by covering your ground with boards or stones. The water cannot then evaporate and must remain in the soil. But plants cannot grow through boards or stones, so something must be used that will keep the water in, as the boards do, but allow the plants to come up.

### Our Potato Testimonials

USUALLY, such a mulch is made of dust. That is the principal purpose of cultivation, to break the soil up so fine and make it so powdery that it acts as a mulch and prevents evaporation. Dust makes a very effective mulch. But it has one great drawback: every time it becomes wet, its value as a mulch is destroyed. Indeed, the hard, baked condition of the surface soil that comes as a result of rain is a wick rather than a mulch, and draws up the hidden moisture and evaporates it, just as a lamp wick feeds oil to the flame. So, in order to preserve your dust mulch, you must be forever using the hoe. But we have discovered that if you make the mulch of something like straw, or grass clippings, or other loose material, the moisture is held in the soil without further labor, the earth will not be beaten hard by violent rains, and the thick covering will effectively kill off weeds and other undesirable vegetation. The best time to apply this mulch is after the vegetables are well started and the soil has been given thorough cultivation.

In our three garden patches we practice mulching as extensively as possible. Living in the country, we allow the grass in our yard to grow longer than townfolk like to have it. This we cut and spread between the plants in the rows and between the rows, covering the soil completely except where the plants stand. It is considerable work to do this. But the grass has

to be cut, anyway, and it is much easier to spread the cuttings over the ground than to cultivate that soil all summer.

Potatoes are always our earliest crop. We cultivate them until the tops have jumped up six inches above ground, then we heavily mulch the potato area. After that, we let the tubers take care of themselves. At first our neighbors, curiously skeptical, said that we would have no potatoes, as our planting had gone all to tops. When we lifted the tops upright and found them four and a half feet long, it looked as though our neighbors might be right. But when we dug our tubers—and many of them were grubbled before they were one third their normal size—we lifted five bushels from one hundred and forty-five feet of row. And, planted as we had them, that was at the rate of something better than six hundred bushels to the acre.

With tomatoes, asparagus, and other vegetables, we have also tried out the mulching system. The effect on the asparagus was remarkable. Last year we applied the mulch in hot July after we had ceased cutting for the season, and when the plants apparently already had had their normal number of stalks. But very shortly new growth appeared; and shoots continued to come up until frost arrived. With our tomatoes the case was equally convincing. The yield of mulched plants was greatly in excess of that of the plants that were not mulched. Dr. Liberty H. Bailey shows in one of his books that mulching greatly increases the yield of tomatoes; and we have found it so.

### Instead of Bean Poles

IF EVEN a grasshopper can become a burden, fancy what the replenishing of the bean pole stock means when you grow beans of *lib*, as we do, and have to garner in your own poles. The worm turned in this case, too, and now we plant our beans along the wire fences that enclose our gardens, and let the vines clamber over the meshes. Another labor saver was the use of pea brush for navy beans. Our plants, supposed to be "semi-running," started to do a Marathon, and as we discovered this too late to put up a wire trellis we gathered up some discarded pea brush and saved the situation by thrusting it among the bean vines. LEWIS AND MARY THEISS.

# Wanted—a Washing Machine

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)

year, throughout most of this country, the weather is one of the laundry problems that haunts the home manager; a few wet or freezing days are sufficient to throw out of joint the most careful housework schedule. With a power wringer, however, the clothes are made so nearly dry that hanging outdoors ceases to be a necessity, save as fine sunshine suggests sweetening and whitening the linen.

There is almost a philosophy of washing-machines, a sort of law of compensation that makes it impossible to get everything out of one machine; if it is particularly speedy in operation, it may require better care, or wear out more quickly; if it is especially pleasing to the eye, it may need much scrubbing and polishing; if it saves a great deal of time, it may use more water, or be harder on the clothes; and so on throughout all the fine points of machine washing. Select the points that fit your needs, however, and you will be content; you may not have, technically speaking, the best machine possible, but you will have the machine that will do you the most good.

A final word of caution: If possible, buy a machine only after very adequate demonstration. If possible, insist on running the machine yourself, under the demonstrator's eye; if possible, have your machine set up by the agency, firm, or company that sold it. And, above all, on your first attempt to operate it, do not call in all your friends and neighbors to witness the performance. Become well acquainted with your machine

and its little idiosyncrasies (no machine is supposed to have these, but they all do); take it slowly and quietly until you feel quite able to toy with it with one hand, and serve tea with the other. When you have reached this stage, you may safely summon in your friends and proudly exhibit your new possession, sure that it will do you credit.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Contrary to the more or less widespread opinion that manufacturers of washing-machines try to confuse the average woman with a mass of technical language, or unreliable information, they are doing everything in their power to help women in the selection and use of the machine that will give each one the best individual service for her special requirements. A large group of these manufacturers have established a permanent educational agency for research and impartial demonstration. Through the work of such a department, the housewife will profit first by improvements made in the machines themselves; second, by the further education of the salesman and demonstrator more adequately to help her in solving the problems of home laundering, and finally through the cooperative work being done in research and publicity on laundry questions with home economies women all over the country.

That department is at the service of all women who care to avail themselves of its help—in answering individual questions or in planning programs for study for women's clubs and similar organizations.





# A Bagdad Grab

Combining romance and finance at a summer fête

By ANNE BIRRELL

WOULD you be willing to take charge of the grab?"

Our annual summer fête was at hand, and this message came over the telephone from the lady who owns the loveliest grounds in our town. I said "Yes," then, as she rang off, I gasped:

"The grab! How can anyone make money with that overworked, threadbare idea?"

A moment's thought and I remembered that all children and most grown-ups love the uncertainty, the mystery which surrounds parcels in a grab bag. With this idea, I began to analyze the chances of failure or success for the enterprise.

Against success loomed, first, competition with the more novel ideas in the way of stalls and entertainment; second, the large number of booths which would dot the grounds, all filled with pretty women and girls, vying for patronage. To be a success my "grab" must offer novelty, life, color, fun, and girls. But how could I interest girls?

I determined that I would not have the ordinary stall, and that I would distribute my sales girls all over the grounds. So when sites were allotted the different chairmen, I selected the big old English barn which had fallen into disuse since its owner had gone in for motoring. It was spotlessly clean. This we would use as a base of supplies, which, you notice, eliminated all expense of decorating a stall or booth.

Next I must plan the color, life, and fun, which would make the prettiest girls in town eager to act as vendors.

On this last necessity I built up the Bagdad grab.

TO THE average mind, Bagdad is a city of brilliant coloring, picturesque groups, laughter, and lovely women. I proceeded to read up on Bagdad and to study prints in our local library.

The books describing Eastern costumes contained so many fascinating ideas that for a few days I almost forgot the grab in the pleasure of reading about them. It was the easiest thing in the world to interest four lovely young girls in selling, when they heard that they had an opportunity to wear bright-colored Turkish costumes, and that they might move about and talk with their friends. The costumes required little time and trouble, because Eastern women depend for their effects not on set patterns, trimmings, and many stitches, but on vividness of color, contrast, and softness of line.

A slender girl with hazel-colored hair and eyes wore pale green harem-like trousers and bodice, with a shaded green girdle, and made music with the jingle of many gold and silver chains and bracelets. Another costume consisted of cerise-colored trousers, a deep violet blouse, green chiffon head-dress, and orange girdle. Each girl made her own costume, furnishing the materials—in some cases of crêpe paper, in others of gayly-dyed cheesecloth or cotton. One girl found bright pieces of crêpe de chine

and silk in her mother's sewing-room, contrasting the colors in true Turkish fashion.

In examining the pictures of Bagdad street scenes, I had discovered that there was a donkey in every crowd. My first group of street vendors should have a pattered donkey for its center. At first we thought we should have to compromise and use, instead of a donkey, a Shetland pony, or perhaps a big Newfoundland dog—or even a pet goat—when word came that a woman in a neighboring town would lend us her children's donkey.

We chose red, purple, and green

we used fir branches, which concealed the bareness of outline and furnished a bed of green on which the vegetables were placed. When the vegetables were finished, they presented so true and realistic an appearance that we agreed to have this a twenty-five-cent grab.

We next turned our attention to providing something especially interesting for the children. This must be funny—something to make them laugh. It did not take us long to hit upon the idea of a hurdy-gurdy man and a dancing monkey. There happened to be available for us a small monkey which had been a mascot with a group of American boys. Next, we planned our hand-organ, which was made of an ordinary grocery box, a broomstick, the handle of a meat grinder, and an old trunk strap. We painted the whole a shining black, pasted on a bright-colored picture, and had a fine hurdy-gurdy.

WE DECIDED to purchase salable articles by the dozen, and our list included soap dolls, celluloid animals, puzzles, toy trains, carts, and many other articles.

Now for the finances! We procured from a local merchant the use of his charge account, in order that we might buy the prizes at a wholesale establishment. When it is not possible to interest a local dealer, the mail order may be used. Goods which sold for one hundred dollars cost us twenty-five. Of forty-two dozen articles, or five hundred and four single toys, two hundred and fifty sold for fifteen cents; and the other two hundred and fifty-four prizes for twenty-five cents apiece.

It was with some trepidation that I piled the last green package into the donkey's panniers, and sent my lovely green lady and her Turkish escort down the driveway. The hurdy-gurdy man had started out just ten minutes before. What was my surprise when I turned around to find him clamoring for more bundles. There was only time to fill up his box when the vegetable cart returned.

We could have sold a hundred more grabs! But we felt we had accomplished something when we handed in the round sum of a hundred dollars.

The "grabs" of the hurdy-gurdy man caught the children



Your choice of prize-concealing push-cart vegetables

crêpe paper ribbons to hang from his ears, and two lovely attendants who would take in the money. One of the most popular boys in town, who owned a Turkish costume, offered to lead the donkey about the grounds while the girls sold their wares. The articles themselves we wrapped in purple, green, red, yellow, and blue tissue paper, still holding to our psychology of the drawing power of color. For these grabs we set a price of fifteen cents.

Further study of Eastern street scenes showed us that we must arrange for some sort of food vender. We finally decided on a push-cart filled with both vegetables and fruits—not real, of course, but as nearly so as a pair of scissors, paste, crêpe and tissue paper could make them. In every community there are people who enjoy fashioning just such novelties; in our small town several women met in afternoon and evening groups, and in a few hours completed the task of concealing prizes in paper cabbages, potatoes, turnips, apples, squashes, radishes, celery, and even spinach. There were also crisp heads of lettuce and luscious pink slices of watermelon, with black seeds pasted on.

WE OBTAINED from a local peddler the use of his push-cart, and in order to give it the appearance of carts used in the East we covered the wheels with dingy bagging to take the place of wooden wheels. To make the cart festive,



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# The Tower Room

## A Department for Girls

Conducted by  
ANNE  
BRYAN MCCALL



## The Desire to be Liked

### "The Story that gave our boy his start—"

To many a boy some particular story or item in THE AMERICAN BOY proves the inspiration and incentive that give him the right start in life.

You can never tell just when, sitting alone, fascinated, absorbed in THE AMERICAN BOY, in hushed contact with actual life, the thrill to emulate, to do for himself, will run through him. Out of all its splendid material, big, constructive, helpful departments, he'll find interest and inspiration aplenty to suit his particular bent and to fire his ambition.

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IF I were asked what human desire shows itself oftenest in the letters you girls write me, I should say, without hesitation, the desire to be liked.

One girl writes to ask me the name of a good etiquette book; another wants me to advise her how to get better education; another wants me to help her to become a good conversationalist; another begs me to tell her how to overcome shyness, and self-consciousness; another longs to win fame; another longs for friends. Now, all these girls are seeking by different means, the same end—the approval of others.

I could not exaggerate this hunger for the approval of others. I see it on all sides of me, not only in the Tower Room, but outside of it as well. Sometimes it seems to me as though we were a good deal like people in a fairy tale, living under some kind of enchantment, all of us seeking, seeking this particular treasure. This girl looks, hoping to find it in one place, that one hopes to find it in another; another is perfectly sure that if only she could get a certain place unlocked she would find the treasure there. "If only I were beautiful!" ... "If only I had the opportunities that other girls have!" ... "If only I could get over my shyness!"

And all of these are seeking exactly the same thing that you and I—whether we are quite willing to admit it or not—also hold dear, the approval of others.

This is, I think, such a fundamental longing that none of us ever are or ever should be quite free from it. Indeed, I believe this hunger and thirst for the approval of others is somewhat like the hunger and thirst of the body. I believe it is essential to growth and development of the faculties of the mind and spirit and character; as those are to the body's faculties; and wherever you find, in just proportion, this hunger for approval, and this "thirst for consideration," as Stevenson calls it, you are almost sure to find a life that is full of lovely energy and eager activities.

But just as there are morbid hunger and thirst of the body, amounting to greediness and intemperateness, so you sometimes find this other hunger and thirst to an extent that may be called morbid. A desire for the approval of others is one of the good things of life; one of the things to be cherished and honored. It is only when we have too much of it that it becomes a deterring thing, an impediment.

The desire for the approval of others, if we carry it too far, turns back upon ourselves and becomes self-consciousness, egotism; for to care too much to have others like us is only egotism at heart; and egotism is only too great a caring about ourselves; and too great a caring about ourselves is, obviously, caring too little about others.

So it comes around in a circle, you see; and caring too much for the approval of others is really caring too little about them; and too much about ourselves.

### Forgetting Ourselves

THIS, I believe, is the key to all the loneliness and shyness and unhappiness and thwarted ambition that so many of you girls write me about.

If only we could care enough about others, so that we could really enter into their lives and their happiness, then ease and happiness would come to us, for the very moment we can really enter fully into the lives of others, we can forget ourselves.

This forgetting of one's self is not half so difficult as you think; but, like most other worth-while things, it cannot be accomplished at once.

"I am horribly self-conscious," one girl writes "but, oh, Anne McCall, please don't say the way all the other people do: 'Stop thinking about yourself.' That is exactly the matter. I can't."

Suppose we put it this way: The habit of thinking of ourselves has grown upon us. It cannot be broken all at once; but we can deal with it little by little by making a definite effort each day to form another habit which shall displace this one; namely, the habit of thinking of others.

Work at this consciously each day. When you get up in the morning say, "Now what am I going to do to-day for others? What are some of the things that other people need; and what can I do to fill those needs?"

This, if you are really in earnest, will soon "start something." It will set you to thinking of the definite needs of definite people. Follow this up, and before long you will find yourself paying a visit or tendering your services, or offering some kindness. And if you continue to be really earnest about the matter you will soon find one thing leading to another, and almost before you know it the old habit of thinking of self will be displaced by the habit of thinking of others.

The mind that is growing and ripening is always the mind that is gaining a better and better understanding of others. A child has practically no understanding of others, and no great desire for it. Leave a child to itself, and, as a rule, it will try to understand only such things as bear on its own immediate likings and desires. Knowledge for the sake of others it rarely seeks; and trying to understand others, merely for the purpose of understanding them, is practically unknown to it. The richest and maturest minds, on the contrary, the well-developed minds of great and capable and noble people are very nearly constantly engaged in problems of understanding and serving their fellow-beings. An Emerson, a Lincoln, a Shakespeare, those ripe, mature minds and souls have long ago given over petty or troubled thought about self. The world exists for them to know, to study, to understand, to love.

It is practically impossible, I believe, for men to understand the world without at the same time longing to serve it; and it is impossible to serve the world and remember ourselves.

Promise yourself that no day shall go by without your learning and understanding others somewhat, and serving them a little; and I can promise you that your self-consciousness will slip away, and by and by disappear entirely.

It is of no use to suppose that anyone can give you a quick recipe for being liked. There is no short cut that I know of to charm and loveliness and understanding; but the road I have pointed out will surely bring you to your destination.

You tell me that you want the approval of your fellow-beings. You want a good time, and happy un-self-conscious entertainment. That is natural, perhaps; but try to remember that it is the childish and immature mind that is forever demanding pleasures and comforts for itself; the unegotistical and mature mind and nature is forever bestowing. The immature demands; the mature, gives; the one has an overweening desire to be loved; the other loves—it is as simple as that.

Learn to demand less, and give more. Learn to give and give, of your interest and your attention, and your understanding, and your kindness; and, above all, remember that true giving neither demands nor exacts reward. The giving which demands a return is not giving at all; it is exchanging, trading, bargaining.

If you are self-conscious, then learn to give; give your interest, your help, your knowledge, your love of people, without demanding that people give you consideration and approval in return. Just give, in one form or another, all through this month, and see what comes of it. Perhaps you think you will be misunderstood. I think it very likely you will. But I cannot think that that matters a great deal. "But I should feel like such a fool, if I were misunderstood," says one girl. Perhaps so; but we are not discussing "feelings" and "misunderstandings." You have asked me, I may say begged me, to tell you how to get rid of your self-consciousness; and I am trying to tell you what will cure it, banish it for always from your life. Once really learn to give instead of asking perpetually to receive, and your problems of self-consciousness will be solved.

### Understanding Ourselves

SO FAR, I have spoken only of trying to understand others as a means of becoming less conscious of self. There is a further means as well; I mean trying gradually better and better to understand ourselves.

Perhaps this advice may seem to you inconsistent. If we are trying to get rid of self-consciousness, is it wise to think of self at all? Would that not merely increase our self-consciousness? But it is self-knowledge that I have in mind, rather than self-consciousness, and the two are as different as day and night. The more we really understand ourselves, the less we shall find that we are different from others, the more we shall realize that in fundamentals we are all immensely alike. The human nature that you sometimes find it so difficult to understand in others is precisely the same human nature that actuates your own loves and doubts and fears and satisfactions. The thing that you criticize in others is not different at all from the possibilities of your own nature, had it had the experience and training that these people have had. The person I hate is only myself as I might have been; the person I love is myself as I might be. It is not, I think, that we so little understand each other and therefore are ill at ease, as that we so little understand the deep powers and motives and possibilities of human nature itself. I believe it will help you to overcome self-consciousness if you remember that we are all so closely allied, humanly. Why should any of us have fear or discomfort in the presence of others? Try to remember that the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady really are sisters under their skins.

The more, therefore, that you know and understand of human nature, both in yourself and others, the more you will know of this sistership. Good reading, too, is an immense help. A great book like "Vanity Fair," or "The Newcomes," which shows us human beings as they really are—stressing neither their glory nor their folly—but admitting and understanding each of these, is a lesson in human nature and the heart's behavior. There are good books of to-day, too; but I mention the old and tried and great ones because, first of all, they are within the reach of everyone, and time and the faith of many men have removed all doubt as to their truth and their greatness. With the aid of these and a thoughtful living of real life, I cannot see why any girl, no matter how self-conscious, should not learn in time to understand and love and serve all those human beings with whom her life puts her in contact—which is to say that she will lose self-consciousness altogether.

Address all letters to Anne Bryan McCall, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# The Greatest Sandwich in the World



## It's Ham!

—that most wonderful taste for sandwiches ever made! *But*—it isn't just every-day ham, sliced and slapped into sandwiches that pull and tear apart as you bite into them!

No! *This* ham is cooked ever so tenderly in covered kettles that *keep* in all that bewitching savor and aroma of the salt and sugar curing and hickory smoking. Then it's chopped fine and mixed with the famous old Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and mild spices, until the piquant—not too hot—seasoning penetrates every ham fibre.

*This* ham, spread on thin, crustless slices of fresh white bread!—and you've the Greatest Sandwich in the World.

And listen to this—It costs *less per sandwich* than sliced or home-chopped ham.

Has only one rival—That's Underwood Deviled Tongue—another slick sandwich maker with another tempting taste created in a similar way.

Get a can today and make some of these world's greatest sandwiches. If your grocer hasn't Underwood Deviled Ham or Deviled Tongue, send us his name and 25c for can of either to try. Makes 12 big sandwiches. Both cans, 50c.

### Free Recipe Book

"The Little Red Devil Recipes" contains not only novel sandwich combinations, but new salads, omelets, croquettes, etc., as delicious as the sandwiches. In sending, mention grocer's name.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY  
54 Fulton Street Boston, Mass.



Look for this seal on Underwood Sardines, Clam Chowder, Clams in Bouillon, Flaked Fish, and Corned Beef Hash.



# Underwood Deviled Ham or Deviled Tongue

*"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"*



**Do You  
Need  
Money?**



### Write to Me Now!

*and I will tell you an  
easy way to have  
more money to spend*

Thousands of women have a vital need for more money—to meet the present cost of living—to pay off a mortgage or buy a home—to educate their children—to pay doctors' bills—to tide them over this period of unemployment—there are many reasons why.

Thousands of women have been helped in this problem and now have money to spend and a permanent assured income by becoming our representatives and selling our

### World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

to their friends and neighbors. As we have shown them, we can show you a fine independent way to have more money to spend.

### We Have Helped More Than 24,000 Women

They are now enjoying large and prosperous businesses with constantly increasing sales. With our help their incomes are growing larger every day.

One woman made over \$200 in twenty-one days. By our help one mother of two small children is banking \$50 each month after paying all expenses. An ex-school teacher makes \$1800 a year. Two California women are making a weekly average of \$50 apiece year after year.

### This is Your Chance Write Today

Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary. We show you how to make money in our congenial and profitable way. Our advertising makes sales easy—the quality holds the trade.

Write today! We will be glad to send you our beautifully illustrated catalog and show you how easy it is to become a World's Star Money Maker. We give you protected territory and prompt deliveries.

*We have been in business  
here for twenty-six years.*



**Surprisingly  
easy to work  
wonders with**

### Rick Rack Braid

Take the plainest little dress—finish it off with NUFASHOND Rick Rack Braid. You'll marvel at the touch of daintiness you have added. For trimming lingerie, aprons, bureau scarfs, doilies, etc. And so easy to do! Just follow the instructions in our Nufashond Rick Rack Book (Vol. 4), at your Notion and Needlework departments and stores. Or for 10c we will send you the book; for 25c the book and one piece of braid.

*NUFASHOND*

Dept. H

Reading, Pa.

# The Popular Peter Pan and Flapper Models

*in New Fall  
Sweaters*



*Designed  
by  
HELEN  
MARVIN*

**C**OPIED from an imported model in an entirely new stitch, the exquisite little dress-up silk slip-over above is designed to be worn with a sports satin or crepe de chine skirt. The stitch is called the "drop and stocking stitch," knit to form a block effect. Note that the collar is an excellent shape, and is tipped with two silk tassels.

*Illustrated leaflets with directions for three new knitted dresses for school wear, ages 2 to 6, 6 to 10, 10 to 18, will be sent for 10 cents each, or all three for 15 cents. Order CK-168.*



*Further information about the sports hats, skirts, and shoes shown on this page, prices, and name of shop where they can be purchased will be sent on request, with knitting directions.*

**R**OMAN stripe in popcorn stitch is the feature of the little model above. The sweater buttons and unbuttons cunningly in the new way for about six inches down from the neck. A crocheted cord and tassel holds it in becomingly at the waist line.

**D**IRECTIONS for making any one of these exclusive sweaters, or a knitted smock with pointed bottom border, not illustrated here, will be sent for ten cents; or directions for all three sweaters, including also the smock directions, will be sent for twenty-five cents. These are prepared in new convenient leaflet form, a photograph of the model on one side of the page and the directions on the opposite side. Order CK-170 and address Knitting Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# Smart Clothes for College Girls to Embroider

Designed by  
EVELYN PARSONS



2018-A

THE exceptionally fetching little hat above, made of dark blue duvetyn, embroidered with white angora, is the simplest possible model to make. It is cut in two pieces and the only stiffening is a head band two and a half inches deep.

2018-A—Hat stamped on blue duvetyn \$3.50  
White angora yarn .75  
Transfer (yellow), cutting lines included .25

ALSO of blue duvetyn is the very modish sports hat in the center circle, with yarn embroidery around the crown in blue, tan, green, and brown, and a jaunty tassel of all these colors combined. The embroidery is in simple running stitch and can be done in a few hours' time. A narrow braid made of the different colored strands of the yarn finishes the top and base of the crown. As the only stiffening is in the canvas brim, this hat can be crushed down flat for packing in a suit case.

2020-A—Hat stamped on blue duvetyn \$3.50  
Colored yarn and made tassel .70  
Transfer (yellow), cutting lines included .25



2020-A

THIS stunning girdle, which may be worn with equal effectiveness for a scarf, is made of black satin (nine inches wide) embroidered with white angora. The ends have a deep fringe of black embroidery ribbon, while the edges are finished with a chain-stitch of the angora.

2021-A—Transfer (yellow) \$ .20

YOU do not have to know how to embroider to make this effective little afternoon frock, for the embroidery is really only couching and crochet. A cord, made of white Germantown or heavy sweater yarn in a very tight single crochet, is sewed onto the flower design (about a yard is required for one flower and leaf spray), and the flower centers are then filled with French knots. A single strand of the yarn is couched over the rest of the design, the couching being done with two threads of twist. The frock itself is very simple to make, consisting of a one-piece blouse (cutting lines are given with the transfer) and a straight two-piece skirt measuring fifty-four inches

around. The blouse is fastened up the center back with a row of crêpe-covered buttons, and the buttons extend down the skirt to the embroidery. As pictured, the gown is made of dark blue Canton crêpe embroidered in white, but the design lends itself to any preferred color combination.

2023-A—Transfer pattern (yellow) of design, including cutting lines for the blouse (sizes 16, 18, 20) \$ .50

2019-A—Tam stamped on blue duvetyn cloth \$1.50  
Colored yarn for embroidery .50  
Transfer (yellow), cutting lines included .25



2019-A

THIS most becoming tam of dark blue velour cloth has yarn embroidery done in darning stitch in bright shades of blue, magenta, purple, and green. The head band is finished at the front with a ribbon band and flat tailored bow, while at the back an elastic is run through the band so that the tam fits the head perfectly. (Price list is given below.)



2023-A

The low square neck may be filled in with white tucked georgette



2022-A

Please be sure to state the size transfer pattern desired for the dresses—16, 18, or 20

IN RESPONSE to the many demands we have had for white underwear, we are going to offer in the September number some new models made of dainty checked white dimity. We are also going to show two unusually attractive slip-on blouses to be worn with suits. One blouse is of crêpe embroidered with yarn; the other of beaded georgette.

THE popular sports frock with college and high-school girls is a plaited skirt and slip-on blouse, made of colored jersey or flannel. An attractive combination is a tan jersey blouse embroidered with dark brown yarn and worn with a dark brown skirt, or the skirt may also be tan, if preferred. For the Grecian border design pictured we provide a paper pattern. The paper is basted to the material and the yarn is couched down, the paper being afterward torn away. Germantown or a heavy sweater yarn should be used for the embroidery and a silk twist for couching. The collar is of coarse white linen, blanket-stitched with the colored yarn, while the cuffs are of the embroidered jersey, and consequently far more practical than cuffs of white linen.

2022-A—Paper pattern of Grecian border design, with a cutting pattern of the blouse included (sizes 16, 18, 20) \$ .35



## Please, for Baby's Sake

MOTHERS OF AMERICA: Here is a real Message about babies so please, for baby's sake, read it carefully.

**A** noted baby specialist—a frequent visitor at our research laboratory—has informed us that the infantile death rate is literally three times as great in summer as in winter!

"Tell mothers," says this physician, "to be very careful all during summer."

"Tell them that wakeful, restless babies lose vitality—that sound sleep builds a health-wall which says to summer ills: 'Thou shalt not pass!'"

It is impossible to list all this splendid man's ideas for safeguarding baby during the trying hot-weather months. Using a special baby powder was one of the foremost.

For over thirty years, Johnson's Baby Powder has been the choice of physicians and nurses. Johnson's is not a "grown folks' talcum" labeled for babies, but the baby powder made especially for babies.

You know how a wee bit of itching has sometimes kept you awake for hours! Multiply this by a baby's amazingly tender skin, and you will realize more than ever how vital coolness and comfort are to baby—how important it is to use an out-and-out baby powder on the delicate skin.

How will your baby be this summer? Will it know the blessed comfort of frequent powdering with Johnson's Baby Powder? For baby's sake, make sure by telling your druggist to send you, today, several tins of Johnson's.

Patronize your druggist whenever you can. He is more than a merchant—a professional man, rendering unusual service.

**Johnson & Johnson**  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. U.S.A.

World's Largest Makers  
of Surgical Dressings



Actual photo of five-months-old Ivan and Irvin Johnson, 214 West 21st Street, Chryenne, Wyoming.

## How wonderful to claim perfect health for your babies!

"THEY have never been sick a day," writes Mrs. Johnson, of the two chubby little youngsters pictured above.

And no wonder. They are true Eagle Brand babies—"raised on Eagle Brand exclusively." Mrs. Johnson adds, "and I would certainly recommend Eagle Brand to all mothers who have to raise their babies on prepared foods."

Your baby is too precious to experiment upon. If he is not doing well, don't select a food at random. Try Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—it has been building sturdy children for sixty-three years.

Always uniform—healthful—pure. At your grocer's.

THE BORDEN COMPANY  
Borden Building New York

**Borden's EAGLE BRAND**  
Condensed Milk

## "Three I Love, I Say" A trio of Better Babies in daisy time



Look behind the bouquet and you'll see Better Baby Grayson, in the picture his father took with him to France

Out in Kansas, we just smile like this all the time, says happy little Bobby Howell, a better boy, at the right



Here's a whole bunch of Susans—little blue-eyed Susan Brown Watkins is getting acquainted with her black-eyed Susan namesakes. Daisies won't tell, but we will, that blue-eyed Susan is a Better Baby

## What the Better Babies Bureau Is And how to secure its help

**THE EXPECTANT MOTHERS' CIRCLE:** Any woman eligible, whether she is a subscriber to the COMPANION or not, may become a member, receiving each month a letter of advice on the care of herself and the preparation for her baby. Several practical little pamphlet circulars showing designs for maternity dresses and a common-sense layette are some of the helps sent with the letters. No matter at what period you enter, everything from the first month will be sent. No mention of the Better Babies Bureau is made on the envelopes in which the material is mailed. Enclose a self-addressed envelope with Fifty Cents in stamps, for postage, and state what month you expect your baby.

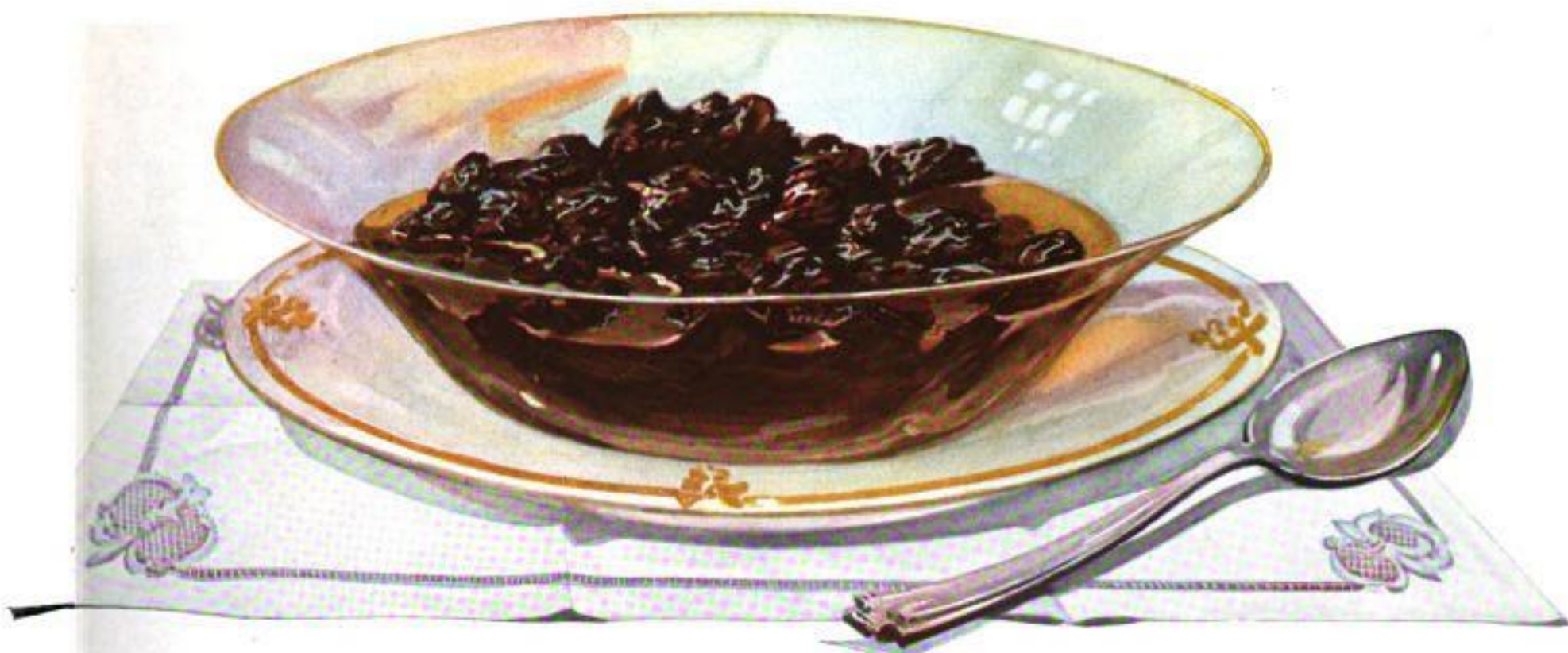
**THE MOTHERS' CLUB:** Every mother of young children is eligible and need not be a subscriber to the COMPANION to join. Pamphlets, together with monthly letters of instruction on the care and feeding of babies under one year of age (covering such subjects as colic, constipation, weaning, teething, etc.), will be sent to any mother who sends Fifty Cents in stamps and states the age of her baby. There are also leaflets giving diet lists, and other helps for babies from one year of age to three years. This literature is all included in the Mothers' Club's monthly service, but if the letters are not desired the additional literature will be sent for Ten Cents. A self-addressed stamped envelope will bring a prompt reply to every inquiry.

**THE COUNCIL-ROOM:** Anybody interested in promoting the Better Babies movement through contests, health exhibits, club work, etc., may write us for suggestions and literature. Libraries, Milk Stations, Child-Welfare Leagues, Colleges or Schools may secure our set of seven Better Babies Health Posters, 22 by 26 inches in size, also literature for distribution. Address BETTER BABIES BUREAU, or Mrs. Caroline French Benton, Counselor, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

**REMEMBER** the new Baby Announcements in cute folder form, with Mr. Stark on the cover and a cunning little verse inside. Price,

five cents each, with envelope. Address Baby Announcements, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.





### Stewed Raisins

Cover one-half package of Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and soak over night. In the morning add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on the fire in the same water in which they have been soaked and allow to cook slowly for thirty minutes. Sugar may be added, but it is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Raisins contain natural fruit sugar. Serve with or without cream.

## "A Beauty Sleep"—and then "A Beauty Breakfast"

*Try it for 30 days—to prove*

This is what thousands do at the direction of experts to win back the healthful rose tint to pale cheeks.

They take regular exercise, sleep regular hours, and then start breakfast with stewed raisins.

The raisins are plump, delicious fruit-meats stewed so the juice forms a luscious sauce. Note recipe printed on this page. A more alluring fruit dish never has been served in any home—nor any other food that's more effective in this way.

You'll serve stewed raisins every morning when you know the good they do.

### Luscious nuggets of food-iron

Raisins are nuggets of food-iron—and food-iron is an essential to good blood.

Get what you need of it each day, and an incomparable, natural rose tint on the cheeks is the reward—nature's irresistible attraction—the good looks of good health. No need to imitate with rouge when nature thus provides.

Youthfulness is the real beauty, as every woman knows. And good blood is the first consideration. Women of fifty often look but thirty if that *natural* rose tint is still there.



Stewed raisins are mildly laxative also. Those who eat them regularly are apt to have the clear, white skin that sets the color off—unmarred by blemishes or sallowness.

So this simple but effective food is one of the most important that any woman ever used.

Be sure to mail coupon below for "100 Raisin Recipes," a valuable free book that every woman ought to have.

• • • •

Always use Sun-Maid Raisins for your every cooking need. Made from California's tenderest, sweetest, juiciest table grapes, noted for their fragile skins.

Packed in a great sun-lighted, glass-walled plant. Sweet, clean, wholesome American raisins—the kind you know are good.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem). All dealers. Insist upon the Sun-Maid Brand.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to use.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.

Membership 15,000 Growers

Dept. M-608, Fresno, California

### Cut This Out and Send It

California Associated Raisin Co.  
Dept. M-608, Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

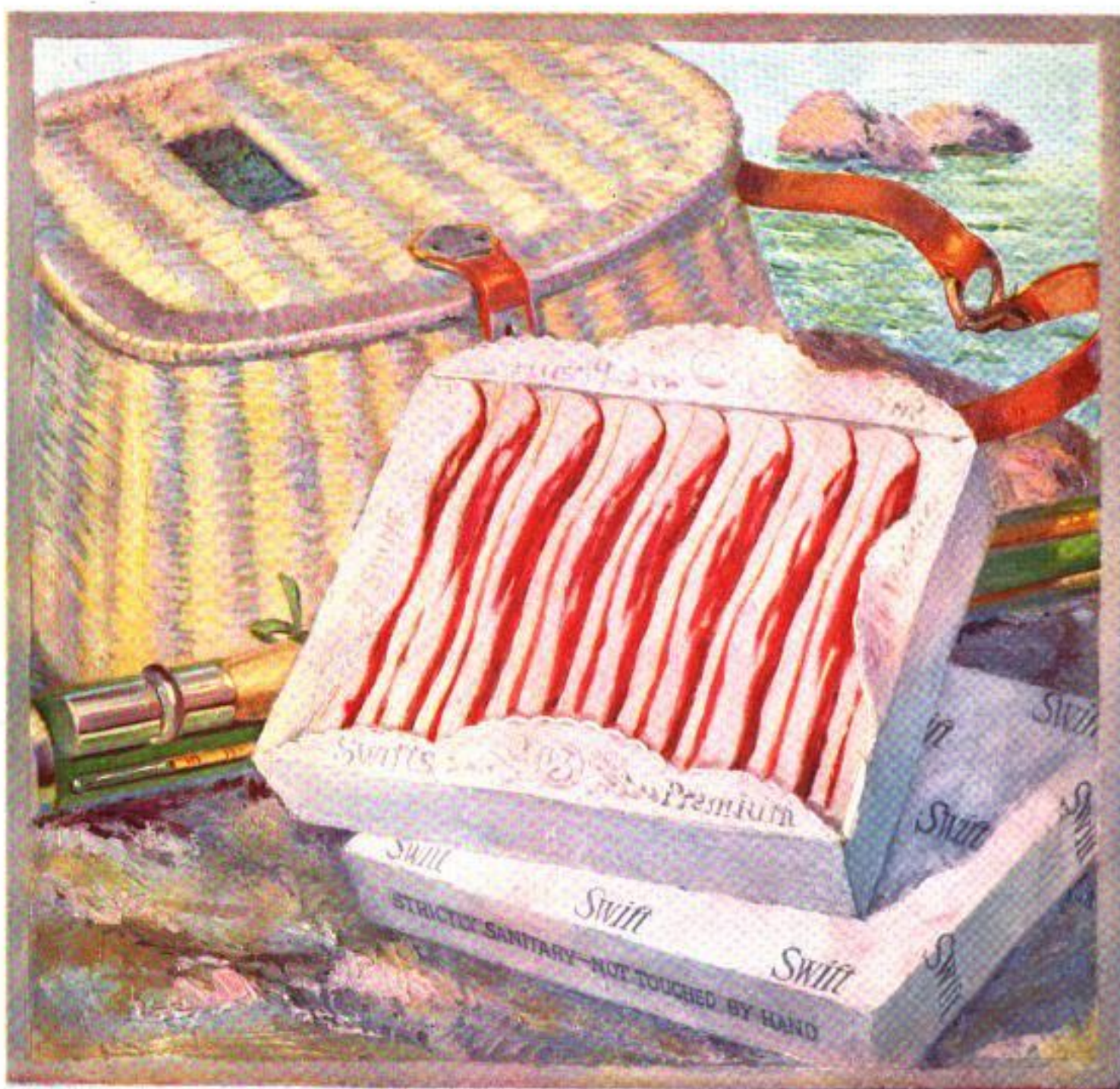
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# SUN-MAID

# RAISINS





## Premium Bacon – the meat for outdoor meals!

Whether you go for a month's camping trip or a single picnic supper in the woods, you will agree with Henry Van Dyke that "all the problems of outdoor cooking are best solved by the baconian method."

And when it is Swift's Premium Bacon, it makes such an appetizing, satisfying meal—it adds zest to any foods you may combine it with—and the drippings make a savory fat for frying

fish or flap-jacks. No other bacon has the same perfect flavor, or quite the same delicate balance of fat and lean as Swift's Premium.

Experts pick out the finest pieces to receive the special Premium cure.

This cure and the right period of hanging in the smoke of hardwood fires give Premium Bacon its savory flavor, its tender firmness.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's  
Premium  
Bacon



*You will always get the same fine quality in Premium Bacon—whether you buy it by the piece or sliced, in glass jars and sanitary cartons.*



# Your Church Flowers

None that swear  
at each other  
admitted



Round the year  
hints by MARY  
BRADSHAW TYRRELL.

REMEMBER that flowers, seen across a large room, will be judged by the mass effect rather than by the beauty of the separate blossoms, and the best impression is made by a cluster large enough to give a spot of color of appreciable size; the more dimly the church is lighted, the more positive the color effect that should be sought.

It is unwise to try to combine too many striking color effects in one decorative scheme. The best effects are secured when masses of one flower are used, for even if colors vary, the tints of such flowers as peonies or asters will be harmonious. An abundance of white flowers and of foliage used in the arrangement will help to tone down jarring combinations.

Cut the flowers with the longest possible stems and with plenty of leaves, and place them in some container that will allow them to stand apart with loose, graceful effect. A perforated flower holder or wire frame fitted down into the vase will help to hold them up. If such holders are not at hand, stiff twigs may be cut and crowded down into the vase at varying angles, and they serve the same purpose.

## What Kind of Vases Have You?

THE tall bouquet makes the better showing: seen from the body of the church, a flat mass hardly shows its beauty. If the smaller flowers, such as sweet peas or nasturtiums, are to be used, a pyramid can be built up from these blossoms that fulfills all requirements. A large shallow bowl, a smaller, deeper bowl inside this, and a taller vase inside this, all of clear glass or of plain china, with the flowers loosely laid in each, builds up a beautiful mass of color. The deeper tints should be at the base of the pyramid, but anything like a geometrical arrangement should be avoided.

If asparagus or other delicate foliage is laid thickly down in the water, and the flower stems are thrust among this greenery, they make a more graceful showing.

Short stems, as those of violets or pansies, may be stuck in a pan of wet sand, and the pan tipped enough to give a view of the cushion of bloom to those in the pews.

The vases that a church accumulates for flower holders are likely to be cast-off monstrosities. Tall, clear glass vases, plain stone jars or bowls, can often be found on the ten-cent counter, and serve their purpose as flower holders more effectively than decorated china. A graceful basket, with a container for water fitted inside it, may be the most suitable flower holder for a desired effect, if the handle is right.

The members of the committee who have these decorations in charge from week to week should be chosen, not only for their willingness and energy but also for their artistic sense; they will need alertness to spy out possibilities in the gardens of their friends, and they will also need tact to ward off undesirable offerings.

It is disheartening for the committee to work out a beautiful scheme of pink and white and green for an early spring Sunday, to solicit geraniums in the desired colors and have them all arranged with an eye to the best effect, and then to have the woman-who-must-not-be-offended bring a pot

## Larkspur Sunday Next Week

All blue flowers  
heartily welcomed  
by  
the flower committee

Please bring to vestry  
before four o'clock  
Saturday afternoon

secure, depending on the season; other members may be appointed to serve with them from month to month.

An announcement on the church calendar, or on the bulletin board, or by poster in the church vestibule, a week in advance, of the kind or color of flowers wanted for any Sunday will help to bring them.

A "snowball day," one or two "peony days," a day when erinacium ramblers and field daisies were banded in profusion, another when masses of the soft pink Dorothy Perkins roses bloomed around the pulpit, one midsummer day when tall stalks of blue delphinium filled the vases are long to be remembered in a certain church.

Late in the summer, when flowers are not so easy to get, a telephone call to friends whose gardens are known to abound in certain varieties will bring galliardia, or coreopsis, or gladioli, or cosmos, or hydrangeas; these last are effective in all stages from white to greenish bronze.

Someone who grows zinnias in all the modern, improved varieties, will plant a larger bed of them if the flower committee asks it and glorious masses of color can be arranged up to the time of the hard frosts. The calendula or pot marigold gives a fine display of color in tones of yellow until late fall.

In winter, when flowers are hard to borrow and expensive to buy, potted plants, ferns, begonias and the like may be borrowed on all but the coldest days, when they might freeze between the house and the church.

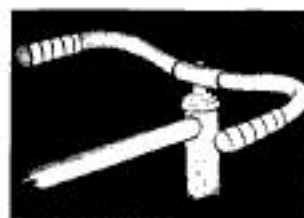
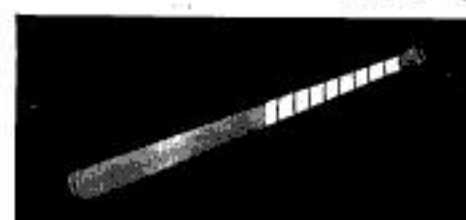
## Bittersweet and Oak Leaves

ONE committee keeps on hand branches of bittersweet vines with the scarlet berries, and uses them when there is nothing else to be had. Another committee invested several dollars in bulbs for forcing and gave them out to volunteers.

In some churches the beautiful custom of memorial decorations has grown up.

Since the purpose of the flowers around the pulpit is to help the preacher make his strongest impression, his wish should be law for the committee. Naturally, he does not wish the decorations so placed that his view of the congregation is in any way obstructed; often he is sensitive to the overpowering odor of some blossoms placed too near him; or a vase standing on the pulpit makes him nervous for fear he may upset it. He should not be obliged to rearrange the flowers to do away with these annoyances.

The work of the committee is not finished when the decorations are arranged. The flowers will give pleasure to the shut-ins at home or hospital and should not be allowed to wither in the vases in an empty church.



# A Mender with a Thousand Uses

Observe these few pictures to note the many possibilities of Tirro, the new and handy mender. Your own imagination will think of dozens of others. Hardly a day passes but that Tirro would save you money, time and inconvenience.



## Water- proofed **Tirro** The Ideal Mending Tape

Tirro is a water-proofed fabric tape, on a convenient spool. It sticks to anything and stays stuck. China, metal, wood, glass, rubber, anything can be mended with Tirro.

Tirro stops leaks. It patches tears. It strengthens split handles. It holds things together. It insulates.

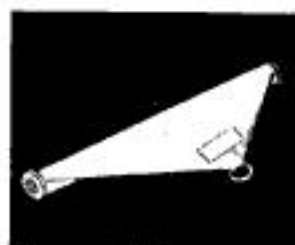
Cut it any size. Or wrap it once or many fold. It adapts itself to

almost every sort of emergency and is instantly ready, without wetting or heating. It cannot spill. It keeps fresh. Tirro comes in two sizes. Prices in the United States:

3/4 inch wide, 30c; 1 1/8 inches wide, 50c. It can be bought at all druggists, and once you try it, you'll

keep it handy at home, office and shop.

## Tirro in Time Saves Many a Dime



## Free Trial Strip

Merely write us and we'll send a sample strip of Tirro free, together with our Book of a Thousand Uses. Then you'll realize what a friendly little helper Tirro is and how it saves money for you.

**BAUER & BLACK**

Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

## FREE TRIAL STRIP

BAUER & BLACK  
2500 Dearborn St., Chicago

Mail me strip of Tirro—also book.



## "She is So Different Now!"



**S**HE used to be shy." "Never had a word to say. But now—" "Why, she talks so entertainingly—see how popular she is, too!" "Yes, she dresses stunningly." "What changed her? I'd give a fortune to know."

Who is she? Just a plucky little girl who, five years ago, was so shy and timid—a "fraid-cat," you might say. Now her friends tell her she is so different and whisper just the nicest things about her.

Now, for what she says changed her, I think I'll let her tell you that herself:

Pin-Money Club work has added new zest and interest to my life.

A friend of mine who had not seen me for a long time said, "You seem so different now. You are brighter, happier, and talk more."

I really think the Club has done this for me. When I first joined I was too quiet—so timid and shy. I am different now, and feel very thankful—Club work has been such good training for me.

The work has been such a pleasure. The money I have earned has given me so many nice things that my regular salary could not buy for me. *Irma Wells, Pennsylvania.*

### THAT'S WHY SHE'S DIFFERENT NOW

**S**O IF you are tired of just existing, doing without pleasure and all the luxuries that your friends are enjoying, it will be worth your while to look into this Club of ours.

To be sure, it's a friendly Club as well as a money-making one. Yes, it is a Companion department, too. A money-making department where thousands of Companion readers have earned extra money—sometimes living money.

Zillah Hickox is a little and charming young lady living in a small Connecticut town, and she is so thankful to the P. M. C.:

Because it is a delightful way to earn just what the Club's name implies—pin-money—right at home.

Because here's where we can show our "pep" and earn a gift now and

then—such very nice rewards for a little extra effort.

Mrs. J. M. Rose, a New York member, a newcomer, writes, "I can't stop."

I wanted that watch and immediately got busy. Now I can't stop, and am going to continue as my time will allow from my home duties.

### DIDN'T THINK IT POSSIBLE

**D**OWN in Alabama there lives a bright little schoolgirl who, like all girls, couldn't help longing for more spending money. Though she read about the P. M. C., she just didn't believe that—Perhaps I'd better let her tell you, too:

When I first read about the Pin-Money Club I did not think that such things could be possible. I finally made up my mind to see for myself.

In a short time, back came a letter that fairly made me tingle with desire; and the work, it was so easy.

I can't begin to say how glad I am that I have joined, but I do know how glad I can be when the dollars roll in.

Then another thing, the lovely, friendly letters! Not at all like stiff, formal business letters that one usually gets. Oh, I can't begin to enumerate the blessings of the Club. *Harriet Goldstein.*

If you have been a "doubting Thomas," write to-day. Yes, even if you are still doubtful. It makes no difference how far away you may live. We

have members in all parts of America, and they are finding pleasure, and money too, in this wonderful, friendly Club of ours.

There are no dues or initiation fees, nor will you have to give a certain number of hours to our work—you just give the time you can. Write for our beautiful booklet, "The Pin-Money Club Has a Way." Send your letter to

*Margaret Clarke*

Secretary Pin-Money Club  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION  
Department 12

416 W. 13th Street New York City

## Baskets from Vacation Haunts

Designed by

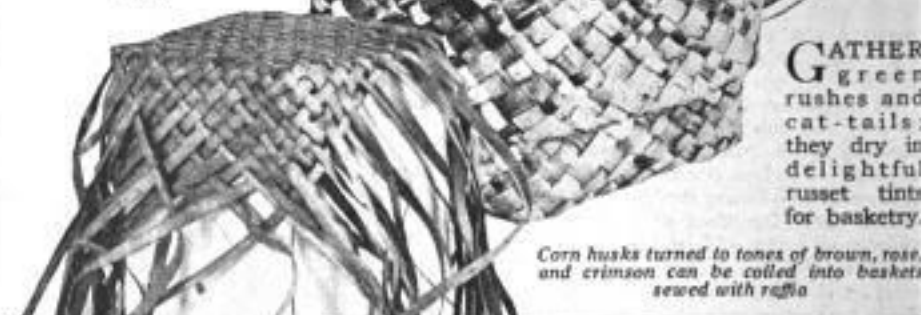
CARRIE D. McCOMBER

**T**HE rush handkerchief basket with telescope cover is woven in shape over a cardboard box.



**G**ATHER green rushes and cat-tails; they dry in delightful russet tints for basketry.

Corn husks turned to tones of brown, rose, and crimson can be coiled into baskets sewed with raffia.



Grass combines with husks



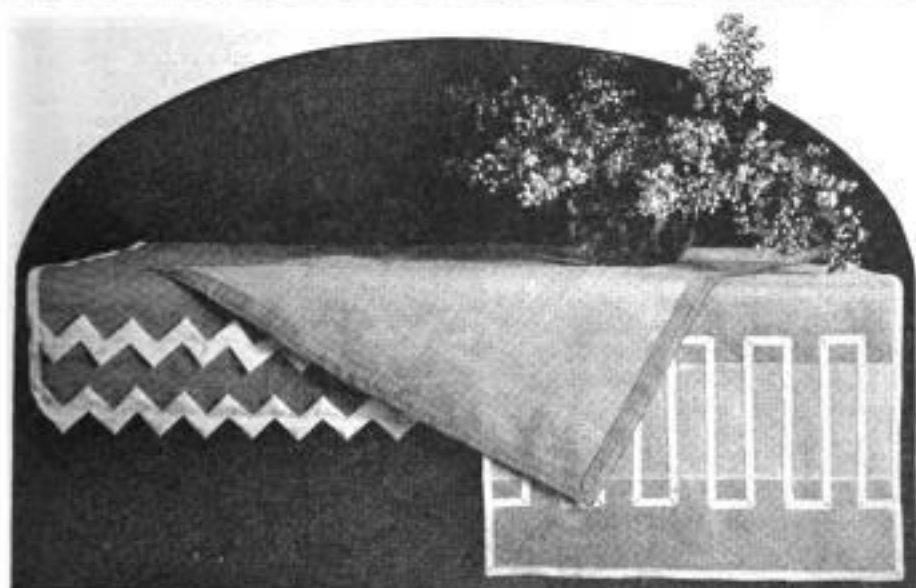
Beach grass dried in the dark becomes a soft, lovely gray-green



Seashore picnics offer basketry material

**D**IRECTIONS for making the corn-husk, cat-tail and beach-grass baskets on this page will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Order H-372. Address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



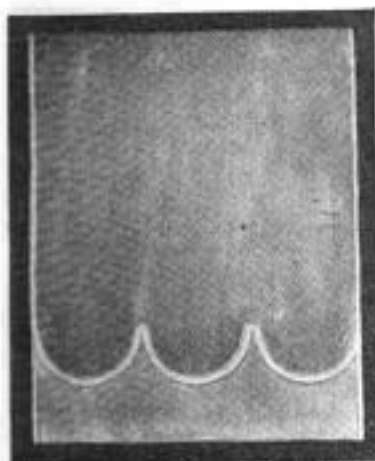


## Summerizing the House

### Dresser scarfs made of organdie

WE ARE so accustomed to beautiful hand embroidery for dresser scarfs, covers and bedspreads that it is rather difficult to imagine truly artistic articles made entirely by machine. Yet if the materials are chosen with care and taste, and put together in unusual color combinations in simple designs, this is pos-

sible at small expense of time and labor. All these organdie scarfs, made entirely by machine, have the distinction of being new and decidedly "different." Organdie comes in the most beautiful colors, and even more subtle tones may be developed by lapping one color over the other.



THE ends of the light blue checked organdie scarf above are cut in deep curves, which are finished with bias binding of lavender organdie. They lap over wide bands of the same doubled lavender organdie to form effective contrasting ends.

IN THE group shown at the top of the page, the scarf at the left is made of rose organdie trimmed with old-fashioned pointed trimming made of white bias banding, about an inch wide. Two rows are used at the ends, and the sides are finished with a single row of half-inch white banding, stitched on plain.

The center scarf is of old-blue organdie, lined with orange, the orange being brought over the edge of the right side and finished with a band of old-blue bias banding.

The very decorative scarf at the right is of rose colored organdie with wide single bands of turquoise blue across the ends, over which is stitched a straight-line design in violet bias banding, which is also used for the edge. The combination of color is unexpectedly pleasing.

Designed by  
ELIZABETH M. ROTH

OF PALE yellow organdie doubled, because the delicate color would hardly show to advantage single, the scarf just above (center) is edged with turquoise blue banding overlaid with a row of violet rickrack and finished with a little narrow picotéd frill of the yellow organdie.

Alternate squares of blue and peach cross-barred organdie, marked off with old-blue bias banding, form the original feature of the old-blue scarf at the right. The edge is also of the old-blue bias banding.

### Correct Home Decoration

IN THE summer, with the doors open, the hall is more or less featured. Perhaps you've wished you could make it more attractive. Here's a book that will tell you not only about good taste in halls—that's merely one small part—but about furnishing, refurnishing, and decorating the whole interior of your home. It is attractively illustrated with photographs and sketches. Price, 40 cents. Address "Decorating the Modern Home," WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

### Correct Conduct

THIS is the season when you're invited to go a-visiting. Are you sure you behave as an ideal guest should? And, as there are two sides to every story, of course your hostess has certain obligations. There's a whole chapter on Guest and Hostess in the COMPANION's new etiquette book. If you are interested in the subject, or any other in the way of correct conduct, order Madam Grundy's Book, price 15 cents, from WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

# HEBE



Use HEBE for

Tomato Salad  
Hearts of Lettuce Salad  
Cream of Spinach Soup  
Creamed Carrots  
Creamed Peas  
Creamed Ham on Toast  
Cold Slaw  
Banana Cream Pie  
Iced Chocolate

## It's the dressing that makes the salad

There is no more popular summer dish than a cooling, refreshing salad. It's the most delightful way of serving the fresh green vegetables of summer—and the most healthful, too. There is no end to the variety of salads—but the secret of a good salad is in the dressing.

### HEBE Mayonnaise Dressing

3 tablespoons HEBE      1 cup salad oil      1 tablespoon vinegar  
Salt, cayenne pepper and mustard, if desired, to taste.

Place HEBE in a small deep bowl, add oil slowly at first, then more freely, while beating vigorously with a Dover egg beater. Add vinegar, salt, pepper and mustard and continue beating until thoroughly mixed. If not stiff enough add a little more vinegar and mix well.

Dressings made with HEBE are not only rich and delicious, but inexpensive as well. HEBE helps to cut down the cost of cooking wherever it is used—and it can be used in almost everything you cook or bake. Try it.

HEBE is pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with coconut fat—a balanced combination of wholesome foods.

Include HEBE in your daily grocery order and note the saving. Send for free HEBE recipe booklet. Address 4002 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

THE HEBE COMPANY  
Chicago      Seattle





Lottie's being needed at home began before the failure of Aunt Charlotte's sight. Aunt Charlotte had to go to the eye specialist's daily. Lottie took her. This was even before the day of the ramshackle electric. Lottie never begrudged Aunt Charlotte the service. Already, between these two women, the one hardly more than twenty, the other already past sixty, there existed a curious and unspoken understanding. They were not voluble women, these two. Lottie never forgot those hours in the waiting-room of the famous specialist. Every chair was occupied, always. Silent, idle, waiting figures with something more crushed and apprehensive about them than ordinarily about the waiting ones in a doctor's outer room. The neat little stack of magazines on the center table remained untouched. Sometimes, if the wait was a long one, Lottie would run out for an hour's shopping; or would drop in at her mother's office. Mrs. Payson usually was busy with a client, maps, documents, sheafs of blue-bound papers. But if one of her daughters came down-town without dropping in at the office she took it as a deliberate slight, or as a disregard of parental authority. Lottie hated the door marked:

CARRIE THRIFT PAYSON

REAL ESTATE

BONDS MORTGAGES

"Oh, you're busy."

Mrs. Payson would glance up. There was nothing absent-minded about the glance. For the moment her attention was all on Lottie. "Sit down. Wait a minute."

"I'll come back."

"Wait."

Lottie waited. Finally, "Aunt Charlotte will be wondering—"

"We're through now." She would sit back in her desk chair, her hands busy with the papers, her eyes on her client. "Now, if you'll come in again on Monday, say, at about this time, I'll have the abstract for you, and the trust deed. In the meantime I'll get in touch with Spielbauer—"

The door closed. Mrs. Payson would turn again to Lottie. "What was the girl doing when you left?"

"Why—she was still ironing."

"How far had she got?"

"All the fancy things. She was beginning on the sheets."

"Well, I should think so! At that hour."

Lottie turned toward the door: "Aunt Charlotte'll be waiting."

Mrs. Payson must have a final thumb on the clay. "Be very careful crossing the streets." And yet there was pride and real affection in her eyes as she looked after the sturdy, vigorous figure speeding down the corridor toward the elevator.

Once, when Lottie returned to the oculist's after a longer absence than usual, Aunt Charlotte had gone. "How long?" The attendant thought it must be fifteen minutes. Chicago's down-town streets, even to the young and the keen-sighted, were a maelstrom dotted at intervals by blue-uniformed figures who held up a magic arm and blew a shrill blast just when a swirl and torrent of drays, cabs, street cars, and trucks with plunging horses threatened completely to engulf them. Added to this was the thunderous roar of the Wabash Avenue L trains. Even when the crossing was comparatively safe and clear, the deafening onrush of a passing L train above always caused Aunt Charlotte to scuttle back to the curb from which she was about to venture forth.

Lottie, knowing all this, sped toward Wabash Avenue with fear in her heart, and a sort of anger born of fear. "Oh, dear! It does seem to me she might have waited. Mother didn't want a thing. Not a thing. I told her—"

She came to the corner of Wabash and Madison where they always took the Indiana Avenue car. She saw a little group of people near the curb and her heart contracted as she sped on, but when she came up to them it was only a bulky automobile engine that had drawn their attention. She looked across at the corner which was their car stop. There stood Aunt Charlotte. At once cowering, brave, terrified, courageous. At sight of that timorous, peering, black-garbed figure Lottie gave a little sob. The blood rushed back to her heart as though it had lain suspended in her veins.

"Aunt Charlotte, why did you do it?"

"I got across alone."

"But why didn't you wait for me? You knew—"

"I got across alone. But the street car—the wagons never stopping so a body can get out to the street car. And no way of telling whether it was an Indiana or a Cottage Grove. But I got across alone." She had her five-cent piece in her black-gloved, trembling hand.

Safely in the car Lottie waxed stern again. "Why didn't you wait, Aunt Charlotte? You knew I'd be back as soon

as I could. I didn't mean to be late. That was awfully naughty of you, Charlotte Thrift."

Aunt Charlotte was looking out of the car window. What she saw must

have been little more than a blur to her. But something told Lottie that in the dim eyes turned away from her was still another blur—a blur of hot mist. Lottie leaned forward, covering with her own firm, cool young grasp, the hand that lay so inertly in the black silk lap. "What is it? Why—?"

Aunt Charlotte turned, and Lottie saw that what she had sensed was true. "It isn't right!" said Aunt Charlotte almost fiercely, and yet in a half-whisper, for the car was crowded and she had a horror of attracting public notice.

"What isn't?"

"Your calling for me and bringing me back. Every day. Every day."

"Now!... You're just a little blue to-day; but the doctor said you'd only have to come down for treatment a week or two more."

"It isn't me. It's you. Your life! Your life!"

A little flush crept into Lottie's face: "It's all right, dear."

"It isn't all right. Don't you think I know!" Aunt Charlotte's voice suddenly took on a deep and resonant note—the note of exhortation. "Lottie, you're going to be eaten alive by two old cannibal women. I know, I know. Don't you let 'em! You've got your whole life before you. Live it the way you want to. Then you'll have only yourself to blame. Don't you let somebody else live it for you. Don't you."

"How about Mother, slaving down in that office all day, when all the other women of her age are taking it easy—a nap at noon, and afternoon parties, and a husband to work for them."

"Slaving fiddlesticks! She likes it. Your mother'd rather read the real-estate transfers than a novel. Besides, she doesn't need to. We could live on the rents. Nothing very grand, maybe. But we could live. And why not let you do something? That's what I'd like to know! Why not—"

"Oh, I'd love it. All the girls—that is, all the girls I like—are doing some kind of work. But Mother says—"

Aunt Charlotte sniffed. It was almost a snort. "I know what your mother says. 'No daughter of mine is going to work for her living.' H'mph!" (Which is not expressing it, but nearly.) "Calls herself modern. She's your grandfather over again, and he thought he was a whole generation ahead of his generation. Wasn't, though. Little behind, if anything."

Sometimes Aunt Charlotte, the subdued, the vaguely wistful, had a sparkling pugnacity, a sudden lift of spirits that showed for a brief moment a glimpse of the girl of fifty years ago. A tiff with Carrie Payson (in which Charlotte, strangely enough, usually came off victorious) often brought about this brief phenomenon. At such times she had even been known to sing, in a high off-key falsetto, such ghostly, but rakish, echoes as: "Champagne Charley was His Name" or, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," or even "Up in a Balloon, Boys." Strangely enough, as she grew older this mood became more and more familiar. It was a sort of rebirth. At times she assumed a rakish cockiness. It was as though life, having done its worst, was no longer feared by her.

IN SPITE of objections, Lottie made sporadic attempts to mingle in the stream of life that was flowing so swiftly past her—this new life of service and self-expression

# The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

into which women were entering. Settlement work, folk dancing, pageantry, juvenile and girls' court work; social service; departmental newspaper work. Lottie was attracted by all of these, and to any one of them she might have given valuable service. A woman, Emma Barton, not yet fifty, had been appointed assistant judge of the new girls' court. No woman had held a position such as that. Lottie had met her. The two had become friends—close friends in spite of the disparity in their ages.

"I need you so badly up here," Emma Barton often told Lottie. "You've got a way with girls; and you're not school-teachery or judicial with them. That's the trouble with the regular court worker. And they talk to you, don't they? Why, I wonder?"

"Maybe it's because I listen," Lottie replied. "And they think I'm sort of simple. Maybe I am. But not so simple as they think." She laughed. A visit to Judge Barton's court always stimulated her, even while it saddened.

Chicagoans, for the most part, read in the papers of Judge Barton and pictured in their minds a stout and pink-jowled judiciary in a black coat, imposing black-ribboned eyeglasses and careful linen. These people, if they chanced to be brought face to face with Judge Barton, were generally seen to smile uncertainly, as though a joke were being played on them without success. They saw a small, mild-faced woman with graying hair and bright brown eyes—piercing eyes that yet had a certain liquid quality. She was like a wise little wren who has seen much of life, and understands more than she has seen, and forgives more than she understands.

Then there was Winnie Stepler, who wrote for Chicago's luridest newspaper under the nom de plume of Alice Yorke. A pink-cheeked, white-haired, Falstaffian woman with the look and air of a picture-book duchess and the wit and drollery of a gamin. Twice married, twice widowed; wise with a terrible wisdom; seeing life so plainly that she could not write of what she saw. There were no words. Or perhaps the gift of words had kindly been denied her. Her "feature stuff" was likely to be just that. Her conversation was razor-keen, and as Irish as she cared to make it. People were always saying to her, "Why don't you write the way you talk?"

"It's lucky for my friends—and for me—I don't talk the way I write."

Perhaps these two women, more than anything or anyone else, had influenced Lottie to intolerance of aimless diversion. Not that Lottie had much time for her own aimless diversion, even if she had fancied it. Rheumatism of a painful and crippling kind had laid its iron fingers upon Carrie Payson. Arthritis, the doctors called it. It affected only the fingers of the left hand. But because of it the down-town real-estate office was closed. The three women were home together now in the big old house on Prairie, and Mrs. Payson was talking of selling it and moving into an apartment out south. It was about this time, too, that she bought the electric—one of the thousands that now began to skim Chicago's boulevards—and to which Lottie became a galley slave. She sometimes thought humorously of the shiny black levers as oars and the miles of boulevard as an endless sea to which she was condemned. Don't think that Lottie Payson was sorry for herself. If she had been, perhaps it would have been better for her. For ten years or more she had been so fully occupied in doing her duty—or what she considered her obvious duty—that she had scarcely thought of her obligations toward

herself. If you had disturbing thoughts, you put them out of your mind. And slammed the door on them.

But she had talks with Aunt Charlotte in which she seemed to be answering some unheard argument. On one such occasion she said to Charlotte—"Look at all the girls I know—women of my own age, and older—who are happy, and busy and contented."

There came a soft look into the dark eyes beneath the heavy black brows. From the vantage point of her years and experience she pronounced upon her sex. "Women are wonderful, Lottie," she said. "Just wonderful. A good thing for the race that men aren't like 'em. In self-control, I mean, and that. Wouldn't be any race, I reckon."

LOTTIE PAYSON was striding home through the early evening mist, the rainy March wind buffeting her skirts—no, skirt; it is 1916, and women are knickerbockered underneath instead of petticoated. She had come from what is known on Chicago's South Side as "spending the afternoon."

Of late years Lottie had given up this spending of afternoons. Choice and circumstance had combined to bring this about. Her interest had grown away from these women who had been school-girl friends. The two women with whom she lived made her the staff on which they leaned more and more heavily. Lottie Payson was head of the household now in everything but authority. Carrie Payson still held the reins.

The afternoon had started as a reading club when Lottie was about twenty-five and the others a year or two older or younger. Serious reading. Yes, indeed. Effie Case had said, "We ought to improve our minds; not just read anything. I think it would be fine to start with the German poets—Gerty and those."

So they had started with Goethe and those, but had found the going rather rough. This guttural year had been followed by one of French conversation led by a catarrhal person who turned out to be Vermonese instead of Parisian, which accounted for their having learned to pronounce *le* as "ler." After this they had turned to Modern American Literature; thence, by a process of degeneration, to Current Topics. They had a leader for the Current Topics Class; a retired Madam Chairman. One day, at the last minute, when she had failed to appear for the regular meeting—grip, or a heavy cold—someone suggested, "How about two tables of bridge?" After that the Reading Class alternated between bridge and sewing. The sewing was quite individual and might range all the way from satin camisoles to huckaback towels; from bead bags to bed-spreads.

In the very beginning they had made a rule about refreshments. "No elaborate serving," they had said. "Just tea or coffee, and toast. And perhaps strawberry jam or something like that. But that's all. Nobody does it any more." The salads, cakes and ices of an earlier period were considered vulgar for afternoons. Besides, hunting had come in, and these women were nearing thirty; some of them were past it. An age when fat creeps slyly about the hips, and arms and shoulder blades and stubbornly remains, once ensconced. Still, this rule had slowly degenerated, as had the club's original purpose. As they read less during these afternoons they ate more. Beek Schaefer discovered and served a new fruit salad with Hawaiian pineapple and marshmallows as its plot. When next day they met at Effie Case's, she served her salad in little vivid baskets made of oranges hollowed out, with one half of the skin cut away except for a strip across the top to form the basket's handle. After that there was no more tea and toast.

IN THE morning Lottie drove her mother to market in the ramshackle old electric. Mrs. Payson seldom drove it herself. The peculiar form of rheumatism from which she suffered rendered her left hand almost useless. The electric had been a fine piece of mechanism in its day, but years of service had taken the spring from its joints and the life from its batteries. Those batteries now were as uncertain as a tired old heart that may stop its labored beating any moment. A balky starter and an unreliable stopper, its two levers needed two strong hands with muscle-control behind them.

In this vehicle drawn up at the curb outside the market Lottie would sit reading the "Survey" (Judge Barton's influence there) while her mother carried on a prolonged and acrimonious transaction with Gus. Thirty-first Street, then Thirty-fifth Street, had become impossible for the family marketing. There, groceries and meat markets catered frankly to the negro trade. Prosperous enough trade it seemed, too, with the windows piled with plump broilers and juicy cuts of ham. The Payson electric waited in Forty-third Street now.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 75]





# The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

Gus's red, good-natured face above the enveloping white apron became redder and less good-natured as Mrs. Payson's marketing progressed. New potatoes. A piece of ramp for a pot roast. A head of lettuce. A basket of peaches. Echoes floated out to Lottie, waiting at the curb.

"Yeh, but looka here, Mis' Payson, I ain't makin' nothin' on that stuff as it is. Two three cents at the most. Say, I gotta live, too, you know. . . . Oh, you don't want that, Mis' Payson. Tell you the truth, they're pretty soft. Now, here's a nice fresh lot come in from Michigan this morning. I picked 'em out myself down on South Water."

Mrs. Payson's decided tones: "They'll do for stewing."

"All right. 'S for you to say. You got to eat 'em, not me. On'y don't come around to-morrow tellin' me they was no good."

Her purchases piled on the leather-upholstered front seat of the electric Mrs. Payson would be driven home, complaining acidly. This finished Gus for her. Robber! Twenty-seven cents for lamb stew!

"But, Mother, Belle paid thirty-two last week. I remember hearing her say that lamb stew was seven or eight cents two or three years ago, and now it's thirty-two or thirty—"

"Oh, Belle! I'm surprised she ever has lamb stew. Always running short on her allowance with her sirloins and her mushrooms and her broilers. I ran a household for a whole month on what she uses in a week, when I was her age. I don't know how Henry stands it."

This ceremony of marketing took half the morning. It should have required little more than an hour. On arriving home, Mrs. Payson usually complained of feeling faint. Her purchases piled on the kitchen table, she would go over them with Hulda, the maidservant. "Put that lettuce in a damp cloth." The maid was doing it. "Rub a little salt and vinegar into that pot roast." The girl had intended to. "You'll have to stew these peaches." That had been apparent after the first disdainful pressing with thumb and forefinger. By this time, Hulda's attitude was the bristling one natural to any human being whose intelligence has been insulted by being told to do that which she already had meant to do.

On fine afternoons Lottie often drove her mother and Aunt Charlotte to Jackson Park, drawing up at the curb along the lake walk. A glorious sight, that panorama. It was almost like being at sea, minus the discomfort of travel. The great blue inland ocean stretched before them, away, and away, and away, until it met the sky. For the most part the three women did nothing. Mrs. Payson had always hated sewing. Great-aunt Charlotte sometimes knitted. Sometimes Lottie read aloud, but not often. Her mother was restless at being read aloud to; besides, she liked stories with what is known as a business interest, while Great-aunt Charlotte liked romance. No villain too dastardly—no heroine too lovely and misunderstood—no hero too ardent and athletic for Aunt Charlotte's taste. She swallowed them, boots, moonlight, automobiles, papers and all. "Such stuff!" Mrs. Carrie Payson would say.

The conversation of the three women sitting there in the little glass-enclosed box was desultory, unvital. They had little to say to one another. Yet each would have been surprised to learn what a reputation for liveliness and wit the other had in her own circle. Lottie was known among "the girls" to be mischievous and gay; Carrie Payson could keep a swift and keen pace in conversation with a group of business men, or after a hand at bridge with women younger than she (Mrs. Payson did not care for the company of women of her own age); Great-aunt Charlotte's sallies and observations among her septuagenarian circle often brought forth a chorus of cackling laughter.

BUT on this particular March afternoon the Reading Club once more claimed Lottie. One of the Readers had married. This was her long-planned afternoon at home for the girls. Her newly-furnished four-room apartment awaited their knowing inspection. Her wedding silver and linen shone and glittered for them. Celia Sprague was a bride at thirty-six, after a ten-years' engagement.

"Now, Lottie," she had said, over the telephone, "you've just got to come. Every one of the girls will be here. It's my first party in my new home. Oh, I notice you find time for your new high-brow friends. It won't hurt you to come slumming this once. Well, but your mother can't do without you for one afternoon, can't she? Good heavens, you've got some right to your—"

Lottie came. She came and brought her knitting, as did every other member of the Reading Club. Curiously enough, Celia, who had been rather a haggard and faded fiancée of thirty-six was now, by some magic process, a well-preserved and attrac-

tive young matron of thirty-six. A certain new assurance in her bearing; a blithe self-confidence in her conversation; a look in her eyes. The beloved woman.

"This is the bedroom. Weren't we lucky to get two windows! The sun just pours in all day—in fact, every room is sunny, even the kitchen." The Reading Club regarded the bedroom rather nervously. Celia Sprague had been one of them so long. And now. . . . Two small French beds of dark mahogany, with a silken counterpane on each. "No, just you put your things right down on the beds, girls. It won't hurt the spreads a bit. Everything in this house is going to be used. That's what it's for."

Two silver-backed military brushes on the dull mahogany chest of drawers—"chiffon-robe," Celia would tell you. The Reading Club eyed them, smiling a little. Celia opened a closet door to dilate upon its roominess. A whole battalion of carefully-hung trousers leaped out at them from the door rack. The Reading Club actually stepped back a little, startled.

Out to the living-room. "Oh, Celia, this is sweet! I love your desk. It's so different." The room was the conventional bridal living-room: a plum-colored velvet davenport, its back against a long, very retiring table, whose silk-shaded lamp showed above the davenport's broad back like someone playing hide-and-seek behind a hedge. There were lamps, and lamps, and lamps—a forest of them. The bookshelves on either side of the gas-log grate held a rather wistful library, the wedding gift "sets" of red and gold eked out with such schoolgirl fillers as the Pepper Books, Hans Brinker, and Louisa Alcott.

They were seated now, twittering, each with her knitting. A well-dressed, alert group of women, their figures trim in careful corsets, their hair, teeth, complexions showing daily care and attention. The long slim needles—ebony, amber, white—flew and flashed in the sunlight.

"This is my sixth sweater. I do 'em in my sleep."

"It's the heel that's the trick. Once I've passed that—"

"My brother says we'll never go in. We're a peace-loving nation, he says. We simply don't believe in war. Barbaric."

The handiwork of each was a complete character-index. The bride was painstaking and bungling. Her knitting showed frequent bunches and lumps. Beck Schaefer's needles were swift, brilliant, and slovenly. Effie Case's sallow, sensual face, her fragile waxen fingers, showed her distaste for the coarse fabric with which she was expertly occupied. Amy Stattler, the social-service worker, knitted as though she found knitting restful. A plume of white showed startlingly in the soft black of her hair. Prim, sheer white cuffs and collar finished her black gown at throat and wrists. Beck Schaefer, lolling on the other side of the room, her legs crossed to show plump gray silk calves, her feet in gray suede slippers ornamented with huge cut-steel buckles, seemed suddenly showy, and even vulgar in comparison. She was, paradoxically, good-hearted and unpopular. This last because she was given to indulging in that dangerous pastime known as "being perfectly frank." Instinctively you shrank when Beck began a sentence with, "Now, I'm going to be perfectly frank with you." She was rarely perfectly frank with the men, however. She had a way of shaking a coquettish forefinger at the more-elderly of these and saying, "Will you never grow up!" People said of Beck that she lighted up well in the evening.

Lottie Payson was knitting a sleeveless, olive-drab sweater. Row after row, inch after inch, it grew and lengthened, a flawless thing. Lottie hated knitting. As she bent over the work her face wore a look for definition of which you were baffled. Not a sullen look nor brooding, but bound. That was it! Not free.

Beck Schaefer had ceased to knit. She was looking at the intent little group. She represented a certain thwarted type of unwed woman in whom the sensual is expressed, pitifully enough, in terms of silk and lacy lingerie, in innuendo, in a hungry roving eye, in a little droop at the corners of the mouth, in an over-generous display of plump arms, or bosom, or even knees.

Suddenly, in the midst of the brittle chatter and laughter, was thrust the steel edge of Beck Schaefer's insolent voice; high, shrill.

"Well, Cele, tell us the truth. Are you happy?"

The bride, startled, dropped a stitch, looked up, looked down, flushed.

"Why, yes, of course, you bud thing!"

"Ye-e-es, but I mean, really happy. Come on now, give us the truth. Come on. Let's all tell the truth, for once. Are you really happy, Cele?"

The others laughed a little uncomfortably. Celia's face was red.

Beck Schaefer's eyes narrowed. "Now, I'm looking for information. We're all friends here. We're all in the same boat—all except Celia, and she's climbed out of the boat and onto a raft. I want to know if it was worth the risk of changing. Here we all are—except Celia—failures. Any unmarried woman is a self-confessed failure."

A babel of protest. "How about Jane Addams! . . . Queen Elizabeth! . . . Joan of Arc!"

"Queen Elizabeth was a busy, Jane Addams is a saint. Joan of Arc—well—Lottie Payson looked up from her knitting. "Joan of Arc had the courage to live her own life, which is more than any of us has. She called it listening to the voices; but I suppose what she really wanted was to get away from home. If she had weakened and said, 'Ma, I know I oughtn't to leave you. You need me to tend the geese,' her mother might have been happier, and Joan would have lived a lot longer; but the history of France would have been different."

Beck Schaefer frankly cast aside her knitting, hugged one knee with her jeweled hands, and waited for the laughter to subside. "You're all afraid of the truth—that's the truth. I'm willing to come through—"

"Goodness, Beck, where do you pick up that low talk!"

"I'm willing to come through if the rest of you are. We're all such a lot of liars. We all know that Cele there had to wait ten years for her Orville, because he had to support two selfish sisters and an invalid mother; and even after the mother died the two cats wouldn't go to live in two rooms as they should have, so that Celia and Orville could afford to be happy together. No! They wanted all the comforts he'd given them for years, and so Celia—"

"Beck Schaefer, I won't have—!" The bride's face was scarlet. She bit her lip.

"Now, I know you're going to say I'm a guest in your house and so you can't—and all that. But I'm not ashamed to say what you all know: that I'd be married to-day if it weren't for Sam Butler's mother, who ought to have died fifteen years ago."

"Beck, you're crazy! Now stop it! If you're trying to be funny—"

"But I'm not. I'm trying to be serious. And you're all scared. Old Lady Butler—'Madame Butler' she insists on it! I could die!—is almost eighty-six, and Sam's crowding fifty. He's a smart business man, splendid mind, a whole lot superior to mine; I know that. And yet, when he's with her—which is most of his spare time—he's like a baby in her hands. She makes a slave of him. She hates any girl he looks at. She's as jealous as a maniac. She tells him all sorts of things about me. Lies. He has to go out of the house to telephone me. Once I called him up at the house, and he had to have the doctor in for her. That's the way she works it; tells him that if she dies it will be on his head, or something Biblical like that. Imagine! In this day! And Sam pays every cent of the household expenses and dresses his mother like a duchess. Look at me and my mother. We're always going around to summer resorts together. Just two pals! M-m-m! 'Don't tell me you're the mother of a big girl like that! Why, you look like sisters!' Big girl—me! That ought to have five chil—not that I want 'em—now."

They had frankly stopped their knitting now. The bride's lip was caught nervously between her teeth. Even thus her face still wore a crooked and uncertain smile—the smile of the harassed hostess whose party has taken an unmanageable turn for the worse.

Lottie Payson rolled her work into a neat bundle and jabbed a needle through it. She sat forward, her fine dark eyebrows gathered into a frown of pain, and decent disapproval.

"Beck, dear, you're causing a lot of needless discomfort. You're probably nervous to-day, or something—"

"I'm nothing of the kind. Makes me furious to be told I'm nervous, when I'm merely trying to present some interesting truths."

"The truth isn't always helpful just because it hurts, you know."

"A little truth certainly wouldn't hurt you, Lottie Payson. I suppose it wouldn't help any, either, to acknowledge that you're a kind of unpaid nurse-companion to two old women who are eating you alive! When your friend Judge Barton herself says that you've got a knack with delinquent girls that would make you invaluable on her staff. And now that you're well past thirty I suppose your mother doesn't sometimes twit you with your maiden state, h'm? Don't tell me! As for Effie Case there—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]



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"Oh, my goodness, Beck, spare me! I've been hiding behind my knitting needle hoping you wouldn't see me. I know what's the matter with you. You've been sneaking up to those psychoanalysis lectures that old Beardsley's giving at Harper Hall. Shame on you! Nice young gal like you."

"Yes—and I know what's the matter with you, too, Effie. Why you're always loitering around at massage parlors and beauty specialists, sleeping away half the day in some stuffy old—"

With lightning quickness Effie Case wadded her work into a ball, lifted her arm, and hurled the tight bundle full at Beck Schaefer's head. It struck her in the face, rebounded, unrolled softly at her feet. Effie laughed her little irritating, hysterical laugh. Beck Schaefer kicked the little heap of wool with a disdainful suede slipper.

"Well, I wouldn't have spilled all this if Cele had been willing to tell the truth. I said we were failures, and we are, because we've allowed someone or something to get the best of us—to pile up obstacles that we weren't big enough to tear down. We've all gone in for suffrage, and bleeding Belgium, and no petticoats, and uplift work, and we think we're modern. Well, we're not. We're a past generation. We're the unselfish softies. Watch the eighteen-year-olds. They've got the method. They're not afraid."

Lottie Payson laughed. Her face was all alight. "You ought to hear my niece Charley talk to me. You'd think I was eighteen and she thirty-two."

Beck Schaefer nodded vehemently. "I know those girls—the Charley kind. Scared to death of 'em. They're so sorry for me. And sort of contemptuous. Catch Charley marrying ten years too late, like Celia here, and missing all the thrill."

"I haven't!" cried the harassed Celia, in desperation. "I haven't! Orville's the grandest—"

"Of course he is. But you can't have any thrill about a man you've waited ten years for. Why won't you be honest?"

And suddenly the plump little silk-clad hostess stood up, her face working, her eyes bright with tears that would not wink away.

"All right, I'll tell you the truth. If you mean transports—no. Orville's fifty. He's set in his ways. I—I'm nearer thirty-seven than thirty-six. And at that I've only lived one year about my age—don't tell Orville. He's crazy about me. He just follows me around this flat like a—like a child. And I suppose that's really what he is to me now—a kind of big, wonderful child. I have to pamper him, and reason with him, and punish him, and coax, and love, and—tend him. I suppose ten years ago we'd—he'd—"

She stopped suddenly, with a little broken cry.

"Beck, you're a pig!" Lottie Payson's arms were about Celia. "In her own house, too, and her first party. Really, you're too—"

A colored maid stood in the doorway—a South Side Hebe—her ebony face grotesque between the lacy cap and apron with which Celia had adorned her for the day. She made mysterious signals in Celia's direction.

"F you ladies come in, ev'thin's all—"

She smiled; a sudden gash of white in the black. The tantalizing scent of freshly made coffee filled the little flat. They moved toward the dining-room, talking, laughing, pretending.

"Oh, how pretty! . . . Cele! A real party! Candles and everything. . . . What a stunning pattern—your silver. So plain and yet so rich. . . . My word! Chicken salad! Bang goes another pound!"

Chicken salad indeed. Little hot flaky biscuits, too, bearing pools of golden butter within. Great black oily ripe olives. Salted almonds in silver dishes. Coffee with rich yellow cream. A whipped-cream-covered icebox cake.

"I think we ought to spank Beck and send her from the table. She doesn't deserve this."

At five-thirty, as they stood, hatted and ready for the street, chorusing their good-bys in the little hallway, a key clicked in the lock. Orville!

They looked a little self-conscious.

"Well, well, well! I've run into a harem!"

"We haven't left a thing for your dinner. And it was so good."

"Not running away because I'm home, are you?" His round face beamed on them. He smelled of the fresh outdoors, and of strong cigars, and of a vaguely masculine something that was a blending of business office, and barber's lotion and overcoat. The Reading Club scented it, sensitively. Celia came over to him swiftly, there in the little hall, and slid one arm about his great waist. A plump man, Orville, with a round, kindly, commonplace face. He patted her silken shoulders. She faced the Reading Club defiantly, triumphantly. "What have you girls been talking about, h'm?" Orville laughed a tolerant, chuckling laugh. "You girls. Settled the war yet?"

## The Girls

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Beck Schaefer threw up her chin a little. "We've been talking about you, if you really want to know."

He reeled. "Oh, my lord! Cele, did you take the old man's part?"

Celia moved away from him then a little, her face flushing. Constraint fell upon the group. Lottie Payson stepped over to him then and put one hand on his broad shoulder. "She didn't need to take your part, Orville. We were all for you."

"Except me!" shrilled Beck.

"Oh, you!" retorted Orville, heavily jocular. "You're jealous." He rubbed his chin ruefully. "Wait till I've shaved, Beck, and I'll give you a kiss to make you happy."

"Orville!" But Celia's bearing was again that of the successful matron—the fortunate beloved woman.

Beck Schaefer took the others home in her electric. Lottie, seized with a sudden distaste for the glittering enameled box, elected to walk, though she knew it would mean being late.

"Figger?" Beck Schaefer asked, settling her own plump person in the driver's seat.

"Air," Lottie answered, not altogether truthfully; and drew a long breath. She turned away from the curb. The electric trundled richly off, its plate-glass windows filled with snugly tailored shoulders, furs, white gloves, vivid hats. Lottie held one hand high in farewell, palm out, as the glittering vehicle sped silently away, lurched fatly around a corner and was gone.

LOTTIE was late. Shockingly late. Even though, tardily conscience-stricken, she had deserted walk, sunset, and lake mist for a crowded and creeping Indiana Avenue car at Forty-seventh Street, she was unforgivably late, according to her mother's stern standards. This was Friday night. Every Friday night Henry, Belle, and Charley Kemp took dinner with the Paysons in the old house on Prairie Avenue. Every Friday night. No matter what else the Kemps might prefer to do on that night, they didn't do it. Each Friday morning Belle Kemp would say to her husband, "This is Friday, Henry. We're having dinner at Mama's, remember."

"I might have to work to-night, Belle. We're taking inventory this week."

"Henry, you know how Mama feels about Friday dinner."

"M-hmph." Henry would grunt; and make a mental note about an extra supply of cigars for the evening. His favorite nightmare was that in which he might slap his left-hand vest pocket only to find it empty of cigars at eight-thirty of a Friday evening at Mother Payson's. The weekly gathering was a tradition meaninglessly maintained. The two families saw quite enough of each other without it. Mrs. Payson was always "running over to Belle's for a minute." But these Friday dinners had started before Charley was born. Now they constituted an iron-clad custom.

Mrs. Payson always insisted on talking business with her courteous but palpably irked son-in-law. Her views and methods were not his. When, in self-defense, he hinted this to her, she resented it spiritedly with, "Well, I ran a successful business and supported a household before you had turned your first dollar, Henry Kemp. I'm not a fool."

"I should think not, Mother Payson. But things have changed since your time. Methods."

He knew his wife was tapping a meaningful foot; and that Charley's mischievous, intelligent eyes held for him a message of quick understanding and sympathy. Great friends, he and Charley, though in rare moments of anger he had been known to speak of her to his wife as "your daughter."

Mrs. Kemp was always ready with a suggestion whereby Henry Kemp could improve his business. Henry Kemp's business was that of importing china, glassware, and toys. Before the war he had been on the road to a more than substantial fortune. France, Italy, Bohemia, and Bavaria meant, to Henry Kemp, china from Limoges; glassware from Venice and Prague; toys from Nürnberg and Munich. But Zeppelin bombs, long-distance guns, and U-boats had shattered glass, china, and toys into fragments these two years past. The firm had turned to America for these products, and found it sadly lacking. American dolls were wooden-faced; American china was heavy, blue-white; American glass-blowing was a trade, not an art. Henry Kemp hardly dared think of what another year of war would mean to him.

Lottie thought of these things as the Indiana Avenue car droned along. Her nerves were pushing it vainly. She'd be terribly late. And she had told Hulda that she'd be home in time to beat up the Roquefort dressing that Henry liked. Oh, well, dinner would be delayed a few minutes. Anyway, it was much better than

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dinner alone with Mother and Aunt Charlotte. Dinner alone with Mother and Aunt Charlotte had grown to be something of a horror.

Silence. A sniff from Mrs. Payson. "That girl's making coffee again for herself. If she's had one cup to-day she's had ten. I get a pound of coffee every three days, on my word."

"They all do that, Mother,—all the Swedish girls."

A silence. "The lamb's delicious, isn't it, Aunt Charlotte?"

Mrs. Payson disagreed before Aunt Charlotte could agree. "It's tough. I'm going to have a talk with that Gus to-morrow."

Silence. The swinging door squeaking at the entrance of Hulda with a dish. "No; not for me," Aunt Charlotte refusing another helping.

Silence again, except for the sound of food being masticated. Great-aunt Charlotte had an amazingly hearty appetite. Its revival had dated from the acquisition of the new teeth. Now when Aunt Charlotte smiled, her withered lips drew away to disclose two flawless rows of blue-white teeth. They flashed, incongruously perfect, in contrast with the sere and wrinkled fabric of her face.

Lottie would scurry about in her mind for possible table talk. Anything. Anything but this sodden silence.

"How would you two girls like to see a picture this evening, h'm? If we go early and get seats well toward the front, so that Aunt Charlotte can see, I'll drive you over to Forty-third. I wonder what's at the Vista. I'll look in the paper. I hope Hulda saved the morning paper. Perhaps Belle will drive over and meet us for the first show—no, she can't either. I remember she and Henry are having dinner north to-night. Most of Belle's friends are moving north. Do you know, I think—"

"The South Side's always been good enough for me and always will be. I don't see any sense in this fad for swarming over to the north shore. If they'd improve the acres and acres out Bryn Mawr way—"

Mrs. Payson was conversationally launched on South Side real estate. Lottie relaxed with relief.

Sometimes she fancied that she caught Great-aunt Charlotte's misleadingly bright old eyes upon her with a look that was at once knowing and sympathetic. On one occasion that surprising septuagenarian had startled and mystified Mrs. Payson and Lottie by the sudden and explosive utterance of the word, "Game fish!" It was at dinner. "What? What's that?" Mrs. Payson had exclaimed; and had looked about the table and then at her sister, as though that thoughtful old lady had taken leave of her senses. "What!" They were undeniably having tongue with spinach.

"Game fish!" repeated Aunt Charlotte Thrift, gazing straight at Lottie. Lottie waited, expectantly. "Your Grandfather Thrift had a saying, 'Only the game fish swim up-stream.'"

"Oh," said Lottie; and even colored a little, like a girl.

Mrs. Payson had regarded her elder sister pityingly. "Well, how did you happen to drag that in, Charlotte?" In a tone which meant, simply, "Childish! Senile!"

On this particular Friday night the Kemps were indeed there as Lottie ran quickly up the front steps of the house on Prairie. The Kemp car, glossy and substantial, stood at the curb. Charley drove in with dashing experience. At the thought of Charley, the anxious frown between Lottie Payson's fine brows smoothed itself out. Between aunt and niece existed an affection and understanding so strong, so deep, so fine as to be more than a mere blood bond. Certainly no such feeling had ever existed between Lottie and her sister Belle; and no such understanding united Belle and her daughter Charley.

The old walnut and glass front door slammed after Lottie. They were in the living-room—the back parlor of Isaac Thrift's day.

Mrs. Payson was standing, facing the door as Lottie came in. She was using her cane this evening. She always walked with her cane when she was displeased with Lottie or Belle; some obscure reason existed for it.

"Hello, Belle! Hello, Henry! Sorry I'm late."

Charley Kemp came over to Lottie in the doorway. Niece and aunt clasped hands—a strange, brief, close grip, like that between two men. No words.

"Late! I should think you are late. You knew this was Friday night."

"Now, now, Mother," Henry Kemp had a man's dread of a scene. "Lottie's not a child. We've only been here a few minutes."

"She might as well be—" ignoring his second remark. "Tell Hulda we're all here. Call Aunt Charlotte."

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

"Lottie!" Mrs. Payson's voice was iron. "Lottie Payson, you change your good suit skirt."

Lottie turned to go, dutifully. Charley went leaping up the stairs after her aunt, like a handsome young colt.

Lottie's room was at the rear of the second floor looking out upon the back yard. A drear enough plot of ground now, black with a winter's dregs of snow and ice. In the spring and summer Lottie and Great-aunt Charlotte coaxed it into a riot of color that defied even the South Side pall of factory smoke and Illinois Central cinders. A border of old-fashioned flowers ran along either side of the high board fence. There were daisies and marigolds, phlox and four-o'clocks, mignonette and verbenas, all polka-dotted with soot but defiantly lovely.

On her way up the stairs Lottie had been unfastening coat and skirt with quick, sure fingers. Now, as Charley entered, her aunt stepped out of the suit skirt and stood in her knickers, a trim, well set-up figure, neatly articulated, hips flat and well back; bust low and firm; legs sturdy and serviceable, the calf high and not too prominent. She picked up the skirt, opened her closet door, snatched another skirt from the hook.

Mrs. Payson's voice from the foot of the stairway: "Lottie, put on a dress—the blue silk one. Ben Gartz is coming over. He telephoned."

"Oh, dear!" said Lottie; hung the skirt again on its hook; took out the blue silk.

"Do you mean," demanded Charley, "that Grandma made an engagement for you without your permission?" (You ought to hear Charley on the subject of personal freedom.)

"Oh, well—Ben Gartz. He and mother talk real estate, or business."

"But he comes to see you."

Charley had swung herself up to the footboard of the old walnut bed that Lottie herself had cream-enameled. A slim, pliant young thing, this Charley, in her straight dark blue frock. She was so misleadingly pink and white and golden that you neglected to notice the fine brow, the chin squarish in spite of its soft curves, the rather deep-set eyes. From her perch Charley's long brown-silk legs swung friendly. You saw that her stockings were rolled neatly and expertly just below knees as bare and hardy as a Highlander's. She eyed her aunt critically.

"Why in the world do you wear corsets, Lotta?" (This "Lotta" was a form of affection and affection.)

"Keep the ol' tum in, of course. I'm no lithe young gazelle like you."

"Gained a little, haven't you—this winter?"

"I'm afraid I have," Lottie was stepping into the blue silk and dancing up and down as she pulled it on to keep from treading on it. "I don't get enough exercise, that's the trouble. That darned old electric!"

Charley faced her sternly from the footboard. "Well, if you will insist on being the Family Sacrifice! Making a bus line of yourself between here and the market—the market and the park—the park and our house. The city ought to make you pay for a franchise."

"Now—Charley—"

"Oh, you're disgusting, that's what you are, Lotta Payson! You practically never do anything you really want to do. You're so nobly self-sacrificing that it's sickening. It's a weakness. It's a vice."

"Yes, ma'am," said Lottie gravely. "And if you kids don't do, say, and feel everything that comes into your heads, you go around screaming about inhibitions. If you new-generation youngsters don't yield to every impulse you think you're being stunted."

"Well, I'd rather try things and find they're bad for me, than never try them at all. Look at Aunt Charlotte!"

Lottie at the mirror was dabbing at her nose with a hasty powder-pad. She regarded Charley now, through the glass. "Aunt Charlotte's more—more understanding than Mother is."

"Yes, but it's been pretty expensive knowledge for her, I'll just bet. Some day I'm going to ask her why she never married. Great-grandmother Thrift had a hand in it; you can tell that by looking at that picture of her in the hoops trimmed with hands of steel, or something. Gosh!"

"You wouldn't ask her, Charley!"

"I would, too. She's probably dying to tell. Anybody likes to talk of their love affairs. I'm going to cultivate Aunt Charlotte, I am. Research work."

"Yes," retorted Lottie, brushing a bit of powder from the front of the blue silk, "do. And lend her your Havelock Ellis and Freud first, so that she'll at least have a chance to be shocked, poor dear. Otherwise, she won't know what you're driving at."

"You're a worm," said Charley. She jumped off the footboard, took her aunt in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



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## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

her strong young arms and hugged her close. An unusual demonstration for Charley, a young woman who belonged to the modern school that despises

sentiment and frowns upon weakly emotional display, to whom rebellion is a normal state; clear-eyed, remorseless, honest, fearless, terrifying; the first woman since Eve to tell the truth and face the consequences. Lottie, looking at her, often felt puerile and ineffectual. "You don't have half enough fun. And no self-expression. Come on and join a gymnastic dancing class. You'd make a dancer. Your legs are so nice and muscular. You'd love it. Wonderful exercise."

She sprang away suddenly and stood poised for a brief moment in what is known as First Position in dancing. "Tour jet!"—she took two quick sliding steps, turned and leaped high and beautifully—"Tour jet!"—and again, bringing up just short of the wall, her breathing as regular as though she had not moved. "Try it."

Lottie eyed her enviously. Charley had had lessons in gymnastic dancing since the age of nine. Her work now was professional in finish, technique, and beauty. She could do Polish Csárdás in scarlet boots, or Psyche in wisps of pink chiffon and bare legs, or Papillons d'Amour in flesh tights, ballet skirts allure and snug pink satin bodice, with equal ease and brilliance. She was always threatening to go on the stage, and more than half meant it. Charley would no more have missed a performance of the latest Russian dancers, or of Pavlova, of the opera on special ballet nights, than a student surgeon would miss an important clinic. In the earlier stages of her dancing career her locomotion had been accomplished entirely by the use of the simpler basic forms of gymnastic dance steps. She had *tour jeté* and *coupé* and *sauté* and *tourné* in and out of bed, on L train platforms, at school, on the street.

Lottie, regarding her niece now, said, "Looks easy, so I suppose it isn't. Let's see." She lifted her skirt tentatively. "Look out!"

"No, no! Don't touch your skirts. Arms free. Out. Like this. Hands are important in dancing. As important as feet. Now! *Tour jeté*! Higher! That's it. *Tour jeté*!"

"Lot-tie!" Mrs. Payson's voice at the foot of the staircase. "Oh, my goodness!" All the light, the fun, the eagerness that had radiated Lottie's face vanished now. She snatched a handkerchief from the dresser and made for the stairs, snapping a fastener at her waist as she went. "Call Aunt Charlotte for dinner," she flung over her shoulder at Charley. "All right. Can I have a drop of your perfume on my hand?" (Not quite so grown-up, after all.)

They were all at table when Great-aunt Charlotte finally came down. She entered with a surprisingly quick, light step. Tonight she looked younger than her sister, in spite of ten years' seniority. Great-aunt Charlotte was undeniably dressy—a late phase. At the age of seventy she had announced her intention of getting no more new dresses. She had, she said, a closet full of black silks and more serviceable cloth dresses, collected during the last ten or more years. "We Thrifts," she said, "aren't long-livers. I'll make what I've got do."

The black silks and mohairs had stood the years bravely, but on Aunt Charlotte's seventy-fifth birthday even the mohairs, most durable of fabrics, began to protest. The dull silks became shiny; the shiny mohairs grew dull. Cracks and splits showed in the hems and seams and folds of the taffetas. Great-aunt Charlotte, at three-score ten and five had looked them over, sniffed, and had cast them off as an embryo butterfly casts off its chrysalis. She took a new lease on life, ordered a complete set of dresses that included a figured foulard, sent her ancient and massive pieces of family jewelry to be cleaned, and went shopping with Lottie for a hat instead of the bonnet to which she had so long clung.

She looked quite the *grande dame* as she entered the dining-room now, in one of the more frivolous black silks, her white hair crimped, a great old-fashioned cabochon gold and diamond brooch fastening the lace at her breast, a band of black velvet ribbon about her neck, her eyes brightly interested beneath the strongly marked black brows. Belle came over and dutifully kissed one withered old cheek. She and Aunt Charlotte had never been close. Henry patted her shoulder as he pulled out her chair. Charley gave her a quick hug, to which Great-aunt Charlotte said, "Ouch!"—but smiled. "Dear me, I haven't kept you waiting!"

"You know you have," retorted Mrs. Carrie Payson, and dipped her spoon into the plate of steaming, golden, fragrant soup before her. Whereupon Great-aunt Charlotte winked at Henry Kemp.

The Friday night dinner was always a good meal, though what is known as "plain." Soup, roast, a vegetable, salad, dessert.

"Well," said Mrs. Carrie Payson, "and how've you all been? I suppose I'd never see you if it weren't for Friday nights."

Charley looked up quickly. "Oh, Gran, I'm sorry, but I sha'n't be able to come to dinner any more on Fridays."

"Why not?"

"My dancing class."

Mrs. Payson laid down her spoon and sat back, terribly composed. "Dancing class! You can change your dancing class to some other night, I suppose? You know very well this is the only night possible for the family. Hilda's out Thursdays; your father and mother play bridge on—"

"I know. But there's no other night." "You must dance, I suppose?" This Charley took to be a purely rhetorical question. As well as to say to her, "You must breathe, I suppose?" Mrs. Payson turned to her daughter Belle. "This is with your permission?"

Belle nibbled celery tranquilly. "We talked it over. But Charley makes her own decisions in matters like this, you know, Mother."

As with one accord Great-aunt Charlotte and Aunt Lottie turned and regarded Charley. A certain awe was in their faces, unknown to them.

"But why exactly Friday night?" persisted Mrs. Payson.

"That was mighty good soup, Mother," said Henry Kemp.

Mrs. Payson refused to be mollified. Ignored the compliment. "Why exactly Friday night, if you please?"

Charley wiggled a little with pleasure. "I hoped you'd ask me that. I'm dying to talk about it. O-o! Roast chickens! All brown and crackly! Well, you see, my actual class work in merchandising and business efficiency will be about finished at the end of the month. After that, the University places you, you know."

"Places you!"

Mrs. Carrie Payson had always had an uneasy feeling about her granddaughter's choice of a career. That she would have a career, Charley never for a moment allowed them to doubt. She never called it a career. She spoke of it as "a job." In range, her choice swung from professional dancing (for which she was technically and temperamentally fitted) to literature (for the creating of which she had no talent). Between these widely divergent points she paused briefly to consider the fascinations of professions such as licensed aviatrix (she had never flown); private secretary to a millionaire magnate (again the influence of the matinee); woman tennis champion (she held her own in a game against the average male player, but stuck her tongue between her teeth when she served); and Power for Good or Evil (by which she meant vaguely something in the Madame de Stael and general salon line). She had never expressed a desire to be a nurse.

In the middle of her Chicago University career this young paradox, made up of steel and velvet, of ruthlessness and charm, had announced, to the surprise of her family and friends, her intention of going in for the University's newest course—that in which young women were trained to occupy executive positions in retail mercantile establishments. Until now such positions had been occupied, for the most part, by women who had worked their way up painfully, hand over hand, from a cash or stock girl's job through a clerkship to department head; thence, perhaps, to the position of buyer and, later, office executive. On the way they acquired much knowledge of human nature and business finesse, but it was a matter of many years. These were, usually, shrewd, hard-working, successful women; but limited and often devoid of education other than that gained by practical experience. This new course would introduce into business the trained young woman of college education. Business was to be a profession, not a rough-and-tumble game.

Charley's grandmother looked on this choice of a career with mingled gratification and disapproval. Plainly it was the Isaac Thrift in Charley asserting itself. But a Thrift—a woman Thrift, in a shop! even though ultimately occupying a mahogany office, directing large affairs, and controlling battalions of push buttons and secretaries. Was it ladylike? Was it quite nice? What would the South Side say?

So, then—"Places you?" Mrs. Payson had echoed uneasily, at dinner.

"For beginning practical experience. We learn the business from the ground up, as an engineer does, or an interne. I've just heard to-day they've placed me at Shield's, in the blouses. I'm to start Monday."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Henry Kemp, at once amused and pleased. He could not resist treating Charley and her job as a rare joke. "Saleswoman, I suppose, to begin with. Clerk, h'm? Say, Charley, I'm coming in and ask about—"

"Saleswoman! I should say not!" Charley [CONTINUED ON PAGE 79]

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ley grinned at their ignorance. "No—no gravy, thanks," to Hulda at her elbow. Charley ate like an athlete in training, avoiding gravies, pastries, sweets. Her skin was a rose-petal. "I'm to start in Monday as stock girl—if I'm in luck."

Mrs. Payson pushed her plate aside sharply as Henry Kemp threw back his head and roared. "Belle! Henry, stop that laughing! It's no laughing matter. No grandchild of mine is going to be allowed to run up and down Shield's blouse department as a stock girl. The idea! Stock—"

"Now, now, Mother Payson," interrupted Henry, soothingly, as he supposed; "you didn't expect them to start Charley in as foreign buyer, did you?"

Belle raised her eyebrows together with her voice. "The thing Charley's doing is considered very smart nowadays, Mother." "Why can't girls stay home?" Mrs. Payson demanded. "It's all very well if you have to go out into the world, as I did. I was unfortunate, and I had the strength to meet my trial. But when there's no rhyme nor reason for it, I do declare! Surely there's enough for you at home. Look at Lottie! What would I do without her!"

Lottie smiled up at her mother then. It was not often that Mrs. Payson unbent in her public praise.

Great-aunt Charlotte, taking no part in the discussion, had eaten every morsel on her plate down to the last crumb of sage dressing. Now she looked up, blinking brightly at Charley. She put her question: "Suppose, after you've tried it, with your education, and the time, and money you've spent on it, and all, you find you don't like it, Charley; then what? H'm? What then?"

"If I'm quite sure I don't like it, I'll stop it and do something else," replied Charley.

Great-aunt Charlotte leaned back in her chair with a sigh of satisfaction. It was as though she found a vicarious relaxation and a sense of ease in Charley's freedom. She beamed upon the table. "It's a great age," she announced, "this century. If I'd died at seventy, as I planned, I'd be madder'n a hornet now to think of all I'd missed." She giggled a little falsetto note. "I've a good mind to step out and get a job myself."

"Don't be childish, Charlotte!"—Sister Carrie, of course.

Charley leaped to her defense. "I'd get one this minute if I were you, Aunt Charlotte, yes, I would. If you feel like it. Look at Mother! Always having massages and taking gentle walks in the park, and going to concerts, when there's the whole world to wallop."

Belle was not above a certain humorous argument. "I consider that I've walloped my world, Miss Kemp. I've married; I manage a household; I've produced a—a family."

"Gussie runs your household, and you know it. Being married to Father isn't a career—it's a recreation. And as for having produced a family, one child isn't a family; it's a crime. I'm going to marry at twenty, have five children one right after the other—"

The inevitable "Charley!" from Mrs. Carrie Payson.

"And handle my job besides. See if I don't."

"Why exactly five?" inquired Henry Kemp.

"Well, four is such a silly number; too

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

tidy. And six is too many. That's half a dozen. Five's just nice. I like odd numbers. Three would be too risky in case anything should happen to one of them, and seven—

"Oh, my heaven!" from Henry Kemp, before he went off into roars again.

"I never heard such talk!" Mrs. Payson almost shouted. "When I was your age I'd have been sent from the room for even listening to such conversation, much less—"

"That's where they were wrong," Charley went on; and she was so much in earnest that one could not call her pert. "Look at Lottie! The maternal type absolutely, or I don't know my philosophy and biology. That's what makes her so corking in the Girls' Court work that she never has time to do—"

She stopped at a sudden recollection. "Oh, Lotta, Gussie's having trouble with that sister of hers again." Gussie was the Kemp's cook, and a pearl. "That sister of hers again," explained Charley. "And Gussie's got so much pride. Jennie—that's the sister—ran away from home. Took some money, I think. It's a terrible family. Her case comes up in Judge Barton's court to-morrow."

Lottie nodded understandingly. She and Gussie had had many unburdening talks in the Kemp kitchen. "I think Judge Barton could straighten things out for Gussie. That sister, anyway."

Belle grasped at that eagerly. "Oh, Lottie, if she could! Gussie's mind isn't on her work. And I've got that luncheon next Tuesday."

Lottie rang it all swiftly. "I'll tell you what: I'll come over to your house to-morrow morning, early, and talk with Gussie. To-morrow's the last day of the week, and the Girls' Court doesn't convene again until Tuesday. Perhaps if I speak for this Jennie when her case comes up to-morrow—"

"Oh, dear, Tuesday wouldn't do!" from Belle.

"Yes, I know. So I'll see Gussie to-morrow, and then go right down to Judge Barton's before the session opens. Gussie can come with me, if you want her to, or—"

Mrs. Payson's voice, hard, high, interrupted. "Not to-morrow, Lottie. It's my day for collecting the rents. You know that perfectly well, because I spoke of it this morning. And all my Sunday marketing to do, too. It's Saturday."

Lottie fingered her spoon nervously. An added color crept into her cheeks. "I'll be back by eleven-thirty—twelve at the latest. Judge Barton will see me first, I know. We'll drive over to collect the rents as soon as I get back, and then market on the way home."

"Are the affairs of Belle's kitchenmaid more important than your own mother's? Are they?"

Lottie looked up slowly. It was as though some force impelled her. Her eyes met Charley's, intent on her. Her glance went from them to Aunt Charlotte—Aunt Charlotte, a spare little figure, erect in her chair—and Aunt Charlotte's eyes were on her too, intent. Those two pairs of eyes seemed to will her, now, to utter that which she now found herself saying to her own horror:

"Why, yes, Mother, I think they are in this case. Yes."

[CONTINUED IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE]

## Miss Ann Interferes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

passports, Miss Ann led them back by the pleasant road of memory to the Land of the Days that Had Been. And when the old box was empty at last, she sat back to look at them, and the smile that she gave them was misty with tears and freighted with love.

"So that's why," she said, "when I saw that—that thing in the paper the night 'fore last, I said to myself, 'They don't understand real well, even yet. They've sort of forgotten all that's been, and they've never once stopped to think about what's to be. Why, they can't just end everything like this! It wouldn't be natural; it wouldn't be—' Well, you can't, that's all. I guess you can see that now yourselves. I don't know what's happened to you, but I guess you got sense enough, both of you, to know they's nobody exactly perfection, and always up to specifications. I guess you're husky enough to stand it," she turned to Stephen, "if she does get on a tantrum now and then!"

But Stephen interrupted her. "Oh, no, Miss—ah— It isn't that at all. The fault is mine entirely!"

"You know it isn't, Steve," Margery broke in, and there was more than the hint of a sob in her voice. "I've been a horrible little viper!"

"You mustn't, Jorie!" her husband said,

and Miss Ann smiled at the shocked protest in his tones.

"Wrangle about that all you like," she said. "My own opinion is that a good spanking for both of you wouldn't come amiss. And when I started to talk to you I was mad enough to give it to you myself. Oh, my dears, I'm only an old busybody, but I've loved you for years, so I had to speak."

And when her voice broke, it is impossible to say how it happened: whether the two miscreants attempted to embrace Miss Ann and incidentally included each other, or whether Miss Ann was simply drawn into the vortex of the whirlpool of love and remorse and forgiveness that drew them together, but at any rate there they were when there came a not too delicate knocking on the door. Evidently the law felt that it had tarried at the portals long enough.

And all this serves to explain how Miss Ann gave the valley the surprise of its life, when she came home in a high-powered gray car, accompanied by two gay young things, who through a laughter-filled week-end gorged themselves on her spice cake and brown-crusted bread, and raced each other through the sunset, and came back to sit at her feet in the twilight to watch the valley fold down to sleep.

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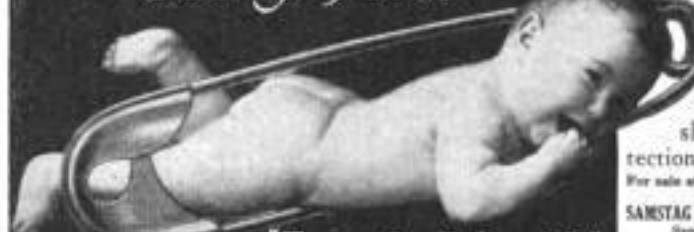
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The Authors' Press, Dept. 82, Auburn, N. Y.

# The World that Judith Found

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

her mother's deft fingers finishing her wedding things, and helping her; as she went on daily to the hospital with Molly, and kept going alone after Ned was out again, strange forebodings rose. She tried to deny them; but as the weeks shortened before her wedding, she gradually faced them. Gradually, all by her lonely self, she made her decision.

She was frightened about it. But she decided to go straight to Milton Lee. After all, it wouldn't be harder to tell him than it was going to be to face Molly and her mother and the whole gossiping town.

On a sunny spring morning, the day before Milton was to be moved to his grandfather's home, Judith joined him on an upper veranda overlooking the pleasant hospital grounds.

He instantly saw the gray, shadowy look on her face and her brooding eyes. He leaned forward slightly in his invalid chair and asked:

"What's the matter, Judith?"

Judith looked at him miserably: "Oh, Milton, I've got something terrible to tell you. You don't know how I have suffered all alone; I didn't know whom to go to about it, and then I thought I'd come straight to you."

He looked surprised. "Why, if anything's the matter, whom else would you go to, Judy?"

It was the quiet, dependable voice she had grown accustomed to hear. She hesitated, shrinking from the step that would change the expression of his face, his feeling for her, half wishing she need not speak.

Then she took a deep breath:

"Milton, something's been happening to me, ever since the night of the accident. It began then, when I saw Molly—you know she was almost crazy when she knew Ned was hurt. But I— She stopped.

"Go on, Judy."

She looked steadily into his slight, handsome face. Her words came low. "But all I thought was, 'If Milton dies, my chance to marry and go out in the world, and be one of it, outside, as I'd always dreamed, is gone.' Oh, Milton!" She stopped, aghast at the cruel words. Then, hurriedly, stammering:

"I didn't know myself till then, Milton, how I felt. Do you remember that night you asked me on the steps—how I said I couldn't live here, always, as Ned and Molly were planning to do? And you told me you were like me, and our ideas were the same? And... I wanted to be engaged like Molly, and now—"

"And now, Judith," came the quiet voice, "you mean you don't want to be engaged any more? You've found our

ideas aren't the same? And you don't care for me?"

"I care terribly. I've learned to, a lot, Milton. I'd like to have you, and a home of my own, and go out there into the world with you, and see everything wonderful. But—after I've seen Molly, and—*felt things*—I can't."

And, feeling herself drawn into the quagmire of her poor, unavailable little words, she drew in her breath sharply, and her heart cried out:

"Oh, if someone would only understand?"

And then, in the strange silence, for Milton Lee leaned forward to her, and said in his quiet, unchanged voice:

"Why, I understand perfectly, Judith."

The voice quiet and unchanged, yet throbbing with response and sympathy.

Tears flooded Judith's eyes. "You mean," she groped, incredulous, "you don't blame me? For going so long? And doing this now when it's almost our wedding time?" Vaguely, back in her brain she was hearing all that her mother and Molly had said of men's not understanding, not hearing with a girl's troubles.

His quiet voice again—"But how could I blame you? You were just mistaken in what marriage was, Judy. And when the night of the accident came, and you suddenly saw that a—husband might mean more than just someone to live with, and be fond of, and have good times with. A husband might be—life or death, to some people. And then, Judy,"—he leaned toward her closer, the poetry in his eyes glowing, intense—"and then, no matter what others told you, you knew that for Judith King, even though she had to give up all the fascinating world she had dreamed about, marriage, when it came, must be that kind. To Judith King it must be... giving the whole, or none. And you couldn't give the whole, Judith, and you were too honest to marry me without it."

Judith gazed at him, unmindful of wet lashes.

"Yes," she repeated, "the whole..." She turned her honest eyes to him. "You're the first one, Milton, who's talked to me like that. Why didn't Mother or Molly tell me, instead of—"

"Well,"—with a little gleam—"Molly... I don't think Molly believes it possible for anyone else to love as she and Ned do, anyway. And your mother,"—he paused a minute—"your mother probably thought, Judith, that you could go on the old way and learn to care, gradually. She didn't quite understand how deeply you had seen into... the other way."

"But you," said Judith, "you knew. How

could you know and explain to me what they didn't? When you're only a man, too."

Milton Lee gave her a little tender smile. "But I'm not 'only a man,' Judith. I'm the man who loves you, you know."

Judith, on the sunny porch that spring morning, was learning many things. Milton had listened to her renouncing of him, yet he spoke of his love so naturally!

"And I guess that I understand, too, because I've been thinking so hard about you, and about it all," he went on simply. "All winter I've watched Ned and Molly. The place is small, Judy, and of course we'd have wanted something else, and yet—I saw that they had something which we hadn't. They were giving... the whole. Then, since I've been in the hospital here, and have had more of a chance to think, I tell to wondering if you and I could be happy in a little place, if we had to live there. And I knew I could. But about you— Well, like yourself, Judith, I wasn't sure about you."

"You felt those things, too—" repeated Judith. "You knew me like that." A sudden, swift throb filled her. . . . Could it be true? But it must be, as it surged again and again. . . . Was it possible, the finding of someone where there would be no lonely spots in one's heart, ever? And she heard the low, searching voice. "Why, Judith, diamond rings, and ministers saying things over our heads, don't mean so much! I feel nearer to you this minute than I ever did! Now, don't you worry. We won't be married in June if you don't want. We'll keep right on just as we are. I'll try harder and harder to please you, dear; and sometime, maybe, I can make you so happy that marriage will be to Judith King just what she wants it to be."

His love-filled face, his patient, delicate understanding, the green-leaved trees, the sun... the great, incomprehensible desires of her girlhood, all fulfilled. . . . Suddenly her voice rang out: "Oh, Milton, Milton darling! I don't need to go anywhere. I have found my world right here!"

With a glad, swift rush she was in his arms, feeling him fill her universe.

When they looked at each other, their young faces were shining.

"Oh, Milton, I never knew it would be like this!" Judith whispered. "How can I ever wait for June to come?" Her face was as radiant as Molly's had been, when she couldn't understand it, months ago. She was again, through her deep experience, step in step with little Molly. She even understood now, why Molly's diamond sparkled as brightly as her own.

# The "Weight Chart" Campaign

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

the foreign mother much easier to handle. One Italian woman who listened intently, but could not at first grasp the idea that the thinness of her boy could be a matter of importance, exclaimed dramatically when she did see what was wanted, "That boy! I fat him or I kill him!"

## An Amazing Example of Perfect Cooperation

THE schools were closed for half a day during the institute, so that twelve hundred teachers might hear how they could do their part. The superintendent of Public Schools made the statement that the nutrition program was already proving to be the connecting link between the home and the school, and was bringing about that cooperation between them so much desired and so hard to get. He also reported that in the nutrition class the board of education had found the rock upon which to build its health program.

The president of the Tuberculosis Association, which had been the chief agency in inaugurating the nutrition campaign, said in a public address that this work had already become the most important contribution his society had made to the health of Rochester, and that in it had been found the key to much of the problem of tuberculosis.

Altogether, twenty-seven classes have been organized, and never before has there been such an opportunity for a healthy spirit of inter-class competition as in Rochester. The newspapers published comparative gains, and the photographs of early graduates appeared to stimulate still further the efforts of class members. Such

organizations as the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club, recognizing the significance of the work, have given both moral and financial support.

The Health Bureau, which has charge of issuing working certificates, is extending the movement to the child in industry, and the juvenile department of the State Employment Bureau is working to have its applicants brought up to the normal weight line before they are called upon to meet the stress of regular employment. Various agencies are studying how the nutrition program can be carried further, so that adults as well as children can be brought more nearly to normal health instead of worrying along on a fraction of their possible power.

Another remarkable feature of this campaign is the extent to which it proved possible to provide for pupils in the rural schools, linking them up with the medical facilities of the large city.

## Other Cities Are Also Active

THIS battlefield in Rochester has been described in some detail, but what has been done in this city has been worked out in equally interesting ways in many other communities. Grand Rapids, Michigan, is in the midst of a campaign under the direction of its municipal health department. Cleveland began with supervision of the work of medical inspection in the schools and courses for preparing nutrition workers were given there in the summers of 1919 and 1920 at the City Normal Training College.

In Atlanta, training classes were carried on under the auspices of the Southern Division of the Red Cross, bringing to-

gether representatives of seven states. This work, and that carried on in Washington D. C., is reaching both colored and white children. Classes are being organized in various representative Southern communities where the need is especially evident. In one of the Atlanta high schools for girls sixty-one per cent of the pupils were found to be malnourished.

In New Hampshire a state-wide campaign is under way, reaching from Colebrook to Nashua and Keene, and including distinctive work in the State Agricultural College and at Dartmouth.

Beyond the Canadian line the Canadian Patriotic Fund has launched the movement in Montreal, Toronto, and many other centers.

On all sides there is a demonstration of the success attending the undertaking as a community job, the need of which has been urged in these columns for many months. What slogan can better express our ideal than "All American children 100 per cent in health and happiness!"

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# Come for a Ride With Me

By MARY WESTCOTT

THIS is the season of the year when one person in every ten climbs into his or her automobile and says to some of the less lucky other nine, "Come for a ride with me!"



Another car pest is the person who "takes the liberty of inviting one or two friends to go along," because "they don't mind how tight they have to pack in."

pleasure and an errand, begs you instead to give her "just one little glimpse of the seat!"

And oh, the where-are-we-now guests! They punch you in the back every few minutes as you drive through the midst of the most uninhabited

But does the auto owner say it to all nine with equal eagerness? Not a bit of it! Probably one among the crowd hears him say it very, very often, because that one is known to the auto owner as a "good guest." The other eight run down the scale of "plain guests," "bores," "nuisances," and "foes."

A prolonged visit is said to be one of the greatest tests of friendship. To the experienced car owner, the habits of the guests in his car are a marvelous index of character.

I KNOW one woman whom I avoid like the plague, because she is indexed in my mind as "the grafter." I never invite her to accompany us anywhere that she does not ring in some inconvenient errand of her own to be done in a place quite off our intended route, or some long call on a friend, while we wait for her outside.

To her mind, "Come for a ride with me," is merely the equivalent for saying, "I put my car and myself at your service until you choose to release us." She is the person of whom another auto owner said that she was intensely grateful for the first ride, took the second as a matter of course, and with the third believed she owned the car.

Another car pest is the person who "takes the liberty of inviting one or two friends to go along, because they don't mind how tight they have to pack in." But perhaps your car is of the cheap and useful sort which will have a long life if not overburdened, but can very quickly be done to death with heavy loads.

Or perhaps you have promised them a ride which includes a steep climb in the car to some view—an easy feat with two passengers, an effort with three, and a cruel strain upon your car with five. It took me years of car ownership and heavy repair bills before I learned fully the lesson that I must be fair to my car in the matter of loading, or else pay a heavy penalty.

I personally feel an equal distaste for the guest who is afraid at more than fifteen miles an hour, and says so; and the guest who the other day rode at fifty miles an hour with his cousin Tom, and tells you how much he liked it.

INCIDENTALLY, another guest whom I avoid is the woman who, after she has accepted and I have made up my party for a long afternoon's ride, always at the last moment decides that she will have to be back early, and does not announce the fact till we are well outward bound, with pleasant anticipations.

A twin of hers is the lady who, invited for a definite inland trip which combines

woodland and marshland stretches to ask, "What town are we in now?"

I am sorry to confess it, but I have learned that the easiest relief from these is to say the first name that comes into my mind. I should hate to have the map of Massachusetts look as I present it to my guests.

Another of my dreaded guests is always demanding to stop here to pick this or that, "here" being usually on a steep up-grade. She is apt to drop my robes and raincoats in the bottom of the car, and when she climbs in again to wipe her muddy or dusty shoes on them. Her sister, by the way, is the sort that is always afraid she will catch cold, but means to be brave about it.

Then there is the guest who says, "Now I know you don't want to talk, so don't bother about me! I'll just sit quiet as a little mouse!" Then she talks steadily the rest of the way.

And no words can express my wrath of the moment for the woman who, leaning forward to attract my attention, runs her finger down my spine and calls me by my most idiotic, outgrown, girlhood nickname!

SO FAR, I seem to have vented my feelings entirely on my own sex, which is not quite fair, for occasionally a married man does condescend to swell our numbers. I have one husband in mind, particularly. "Yes, of course he likes motoring—is very fond of it. Where did I get the notion he wasn't?" Where, indeed! He sits bolt upright on the edge of the seat, his eyes glued to the road. "Careful," he warns, "car coming." Or, "Better get over to the right—car in back of you wants to pass. . . . Pretty close shave!" And then he draws in his breath with a sort of gasping sound, and sinks back into an all-in attitude that makes me speed up to the limit.

In spite of all my criticisms, however, I do not for one moment wish to discredit the genuine joy of guest-taking for the lucky one in ten, when that one can find the right guest. There is no place where true comradeship is more welcome than out of doors. The guest with good manners and the eye that sees can double the pleasure of a drive.

To every car owner, then, I would say, "Do not be discouraged. Search diligently until you find a convenient supply of good guests who can find real pleasure in the day without marring it for you or for each other." And for the nine out of ten who daily await a chance for the open road, I would offer this new proverb: "The self-forgetful guest catches the invitations."



## Why The Mennen Company Published My Baby Book

DEAR ANNE:

I wish I could tell you how glorious I feel about my Baby Book, which The Mennen Company published for me last Spring. It's simply wonderful the way doctors and nurses and mothers are using it and praising it—*thousands* of them!

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I suppose it was because of wide experience with babies in my clinical work that The Mennen Company asked me to write my Baby Book. I may have been flattered a bit, but I did see a big chance to help the greatest number of mothers in times of distress.

I hope you will tell all your mother friends to write for their copies. It's the kind of book they would ordinarily pay a dollar for. But because I have mentioned Mennen Talcum a few times, The Mennen Company is mailing it for twenty-five cents as long as the edition lasts. It comes in a plain wrapper.

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[SEE "NEXT DOOR TO 'PARADISE,'" PAGE 55]

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State Parks and Reservations.  
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Adirondack Highways.  
Catskill Highways.  
St. Lawrence Reservation (Thousand Islands).  
Lake George.  
Adirondack Canoe Routes.

Or, if you desire to obtain information

about camp sites in the national forests, write to the District Forester of the individual forest in which you are interested, using the address given below:

Federal Building, Missoula, Montana.  
New Federal Building, Denver, Colorado.  
Gas and Electric Building, Albuquerque, New Mexico.  
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**ROUGH ON RATS**

# "The Girl Who Wants to Write"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

writing. A few women—and they are rare exceptions—have found that editorial work and writing can be combined. But this combination presupposes great vitality as well as creative power. Part-time secretarial work, or tutoring, opens other avenues. Teaching is perhaps the one profession which writers and artists alike combine with their other work. Indeed, a goodly number of writers have taken up teaching as part-time work because it leaves their summers free for creative effort. In this case the writer will have to find the forward-looking type of college or school (and there are a growing number of these) where the fact she can do creative work is considered an asset, and in consequence her hours will not be long.

Moreover, colleges and private schools have discovered that an author with a growing reputation is an addition to the faculty, and brings something of the spirit and stir of the creative world into the classroom, inspiring students, and giving them more of a real feeling for literature than does the teacher who is only nominally interested. Among the well-known authors who combine creative teaching with creative writing are Jennette Lee, Grace Hazard Conkling, Katherine Lee Bates, Loretta Woodworth Reese.

The right opening for such teaching is not always easy to find. Sometimes the aspirant will have to wait at least a year before the sought-for opportunity presents itself. Yet this year need not be lost.

The Girl Who Wants to Write can still be studying her craft and pushing toward her goal. It is better to lose a little time than to enslave herself in some school that is not the right one. "Victory is the power to wait," said Benjamin Disraeli. But she should make it active waiting!

### As to Playwriting

IT IS an interesting fact that Josephine Preston Penbody, who wrote "The Piper," which took the Stratford-on-Avon prize, taught a class at Wellesley, during her early playwriting years; and Jennette Marks, who wrote the Welsh Prize Play, teaches at Mount Holyoke College. Rachel Crothers is another dramatist who united teaching and playwriting at the outset of her career. This has significance for the hosts of girls who are continually asking, "How can I become a playwright?" "How can I place my play?"

Hundreds of would-be dramatists are more interested in this than in any other question. They wonder why their manuscripts come back to them, and fail to realize the immense number of plays which are sent to managers' offices. David Belasco recently remarked that his office received ten thousand manuscripts a year.

Plays are almost without exception placed through play-brokers, of whom there are a half-dozen in New York City, and to receive consideration from one of these is

almost as difficult as to obtain a hearing with a manager. Yet this is the road the would-be playwright must tread if she is to reach the goal.

As to the technique of playwriting, there are courses at Harvard and Radcliffe, Columbia, the University of North Carolina, and Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. The two leading books on the subject are "Playwriting," by William Archer, and "Dramatic Technique," by George Pierce Baker. Also excellent are "Writing and Selling a Play," by Fanny Cannon; and "Problems of the Playwright," by Clayton Hamilton.

Working in a local Little Theatre or Community Theatre is often an immense help. Here the young author may gain a hearing for a long play, or a one-act play—usually the latter. Indeed, the one-act play is a great stepping stone to further dramatic achievement. It was with the one-act play that Susan Glaspell and Edna St. Vincent Millay began their dramatic work in Little Theatres.

Such work leads almost inevitably to special performances at professional theatres, and in turn to regular professional production. Too many would-be dramatists neglect such paths as this, and reach New York with a play on which they have centered all their hopes, only to find the way more steep and difficult than they have ever dreamed. They, like all other beginners in the literary world, have need of that stern mentor, practicality.

## The Good Scout

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

could; her suit cases, the dressing-case, the tent, all the banglesome things we had brought along for her comfort, so that we would travel light. It was all her plan. Then I took Bert's cot, opened it out and put it across the tonneau, to extend over the top of the front seat. Sister figured that out, and made me nail it in place regardless of the finish of the car. I filled the air mattress and put that on the cot, and arranged the softest blankets up there. How we were going to get him up so high I didn't know, but Sister seemed to be sure of what she was doing.

She said we'd better eat before we started, so I fried my trout and made some strong coffee. I piled the stuff we were leaving under a tree out of sight of the road, covered it with the dressing-tent canvas with Bert's name stenciled on it, and left it. (That stuff was all there, good as ever, when we went back for it a month from then.)

When it came to moving him, Sister gave him a stiff drink of brandy, and then did nearly all the lifting of him herself. I never would have thought she was so strong. He could help himself a little, on account of the brandy, and I boosted, too. We did it carefully and I don't think it hurt him so awful bad; anyway, he didn't say much. When we got him up there we propped his foot, packed him with cushions, and then strapped him down with the straps off the bedding roll and the suit cases. He couldn't shift much when Sister got done fixing him, I tell you. We put the top up to shelter him, and Sister told me to get into the tonneau, and we started.

Sister had never driven on a mountain road, and at first it was hard for her to hold the car in the road at all. I expected to go to glory at every curve, and we rocked in the ruts something terrific. When we hit an extra big bump she would say in a little sobbing voice, "Oh, Bert, I know I'm killing you!" but she kept us going. It was down-hill, and I told her how to run against compression, so that helped to control the car. After a while she seemed to steer a little better, and we missed a few of the rocks. We stopped at the first crossing for water to give Bert. Sister stood on the running board and bathed his face a minute. He smiled and told her she was doing fine driving, and she kissed him. Then we went on.

Sequoia is only a garage and a grocery store with a post office in it. There wasn't any doctor. So we went on down-hill.

It seemed rotten luck to blow out a tire then, but that is just what we did, and it took Sister and me an hour to change it and get it pumped up. I knew how, but had never done it by myself, and she had everything to learn right there.

Her pretty blue dress was all over dust, and her hair was down by now, so she made

it into a braid and threw away her hat. She bathed Bert's face with her last clean handkerchief. I think if she could have seen her own face she would have washed it, too, but her mirror was left behind, and she didn't know about the black grease smudge over her eye or the dirty streaks on the rest of her face.

When we started again we had to go uphill. Sis hadn't quite the right system for changing gears on a grade. She didn't do it quick enough, for one thing. Then she missed the intermediate at first trial and we went back a little bit; but she remembered to brake just in time, and I climbed out over the door and stopped the car with a stone under the wheel before we backed over the edge. There was a mile drop below. Almost straight down it was. She drew in her breath with a little hissing noise and changed over to low. Then I got in and we went on.

Sister cried a little the next time she stopped and saw his face all drawn up, but he kind of grinned at her and whispered something about having a female Barney Oldfield in the family. So she laughed back at him and drew the straps tighter around his cot and pumped up the mattress—those air-filled things always seem to leak; and we started again.

It got dark soon after that. I don't know which was worse, going up-hill or down, with Sister driving. On an up-grade she usually missed the gears when she tried to change, and coming down she couldn't seem to hold the car in the road very well, and when we'd come to one of those roller-coaster curves on that narrow shelf—sweet potatoe! But Sister kept on going.

I don't know how many hours it was till we got to Gold Gulch. We punctured another tire before then, I remember, but it didn't take so long to change it this time, because Sister had learned how. Bert was very quiet, except to say he was feeling all right, considering. And at last we saw a light ahead and knew we'd reached the town.

The light was in the one grocery store of the little place, so we stopped there and I went in. Some men were playing cards on top of a box.

"Is there a doctor here?" I asked.

One of the men got up. "I'm all the doctor this place needs," he said. He was a veterinary. He came out and took a look at Bert by the spotlight, because Sister wouldn't let him be moved. She wanted a real doctor. He turned Bert over kind of rough-like and remarked:

"Lordy, he's had a bash in the slats! Three ribs gone, anyway. There's a hospital at Madras; you'd better try to get him there, ma'am. It's only forty mile. Let's see the foot."

"No," said Sister Millie. "I don't want

it infected. Good night," and we pulled out.

"Where are we going now, Sis?" I asked, kind of scared.

"To Ransome's ranch, Rolf," she said, quite cheerful. But a couple of miles down the road the car just slowed down and died. "For heaven's sake, what now?" Sister wailed. Well, we were out of gas. Here was something I could do anyway, I thought, so I took the biggest canteen, dried it out good, and started back for Gold Gulch. I hadn't gone ten steps when that darned old right leg crumpled under me. I had sis still too long in the car with my clothes wet from fishing, I guess. She saw me go down, because it was moonlight.

"Give me the canteen, buddy, and take good care of Bert," she said, in a different, softer kind of voice than I had ever heard her use. I gave her Bert's little 25 automatic from the front-door pocket and she went—down that strange, lonely road into the dark.

It was nearly three when she got back. Bert was asleep at last. We poured the gallon she brought into the tank, turned around, and went back to Gold Gulch. The man she'd had to wake to get it was still up and waiting for us, so we had that tank filled at fifty per. I had to get into Bert's money belt to pay for it, but he never waked.

Soon as we got out of the foothills and onto the level boulevard I took the wheel. I can drive all right when there is no grade. It was a weird time of night to drive. The moon was just going down. I looked back and saw Sister's head down beside Bert's on the cushion, so I drove as steady as I could. It was broad daylight when I turned into Ransome's yard. They were doing the milking, and you bet the whole outfit turned out to meet us.

They got Bert into bed and telephoned to Madras for a doctor. He knew his job, and when he left he said Bert would be all right. He was, too.

Suddenly Sister began to whimper. "Oh, Mrs. Ransome, his face—when he came crawling, crawling—" And she broke down and cried hard.

"There, there," Mrs. Ransome said, and she took Sister in her arms and rocked her back and forth.

Honest, I was a little bit disappointed in Sis right then. Here she'd stood up to everything like a good scout—and then had to go to pieces just when our troubles were over!

We're glad when we can get Sis to go with us on our trips now, because she's a better cook than I am. She can shoot pretty good too, with the .22 rifle Bert gave her, and she looks just like a little girl in the khaki suit she wears, with her hair in a braid down her back. Bert says she's a regular sport, and I think so myself.



# An Island in a Thousand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

"Against him! Nothing whatever. He is a very worthy young man, a member of an excellent Maryland family which has intermarried with some of the best people of Boston. His grandmother was a Lowell."

"Who'd probably turn in her grave? I get you, Judge."

"Sir?"

"You think it wouldn't do for the grandson of a Lowell to tie up with a Puddiford?"

The Judge was about to decline so personal a debate when a treble wail, followed by a deep bass groan, apprised him that someone had beaten him to the player piano. Craning round Puddiford, he beheld the unspeakable Dora at the keyboard. What colossal impudence! What profanation! Then an opus by Bach began to unroll at the dizzy speed of jazz, and his suffering gaze came back to the hazy father, and hardened.

"If you insist on knowing my opinion," he stated hoarsely, "you shall have it. I should deem such a match deplorable in every respect."

There was an electric pause. "Puddiford's a queer name, isn't it?" said the owner of that name slowly. "I don't know what it means. I don't care a hoot. And so is Brewster a queer name—at least for you to wear. You don't brew anything, do you?"

The Judge scorned to reply.

"Very likely you haven't had a relation in the beer business for centuries," added Puddiford with maddening sympathy. "Well, there hasn't ever been a brewer in our tribe so far as I know. Nor a distiller, nor a saloon keeper, nor a bankrupt nor a thief. We've kept out of debt and out of jail. And out of society—that's the fatal blot on the record. We haven't had a swell in the whole kit and boiling."

"I fail to see the drift of these remarks," said the Judge with asperity.

"You will," said Puddiford. "The point is, we're going to take on a swell at last."

"You intend to abet this piece of folly?"

"Let Thorpe have Dora? I don't know."

If he makes good and she doesn't change her mind, I may. But what I'm driving at is this: If we do let him into the family he'll find someone there ahead of him who's in his own blue-blooded class. Why, come to think of it, he'll find three in his class! He couldn't question McAllister's credentials, could he? Or Angela Lansing's? They'd be his uncle and aunt as I figure it out. You see, Judge, I'm planning to get married myself in September. Keep it under your hat for the present. I reckon it's up to Pam to spread the news."

The Judge's eyes and mouth opened in unison. His lips framed indistinguishable words, which may or may not have contained the fourth vowel.

"Thanks for your congratulations," said Puddiford. "They mean a lot."

Dora soon tired of Bach, but not, alas, of the instrument. Aided by the infatuated Thorpe, she discovered that the automatic player could be detached, and the unhappy Judge was forced to listen to a series of waltzes so banal that he could not keep his seat. Nor could his son. Insensible to the tumult raging in his father's breast, Eliot asked Pamela to dance, thereby setting a pernicious example, which the loathsome Puddiford and his sister-to-be followed promptly. McAllister looked on enviously, his sound leg keeping time. Mrs. Brewster's left slipper moved rhythmically. Mary Page's smile was far too indulgent. Only Chase seemed to share the Judge's feeling that precious moments were being unprofitably spent.

Yet there was worse to come. Dora bounded from the piano and begged Mrs. Brewster to tell her fortune.

"You promised you would sometime," she said, "and there couldn't be a better time than this."

"Very well, my dear," she assented. "I'm rather out of practice, but I'll do my best."

To her husband it was her consummate worst. He was again compelled to witness the idiotic ritual of the left-hand cut and the three-pack deal; to listen to Dora's insane past and present and to a prophecy of bliss to come instead of the black doom she deserved.

"Your wish," said Mrs. Brewster, turning a card, "your wish, whatever it was, will be granted."

"Hurrah!" cried Dora. "That's glorious! How I'd love to tell you all! I can't, though—at least not everybody." She surveyed the group roguishly. "Only dear Judge Brewster." Whereupon, to that gentleman's profound distaste, she tripped to his side and whispered, "I wished I might never lay eyes on George Slingsby

again, and now, of course, I never shall." "For heaven's sake, be still!" he muttered.

"I beg pardon?"

"The least said the better," he amended, aghast at his lapse.

As his vision cleared, he saw Chase seat himself at the table and gravely cut and deal.

"I'd rather forget the past," said Chase, with a glance at Mary. "And don't bother with the present, Mrs. Brewster. I quite appreciate its delights. It's the future I'm curious about. What is the meaning of all these diamonds? Wealth?"

"No," she said. "Important news—news and a journey."

"Soon?"

"Very soon."

"In pleasant company?"

"Are you pleasant company for yourself?"

"Sometimes," he replied. "Then I go alone?"

"Yes," she said. "You go alone."

The Judge smiled grimly. So much for the wisdom of cards! Then it struck him as unseemly to gloat over this man's impending ruin. It was not chivalrous to spy on him thus, a guest sheltered by the Brewster roof, warned by the Brewster fire. And, turning away, he resolved to do what he had originally planned. Though his music fell on deaf ears he would make music. He would play that opus of Bach which the unspeakable one had butchered. But he did not get far. He had pedaled off the blank paper and perhaps a yard of the magical perforations when, athwart a minor strain of poignant beauty, stole an eerie crouch. The dog was in the house!

He stopped pumping and rose, with a chilly spine. The others had apparently not heard what he had heard.

As surely as if he saw through solid walls into the butler's pantry, where, at that very moment, Kearney was dangling a wet sable skin under Argus's nose, he knew that Chase's test was at hand. Kearney, with a vulgar instinct for the dramatic, had seized this hour to act! The Judge recoiled from the wretched business. But he wanted to see what there was to see, and be done with it forever.

He went nervously to the hearth and poked the logs into a cheery blaze. And Chase, his future revealed, sauntered over and stood at the other end of the chimney-piece and remarked that Mrs. Brewster was a wizard of intuition. The Judge nodded, as if he agreed with this rubbish. He could not trust himself to speak.

Then he heard a certain scuffling, a sound as of an unwieldy body unwillingly propelled, a creaking door; then other sounds: a whine, a sniff, a second sniff and measured steps that sent a tremor through the house. And then the mighty Argus strode between the dining-room portières with a small, brown, shriveled object in his jaws and, like the natural tragedian that he was, paused impressively.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Brewster. "He's done it again!"

Argus ignored her and cocked an ear toward one of the portières. But Kearney, lurking in the shadows, offered no further hints, and thenceforth the sagacious beast

played his part unprompted. Advancing to the hearth, he gazed mournfully at his master, mournfully at Chase, and slumping heavily to the rug, began with gusto to masticate his first sable pelt.

"Drop it!" commanded the Judge, recovering his wits. "Drop it, you fool! It will make you sick."

The Great Dane looked astonished and pained, but after some thought, while he continued to chew, obeyed the voice of authority.

"This won't make Argus sick," reassured Chase and, stooping, he flung the costly trophy in the fire. "As I was saying, Judge, your wife is a wizard of intuition. It's quite true that I've had news which necessitates a journey. In fact, I'm off in the morning, and must go now and pack. Thank you for a memorable evening."

A chorus of protest followed his announcement and an antiphony of praise his exit into the night. The Judge joined in neither demonstration. Yet his face shone brightly. He was anticipating the morrow's talk with Kearney. The gathering broke up shortly, and young Brewster, noting how brilliant was his Mary's smile, took it as a sign that his escort would be welcome. The rain had spent itself. The stars were out. Two by two they wound down across the perfectly bartered lawn to the houseboat.

The Judge did not muse over this gentle recession. His thoughts were with the baffled Kearney. After all, why defer their talk till morning? It would be more amusing to see him while his chagrin was fresh. Leaving his wife pensively agaze on the terrace, he slipped round the house to the kitchen. The detective was not there. But Argus was. With an air of conscious virtue he sprawled before the range.

"This is no place for you, sir," said the Judge. "Come along to your kennel."

They set forth together, but the biped of the twain was promptly outdistanced. With a growl of blood-curdling ferocity one hundred and ninety odd pounds of dog went hurtling down the path. In his mind's eye the Judge saw the Great Dane bestirring a human sacrifice. But his physical eye soon beheld Kearney lounging tranquilly against the kennel. He was quite unscathed. And so, bearing him company with less aplomb, was Stephen Chase. Argus the Terrible was licking his unappetitive hand.

"Some police dog!" said Kearney unpleasantly. "However, I turned the trick. My man here snapped at the bait just as I was sure he would. Crook that he is, he couldn't resist one more try before he made his get-away, and of course he thought the kennel was his best bet. He's already told me all he knows. But I haven't told him all we know, Judge. The cream of the joke is still coming to him. Got ready to laugh, Chase. The sables you were after aren't even on the island. The Government handed them back to the owners in May."

The prisoner met this statement with silence. The mother tongue of Shakespeare and Marie Corelli has its emotional limitations. But in that silence the Judge's secret sympathy went out to him. Kearney manifestly lacked the finer instincts of a gentleman. [THE END]

## The Return

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

any other man but Dick—" he gasped.

"Go slowly, my son," advised his mother. "She has loved you all the time. It is the best thing in the world for all of you; but it must have been a shock to her, poor child."

It had been a shock, one of the most terrible in the world, to fall from the greatest height, that of self-sacrifice; but as Ellen lay on the couch at home her expression of bewilderment was changing to one of peace.

This is what had happened: When Dick, marching with his uncle, their old colored man trailing, came abreast of the group where Ellen stood, she looked at him calmly. As a matter of fact, most people did look calmly. The little that the bandage left to the imagination was the only thing to cause a shudder, and the bandage was light, following exactly the unchanged contours of the face, all the lower part of which was covered. Above gleamed the blue eyes, almost wild with strange, inhuman rapture and triumph, and his shorn head was like a helmet of gold in the sunshine. Dick had a splendid figure, and he walked like a king and a conqueror. There was

nothing shocking about him except the white bandage, and that only veiled the noble beauty of his face.

Ellen stepped from the sidewalk. She reached him. The procession halted and everybody looked. Ellen gazed up at his half-revealed face.

"Dick," she began clearly. All those near could hear her.

Dick looked at Ellen, then looked away. He did not see her. The music blared, like a great breath caught in a sob. The procession moved on, now at a quicker pace. Dick, marching, blue eyes fixed and rapt as before some splendor visible to him alone, could see no sweetheart on earth. He saw, and would see forever, would see with his dying eyes when his time came, the great face of Columbia, of that goddess whom his wonderful unselfish love had visualized for his worship.

For it is true, that in the mind of one who sees clearly the Face of his own Country, for whom he has held himself as naught, the Composite of his own Race, of its ties of joy and earthly sorrow, and its hopes for the Hereafter, there can exist the full comprehension of no other love in life.



*I am free ~ You may be*

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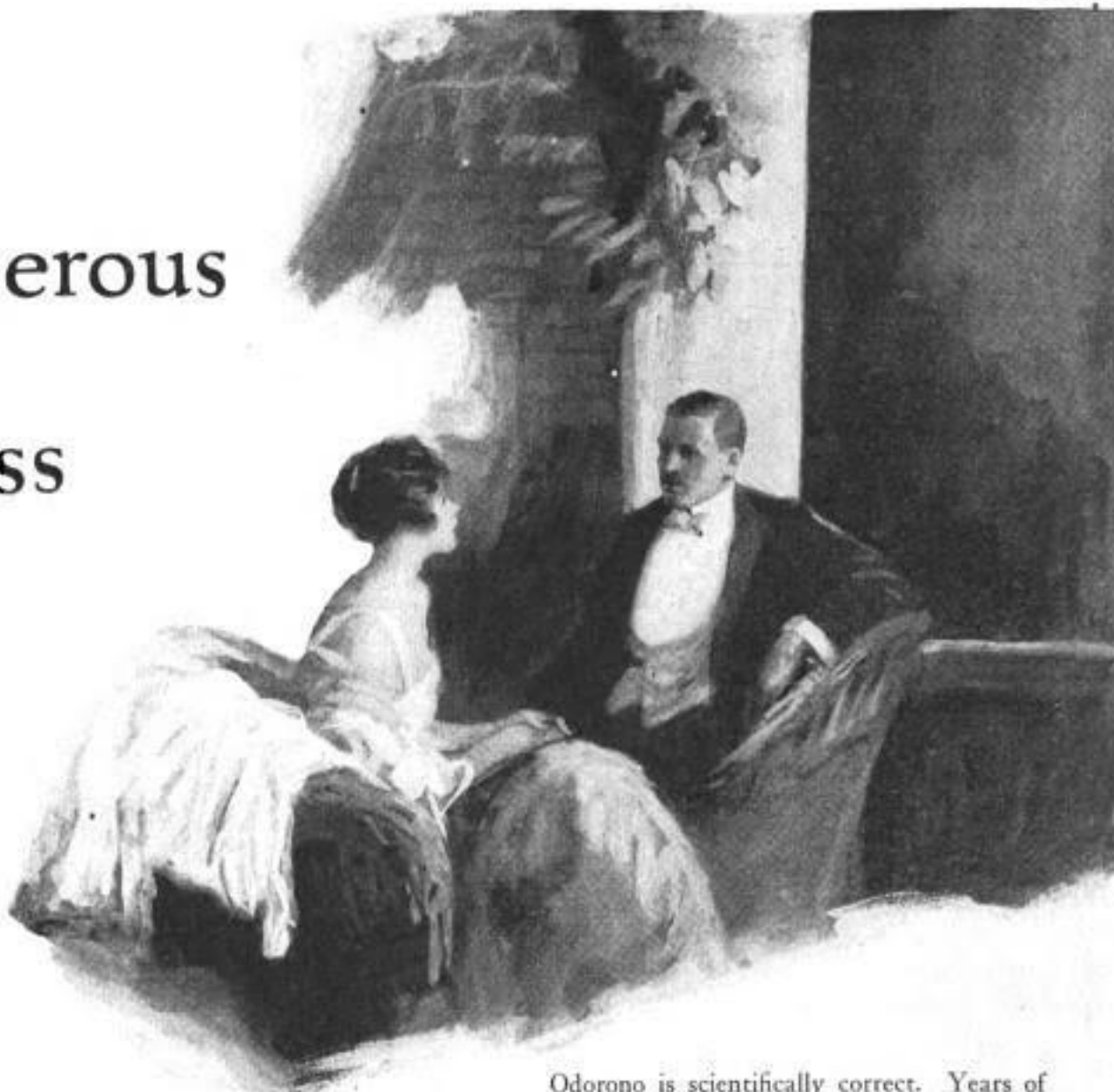




# A subtly dangerous form of unloveliness

*that no woman  
can believe  
herself to have*

*by one who found that she had let it  
creep in unawares*



**I** WANT to say some things to women—things that no one likes to say, but which they ought, in fairness to themselves, to know.

"They are not easy things to tell. But from a bitter personal experience has come the courage, the knowledge and I hope the tact to try to make them understand.

"For I who write this, am a woman and I know.

"A woman may have a crooked nose or a muddy skin—and she'll make the best of it. She can still be so charming that men will fall in love with her.

"The crookedest nose or the muddiest skin will not endanger a woman's attraction for a man as surely as another more subtle form of unloveliness.

"The dangerous part of this unloveliness is that no woman can ever believe herself to have it! It stealthily creeps in when, because she is immaculately clean, she believes herself entirely safe.

"Daintiness, in the little intimate details of person and of dress, is the one quality ascribed to and expected of womankind; and underarm perspiration odor is its greatest enemy.

"This — underarm perspiration — is the danger I wish every woman might realize. It is unloveliness in its most subtle, treacherous form—and so many, many are unwilling, unconscious victims.

"I wish you might use this letter to help them understand the seriousness of this danger. Tell them I only want to save them the humiliation I experienced from innocently offending in this way."

And so we are using this unknown writer's words as she requested—to help women maintain that one quality expected of them above all others—personal daintiness.

*Distressing, but true—these things*

**T**HE physiological condition with which we have to cope in dealing with this subtle, insidious enemy of a woman's daintiness—underarm perspiration odor—is peculiarly delicate.

Because the hollow of the underarm and clothing prevent normal evaporation of perspiration here, a disagreeable odor is caused by changing body chemicals. And somehow it is impossible to detect that odor about yourself, while others are aware of it very quickly.

You cannot believe that you offend in this unpleasant way, so fastidious are you in your efforts to be "soap-and-water" clean; so dainty-loving are you in all your habits.

But the fact remains—many women, refined and dainty in all other ways, do fall short of perfect daintiness in this way—undreamed of by themselves.

*The one assurance of daintiness*

**T**HE one way of holding fast to daintiness that more than a million people now use is—with Odorono.

As a toilet water originally prescribed by a physician for excessive perspiration, Odorono is perfectly harmless; an antiseptic.

And it is so easy and pleasant to use! Not messy or hard to apply—but just clear, clean liquid.

Odorono is scientifically correct. Years of research by the ablest chemists in the Odorono laboratories have made it as perfect as science can accomplish. If constant testing could have improved it, it would have been done.

The great advantage that Odorono gives is that one application assures at least three days' daintiness. Its regular use twice a week will keep your underarms always dry and dainty.

Apply to underarms at night, allow to dry, then dust with talcum. Bathe with clear water the next morning—or any time, for water will not affect it.

Protect your lingerie, your frocks and blouses from perspiration stain. But more than that, protect yourself from this subtlest form of unloveliness—perspiration odor!

Men also find Odorono indispensable for the toilet. Send for booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Odorono may be obtained at all toilet counters, 35c, 60c and \$1.00, or by mail, postpaid.

*Free Booklet—"The Double Meaning of Daintiness"*

**L**ET us send you our new booklet of information on the toilette of the underarm, "The Double Meaning of Daintiness," together with a sample of The Odorono Company's new "After Cream." Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 408 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Canadian mail orders or requests should be addressed to The Odorono Company, Ltd., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.

**THE ODORONO COMPANY**  
408 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio





# The Postscript.

## The Woman's Home Companion

Synopsis of previous stanzas will be found in fourth column **327**

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, as possibly you've heard, Has a Picture Section monthly—some say that it's a bird. (Excuse our slang, dear Madam, we blush for such a speech. But what we mean is, people consider it a peach.) There's usually eight pages, all printed in grayscale, And "bird" and "peach" but faintly suggest its great allure. You find it in the middle as through the book you wend.— Yes, Patience, there it differs—The Postscript's at the end!

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, in this same picture part, Shows much that touches phases of current life and art. The movie and the talkie, the folks that make the same, With baby, garden, mountain, vacation, house, and game. Then sometimes there are fashions, or ready-girls, to wear, And cats and dogs and picnics—oh, everything is there. We'd say two Picture Sections, if we were to amend.— What's that? Oh, no, Priscilla,—one Postscript at the end!

[CONTINUED IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE]



### Making a Start

THE other day we had occasion to look up the COMPANION in the telephone book—we don't remember why—forgotten the telephone number, probably; or perhaps we were wandering around town, lost, trying to find the office. Or it may be that we were simply reading the telephone directory, as we frequently do, it being, next to the dictionary, our favorite book, and full of good things. We're inclined to think, however, that we looked it up, since we remember we had considerable difficulty in finding it, and finally pried it out with our forefinger from between the Woman's Exchange and the Woman's Home Missionary Federation and hard by the Woman's Chamber of Commerce Incorporated—National and International, which is certainly a lineal and sounds as if it might be a different organization from the Wednesday Afternoon Dancing Club, made up, you know, of the Younger Set—and the editor of the telephone book must be able to rattle off the alphabet just like that, otherwise he'd never know which came first, and we're glad we don't have his job, much preferring to write The Postscript, where it doesn't matter which comes first, and we never know, in fact, since the printer puts things just where he pleases, anyhow, and we'd like to bet something that if he were setting up the telephone book there'd be a fine row between him and the editor every month, that is, if it comes out every month—well, we seem to be lost this time, whether we were the other time or not, and we can't see any way out except to stop and wait for a rescue party.



### Help Arrives in Time

THE thing that we were trying to say is that in the telephone book we found this: "Woman's Home Companion (A Pub)." We had never known it before. Worse than that, what is A Pub? If The Postscript could afford to have a telephone, would it, too, be described as A Pub? Well, never mind! But the wonders of language are inexhaustible, and it isn't strange we like to read the dictionary. Here's one of the cooking pages saying, "Trim looks, place trimmings in pan," and so forth. Miss Gould wouldn't talk that way about her kind of trimmings.

Farther down on the same page we find a casual reference to a "combination of milk and stock." We have some stock in the DeJarnett Self-Sustaining Motor Company, organized by C. H. DeJarnett, late Colonel North Carolina Tigers, C. S. A., that we are willing to contribute; but, no doubt, there are different kinds of stock, as there are trimmings. Anyhow, we're glad to see in one of the stories that an apartment which seems not to have been overly large still had space for a solarium. If we could have a solarium next to our scriptorium, where we could step in between paragraphs, or when returning from the refectory, life would be much pleasanter.

But, still talking about language, in one of the stories we have found some more dry sobe, and you know how this always pleases us. But for some little time we have felt that there is something wrong with the fiction, and even these dry sobe and last month's hero who was an awful ass haven't removed the feeling. Perhaps we are missing the hero or heroine who went white to the lips.

Last month we were so sweet and lovely that we didn't say a word when the Cooking Department again brought out its pet Welsh rarebit.

We never saw a Welsh rarebit, And neither did Miss Bradley. She means Welsh rabbit we submit,— A fact we mention sadly.



### Some Short Stories

OF LATE we seem not to have spoken often of the short stories. We can't imagine why this should be so, entertaining as they nearly always are. Here's "The Return" this month, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, whom everybody is always glad to see.

Another is "Terms to be Arranged," telling of how people had all sorts of funny troubles in selling a house. The girl is named Phyllis, and they call her Phil, which makes us think she's a man all the time. We meet in this story the valley of despair. We suppose there is such a place, but for good all-around enjoyment we prefer the Slough of Despond as found in "The Pilgrim's Progress," which still remains one of our favorite books. Well, they sold the house finally, but not to Mr. Rosenbaum. It isn't easy to sell a thing to a man named Rosenbaum, we imagine. It would be interesting to see Sandy MacMalcolm and Isaac Rosenbaum trying to sell things to each other.

Still another is "The Good Scout," and that's what Millie proved to be, though it took her a long time. This must be historical fiction, from the way they toss about "raw brandy" and "stiff drinks" of the same corrugating fluid. We don't think they would have passed Gold Gulch without filling up their gasoline tank—unless they thought they were going to run on the brandy.

"The World That Judith Found" proved to be a good sort of a world that everybody ought to find, but sometimes it's a long, long way from Piccadilly.

So we work our way along to "Miss Ann Interferes," which certainly holds a novel plot, and is a pretty good story in all ways. We like the "vulnerable agility" of a certain small motor car, but we don't know about a girl named Margery being called "Jorie." Sounds queer. We hope Miss Nesbitt will write the COMPANION some more stories.



### The Serial and Other Things

HERE is Edna Ferber, who has written so much during the past dozen years, with the first instalment of a serial which we feel sure will be making a bookful soon after it's finished in the COMPANION. You cannot well miss "The Girls," for it begins early and ends late, really not far back of The Postscript, since there is an unusually generous quantity of it.

But when you read it you'll say there is not too much. Charlotte and Lottie and Charley, though they may have the same basic name, are as different as these derivative

names which they use in their daily lives. "The Girls" is a Chicago story so far, and promises so to remain to the end. We don't recall another recent COMPANION serial with the scene in Chicago; but Chicago is a large town with plenty of room for scenes. Readers who recognize him will be interested in the portrait Miss Ferber draws of a certain well-known newspaper man.

"Good Looks" is largely on a very painful subject—getting thin. But Miss Gould manages to keep cheerful, as usual, and the page is entertaining. There is only one thing that she can't abide—that is really too painful:

You say to Miss Gould, "Oh, jowls, Miss Gould, oh, jowls!" Miss Gould she immitigly howls—Miss Gould—she howls. "That word," says Miss Gould, "will make me shake and quake— Yes, quake in my boots and shake in my shoes—no fake!" So never, oh, never, whisper jowls when you're talking to Miss Gould. Or you will directly hear some growls and find that her friendship's cooled.



### Miscellany

ANOTHER way to stop cruelty to fur-bearing animals would be for people to stop wearing furs. But this would be too simple and straightforward for this world, where things are invariably done in a devious, complex, and roundabout way. The Postscript always finds itself taking an artless, childlike view.

In one of the little articles it speaks of the "green bay tree of tradition." But the green bay tree isn't of tradition; it's of Holy Writ. There are two little girls we like this August month, and one of them is swinging on the cover. She doesn't seem really to have any name, so you can give her the name you like best for little girls. Then there is little Dorothy Klee, who has a very pretty name, and has designed a pretty dress that ought to please any little girl, with pockets that simply can't get away.

It is a pleasure to report that The Postscript's call for everybody to go out at two o'clock Thursday and squeal for joy brought a tremendous response. Letters have come from all over the country telling of how the writers squealed; some of them say they nearly burst. We wish we might have heard the noise, but, as originator of the great idea, we, of course, had to squeal—and it was a ripshorter—so we couldn't hear anything else. We even took out our pet pig, and he squealed, too. Joy in this country, we estimate, went up fifty per cent. We shall think of another big idea.

Our readers will recall in the June issue, on

the page of artists' portraits, a picture of Alden Peirson, "loafing about among the ships of his native Baltimore." Even before this June issue reached the subscribers Mr. Peirson was dead, death coming to him very suddenly. The paragraph spoke of his decorative drawings of birds on bits of branches in the May and June numbers; and there were others in July, and still others in this present August magazine. For ten years Mr. Peirson had been connected with The Crowell Publishing Company, part of the time as art editor of both the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and "The American Magazine," and later of the latter magazine alone.



### Little Dog Day Barks

WHILE adventuring among the fashions we have often encountered the slip-on and the slip-over, but here on Helen Marvin's page we meet up with the pull-over. It's a sweater. "And now," says Helen Marvin, "here's a word to the wise: Put it on, girls, before you do your hair." Ah! It may not be necessary, but we feel it will do no harm for The Postscript to add: Take off your hair, girls, before you do the sweater.

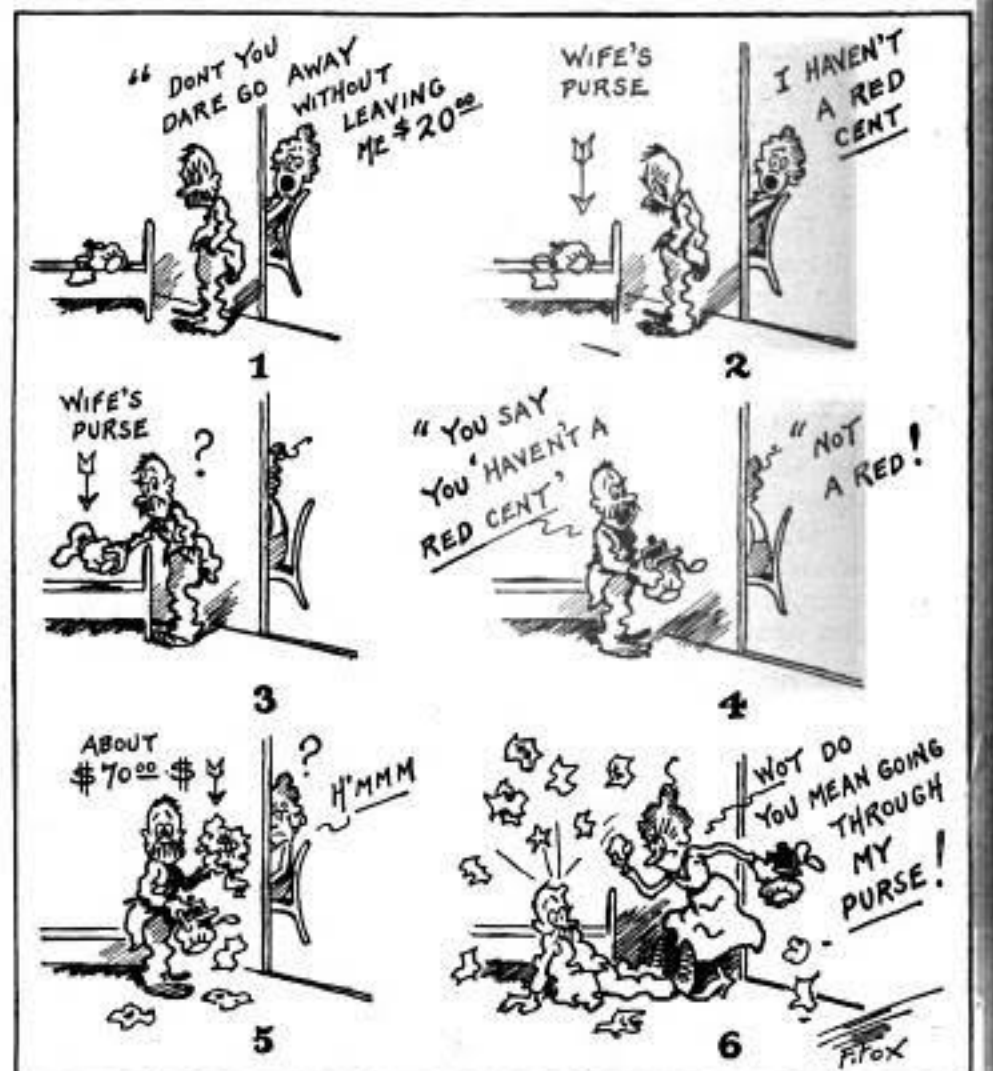
We notice that you may order a volume entitled "Madam Grundy's Book." So the old girl has changed her title, has she? The last time we met her—and there was just a bit of asperity in her manner—she was called Mrs. Grundy.

We observe that four hundred women went to the Lakewood library and that they "did not go alone." No; their "husbands went along to help carry books, or make notes." We're glad to know that work is being found for that poor old antiquated animal.

What happened in the previous stanzas of our great serial, "The Woman's Home Companion"

"Companion" fiction, yes, once more We tell you it's up at the fore. "Companion" fashions; yes, we'll say That they still range from grave to gay. "Companion" cooking, we observe It gives you pep and zest and verve. "Companion" covers, let us state, In art and interest they're first-rate. "Companion" gardens, mark our word, Complaints of them are never heard. And all the house plans tell you how— You read and say, "I'll do it now!" Their secret isn't hard to tell: Compared with others they excel. The Pic., Fash., Cook., Cov., Gar., and Arch.— And then the P. S.—what a lark!

Hayden Carruth





# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

September 1921

Advance  
Fall  
Fashions



Twenty Cents

ARTHUR GARRATT

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*"For a low-priced rug—  
that's a dandy!"*

*"ISN'T it surprising to find such attractive rugs so remarkably low-priced!"* That's what everyone says about Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs.

And no matter whether it is a rug for the living room, bedroom or kitchen, people always say the same thing. For these beautiful rugs come in rich colorings and designs artistically suitable for every room in the house.

You'll find that these rugs not only save you money, but hours of time in cleaning. They require no laborious beating or sweeping. The lightest mopping leaves their waterproof surface clean and spotless.

They are extremely durable and lie

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Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

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Above is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 400. In the 6 x 9 ft. size the price is only \$9.75.



Gold Seal  
**CONGOLEUM**  
ART-RUGS

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This Gold Seal, pasted on the face of the genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Covering is our pledge of satisfaction to you—a pledge we keep without question or quibble.





The Woman's Home Companion is published monthly. The price is 20c a copy; \$2.00 a year. Foreign postage, \$1 extra; Canadian postage, 25c extra. Entered at Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1921. The Crowell Publishing Company, United States and Great Britain.

SEPTEMBER 1921

# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO  
 George D. Buckley, President  
 Lee W. Maxwell, Vice President and General Business Manager  
 Thomas H. Beck, Vice President  
 J. E. Miller, Vice President  
 A. D. Mayo, Secretary  
 A. E. Winger, Treasurer  
 EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 9

**About Your Subscription**  
 A subscription blank attached to this page shows that your subscription to the Woman's Home Companion is expiring. If you receive a blank after you have renewed, disregard it. Notice of any change in your address must reach us three weeks in advance of the next day of issue, and must show your former address.

## Coming Next Month

### Refreshments for Thirty

**T**HIRTY of them! Heavens! What, and how, are you going to feed so many? The first meeting of the club season, too—and you feel like serving something “different” instead of the traditional salad and sandwiches.

Worry no longer! You are the very woman for whom Miss Bradley has planned a special article on club refreshments, in the October number. She gives eight original and toothsome menus with recipes, and suggests various stand-up and sit-down ways to serve them. What's more, all the “eats” are at one and the same time appetizing to look at and simple to make—caramel pecan balls, for instance, or chocolate Indians, or Katy's toasted raisin bread. Such refreshments, as Miss Bradley says, are rather to promote sociability than to supply nourishment.

### The October Fashion Pages

**M**ISS Gould's Wearable Clothes campaign is creating wide-spread attention. In the Fashion Department for October, Neysa McMein, whom our readers associate with some of the most dashing and charming of the COMPANION covers, proves herself to be a dress designer as well as an artist. She has drawn for the COMPANION her own idea of a wearable gown.

Such famous New York dress creators as the Boué Sœurs, Farquharson & Wheelock, and Peggy Hoyt will show their ideas of wearable clothes and hats.

There will be two pages of wearable ready-mades, and Miss Gould's personal fashion talk will concern itself with “Double-Duty Clothes.” There will be Miss Conover's clever millinery lesson and helpful dressmaking talk; and, besides, more patterns in smart, practical, and easy-to-make designs than ever before.

## Will You Help Doctor Emerson?

**D**OCTOR EMERSON is anxious to get definite facts from “Companion” readers whose children have been helped with the aid of his articles. The information requested here is always readily obtained in Doctor Emerson's work with schools, clinics, hospitals, etc., as careful records are kept by each nutrition worker. But in cases where the individual parent has worked independently with her child few records have come in. Yet such records would be particularly valuable to Doctor Emerson, and would help him to help other mothers. He would, therefore, appreciate it if you would fill out this blank and mail it to him. If you do not wish to cut your magazine, write the information on a sheet of paper.

Address: Dr. William R. P. Emerson,  
 Woman's Home Companion, New York City, N. Y.

Street address need not be filled in, merely town and state.

Name .....  
 Address .....  
 Weight when method was first tried .....  
 Date when method was first tried .....  
 Pounds gained ..... in ..... weeks  
 Please note any further particulars—difficulties, special features, etc.

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, one of New York's most prominent society women, has joined the movies—not, she says, as a transient whim, but as a real career. She will appear this fall in support of Norma Talmadge in a new production entitled “The Wonderful Thing.” Neysa McMein's striking and colorful portrait of Mrs. Hoyt will be the subject of the “Companion's” cover for October.



### Among the October Features

**T**HE long-promised serial by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, beginning in October and ending in December, is the most deliciously irresponsible bit of comedy we have ever published. If you enjoyed “A Damsel in Distress,” “The Little Warrior,” or any of Mr. Wodehouse's other novels, you will chuckle at every word of “Three Men and a Maid.” Mr. J. Simont's illustrations add much to the charm of this wholesome, diverting tale.

The third story in Bruce Barton's “Orchard Street” series, “The Spring of Eternal Youth,” is another October feature worth watching for.

And the last instalment of Edna Ferber's “The Girls” brings this fine story to a satisfying conclusion.

Special articles include an illuminating interview with the Hon. Alice M. Robertson, our only congresswoman; one of Miss Helen M. Bennett's helpful talks to business women; and many others.

**Important Notice:** The Table of Contents for this number will be found on page 94





# EDITORIAL

**L**EGISLATION for happiness! It can't be done, you say. Happiness cannot be imposed on people, like the income tax, nor bestowed upon them, like a new post-office building. Perhaps not in just the same way, but legislation can place happiness within the reach of a people. To explain:

The Sixty-seventh Congress has been considering a number of bills known as educational and welfare measures. By certain politicians whose idea of legislation has always consisted of party, emergency or war measures, and appropriations forced through Congress to placate an insistent constituency, this new kind of legislation is dubbed new-fangled nonsense, paternalism, or a wicked waste of public funds. But, out over the country, men and women by the million are studying these measures, organizing to educate voters in their value, and working for their passage.

In the appalling mass of legislation presented for the consideration of Congress and the Nation since March 4th, 1921, comparatively few bills have a common appeal for all citizens. But every home-maker, whether she is making both ends meet in a three-room city apartment or in a spreading farmhouse, every young woman eager to claim her right to wifehood and motherhood, every young man who feels the normal desire to be the head of a family, is interested in any Federal bill which will reduce the cost of marriage, simplify the problems of housekeeping, and thereby increase happiness.

Happiness cannot be bought with votes nor secured by legislation; but any legislation which promotes better home-making promotes also happiness.

## How It Will Affect American Homes

**O**NE of the bills in the group of "happiness legislation" referred to above is known as the Fess Home Economics Amendment (House Bill No. 21). It is a bill to provide Federal funds for teaching the science of home-making to girls and women; these funds to be used to supplement state and municipal appropriations for the same purpose.

Twenty-six million women and girls are engaged in making and keeping homes in the United States to-day. Less than half as many are wage-earners, or engaged in gainful occupations. Moreover, nine out of ten wage-earners are, or soon will be, home-makers. Under existing appropriations, one cent per year is spent on the training of each of the women and girls engaged in home-making.

The present appropriation allows \$300,000 for training in home-making for 1921, and increases gradually until it reaches a maximum of \$600,000 in 1927. The Fess Amendment calls for \$500,000 in 1921, and a maximum of about \$3,000,000 in 1932.

The advocates of the measure believe that the well-being and happiness of American homes will increase in the same ratio.

## An Equal Chance for Country Girl and City Girl

**U**NDER the present Vocational Education Act, the funds are proportioned for trade and industrial training, and for home economics on the basis of a state's urban or city population. The Fess Amendment apportions money for home economics education on the basis of the total population of a state, and it will eventually give the district-school pupil the same courses in domestic arts which to-day are largely confined to favored city schools.

Why not give the farmer's daughter an equal chance with the city man's girl?

Now, in what way will the passage of the Fess Amendment make for efficiency and happiness in the home?

To-day ninety per cent of the education given girls in public schools prepares them to be wage-earners or college students. They spend twelve years in preparation for five or six years in business or college, with practically no preparation for the long years of marriage, thirty to fifty, which follow business or college life.

In ninety per cent of our homes the wife or daughter is the purchasing agent. In any business concern the purchasing agent is especially trained for his work. Home-making is recognized as a big business. Its purchasing agent should know values in fabrics, materials, and foodstuffs.

In ninety per cent of our homes women are responsible for the welfare of little children. For this they need training in sanitation, hygiene, infant care, and food values.

Practically every young man is trained to support a home. And for each young man there should be trained a home-maker.

Under existing conditions, training for home-making is about the least important branch in a girl's education.

The Fess Amendment, properly administered, will give every girl the opportunity to prepare for her ultimate profession, home-making, and will give her a fair chance at happiness.

## How It Will Work

**I**T WILL offer to the girl in school, both city and rural, courses that will teach her how to prepare nourishing food, how to make clothing that is becoming, attractive, and reasonable in price, how to spend her pocket money or the allowance made her by her parents. It will teach her sanitation and personal hygiene, the care and feeding of children, and the relations between the home-maker and the community.

When she graduates, she may choose a vocation along domestic lines, as an institutional worker, a dietitian, a cafeteria manager, a designer of clothing. If she becomes a salesgirl, her training in the domestic arts will make her more intelligent in offering her stock to customers. If she becomes a stenographer, she will have a greater sense of responsibility and be in better health, for she will know how to live, dress, and breathe.

And when she finally gives up her business or industrial career to become a wife and mother, her early training in home economics will count more than all her business training.

Federal support for home economics training means continuation schools and evening classes in all industrial centers. To these classes may come all young women who have been obliged to leave school at an early age to earn their living, also married women who have learned to their dismay that they are unequal to the exacting demands of home-making. In these special classes, instruction will be given in every branch of the domestic arts, from baking bread to making hats, from the use of labor-saving devices to the budgeting of the family income.

The girl who "just hates housework" will come to embrace it as an art worthy of her best efforts, and the young man with moderate income will take heart and go a-wooing.

## Read the Bill; If You Approve, Support It

**I**F THIS editorial has aroused your interest in the Fess Amendment you will want to study it more closely, and satisfy yourself that it is good legislation.

To secure additional information, including a copy of the bill, write to any of these sources:

1. To its author, Simeon D. Fess, representative from Ohio, at the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
2. To your own representative in the House or the Senate at Washington.
3. To Miss Louise Stanley, legislative chairman, American Home Economics Association, Columbia, Missouri.

Then, if you believe in the measure and want it passed, educate and organize your community in its interest. Impress on your representatives in Washington that the bill must be passed, by forming committees to wait on them, sending them petitions, and writing them personal letters.

More than seventy-seven thousand American men gave their lives for the safety of their country in the World War. Three times as many sacrificed their strength, and are to-day maimed, halt, and blind, that their fellow countrymen shall continue to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The pursuit of happiness!

Is happiness legislation worth a trial? Then help the organized women of your country to secure an appropriation of one tenth of one per cent of the Federal taxes for educating women in "carrying on" in those homes which our fighting men have made safe. For what is safety without happiness? And where shall you look for the source of a nation's happiness, if not in its homes?





## Betty Wales Dresses

FOR inception, the first Betty Wales Dress was created to express a very definite purpose—to reflect the individual personality of the one for whom it was designed.

And, so today, each Betty Wales Dress is the result of the same exquisite artistry, the same purpose to create a style to fit the individual.

Pre-eminent, now, Betty Wales Dresses are recognized for their styles of personality and their perfection of workmanship, the result and expression of a purpose.

*Betty Wales Dresses are sold by only one dealer in each vicinity and they are unconditionally guaranteed*



*Betty Wales Dressmakers*

201 Waldorf Building

New York City





# Getting Your First Job and Keeping It

**W**HETHER you have had definite business training, college training, or general training, the most important fact for you to remember about your first job is that it is a school. It teaches you not merely the routine tasks, for the performance of which you are paid, but the laws and practice of business itself. You learn how it is done through being around where it is done.

Choosing a first job, therefore, involves considerations more important than the thickness of your pay envelope. If you wish to learn French, you will go to a teacher who speaks it with the right accent, even though he charges a few dollars more for his course of lessons. Likewise, if you wish to learn business, you will try to place yourself, even at some temporary financial sacrifice, with a firm which holds a record for honesty and efficiency. I had rather see a boy of mine take a job for six dollars a week with such a house, than receive sixteen dollars from some unscrupulous company whose practices might warp his impressionable mind and spoil his business future.

If I were a young American (man or woman) starting to work this autumn for the first time, I should look about the town where I lived and try to decide intelligently where I preferred to work. I should recognize, of course, that I was fitted to hold some position of rather less importance than the vice presidency of a going concern! Neither should I vote myself a large salary. But I should try, unaided, for a beginner's chance with a business house of established reputation in some field which interested me, and for which I believed myself especially fitted.

## First Find An Opening

**G**ETTING a job in the business of your choice is in itself a job for you, since you go to a prospective employer as a salesman of your services. But first you watch the newspapers, or inquire of friends already in the world of business, to find out if there is an admitted need for the thing you have to sell; in other words, if there is an opening for a beginner. Provided that exists—and at this time of year the majority of business houses take on a number of new employees, fresh from the schools and colleges—the next step is what the salesman calls the "method of approach." Perhaps you apply in person; perhaps you are asked to write a letter.

The thing to remember, in either case, is that you, the impression of yourself which you "get across," will win the day or lose it. Many young persons are inclined to lean too heavily on letters of recommendation. These are of somewhat negative value, for the reason that, like signatures to petitions, they are too easily obtained. If recommendations are lacking altogether, their absence may create an unfavorable impression; but if good friends of the applicant for a job have said the usual thing in the usual way, the employer glances over it, and then concentrates on the personality of the applicant. Even old-time employers are proud of their ability to "size up a new man," and in the more modern business establishments the personnel manager, who is in charge of hiring and firing, has received special training in psychology and character analysis to enable him to discern ability at a first interview.

Appearance plays an exceedingly important part in that interview. Both the young man and the young woman beginning a business career may go wrong in the matter of appearance.

## The Question of Appearance

**L**ONG disquisitions on proper dress for business women have been written by persons with a knowledge of their subject more profound than I can ever hope to attain. But I think that I express the feeling of the average, level-headed business man when I say that in his office he likes the young woman whose appearance rests the eyes but does not challenge them, who is "neat but not gaudy." The young business woman who applies for a job should not only "mean business," she should "look like business," if she wants to be taken seriously.

If she sometimes overdresses her part, her male co-worker is as likely to underdress it. Especially is this true if he be a country youngster, whose work at home necessarily was done in rough clothes, and who never has been taught to keep his shoes shined, his trousers pressed, his collars immaculate.

A man who is now a power in American business came to me in some discouragement, when he had been working about two years. He knew, and so did I, that he had intelligence, energy, honesty, and many other qualities that make for success.

"Why don't I get ahead?" he demanded. "I work harder than the other boys, but two of them who began with me have been promoted, while I just stick!"

"You never will win promotion," I told him bluntly,

By  
**JOSEPH FRENCH JOHNSON, D.C.S., LL.D.**

Dean of the School of  
Commerce, Accounts and Finance,  
New York University



UNDERSTOOD AND ENJOINED  
Joseph French Johnson, D. C. S., LL. D., is now in his twentieth year of service at New York University, where, as dean of the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance and professor of political economy, he has prepared thousands of young men and women for the world of commerce and affairs. He also is the executive head of a large business training school; author of a textbook, "Business and the Man," and a recognized authority on finance. From his years of observation of the business field, of the beginners in it, and of the qualities in them that make for success or failure, he is especially fitted to discuss the subject just now of special importance to many of the younger readers of the COMPANION—their first job.

"until you learn to brush your hair smoothly and have it trimmed often, to shine your shoes every morning, to keep your teeth and nails in good condition, to wear fresh linen."

He accepted my criticism in the right spirit, and soon looked the part of the clean-cut, well-groomed young business man. When his truly remarkable mentality was not obscured by his careless appearance, his advance was as rapid as it deserved to be.

No one desires the boy applying for his first job to look like a tailor's model, but, however poor, he can and should look clean and trim. A slovenly appearance is often the label of a slovenly mind, and therefore employers have a justifiable prejudice in favor of spruceness.

## "The Man You Want is at the End of the Line"

**I**N GOING after a first job try to believe in yourself, as the good salesman always believes in the article he has to sell. There is a true and amusing story told of how a certain New York financier won his first skirmish in the business world. He went to answer the advertisement of a position which he knew was exactly what he wanted. When he reached the address given, one hundred persons were already in line. He took one look at them; then rushed off to the nearest telegraph office and sent to the head of the concern that had advertised a vacancy the following telegram:

"The man you want is at the end of the line."

Signing his name, he rushed back to take his place.

His message reached the office just after he did, and the man who received it was so amused that he at once sent for the youth with such faith in himself, and gave him the job.

Although the business beginner should use his brains in picking out a post which he has reason to believe may be the starting point of his race for success, yet, if he cannot, after reasonable effort, obtain such a post, let him take the best he can get, and be thankful for it! He has so much to learn that, wherever he may be, he can learn something. Perhaps, if he has had no formal business training, he cannot at once get an office job.

In that case, the thing for him to do is to go wherever there is work for him—even to the factory bench—and to devote all his spare time to training himself for something better. While he is acquiring practical knowledge of "the producing end," he can take evening or correspondence courses to fit him for "the executive end."

A job in the executive office of a business that is worth while seems to me the most likely beginning for either the young man or the young woman with a real "business head."

You are frequently told that the field of office workers is overcrowded. It is—with incompetents; with individuals who cannot spell, or take a message correctly over the telephone, or add up a column of figures without making a mistake, or dismiss tactfully a visitor who has no appointment. There is always room in the office for the person who perfectly knows his work and looks for more to do. The ambitious beginner there, moreover, has the advantage of being directly under the eye of his chief, who is ever on the lookout for someone worth pushing.

## As to Keeping Your First Job

**C**HIEF among the requisites for keeping a first job just long enough to win promotion is the courage to make mistakes. To most executives the timidly conscientious subordinate, who asks advice about the dotting of his i's and the crossing of his t's, is an exasperation. Business leaders value far more highly the man who is not afraid of responsibility, and who decides details without running into the private office for help. If now and then he makes a mistake, it is charged to overhead, and he learns something. The wise employer recognizes him as the possessor of that combination of brains and motive power which every business needs, and seldom fails to reward him.

Practically every bit of advice which can be given to young men is equally applicable to young women; but perhaps special stress should be laid on the importance of her cultivating initiative—what I have called "the courage to make mistakes"—for two reasons: One is that the young business woman, up to the present, has seemed to be lacking in the ability to strike out, to break records. The other reason is that her employer makes no effort to develop initiative in her. He is not in the habit of looking for "the bright young woman" as he deliberately searches for "the bright young man." The woman must work harder than her male competitor if she is to attract attention to herself.

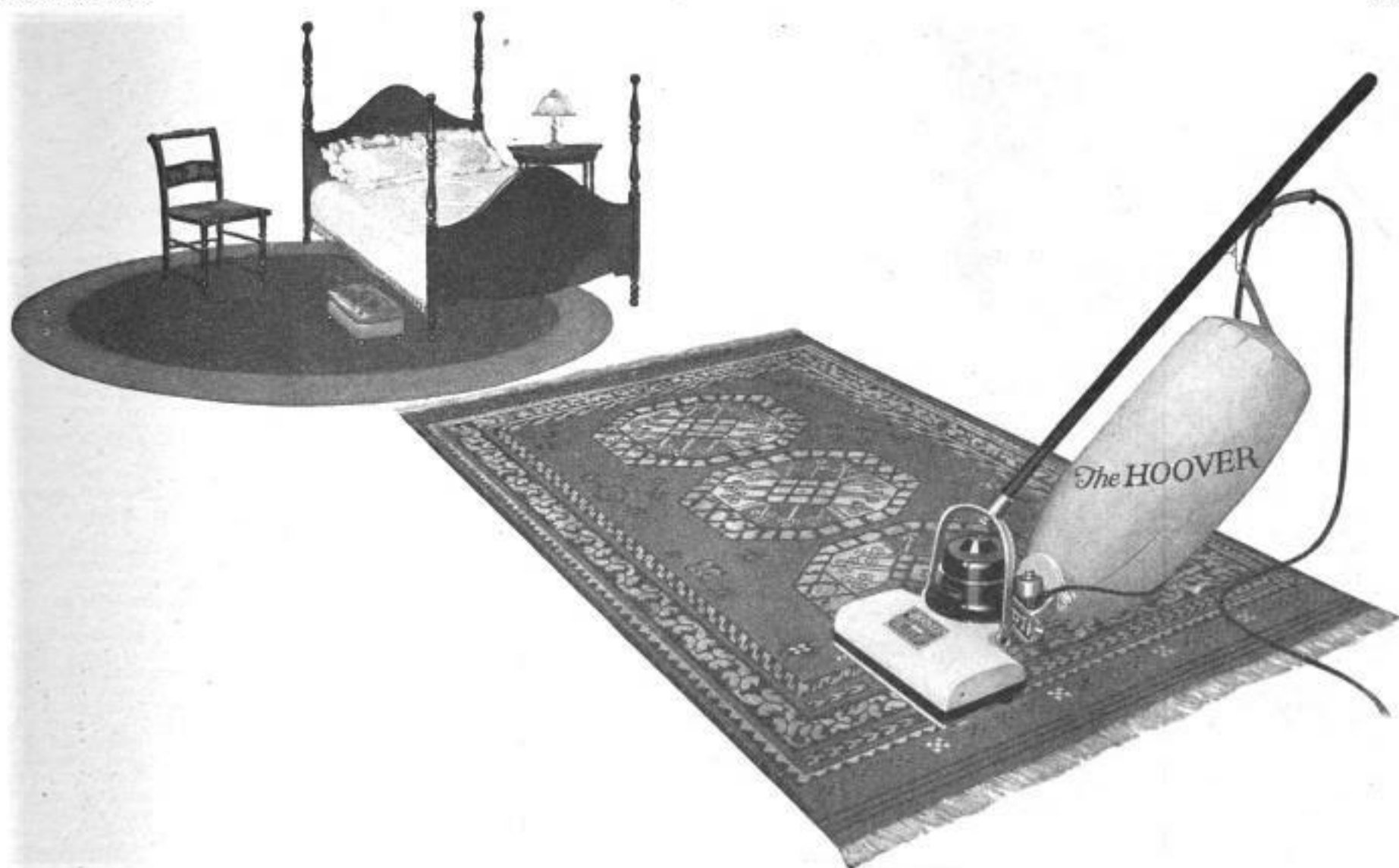
This busy, positive type, whether man or woman, naturally falls into one of the other ways of making good on the first job: the trick of always doing a bit more than you are paid for. If you are the one who volunteers for extra work when someone is ill; if you willingly stay after hours, in order to get out an important letter; if you unobtrusively finish up odds and ends of detail—then you may feel reasonably sure that your name will not be on the list of omissions from the pay roll during a business slump.

## Grouches Are Not Wanted

**B**E CHEERFUL about your work. Grouches are not wanted in a business office, neither are those bitter beings who go about with a chip on their shoulder because they are not "appreciated." The worst possible psychology for a worker is the secret conviction that he is a victim of office politics, or of the ignorance and prejudice of his superiors.

Finally, in a world filled with persons who are not sure of what they want, or of how badly they want it, the business beginner who knows how to think clearly and concentratedly has a great advantage. "The only really simple thing is to go straight for what you want and grab it," says one of Bernard Shaw's heroines. It is anything but simple for the majority; and, especially in the business world, men need to pray the old Greek prayer: "May the gods deliver us from hesitations and from half-desires!" Let the young man or woman whose business life is just beginning first choose a definite goal, then try to reach it by combining study, hard work, self-denial, intelligent thought, in one program—and sticking to it.





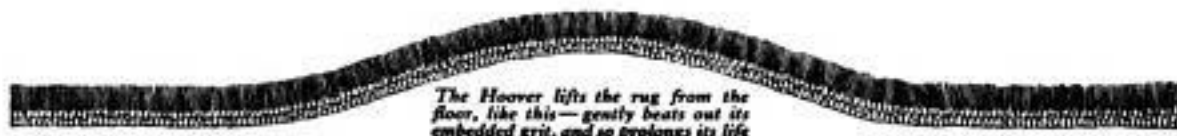
Hours of uninviting cleaning drudgery each week are pleasantly shortened by The Hoover; and surely a woman's time has value. Outlays of cash for carpet-cleaning, for laundering curtains and redecorating interiors soiled by dusty sweeping, are ended; and that is an aid to thrift. Then, too, this efficient cleaner saves many times its cost by the additional years of use and beauty it imparts to your rugs. For The Hoover's *exclusive* process of gently beating out all nap-wearing, buried grit as it sweeps up stubbornest litter, erects crushed nap, revives colors and cleans by air, is *guaranteed* to prolong rug life. You are more than paying for a Hoover. Why not have it?

# The HOOVER

*It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans*

Write for booklet, "How to Judge an Electric Cleaner," and names of Authorized Dealers licensed to sell and service Hoovers bearing our guarantee.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, FACTORIES AT NORTH CANTON, OHIO, AND HAMILTON, ONTARIO







*Actual photograph of turquoise blue silk sweater after a season's wear and 15 washings with Ivory Flakes. Statement of original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble office.*

## *15 washings—yet this blue silk sweater is like new!*

### **To Wash Silk Sweaters**

If the color is not fast, set it before washing. Place 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of Ivory Flakes in bowl and add a quart of boiling water. Work up suds, then add three quarts of cold water. Drop sweater into suds and squeeze suds gently through the fabric with the hands. Do not lift garment from the water and do not rub. Put a towel under the sweater to lift it from the suds. Rinse gently in three waters of same temperature as suds. Always use a towel in taking garment from one water to another. Place between cloths and run through loosely adjusted wringer. Lay flat on thick towels in shade and pull into shape for drying. Turn frequently. Press with iron barely warm.

### **Send for Free Sample**

with complete directions for the easy care of delicate garments that you would be afraid to wash the ordinary way. Address Section 12-1F, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



The sweater in the picture was photographed *after* a season's wear and 15 launderings. It is as lustrous, shapely and colorful as new and there is not even one break in the delicate open-work mesh of the weave. It shows that it is possible to keep knitted outerwear as clean and attractive as ordinary wash fabrics.

The owner attributes the present beauty of the sweater—and her success in washing other silks—to Ivory Soap Flakes.

Ivory Flakes makes such thick suds that you do not have to rub the garment;

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# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Makes pretty clothes last longer*





# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Gertrude B. Lane, Editor

Volume 48

September, 1921

Number 9

ILLUSTRATION

BY

F. WALTER TAYLOR

TWO generations ago, on a warm July day, Mis' Mercy Homer peeled apples for a pie, each paring falling in a single thin curl into a Chinese bowl and the swift slices into a deep pie plate. Two pies perfuming the air with cinnamon and burnt apple juice, stood cooling on the table in the corner. From the oven came the smell of gingerbread, baking while the next two pies were being prepared. Often Mis' Mercy sang as she worked, hymn tunes or airs like "Comin' through the Rye." This morning, however, she was too busy even to sing. Besides, her face was not a singing face to-day. While her hands worked with automatic precision, her thoughts were grave, to give that little line of pain to the corners of her lips. Something hurt, too, behind the eyes.

The rare stranger on Cape Cod—this was long before the days when automobiles were to make the native a much less frequent sight than the tourist—always said of Mercy, "She has a lovely face." Mercy's face may have been charming when she was a girl. It was pretty, perhaps, and pleasantly pink and white. At forty-five, it was lovely, with lines etched by experience. The little hollows in it were soft to touch. The eyes looked directly at persons and problems.

As Mercy worked with her back to the wall, on which hung pictures of barks and barken-tines, and other tokens of sea-faring connection, Hannah Matthews lifted the latch and ran in, leaving the door wide open. The July sunshine poured into the room. Far out on the horizon glittered the sea, deep blue, such as comes only under a clear summer sky. The house stood, evidently, on a hill.

Hannah looked about the room with keen disappointment.

"Oh, haven't they come, Mis' Mercy?"

"Not yet, Hannah. Trains never get this far down the Cape the minute they're due."

Hannah laid her cashmere shawl across a chair back and rested her chin on her hands.

"I moved every clock in the house to match the fastest and still the time dragged."

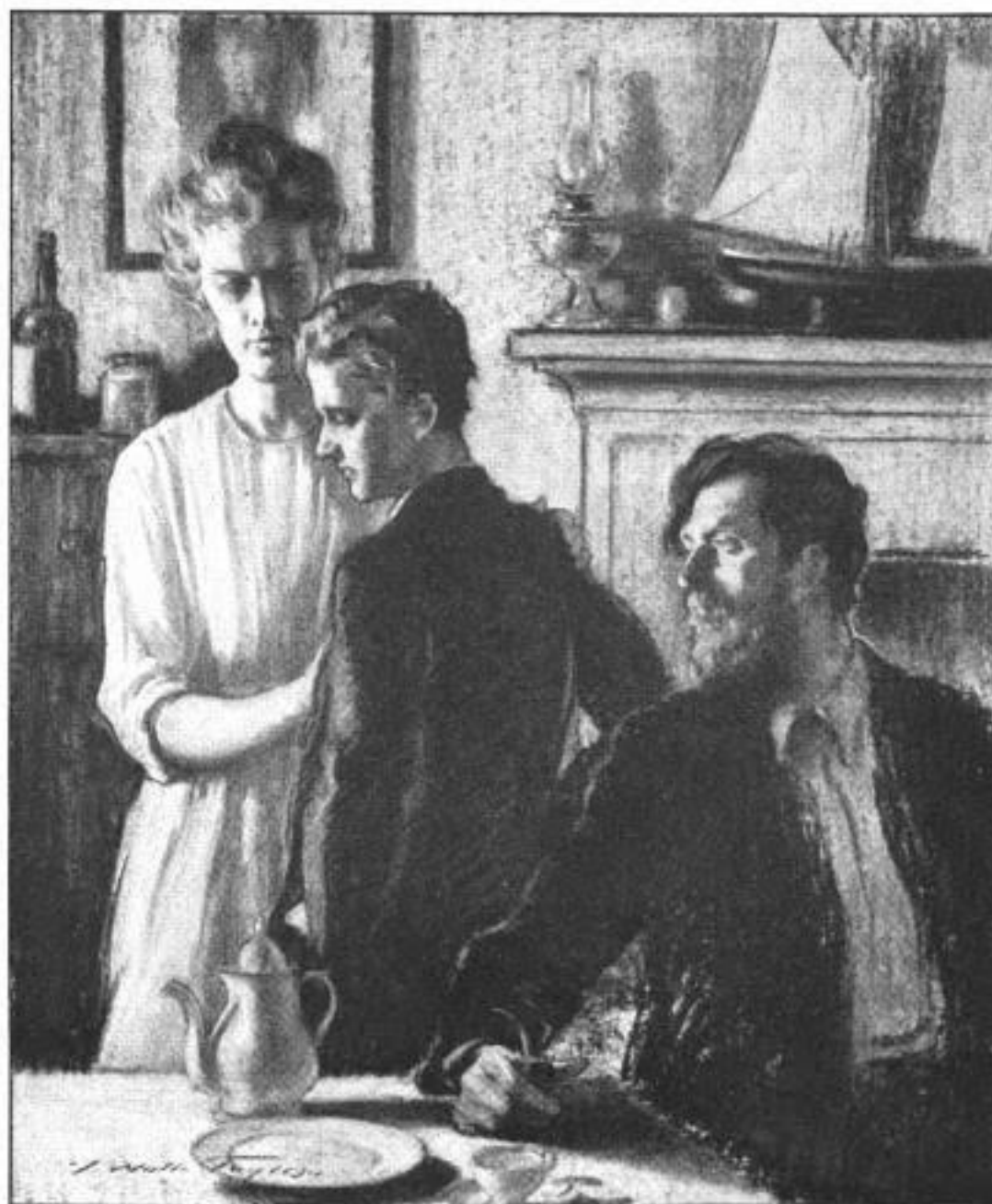
"You must remember, child, that John and his father reached New York only three days ago, and they had to unload, and see the owners, and get down here. But they won't be long now."

"Even that long is too long, when I've waited two years to see John."

"Bless you, child, it used to be three or five, more often than not, for a sailor's wife or lass. Try beatin' whites, Hannah. That'll help you to wait."

Hannah picked up the nearest bowl, which happened to contain yolks instead of whites, and beat assiduously, when she did not forget.

"When they do come, Ben'll whisk 'em up here in a jiffy with the ponies. I heard him before daybreak



## Mis' Mercy

By LOUISE WHITEFIELD BRAY

creakin' down-stairs to curry 'em. I hope his father won't be too excited to notice 'em. John, I know, won't see a thing until he sees you. And he'll see somebody lookin' particularly nice this morning."

The rose glowed in the girl's cheek like the reflection of the sprigs in her dimity.

"Oh, do you think so, Mother Mercy? I get so frightened sometimes, for fear John will find another girl on one of his trips that he likes better than anyone could like me. There might be attractive English girls in Calcutta or Bombay, or even a Chinese lady, like the one the captain in Hyannisport brought home."

"Sailors' women-folk always have that 'might' to consider, 'less there's a pretty strong anchor at home. I think you'll hold John."

"Well, I'd feel a lot safer if my nose didn't freckle so fast in the summer just when he's coming home."

Mercy smiled.

right to speak so, with your weddin' day so near. Forget what I've said. Think—you'll have John six whole weeks."

Hannah's face glowed again.

"No, seven, Mis' Mercy. I had a telegram from John. Did you ever hear of owners so good as ours? They gave him an extra week when they heard he was going to be married."

"A week! And they always so anxious to send a ship out tradin' again when it's hardly cast anchor. Did he tell where they're bound for next?"

"No, nothing about that."

"No words to waste on that, I'll be bound. After all, it may be only another two-year voyage again. John's father's first trip after we were married was five years. David wore his first little trousers the first time his father ever saw him."

Like a restless butterfly, Hannah fluttered over to the

"Sea fever is catchin'," said the Cap'n gently

"Now the whites, Hannah." Hannah handed her the bowl of yellow froth.

"Color-blind, child?"

Hannah, realizing for the first time what she had been doing, seized the other bowl and beat briskly.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mis' Mercy. Just a minute and I'll have these ready."

"Don't hurry, child. There's plenty of time. You're helping me wait, too, you know. I don't have a husband and son comin' home from sea every day in the week, and it's kinder slow, waitin'."

Hannah, breathless from beating, murmured assent. "M-m—I can't think of anything but how I wish he would come. There!" Handing the bowl to Mis' Mercy, she ran to the door to look down the road once more. "Oh, come, come, come, John!"

As Mercy turned with amused eyes to follow her, she realized for the first time that the door was open.

"Close the door, Hannah."

Hannah looked back in surprise. "But you'll shut out the sea. It's glorious to-day. Just look, it fairly smiles in the sunlight."

"Close the door, Hannah. I do not want to see her smile. She always smiles when she's triumphant. She smiled the day I heard she had drowned David off the coast of Africa."

Hannah was puzzled as much by the tone of Mercy's voice as by her words.

"Why do you speak like that of the sea—as if she were a person—a woman?"

Mercy's hands paused a moment as she gazed out of the window.

"Do I? I guess it's because I get to think of her that way, when I'm here alone on the hill so much, and she's out there taunting me because she can keep my men for years in her arms, and I get them back just a few weeks out of a lifetime."

At sight of Hannah's troubled, half-comprehending expression, Mercy stopped.

"Hannah darling, I've no right to speak so, with your weddin' day so near. Forget what I've said. Think—you'll have John six whole weeks."



window to watch the road. Not a person was in sight.

With swift movements, Mercy took the gingerbread out of the oven, inserted the pies, and returned to her cake-making. Hannah lingered near the window and watched. Then, like a released explosive, she ran over to Mercy and shook her:

"How can you go on working, Mother Mercy, as if John and the Cap'n came home every day? I'd almost think you weren't glad they are coming."

Mercy made no answer. Hannah looked at her more closely.

"You—aren't—glad!"

Mercy broke away, startled.

"I am glad, Hannah; but it tears me so to have them go. Even with their coming, I can't forget they have to go, and how long they are away."

ON THE girl's face was dawning the realization—so far as realization can anticipate the actual event—of what her life as the wife of a seafarer would mean.

"Is it always this way? Do we never get used to it?"

"We do, Hannah. We have to. But it's hardest this time of all the times. They may take my Benjamin. Benjamin, Hannah, my baby! I've given the sea my husband and a son who is dead, and she has John. I had to give Reuben to the town. I wanted him so on the farm, but he was not content to bide. I let him go; but I must have one, just one of my own."

"They may not need him this time."

"It's now or not at all. Another trip will make him too old to start. It's nature, I suppose, for men to strike out for themselves. But on the Cape we give up our men so utterly when they begin to go—the sea or the town gets all that we have. I've given so much. It seems as if I might keep one." She turned suddenly to Hannah: "Hannah, when you get to be my age, you've almost learned to quit fighting nature; but I'll fight to the very end to keep Ben."

Hannah, who had never heard Mercy's voice in any but low, gentle tones, was startled at the intensity of feeling in this outburst. She tried to guide Mercy to a chair.

"Sit down a bit, and let me finish your work. I think you're tired."

Mercy patted the hand on her shoulder.

"I'm not tired; my thoughts seem strange to you, that's all. Run, dear, and look down the hill."

HANNAH, scrutinizing the older face, saw that the old, quiet lines were coming back. She hurried to the window and pushed the roses aside to see more clearly.

Mercy smiled happily at the utter joy in the girl's voice as she called, "They're coming! Coming! Coming!"

The mother rushed to the door.

"Isn't Ben the proud lad! Just look at him handle those ponies! And my cake not in! Flour the tin, Hannah, and hold it while I pour."

Hands at work, eyes on the door, Hannah did as she was told. As Miss Mercy whisked the cake into the oven, the girl seized her shawl from the chair back and murmured, "I think—I mustn't stay—they may need me at home."

"Frightened, Hannah? Run down to the hollow, then. I'll send John to you there." A flushing cheek nestled for a moment on Mercy's shoulder.

Mercy stood alone, her lips moving. You would need to understand that stock of two generations ago, to whom God was a very near and human Father, to realize that she was praying a little prayer, half gratitude for the safe coming of husband and son, half petition for the dear youngest son.

With a last clattering rush up the hill, the ponies came to a standstill just outside the door. Before Mercy could cross the room, John and his father had entered, John pushing by his father to seize his mother for a hug and a kiss and the hasty question, "Where's Hannah?"

"In the hollow, John. Don't—trip!"

FOR a full minute Mercy's head lay pressed close to her husband's shoulder. Neither spoke. Finally Cap'n John raised his wife's head and held her off, her chin in his two hands.

"Let me look at you, Mercy."

He seemed satisfied, for he stooped once more and kissed her. Then he stretched his arms as a man will, who sees a holiday and rest ahead.

"Gosh, it's good to be here!" Half in jest he added, "You women don't realize what we sailormen give up, to keep you and your children in a comfortable, cozy old farmhouse like this."

"Our children, John," Mercy answered quietly. "Besides, that's not what you do it for. You sail the seas because you want to."

Cap'n John looked at her sharply. "What?" He reflected a moment. "Well, mebbe you're right."

Mercy went back to her work, while Cap'n John puttered about the room, commenting on old and new objects, and finally settling down in a chair with an exclamation of disgust.

"What do you want, John?" asked Mercy, reaching over to pat his sleeve.

"My old coat, Mercy, the one you said wouldn't hold together if 'twan't for the dirt. You haven't burnt it up on me, hev ye?"

"Certainly not. It's been waitin' a month in the corner closet. I'll fetch it. And your slippers. I suppose you like them better because one has lost its heel."

"Sure I do. What do you suppose I think about,

night after night in my cabin? I think about settin' right here in this old chair with my old coat and slippers on, and you workin' away at that table. I can even smell apple pie sometimes. I've got my sniffer so well trained that I just have to think apple pie and I can smell it. Why, I can smell it right now."

"But it doesn't happen to be imaginary apple pie. Get out your pipe, John. You won't be happy till you do. And land knows I want you happy, no matter how much that brand of tobacco makes other folks suffer."

Obediently, the Cap'n drew out an old black pipe, so strong in odor that not even a northeast gale could have blown the scent away. At the first whiff Mercy choked, but smiled valiantly as her husband puffed the thing alight and settled in his chair, completely contented, ready to catch up on two years of village and family gossip. Mercy had it stored away for him, all the stories of former shipmates in successful and unsuccessful ventures, promotions, losses in ships and men, new trade routes, new inventions, and the local tally of births, marriages, and deaths. Marriage reminded the captain of Hannah and John.

"Know when the weddin'll come off?"

"Friday, probably, unless Hannah grows timid again."

"To-day'd be none too soon for John. The 'Mary L.' would 'a' been keel side up by now if he'd had his way. He wanted to crowd on every stitch of canvas we had, spite of a gale. And he didn't even want to let Ben do the drivin' up from the station."

"I'm glad you interfered. Ben has worked so hard with those ponies. He was proud to show 'em off. He gave up swimmin' three days this week to put extra time on 'em."

"Pretty likely youngster. Goshamighty, but it's good to see him lookin' husky. Not much like the pindlin' lad I left two years ago. There's no doubt about it. This time he's strong enough to come with me. And, as luck will have it, I've got just the place for him. The owners want my cabin boy for the coastin' service."

EVERY tiny muscle in Mercy's face tightened for the struggle ahead.

"John! He's not pindling now; but he's not been strong long. Only last December we thought for two days he'd have pneumonia."

Cap'n John puffed decisively.

"Sea's the place for him, then. Toughen his lungs."

"Toughen his soul, you mean. He's only a boy—more a boy than most boys of his age. He's too sweet and wholesome for your men to harden."

Cap'n John rose to the defense of his ship as Mercy would have hastened to defend her son.

"What kind of a ship do you think I've got? It's no worse than other men's."

"They're all alike—they're no place for a boy of fifteen."

"What are you talkin' about? I went to sea myself when I was twelve. I took David at fourteen."

"You took David at fourteen, and John after him at fifteen, and the town took Reuben. And you? What have I had of my husband?" Mercy had come round the table, where she could talk directly facing the man.

"Twenty-five years we've been married, and out of them only three years have I had you, all told. Six weeks perhaps out of two years or three years or four you come home. You are not even the man that I married. Your face, your voice, your very thoughts are not the same. The sea knows you better than I do. She's had you for twenty-two years, and I only three, yet you ask me to give her, besides, the children that are mine—mine much more than they are yours. I've suffered and worked for them year after year. I've lived for them. And you come and say: Now I'll take this one or that one. One by one the sea or the town gets them. Leave me my Benjamin. Let me have him just a little while longer."

The pipe fell neglected on the table.

"Why... why... Mercy! I never knew you felt like this. What makes you talk so queer about the sea?" He almost sputtered in his astonishment. "Of course it's hard for you; but most of the women on the Cape have to stand it."

"We are the Cape. We give, give, give!"

THE Cap'n paused. He loved Mercy, and the pain in her voice distressed him. He put his hand on hers as it gripped the edge of the table.

"Don't take it so hard, Mercy. You can't expect to keep him forever."

Mercy put the question that had been waiting for utterance every time her men left her for long voyages.

"Why does he need to be a sailor? Why can't he be a farmer, like men on the mainland?"

Cap'n John answered slowly, as if the thought had occurred to him for the first time in his life.

"I—don't—know. I never thought about it. We Homers just are sailors. We don't never think of bein' anything else."

Mercy was inexorable.

"Why shouldn't you think of it?"

Cap'n John did not often think out any problem not directly connected with a vessel or cargo. He fumbled for words to phrase the thing he felt, for the first time, consciously.

"I guess you don't understand. Mebbe a woman can't rightly understand it. The sea ain't like what you think. I ain't got the words to explain it, but it's the thing that fills me with peace—and satisfies me, somehow. It makes me content. I get restless on land. You know

that. I think I'm happy enough while I stay—and I am happy. But when I get back to it again, I know there's no explainin' the content it does give me."

Mercy's face seemed almost to melt into sympathetic understanding.

"I want you content; but, oh, I want my content, too!"

Cap'n John rose and came over to her.

"It's fair you should have it. I won't take Benjamin."

Mercy hid a single sob on his shoulder, while John stroked the soft hair.

"There—there," he said; "life presses kinder hard on you mothers, don't it?"

AS HE spoke, an impatient hand fumbled with the latch and pushed open the door. Ben ran in. He had been putting up the ponies with less care and attention than they had ever received from him before. He was not large for his age, a thin boy with a delicate, high-spirited face, bearing unmistakably the stamp of Mercy's parentage. He was primed with questions.

"I could help you bring in your box, Father, if you wanted me to."

Mercy returned to the table, where she would be doing almost interminable cooking for the next few weeks. Cap'n John picked up the forgotten pipe. As he reached for the tobacco can in his hip pocket, he scanned the eager face of his son.

"Now, what makes you think there is anything in that box for you?"

"Is it a bowie knife, Father?"

"A bowie knife! Why don't you ask for a splinter off the North Pole? Where would I be gettin' a bowie knife? They don't grow 'em in China."

Mercy smiled over at Ben.

"They grow tea sets in China, Ben, like ours in the corner."

"And they've taken to raisin' silk shawls. I brought one to your mother to see if 'twould bear transplantin'."

But Ben would not be diverted.

"Well, anyhow," he spoke very fast, "old Cap'n Ezra, that you sailed with first off, he said you and him killed twenty-two savages between you with one bowie knife. He showed me just how you did it, how you passed the knife from hand to hand and across" (Ben illustrated ecstatically), "so's your arm wouldn't get tired. Did you do that, Father? On your very first voyage?"

"Well, I do remember 'twas on that voyage Cap'n Ezra taught me never to contradict him. What else did he tell ye?"

Ben sat excitedly on the edge of a chair.

"Oh, about nights in the tropics when there's no wind and the sails don't even stir and you wait—and wait—and wait for somethin' to happen. Gee, I'd like to see it!"

THE father glanced over at Mercy. She spoke almost pleadingly. "Oh, Ben, my boy, don't you know they're romancing?"

"Oh, sure, I know, Mother, it's not just like what they say; but it's all true about storms—a squall comes, and the cap'n—just like you, Father—has to be out on the deck givin' orders and thinkin' quick as a wink, 'cause the wind is snappin' the masts and sweepin' the men off with 'em into the sea. It is like that, isn't it, Father?"

"Not often, thank God!"

Ben hesitated.

"Say, Father, Cap'n Ezra, he said, mebbe—"

"Mebbe what, my boy?"

"Mebbe you'd take me with you this time. Oh, Father, will you?"

"I guess not, son. We've kinder led you off your longitude with our stories. Cap'n Ezra always could stretch a yarn further than the truth would bear. The sea ain't like our stories, at least not all the time. Salt pork gets bitter in your mouth after four months of nothin' else. Some days you yawn for very sickness at the sight of water."

"But you always come to land in such interestin' places, like Bombay or Singapore. You can't hate the sea all the time. I couldn't. I've been out on it every minute I wasn't farmin' all summer long—and nights" (shyly) "I lie out on the cliff watchin' it."

Mercy's face was very pitiful to see.

"Oh, Benny! I thought you were down in the town with the boys!"

"Sea fever is catchin'," said the Cap'n gently. Clearly as he understood the boy's feeling, he was determined, for Mercy's sake, to destroy it, if possible.

"YOU think you like the sea, my son, but there are a good many things to take into account—for one, this farm."

"Lame Jim could come and do all I do now."

"But you'd have a lot more peaceful life if you stayed right here and tended to it yourself."

"Stay here! Live all my life on one little farm, when there's a sea to take me anywhere I want to go—China, maybe, and Africa and Spain!"

Mercy tried a last appeal. "Just think of the corn you'd raise and the ponies!"

Ben understood.

"Oh, Mother. I knew you'd mind! That's why I couldn't bear to say anything till Father got home. But Father, you're a Homer—you know no Homer was ever a farmer."

"There's first time for most things, Benjamin." The father's voice was grave. The [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]





WELL, here we are," said the stage driver as he stopped by the gate of a big corral a few yards off the highway. "This is Johnston's ranch." While he opened the gate, his single passenger, Mary Dwight, lifted her veil and gazed about her with critical eyes. This, then, was the home for which her cousin Celia had deserted Boston six years before. It was not at all what Mary had expected to see: the rugged foothills and the seemingly endless plateau that stretched away beyond the house had none of the tropical softness of California as she had imagined it, as she had seen it, in fact, in her first brief glimpse at Coronado. And yet it was magnificent in its austerity, as Mary rather grudgingly admitted. She had been used to knocking about the world alone; had adventured over the high Pyrenees among blackbrowed Basques who spoke the tongue that greeted restless Caesar's ears; had camped among the tombs of Mycenaean kings, and had seen the sun rise over the mound that once was Troy. All these foreign gypsyings had been her delight. What was the matter with her now?

"There are no memories in this country," she said to herself. "The people have no background of the past. I wonder what Celia sees in the place to love it so."

They drove through three corrals and finally pulled up before a neat iron fence enclosing the lawn and garden. The house under the live oaks looked asleep, and the driver's horn brought no reply, except from two sleek hounds, which dashed down the path and flung themselves against the car in joyous welcome.

"Dogs act like Johnstons might be away," commented the driver.

"They wouldn't go away," said Mary Dwight quickly. "I wrote them I was coming to-day."

The driver studied the silent house, the corrals, the row of neat bunkhouses under the sycamores by the stream; at last his gaze came back to the mail box.

"Sure, they're away," he said triumphantly. "Here's a note in the mail box."

He thrust in his hand and drew out a slip of paper, which he read with laborious care.

"Gone to San Diego to fetch up a Boston cousin of Mrs. Johnston's," he announced at last. "They'll be back to-morrow. They want me to see if Murphy's milked the cows."

"To San Diego!" said Mary Dwight blankly. "But I wrote them I was coming up in a friend's motor to Riverside, and would come on in the stage from there."

"When'd you write?" asked the stage driver.

"Five days ago," said Miss Dwight, rather haughtily.

"This is the first stage this week," said the driver.

"I've likely got your letter in my bag."

He dived under the seat, fumbled in the bag and finally brought out a square envelope.

Miss Dwight acknowledged it as hers. "I wish I knew what to do," she murmured.

"What's the matter with staying here?" asked the driver, pushing his hat back from a pink forehead. "I know where the Johnstons keep the key, and there'd be plenty to eat in the house."

"I think that would be all right," said Mary reluctantly.

"This man Murphy is—is trustworthy, I suppose?"

"Sure! I'll hunt him up now and tell him you're here."

He slipped from under the steering wheel and went off in search of Murphy, escorted by the dogs. He came back alone.

"Is Murphy gone too?" asked Mary blankly.

"Nope. But he's drunk as an owl. He'd milked the cows, so that's all right."

"It's not all right," retorted Mary flatly. "I can't stay here with a drunken man around."

"Gracious, Murphy won't trouble you! And you'll have the dogs."

"The dogs?"

"They're good dogs, if they ain't from Boston," observed the driver mildly.

Mary Dwight flushed, and then quite suddenly she laughed. The driver laughed too, and with the ice completely broken they searched together for the key and unlocked the door.

A profound silence reigned within, and the cool rooms gave the impression of having been undisturbed for years. Mary felt a less vague pang of homesickness as the young man put her suit case down in the hall and prepared to go on his way.

"I'll take a look at Murphy first," he said gallantly.

Five minutes later, as Mary was taking off her hat in the big guest-room across the hall, he thrust his head in the door.

"I've locked him in," he announced. "He'll be sober by morning, and when you hear him yelling you can go down and let him out."

"I sha'n't do anything of the kind," said Mary warmly.

"He may stay there till my cousins come back."

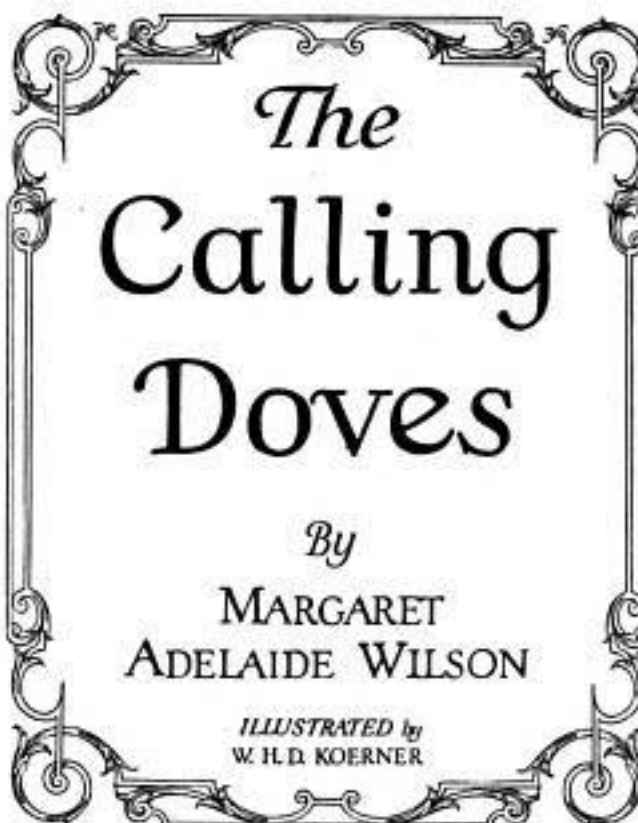
"And you do the milkin'?"

"I thought you said the milking was done."

"Milkin' ain't an annual affair."

"Of course! How stupid of me," said Mary, with another flush.

"Never mind," said the young man consolingly. "Bein' West'll learn you a lot. Well, so long; I must be



toddling. I'll look in on my way back to see that you're all right."

Mary watched him out of sight across the sage-covered plateau, then prepared to make herself comfortable. Celia's house was very pleasant, full of books and pictures and china whose traditions were Mary's own. But there were other traditions that had left their mark in the quiet house as well, chiefly in the big dining-room that looked toward the west. The majolica tea set that she had given Celia for a wedding present, delicate reminder of what Celia had forfeited by marrying a California cattleman, stood on the small table near the hearth, borrowing richness from the deeper orange and red of the Navajo rugs on the floor. An old Stetson with a horsehair band made itself at home in the chair by the tea table. There were guns in a rack beside the fireplace, and Indian baskets on the mantel. Mary's eye lighted upon an enlargement in black and white pinned low on the wall beside the fireplace.

It was the picture of a man on horseback, the upper part of the face shadowed by the broad Stetson, the nose and mouth and chin all the clearer by contrast against a background of rugged hills. Every line of the straight shoulders, the throat with its open collar, the slightly lifted chin, was beautiful. The horse was as beautiful, in its free, wild grace, as the man who sat it so proudly; and the austere line of the hills above gave the last touch of fineness to the picture. Mary had never dreamed that a mere photograph could be so compelling.

She bent forward to read what was written underneath. It was Celia's writing, and she read: "Kenneth Fraser on Jim's Firefly." Kenneth Fraser, the young cattleman whose ranch adjoined Jim's, and whom Celia had raved about occasionally in her letters. She deliberately turned her back on Kenneth Fraser and Firefly.

The dogs set up a furious barking and dashed off the porch like a miniature earthquake.

"Perhaps it is Celia coming home," thought Mary eagerly, and jumping to her feet went to look.

Through the twilight she saw a skeleton wagon drawn up over a low mound of hay in the farthest corral. A woman of ample proportions moved slowly about unharnessing two mouse-colored burros, her reposeful motions suggesting that her presence in the corral needed no apology. A small black cocker sat watching her and ignoring the eager blandishments of the two young hounds.

"Who on earth can that be?" thought Mary.

She waited uncertainly until the woman finished her unharnessing and began to feed the burros from the convenient haystack. Then, remembering that she was the only representative of Celia and Jim at hand, she went slowly down to the corral.

The cocker rose at her approach and stood at melancholy attention. The woman, who was gath-

ering sticks for a fire, turned at her step with a stately motion.

"Buenas tardes, señorita," she said in a deep voice.

Spain leaped to greet Mary with the familiar salutation, Spain, the country of her fervent adoration. Spain, too, was in the piercing black eyes and finely chiseled features, though the prominence of the cheek bones and a certain somber heaviness of the eyelids seemed to suggest Indian blood as well.

Mary Dwight prided herself on her Spanish. She returned the greeting in her finest accent.

"You are a stranger?" she asked after a pause that seemed awkward only to herself.

"That's as one looks at it, señorita," replied the other slowly. "Fifty years have come and gone since I last looked on this spot. Perhaps the señorita does not know. I am Doña Carlota de Barri y Aguilar."

As an introduction it was regal. Mary Dwight murmured her own name, adding "of Boston" to relieve its baldness, and in apology for her ignorance of a de Barri y Aguilar explained that she was a recent arrival in California.

"I came up to visit my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston," she went on; "but I found them away in San Diego."

"Si? They own this now, then," said Doña Carlota. "Ay, but time brings changes."

Her smoldering glance swept the house, the garden, the neat corrals, obliterating them with a look. Another pause fell, and then Doña Carlota rose and took from the wagon a cage of crude workmanship in which sat two small brown doves. She thrust some barley heads between the slats and they pecked at the grain like sleepy children.

"That is good, *mis palomitas*," she said when they had picked out a few grains. "Now, I too, will prepare to eat." And setting the cage on the blanket beside her she bent over her fire and stirred it to a brighter blaze.

"Your cousins are away?" she said as Mary Dwight rather awkwardly prepared to leave. "I beg then that you will do me the favor to have supper with me, señorita."

"Oh, may I?" asked Mary with an eagerness that surprised herself.

Doña Carlota prepared the bacon and coffee with the skill of long experience, and Mary Dwight ate heartily, rather ashamed of her appetite in the face of Doña Carlota's abstemiousness. It seemed incredible that a woman of such stately proportions could exist on so little.

When they had finished, Doña Carlota fed the sad-eyed cocker with scraps of bacon and bread, and then, putting up the skillet after a hasty cleansing, sat down before the dying embers of the fire with her hands folded in her lap. Darkness had fallen, and overhead the stars were growing momentarily more brilliant. Though it was early in February the air was dry and caressing as on an Eastern summer night. An occasional brooding call of some wild bird throbbed through the silence.

"You hear?" said Doña Carlota suddenly. "It is the voice of the doves. Listen, and my doves will wake and answer."

The cull came again, and from the wooden cage came a drowsy reply.

"Si," said Doña Carlota, nodding like Fate above the fire, "it is always so. Fifty years ago it was that I first heard the doves cry in yonder canyon." She fell silent again, watching the cocker paw the folds of the rug into a nest. When he had arranged them to his liking he lay down with a contented sigh. After a moment Doña Carlota went on.

"Fifty years ago. I was eighteen then, and promised to Don Joaquin Velasquez, who owned all this land between the hills. He was a rich man for that time; but he coveted more lands still. Yonder, across the plateau, is a mountain valley with streams and thick grass. A young Americano, Don Kenneth Fraser, owned it."

"Don Kenneth Fraser!" exclaimed Mary involuntarily.

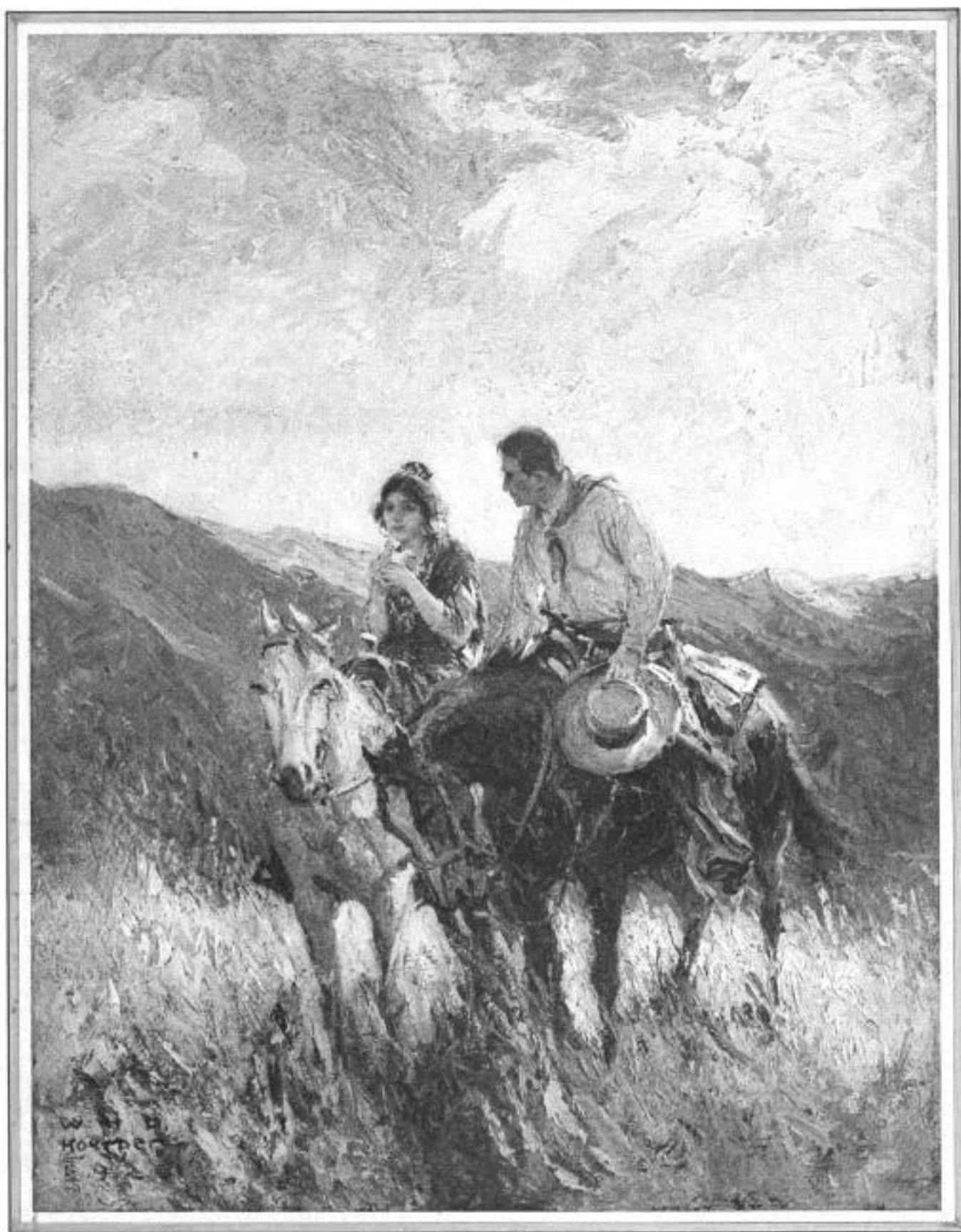
"But—" "Si," said Doña Carlota, and she repeated the name softly.

"Don Joaquin coveted that



I took Don Kenneth's doves with me when I went





*He bent toward me, and the look in his eyes stopped my heart*

mountain valley, and said that he meant to have it some day. Secretly I was proud when he made the boast, for I thought it a great thing that the man to whom I was betrothed should reach out and take what pleased him.

"Two months before the wedding it was arranged that my mother and I should pay Don Joaquin a little visit and see my future home. We lived at San Juan by the sea, and we were very poor, and my mother would have denied Don Joaquin nothing in honor. I, too, was not unwilling, poor fool! I was won by the gifts of Don Joaquin; the sky blue satin he had bought for me in San Pedro and the tortoise-shell comb for which it was said he had given a hundred cattle as pay. I went gladly with my mother, riding along the Camino Real and up through Pala to my doom.

"This place was not as you see it now, señorita. Don Joaquin's house stood where the white house of your cousins stands, and it looked even grander to me than your cousins', as I saw it then. There were rugs of vicuña wool on the floors, and chairs with carved backs, and silver candlesticks from Spain. There were Indian servants everywhere, and abundance of food and merriment. I was pleased with it all, and I thought how, when I was the wife of Don Joaquin I would dress in sky blue satin and would ride the young pony he had given me, and would not have to sit at home any more sewing and weaving wool. Life? What did I know of life, who had but peeped in at the door? And Don Joaquin kept

me blinded with his compliments and his laughter at my whims.

"Because he was kind to me, I thought that I loved him. I listened proudly when he told me how he meant to have the land where the *Americano*, Don Kenneth Fraser, had built fences and was raising cattle. His face would change when he spoke of Don Kenneth, and I knew that he hated him; but it did not seem terrible to me. How should it? I had been taught that *Americanos* were heretics and that their souls burned in hell. Ay, but there came a time when hell had no terrors for me, because of one who, so the *padres* said, had gone there for his sins.

"One morning I rode out as usual with Miguel, the Indian lad Don Joaquin had given me for servant on the day of my betrothal. I know now he was Don Joaquin's son; but I was ignorant of it then.

"It was such a morning, señorita! Over the plateau yonder the wind blew up from the sea, and as we turned into the hills we heard the doves calling. Never before had I listened to the doves, but this morning. We stopped under the live oaks, and Miguel slipped off his horse and lay down on a warm blanket to sleep. I rode on a little way, then sat listening to the wind in the trees and the doves calling—and all at once my heart felt as if it would break.

"There was a sound on the trail above me and I saw a strange *caballero* on a dancing black horse. The *caballero*

had eyes bluer than the sky and the sun made his uncovered head like gold. I knew in a moment who he was. It was Don Kenneth Fraser.

"I do not know what we said, señorita. We spoke low, for Miguel was sleeping not a hundred feet away. Yet I do not think it was for that alone that we spoke low, but because our voices trembled, and we were each ashamed for the other to hear.

"You were listening, señorita?" Don Kenneth said to me very gravely. And I said that I had been listening to the doves, and they made me feel like weeping. 'Why should I wish to weep, señor,' I said. 'It troubles me that I am so foolish.'

"It is the sadness of their voices," said Don Kenneth, and he smiled, oh, so sweetly. 'We say in our country that they mourn old sorrows and loves gone by. Listen, does it not seem so to you?'

"And I listened, sitting on my horse beside Don Kenneth. The wind blew up from the sea, smelling of *chia* in bloom. I can smell the *chia* yet, the way it filled the air that morning. And Don Kenneth's eyes met mine and the door of life swung open. I do not remember how my hand found his, but so it was—

"Miguel stirred after a time, and I snatched my hand away, for I remembered that I was Carlota de Barri y Aguilar, and was the betrothed of Don Joaquin. Yet my heart warmed to Miguel, because when he came up and found Don Kenneth there was no hate nor treachery in his eyes. He only looked on him wonderingly, as if he thought him beautiful. Ay, so it was.

"There is nothing to tell of the days that followed, señorita. They were so few; yet it is not by days that one measures life. I who have years behind me know that well.

"I had been impatient of our visit's length, for I was sometimes afraid of Don Joaquin. But now I had no more wish to go home. Each morning I rode out across the plateau and met Don Kenneth under the oaks. It was strange, those meetings, señorita. Don Kenneth was twenty-six and I was eighteen, yet sometimes he seemed younger than I. For all he loved me so, he was not given to caresses. He talked of small things that the men I knew would have scorned; of his little brother, who lived with him, and whom he loved greatly, of bird and beast and flower. One morning he brought me a pair of doves, just learning to fly, and asked me to keep them for his sake.

"They called me to you that morning," he said, "and they shall teach you not to forget me." And then he bent toward me, and the look in his eyes stopped my heart. 'If anything should happen to me,' he said, 'would you remember me still?'

"I cried out, and asked him what he feared, but he would not say. Then I confessed to him how I was to have wedded Don Joaquin in a month, and how I would rather die than be his wife. At Don Joaquin's name, his blue eyes grew black, but only for a moment, for now we knew that we loved each other.

"At first Don Kenneth was for going to my mother and asking her for me. It was his way to deal in the light, and it was a way I had come to love. But I knew my mother, and I feared that thus I should lose Don Kenneth forever.

"So then he listened to my plan, which was that he should wait until my wedding night, and then come down to San Juan and steal me away. There was a British vessel in San Diego with priests of his faith on board, who were going as missionaries to the islands. We would go aboard this vessel and be married, and then he would take me home to the mountain valley where he lived with his little brother, and God would protect us because we loved each other.

"But you are a Catholic," said Don Kenneth, looking troubled. 'I am persuading you to a thing that you believe will destroy your chances of heaven.' But I laughed and put up my face to be kissed. Heaven, señorita! Heaven seemed cold and far to me then. The doves were calling—

"I took Don Kenneth's doves with me when I went. My mother scolded me for burdening myself with the useless birds. Don Joaquin smiled as he looked at them, a dark, secret smile that made my heart miss a beat. It was almost as if he suspected something, yet why should he? Of Miguel's faithfulness I was sure. I had seen his eyes rest on Don Kenneth with the look of a loving dog. I thought to myself that I must take more care before Don Joaquin.

"But how does one take care when one is eighteen and dreaming of a lover?

"It was my mother, perhaps, that had warned Don Joaquin that all was not well. She saw that I was happy, yet that I could not bear to let Don Joaquin so much as kiss my hand. He began to frighten me with his compliments and courtesies.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 89]



## Part Two

## The Girls

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED by HERMAN PFEIFER



*These two belonged to the new order: "We speak the same language," said Charley*

**T**HE family rose from the table and moved into the living-room, a little constraint upon them. Mrs. Payson stayed behind to give directions to Hulda. Hulda, who dined in a heap off the end of the kitchen table, was rarely allowed to consume her meal in peace. Between Hulda and Mrs. Payson there was waged the unending battle of the coffee pot. After breakfast, luncheon, dinner, the mistress of the house would go into the kitchen, take the coffee pot off the gas stove and peer into its dark depths.

"My goodness, Hulda, you've made enough coffee for a regiment! That's wasteful. It'll only have to be thrown away."

"Ay drink him."

"You can't drink all this, girl. You'll be sick. You drink altogether too much coffee. Coffee makes you nervous, don't you know that? Yellow!"

Hulda munched a piece of bread and took another long gulp of her beloved beverage, her capable red hand wrapped fondly about the steaming cup. "Naw, Mrs. Payson. My grandfather he was drink twanty cup a day in old country."

"Yes, but what happened to him? He'd be living to-day—"

"He ban living to-day. Ninety years and red cheeks like apples."

In the living-room Lottie took up her knitting again. The front parlor was unlighted, but Charley went in and sat down at the old piano. She did not play particularly well and she had no voice. Lottie, knitting as she went, walked into the dim front room and sat down near Charley at the piano. Charley did not turn her head.

"That you, Lotta?" She went on playing.

"Yes, dear."

A little silence. "Now you stick to it!"

"I will."

In the living-room Henry Kemp came over to Belle, who was seated in the most gracious chair the room boasted, doing nothing with a really charming effect. "Say, listen, Belle, we don't have to stay so very late this evening, do we? I'm all tired out. I worked like a horse to-day down-town."

Before Belle could answer Charley called in from the other room, "Oh, Mother, I'm going to be called for, you know."

Belle raised her voice slightly. "The poet?"

"Yes."

"In the flivver?" Her father's question.

"Yes. Now roar, Dad, you silly old thing. Imagine a girl like me being cursed with a father who thinks poets and flivvers are funny. If you'd ever tried to manage either of them you'd know there's nothing comic about them."

"There is, too," contended Henry Kemp. "Either one of 'em's funny; and the combination's killing."

He picked up the discarded newspaper and seated himself in the buffalo chair. The buffalo chair was a hideous monstrosity whose arms, back and sides were

curved away from the sitter. The chair had been presented to old Isaac Thrift by some lodge or real estate board or society. It was known to the family as Ole Bull. The women never sat in it and always warned feminine callers away from it. Its horns had a disastrous way with flounces, ruffles, plackets, frills.

The conversation was the intimate, frank, often brutal talk common to families whose members see each other too often and know one another too well. Belle to Lottie, for example:

"Oh, why don't you get something a little different! You've been wearing blue for ten years."

"Yes, but it's so practical; and it always looks well."

"Cut loose and be impractical for a change. They're going to wear a lot of that fawn color this spring—sand, I think they call it. . . . How did Mrs. Hines get along with that old taffeta she made over for you?"

"I don't know; it kind of draws across the front, and the sleeves—I have to remember to keep my arms down. I wish you'd look at it."

"You'd have to put it on. How can I tell?"

"Too much trouble."

"Well, then, go on looking frumpy. These home dressmakers!"

Lottie did not look frumpy, as a matter of fact. No one with a figure so vigorous and erect, a back so straight, a head so well set on its fine column of a throat, a habit of such fastidious cleanliness of person, could be frumpy. But she resorted to few feminine wiles of clothing, as of speech or manner. Lottie's laces, and silks, and fine white garments, like her dear secret thoughts and fancies, were worn hidden, by the world unsuspected. All the dearer to Lottie for that.

To-night Belle sat dangling her slipper at the end of her toe, her knees crossed. She had a small slim foot, and a trick of shooting her pump loose at the heel so that it hung half on half off as she wagged her foot in its fine silk stocking. Henry Kemp had found it an entrancing trick when first they were married. He found it less fascinating now, after twenty years. Sometimes the slipper dropped—accidentally. "Henry dear, my slipper." Well, even the Prince must have remonstrated with Cinderella if she made a practice of the slipper-dropping business after their marriage. Twenty years after.

Belle, dangling the slipper, called in now to Lottie:

"Nice party, Lot?"

"Oh, nice enough."

"Who was there?"

"The girls. You know."

"Is her flat pretty. What did she serve?"

"Chicken salad with aspic—hot biscuits—olives—a cake—"

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. A party."

"Is she happy with her Orville—now that she's waited ten years for him?"

"Yes—at least, she was until this afternoon."

"Until! . . . Oh, come in here, Lottie. I can't shout at you like—"

Lottie, knitting as she walked, came back into the

living-room. Charley followed her after a moment, came over to her father, perched herself on a slippery arm of Ole Bull and leaned back, her shoulder against his.

Lottie stood, still knitting. She smiled a little. "Beck Schaefer was on one of her reckless rampages. She teased Celia until Celia cried."

"About what? Teased her about what? Pretty kind of guest, I must say."

"Oh, marriage. Marriage and happiness and— She said every unmarried woman was a failure."

"That shouldn't have bothered Celia. She's married, safe enough. She certainly had Beck there."

"Beck intimated that Orville wasn't worth waiting ten years for."

"Most men aren't," spoke up Great-aunt Charlotte from her corner, "and their wives don't know it until after they've been married ten years; and then it's too late. Celia had plenty of time to find it out first, and she married him anyway. That's better. She'll be happy with him."

"Charlotte Thrift!" called Charley, through the laughter. "You couldn't be so wise just living to be seventy-six. Oh, you hoop-skirted gals weren't so prunes-and-prismy. You've had a past. I'm sure of it."

"How d'you suppose I could have faced the future all these years if I hadn't had!" retorted Aunt Charlotte.

"That Schaefer girl had better go slow. Some day," Henry predicted, "some day she'll run away with a bell-hop. Just the type."

"Who's run away with a bell-hop?" Mrs. Payson chose this unfortunate moment to enter the living-room after her kitchen conference.

"Beck Schaefer," said Charley mischievously.

You should have seen, then, the quick glance of terror that Mrs. Payson darted at Lottie.

"Beck! She hasn't! She didn't! Beck Schaefer!"

"No, Mama, she hasn't. Henry just thinks she will—in time."

Mrs. Payson turned on the overhead electric lights (they had been sitting in the soothing twilight of the lamps), signified that Charley was to hand her the evening paper that lay at the side of Henry's chair, and seated herself in an ancient rocker—the only rocker the house contained. It squeaked. She rocked. Glaring lights, rustling paper, squeaking chair. The comfort of the room, of the group, was dispelled.

"I'd like to know why!" demanded Mrs. Payson, turning to the stock market page. "A good family. Money. And Beck Schaefer's a fine-looking girl."

One thought flashed through the minds of all of them. The others looked at Lottie and left the thought unspoken. Lottie herself put it into words then. Bluntly: "She isn't a girl, Mother. She's thirty-five."

"Thirty-five's just a nice age." The paper crackled as she passed to the real estate transfers. "If this keeps on I'd like to know what they're going to do about building. Material's so high now it's prohibitive." More rustling of paper and squeaking of chair. "Beck Schaefer's got her mother to look out for her."

"That's why," said Aunt Charlotte suddenly. Lottie looked at her, knitting needles poised a moment.

"Why what?" asked Mrs. Payson. Then, as her sister Charlotte did not answer, "You don't even know what



we're talking about, Charlotte. Sit there in the corner half asleep."

"It's you who're asleep," snapped Great-aunt Charlotte tartly. "With your eyes wide open."

When the doorbell rang then, opportunely, they all sighed a little, whether in relief or disappointment.

"I'll go," said Lottie. So it was she who opened the door to admit Ben Gartz.

You heard him as Lottie opened the door: "Hel-lo! Well, Lottie! How's every little thing with you?... That's good! You cer'nly look it."

Ben Gartz came into the living-room, rubbing his hands and smiling genially. A genial man, Ben, and yet you did not warm yourself at his geniality. A little too anxious, he was. Not quite spruce. Looking his forty-nine years. A pale and mackerel eye in a rubicund countenance had Ben Gartz. Combed his thinning hair in careful wisps across the top of his head to hide the spreading bald spot. He toed in a little as he walked. A plumpish man and yet with an oddly shrunken look about him, somehow. The flame had pretty well died out in him. He and his kind fought a little shy of what they called "the old girls." But he was undoubtedly attracted by Lottie. Ben Gartz had been a good son to his mother. She had regarded every unmarried woman as her possible rival. She always had said, "Ben ought to get married, I'd like to see him settled." But it was her one horror. The South Side, after her death, said, as one voice, "Well, Ben, you certainly have nothing to reproach yourself with. You were a wonderful son to her." And the South Side was right.

Henry Kemp brightened at the visitor's entrance, as well he might in this roomful of women. "Well, Ben, glad to see you. Come into the harem."

Ben shook hands with Mrs. Payson, with Aunt Charlotte, with Belle, with Charley. "My, my, look at this kiddie! Why, she's a young lady! Better look out, Miss Lottie; you'll be letting your little niece get ahead of you."

Shook hands with Henry Kemp. Out came the cigar. "No, no!" protested Henry. "You've got to smoke one of mine." They exchanged cigars, eyed them, tucked them in vest pockets and lighted one of their own, according to the solemn and ridiculous ritual of men. Ben Gartz settled back in a chair and crossed his chubby knees. "This is mighty nice, let me tell you, for an old batch living in a hotel room. The family circle, like this. Mighty nice." He glanced at Lottie. He admired Lottie with an admiration that had in it something of fear, so he always assumed a boisterous bluffness with her. Sometimes he felt, vaguely, that she was laughing at him. But she wasn't. She was sorry for him. He was to her as obvious as a child to its mother.

"You might have come for dinner," Lottie said kindly, "if I'd known, earlier. The folks had dinner here."

"Oh, no!" protested Ben, as though the invitation were now being tendered. "I couldn't think of troubling you. Mighty nice of you, though, to think of me. Maybe some other time—"

Mrs. Carrie Payson said nothing. She did not issue dinner invitations thus, helter-skelter. She did not look displeased, though.

"Well, how's business?"

Great-aunt Charlotte made a little clucking sound between tongue and palate and prepared to drift from the room. She had a knack of drifting out of the room—evaporating, almost. You looked up, suddenly, and she was not there. Outside there sounded the sharp bleat of a motor horn—a one-lung motor horn. Two short staccato blasts followed by a long one. A signal, certainly.

"The poet, Charley," said Henry Kemp, and laughed his big, kind laugh.

"Ask him in," Mrs. Payson said. "Aren't you going to ask your young man to come in?" Charley was preparing to go.

"What for?" she asked now.

"To meet the family. Unless you're ashamed of him. When I was a girl—"

Great-aunt Charlotte sat back again, waiting.

"All right," said Charley. "He'll hate it." She walked across the room smiling, opened the door and called out to the bleat in the blackness.

"Come on in!"

"What for?"

"Meet the family."

"Oh, say, listen—"

You heard them talking and giggling a little together in the hall. Then they came down the hall and into the living-room, these two young things, these two beautiful young things. And suddenly the others in the room felt old—old and fat and futile, and done with life. The two stood there in the doorway a moment. The very texture of their skin, the vitality of their vigorous hair as it sprang away in a fine line from their foreheads, the liquid blue-white clearness of the eyeball, the poise of their slim bodies—was youth.

She was tall but he was taller. His hair had a warmer glint; it was almost red. In certain lights it was red. The faun type. Ears a little pointed. Contemptuous of systems, you could see that; metric or rhythmic. A good game of tennis, probably. Loathing golf. So graceful as to seem almost slouchy. Lean, composed, self-possessed. White flannel trousers for some athletic reason (indoor tennis, perhaps, at the gym); a loose great-coat buttoned over what seemed to be no shirt at all. Certainly not a costume for a Chicago March night. He wore it with a full-dress air. And yet a certain lovable shyness.

Charley waved a hand in a gesture that somehow united him with the room—the room full of eyes critical, amused, appraising, speculative, disapproving.

"Mother and Dad you know, of course. Grandmother Payson. My Aunt Lottie—Lotta for short. Mr. Ben Gartz.... Oh, forgive me, Aunt Charlotte, I thought you'd gone. There in the corner—my great-aunt Charlotte Thrift.... This is Jesse Dick."

IT IS a terrible thing to see an old woman blush. The swift, dull almost thick red surged painfully to Great-aunt Charlotte's face now, and her eyes were suddenly wide and dark, like a young girl's, startled. Then the red faded and left her face chalky, ghastly. It was as though a relentless hand had wrapped iron fingers around her heart and squeezed it and wrenched it once—tight and hard!—and then relaxed its grip. She peered at the boy standing there in the doorway, peered at him with dim old eyes that tried to pierce the veil of years and years and years. The others were talking. Charley had got her wraps from the hall, and was getting into her galoshes. This cumbersome and disfiguring footgear had this winter become the fad among university co-eds and South Side flappers. They wore galoshes on stormy days and fair. The craze had started during a blizzard week in January. It was considered chic to leave the two top clasps or the two lower clasps open and flapping. The origin of this could readily be traced to breathless co-eds late for classes. All young and feminine Hyde Park now clumped along the streets, slim silken shins ending grotesquely in thick black felt-and-rubber.

Jesse Dick stooped now to assist in the clasp-ing of Charley's galoshes. He was down on one knee. Charley, teetering a little, put one hand on his head to preserve her balance. He looked up at her, smiling; she looked down at him, smiling. Almost sixty years of life swept back over Great-aunt Charlotte Thrift and left her eighteen again; eighteen, and hoop-skirted in her second-best merino, with a green velvet bonnet and a frill of blond lace, and little muddied boots and white stockings.

She could not resist the force that impelled her now. She got up from her corner and came over to them. The talk went on in the living-room. They did not notice her.

"I knew your— I knew a Jesse Dick," she said, "years ago."

The boy stood up.

"Yes? Did you?"

"He died in the Civil War. At Donelson. He was killed—at Donelson."

"That must have been my grandfather's brother," he said politely. "I've heard them speak of him."

He had heard them speak of him. Char-lotte Thrift, with sev-enty-six years of a ruined life heavy upon her, looked at him. He had heard them speak of him. "Pomroy Dick? Your grandfather? Pomroy Dick?"

"Why, yes! Yes. Did you know him, too? He wasn't—we Dicks aren't— How did you happen to know him?"

"I didn't know your grand-father, Pomroy Dick," said Great-aunt Charlotte, and smiled so that the withered lips drew away from the blue-white, even teeth. "It was Jesse I knew." She looked up at him. "Jesse Dick."

Charley leaned over and pressed her fresh, dewy young lips to the parchment cheek. "Now isn't that interesting. Good-by, dear."

They were off, with a good-by to the group in the living-room. Charlotte Thrift turned to go up-stairs. "Jesse Dick—" she heard, from the room where the others sat. "Dick—" She turned and came back swiftly, and seated herself again in the dim corner. Henry Kemp was speaking, his face all aglow.

"She's a case, that kid. We never know. Some weeks it's the son of one of the professors, with horn glasses and no hat. And then it'll be a millionaire youngster she's met at a dance, and the place will be cluttered up with his racing cars and his orchids and bonbons for a while. Now it's this young Dick."

But Mrs. Carrie Payson spoke with meaning. "Who is he? Dick? I've never heard the name. Who're his folks?"

An uneasy rustle from Belle. "He's a poet," she said. "Quite a good one, too. Some of his stuff is really—"

"Who're his folks?" demanded Mrs. Carrie Payson. "They're not poets too, are they?"

Henry Kemp's big laugh burst out again, then, in spite of Belle's warning rustle. "His father's 'Delicatessen Dick,' over on Fifty-third. We get all our cold cuts there, and the most wonderful pickled herring. They say they're put up in some special way from a recipe that's been in the family for years. Holland Dutch, I guess—"

But Mrs. Carrie Payson had heard enough. "Well, I must say, Belle, you're overdoing this freedom business with Charley. 'Delicatessen Dick!' I suppose the poet sells the herrings over the counter? I suppose he gives you an extra spoonful of onions when you—"

Belle spoke up tartly. "He isn't in the store, Mother. His people have loads of money. They're very thrifty, and nice, respectable people. Of course! Everybody in Hyde Park goes to Dick's for their Sunday-night supper things."

"It'll be nice for Charley," Mrs. Payson remarked grimly. "With her training at college. I shouldn't wonder if they'd put her in charge of all the cold meats, maybe. Or the cheese."

Belle spoke with some hauteur. "He does not live at home. He has a room near the university. He's fond of his parents, but not in sympathy with the business. His work appears regularly in 'Poetry,' and they accept only the best. He worked his way through college without a penny from his people. And—" as a triumphant finish—"he has a book coming out this spring."

"Ha!" laughed Henry Kemp jovially. Then, suddenly sobering, regarded the glowing end of his cigar. "But they do say it's darned good poetry. People who know. Crazy—but good. I read one of them. It's all about dead horses and entrails, and—" He stopped and coughed apologetically. "His new book is going to be called—" Here he went off into a silent spasm of laughter.

"Henry, you know that's just because you don't understand. It's the new verse."

"His new book," Henry Kemp went on gravely, "is called 'White Worms!'" He looked at Ben Gartz. The two men laughed uproariously.

Mrs. Payson sat forward stiffly in her rocking chair. "And you let Charley go about with this person?"

"Oh, Mother, please. Let's not discuss Charley's affairs. Mr. Gartz can't be interested."

"Oh, but I am! Aren't you, Miss Lottie? Young folks—"

"Besides, all the girls are quite mad about him. Charley's the envy of them all. He's the most sought-after young man in Hyde Park. He wrote a poem to Charley that appeared in 'Poetry' last month." Belle dismissed the whole affair with a little impatient kick of her foot that sent the dangling slipper flying. "Oh, Henry—my slipper!" Henry retrieved it. "Besides, they're only children. Charley's an infant."

Mrs. Carrie Payson began to rock in the squeaky chair, violently. "You heard what she said about the five."

"The five?"

"About the five—you know."

In the laughter that followed Great-aunt Charlotte slipped out of the room, vanished up the stairs.

Then the War, of course. They began to talk about the War: They say it'll go on for years and years; it can't, the Germans are starving; don't you believe it, they've prepared for this for forty years; aren't the French wonderful! would you believe it to look at them, so shrimpy; it's beginning to look pretty black for them, just the same; we'll be in it yet, you mark my words; should have gone in a year ago, that was the time; if ever we do—zowie.

Lottie sat knitting. Ben Gartz reached over and fingered the soft springy mass of wool. There was an intimacy about the act. "If we go into it and I go off to war, will you knit me some of these, Miss Lottie? H'm?"

Lottie lifted her eyes. "If you go off to fight I'll knit you a whole outfit, complete: Socks, muffler, helmet, wristlets, sweater."

"Death, where is thy sting!" Ben Gartz rolled a pale blue eye.

Henry Kemp was not laughing now. His face looked a little drawn and old. He had allowed his cigar to go dead in the earnestness of the war talk. "You're safe, Lottie. It'll be over before we can ever go into it."

Ben Gartz flapped a hand in disagreement. "Don't you be too sure of that. I've heard it pretty straight that we'll be in by this time next year—if not before. I've had an offer to go into the men's watch-bracelet business on the strength of it. And if we do, I'm going to



A draggled, black-garbed figure, bundle-laden, waited on the corner for her car





"You make me feel like an elderly Eskimo sewed up for the winter." Charley shrugged luxuriously: "I hate a lot of clothes"

take it. There's bound to be a fortune in it." "Men's watch bracelets! Real men don't wear them. Mollycoddles!"

"Oh, don't they! No, I guess not! Only engineers, and policemen, and aviators, and soldiers, that's all. Mollycoddles like that. They say they aren't wearing any kind but wrist watches over there. Well, if we go into the war I go into the men's watch-bracelet business, that's what. Fortune in it."

"Yeh," said Henry Kemp, haggardly. "If we go into the war, I go into the poorhouse."

Belle stood up, decisively. "It's getting late, Henry."

Mrs. Payson bristled. "It's only a little after nine. You only come once a week. I should think you needn't run off right after dinner."

"But it isn't right after dinner, Mother. Besides, Henry has been working terribly hard. He's worn out."

Mrs. Payson, who knew the state of Henry's business, sniffed in unbelief. But they went. In the hall:

"Then you'll be in to-morrow morning, Lottie?"

"Yes." Lottie seemed a little pale.

Mrs. Payson's face hardened.

You heard a roar outside—Henry warming up the engine. Snorts and chugs, then a gigantic purr. They were off.

The three settled down again in the living-room. Mrs. Payson liked to talk to men. Years of business intercourse had accustomed her to them. She liked the way their minds worked, clear and hard.

"That's a pretty good proposition you got there, Mrs. Payson, if you can swing it. I wouldn't be in any hurry, if I was you. You hang on to it."

There was always talk of "propositions" and "deals" when Mrs. Payson conversed with one of Lottie's callers.

Lottie rose. "I'll get you something to drink," she said.

Ben Gartz caught her arm. "Now, don't you bother, Miss Lottie." He always called her "Miss" Lottie when others were there, and Lottie when they were alone.

But she went, and came back with ginger ale and some cookies. Something in his face as he caught sight of these chaste viands smote her kindly and understanding heart. She knew her mother would disapprove, would oppose it. But the same boldness that had prompted her to speak at dinner now urged her to fresh flights of daring.

"What would you say to a cup of nice hot coffee and some cold chicken sandwiches?"

"Oh, say, Miss Lottie! I couldn't think—this is all right." But his eyes brightened.

"Nonsense, Lottie!" said Mrs. Payson, sharply. "Mr. Gartz doesn't want coffee."

"Yes, he does. Don't you? Come on in the kitchen while I make it. We'll all have a bite at the dining-room table. I'll cut the bread if you'll butter it."

Ben Gartz got up with alacrity: "No man who lives in a hotel could resist an offer like that, Miss Lottie." He frisked heavily off to the kitchen in her wake. Mrs. Payson stood a moment, tasting the unaccustomed bitter pill of opposition. Then she took her stout cane from a corner where she had placed it and followed after them to the kitchen, sniffing the delicious scent of coffee-in-the-making as though it were poison gas. Later they played dummy bridge. Lottie did not play bridge well. She failed to take the red and black spots seriously.

"... Going to marry at twenty and have five children, one right after the other—"

"Lottie Payson, what are you thinking off?" Her mother's outraged voice.

"Why—what?"

"You trumped my ace!"

EVERY morning between eight-thirty and nine a boy from the Elite garage on Twenty-sixth Street brought the Payson electric to the door. He trundled it up to the curb with the contempt that it deserved. Your self-respecting garage mechanic is contemptuous of all electric conveyances, but this young man looked on the Payson's senile vehicle as a personal insult. He manipulated its creaking levers and bulky brakes as a professional pitcher would finger a soft rubber ball—thing beneath pity. As he sprang out of it in his jersey, and his tight pants, and his long-visored green cap he would slam its ancient door behind him with such force as almost to set it rocking on its four squat wheels. Then he would pass round behind it, kick one of its asphalt-gnawed rubber tires with a vindictive boot and walk off whistling, back to the Elite Garage. Lottie had watched this performance a thousand times, surely. She was always disappointed if he failed to kick the tire. It satisfied something in her to see him do it.

This morning Lottie was up, dressed, and telephoning to the Elite garage before eight o'clock. She wanted to make an early start. She meant to use the electric in order to save time. Without it, the trip between the Paysons' house on Prairie Avenue and the Kemps' on Hyde Park Boulevard near the lake was a pilgrimage marked by dreary waits on clamorous corners for dirty yellow cars that never came.

Early as she was, Lottie had heard Aunt Charlotte stir much earlier. She had not yet come down, however. Mrs. Payson had already breakfasted and read the paper. After Mrs. Payson had finished with a newspaper its page-sequence was irrevocably ruined for the next reader. Its sport sheet mingled with the want ads; its front page lay crumpled upon music and the Drama.

Lottie scarcely glanced at the headlines as she drank her coffee this morning. Her mother was doing something or other at the sideboard. Mrs. Payson was the sort of person who does slummy, flappy things in a room where you happened to be breakfasting, or writing, or

reading; things at which you could not express annoyance and yet which annoyed you to the point of frenzy. She lifted dishes and put them down. She rattled silver in the drawer. She tugged at a sideboard door that always stuck. She made notes on a piece of wrapping paper with a hard pencil and tapping sounds. All interspersed with a spasmodic conversation carried on in a high voice with Hulda in the kitchen, the swinging door of the pantry between them.

"Need any rice?"

"What?"

"Rice!"

"We got yet."

More tapping of the pencil accompanied by a *sotto voce* murmur: "Soap... kitchen cleanser... new potatoes... see about electric light bulbs... coffee—"

She raised her voice again: "We've got plenty of coffee, I know."

Silence from the kitchen.

"Hulda, we've got plenty of coffee! I got a pound on Wednesday."

Silence. Then— "He don't last over Sunday."

"Not—why, my dear young woman—" The swinging door whiffed and whoofed with the energy of her exit as she passed into the kitchen to do battle with the coffee-toper.

Lottie was quite unconscious of the frown that her rasped nerves had etched between her eyes. She was so accustomed to these breakfast irritations that she did not know they irritated her. She was even smiling a little, grimly amused.

She was to have the morning alone, the morning from eight until almost noon. There was Gussie to interview.

There was Judge Barton to confer with—dear Emma Barton. There was poor Jennie to dispose of. There was work to do. Real work. Lottie rose from the table and stood in the pantry doorway holding the swinging door open with one foot as she was getting into her coat.

"I'll be back by noon, Mother, surely. Perhaps earlier. Then we'll go right over to your buildings and collect the rents and market on the way back."

"Oh," said Mrs. Payson, only. Her mouth was pursed.

"I'll be back by noon, surely." Mrs. Payson did not answer. Lottie went down the long hall toward the front door. Her mother followed.

"Going to Belle's?"

"Yes. I'll have to hurry."

At the door Mrs. Payson flung a final command: "You'd better go South Park to Grand."

Lottie had meant to. It was the logical route to Belle's. She had taken it a thousand times. Yet now, urged by some imp of perversity, she was astonished to hear herself saying, "No; I'm going up Prairie to Fifty-first." The worst possible road.

The Kemps lived in one of the oldest of Hyde Park's



apartment houses and one as nearly aristocratic as a Chicago South Side apartment house can be. It was on Hyde Park Boulevard, near Jackson Park and the lake. When Belle had married she had protested at an apartment. She had never lived in one, she said. She didn't think she could. She would stifle. No privacy. Everything huddled together on one floor and everybody underfoot. People up-stairs; people down-stairs.

But houses were scarce in Hyde Park, and she and Henry had compromised on an apartment much too large for them and as choice as anything for miles around. There were nine rooms. The two front rooms were a parlor and sitting-room; but not many years had passed before Belle did away with this. Belle had caused all sorts of things to be done to the apartment—at Henry's expense, not the landlord's. Year after year partitions had been removed; old fixtures torn out and modern ones installed; dark woodwork had been cream-enameled; the old parlor and sitting-room had been thrown into one enormous living-room. They had even built a "sun-parlor," without which no Chicago apartment is considered complete. As it eats, sleeps, plays bridge, reads, sews, writes and lounges in these little many-windowed peep shows all Chicago's family life is an open book to its neighbor.

Belle's front room was a carefully careless place—livable, inviting—with its books, and lamps, and plump low chairs mothering unexpected tables nestled at their elbows—tantalizing little tables holding the last new novel, face downward; a smart little tooled leather box primly packed with cigarettes; a squat wooden bowl, very small, whose tipped cover revealed a glimpse of vivid, scrunchy fruit-drops within. Splashes of scarlet and orange bitersweet in luster bowls, loot of Charley's autumn days at the dunes. A roll of watermelon-pink wool and a ball of the same shade in one corner of the deep davenport, with two long amber needles stuck through, prophesied the first rainbow note of Charley's summer wardrobe. The grand piano, holding a book of Chopin and a chromo-covered song-hit labeled, incredibly enough "Tya-dadee." It was as unlike the Prairie Avenue living-room as Charley was unlike Mrs. Carrie Payson. Belle had recently had the sun-parlor done in the new Chinese furniture—green enameled wood with engaging little Chinese figures and scenes painted on it; queer gashes of black here and there, and lamp shades shaped like some sort of Chinese headgear; no one knew quite what. Surely no Mongolian—coolie or mandarin—would have recognized the origin of anything in the Chinese sun-parlor.

Gussie answered the door. An admirable young woman, Gussie; capable, self-contained, self-respecting. Sprung from a loose-moraled, slovenly household, she had, somehow, got the habit of personal cleanliness and of straight thinking. Gussie's pastry hand was a light, deft, clean one. Gussie's bedroom had none of the kernel stuffiness of the average kitchen-bedroom. Gussie's pride in her own bathroom spoke in shining tiles and gleaming porcelain.

"Oo, Miss Lottie! How you are early! Mrs. ain't up at all yet. Miss Charley she is in bathtub."

"That's all right, Gussie. I came to see you."

Gussie's eyes were red-rimmed. "Yeh... Jennie..." She led the way back to the kitchen, a sturdy young woman facing facts squarely. Her thick-tongued speech told of her Slavic origin. She went on with her morning's work as she talked and Lottie listened. Hers was a no-good family. Her stepfather she dismissed briefly as a bum. Her mother was always getting mixed up with the boarders—that menace of city tenement life. And now, Jennie. Jennie wasn't bad. Only, she liked a good time. The two brothers (rough, lowering fellows) were always a-jumping on Jennie. It was fierce. They wouldn't let her go out with the fellas. In the street they yelled at her and shamed Jennie for Jennie's crowd, right out. They wanted she should marry one of the boarders. Well, say, he had money sure, but old like Jennie's own father. Jennie was only seventeen. All this while Gussie was slamming expertly from table to sink, from sink to stove.

"Seventeen! Why doesn't she leave home and work out as you do, Gussie? Housework."

Jennie, it appeared, was too tony for housework. "Like this Jennie is." Gussie took a smudged envelope from her pocket and opened it with damp fingers. With one blunt finger tip she pointed to the signature. It was a pencil-scratched letter from Jennie to her sister, and it was signed, flourishingly, "Jeannette."

"Oh!" said Lottie. "I see."

Jennie, then, worked by factory. She paid board at home. She helped with the housework evenings and Sundays. But always they yelled at her. And then

## What Happened to "The Girls" in Part One

THREE generations of Thrift girls, Charley, and Lottie, and Great-aunt Charlotte, reached out with varying degrees of success for the right to seek happiness in their own ways, unfettered by their family.

Great-aunt Charlotte Thrift was the first to suffer from a domineering family. When the Civil War broke out she was eighteen and romantically in love with young Jesse Dick, a social nobody, in the growing prairie town of Chicago. She committed the great indiscretion (for those days) of kissing him in public as he marched away with his regiment to death at Donelson. She was never allowed to forget her public disgrace—and she never married.

Charlotte's younger sister, Carrie, married the junior partner of her father's real estate firm, Samuel Payson, who decamped one day after embezzling the money of the firm and of its clients. The Thrift fortune went to pay the debts of this failure, and Carrie Payson, at a time when custom frowned on

women in business, stepped into the office and supported in this way, herself, her sister Charlotte, and her two daughters, Belle and Lottie.

Belle early escaped her mother's domination by marrying Henry Kemp; but Lottie "was needed at home," and there she dutifully stayed, rebelling only feebly against her mother's constant demands on her time. While still in school Lottie had been attracted to a young Jewish writer, but her mother had dismissed him as ineligible and Lottie had not known how to protest. Neither had she been allowed to accomplish her dream of undertaking social service work, for which she was admirably fitted. And so, in 1916, at the age of thirty-two, she was spending her days driving her mother to market and back, fetching and carrying at the demands of the family, and feeling vaguely that life was passing her by.

Lottie's niece, eighteen-year-old Charley Kemp, was not as hampered. She chose her friends and

her career where she would. To her grandmother's horror she was even planning to enter Shield's store as a stock-girl in order to work up to an executive position.

One afternoon, at a meeting of the Reading Club, Lottie's restlessness was fanned by Beck Schaefer's protests at unreasonable families. Beck had cause for revolt, for she would have married Sam Butler years ago if his mother had not selfishly prevented it.

That night the Kemps came to dinner—one of those stupid family affairs upon which Carrie Payson insisted. Charley told Lottie that a sister of the Kemps' cook was to be tried in the Girls' Court the next morning, and Lottie promised to be there—even though this meant that she could not drive her mother to market at the usual hour. Carrie Payson, deeply hurt, took her daughter's decision to mean that Lottie thought a kitchen maid more important than her own mother. But Great-aunt Charlotte and Charley understood.

Jennie had taken one hundred dollars and had run away from home.

"Jennie is smart," Gussie said, in conclusion; "she is smart like machine. She can make in her head figgers. She finished school, she wanted she should go by business college for typewriter and work in office, but Ma and my brothers they won't let. They yell and they yell, and so Jennie works by factory."

It was all simple enough to Lottie. She had sat in many sessions of Judge Barton's court. "You'd rather not go with me, Gussie?"

Gussie shook a vehement head. "Better you should go alone. Right away I cry and yell, for scared; Jennie she begin cry and yell; Ma, she begin cry and—"

"All right, Gussie. . . . Whose hundred dollars was it?" "Otto. He is big brother. He is mad like anything. He say he make Jennie go by jail—"

"Oh, no, Gussie. He can't do that without Judge Barton, and she'll never—"

Gussie vanished into her own bedroom. She emerged again with a stout roll of grimy bills in her hand. These she proffered Lottie. "Here is more as fifty dollar. I save'm. You should give to judge he shouldn't send Jennie to jail." Gussie was of the class that never quite achieves one hundred dollars. Seventy, eighty, eighty-five—and then the dentist or doctor.

Lottie gave the girl's shoulder a little squeeze. "Oh, Gussie, you funny dear child. The judge is a woman. And, besides, it isn't right to bribe the—"

"No-o-o-o! A woman! In my life I ain't heard how a woman is judge."

"Well, this one is. And Jennie won't go by jail. I promise you."

Down the hall sped a figure in a pongee bathrobe, corded at the waist, slim and sleek as a goldfish. Charley!

"I heard you come in. Finished? Then sit and talk sociable while I dress. You can speed a bit on the way down-town and make it up. Step on the ol' batteries. Please! Did you fix things with Gussie?"

"Yeh," Gussie answered, comfortably; but she wore a puzzled frown. "She fix. Judge is woman. Never in my life—"

"Gussie, ma'am, will you let me have my breakfast tray in the sun-parlor? It's such a glummy morning. That's a nice girl. About five minutes."

And it wasn't more than five. Lottie, watching Charley in the act of dressing wondered what that young woman's grandmother or great-aunt would have thought of the process. She decided that her dead-and-gone great-grandmother—that hoop-skirted, iron-stayed, Victorian lady all encased in linings, buckram, wool, wire, merino and starch—would have swooned at the sight. Charley's garments were so few and scant as to be Chinese in their simplicity. She wore, usually, three wispy garments, not counting shoes and stockings. She proceeded to don them now. First she pulled the stockings up tight and slick, then cuffed them just below the knee. This cuff she then twisted deftly round, caught the slack of it, twisted that rope-like, caught the twist neatly under a fold, rolled the fold down tight and hard three inches below the knee and left it there, an ingenious silken bracelet. There it stayed, fast and firm, unaided by garter, stay or elastic. Above this a pair of scant knickers of jersey silk or muslin; a straight little shirt with straps over the shoulders or, sometimes, just a brassière that bound the young breasts. Over this slight foundation went a slim, scant frock of cloth. That was all. She was a pliant wheat-sheaf, a gracile blade, a supple spear. (See verses "To C. K." in "Poetry Magazine" for February, signed Jesse Dick.) She twisted her hair into a knot that, worn low on the neck, would have been a test for anyone but Charley. She now pursed her lips a little critically, and leaned forward close to her mirror.

Charley's lips were a little too full, the carping said, the kind of lips known as "bee-stung." Charley hated her mouth; said it was coarse and sensual. Others did not think so. (See poem "Your Lips" in "Century Magazine," June.)

"There!" she said, and turned away from the mirror. The five minutes were just up.

"Meaning you're dressed?" "Dressed! Why, of—"

"Sketchy, I calls it. But I suppose it's all right. You're covered, anyway. Only I hope your grandmother'll never witness the sight I've seen this morning. You make me feel like an elderly Eskimo sewed up for the winter."

Charley shrugged luxuriously: "I hate a lot of clothes."

Her tray awaited her on the table in the sun-parlor—fruit, toast, steaming hot chocolate. "I've got to go," Lottie kept murmuring, and leaned in the doorway watching her. Charley attacked the food with a relish that gave you an appetite. She rolled an ecstatic eye at the first sip of chocolate. "Oo, hot! Sure you won't have some?" She demolished the whole daintily and thoroughly. As she sat there in the cruel morning light of the many-windowed little room she was as pink-cheeked, and bright-eyed and scrubbed-looking as a Briggs boy ready for supper.

Lottie began to button her coat. Charley chased a crumb of toast around her plate. "What, if any, do you think of him?"

Lottie had seen and met shoals of Charley's young men. "Suitors" was the official South Side name for them. But Charley had never before asked Lottie's opinion of one of them.

"Charming youngster. I grew quite moony, after you'd gone, thinking about him, and trumped Mother's ace. He doesn't look like a poet—that is, poet."

"They never do. Good poets, I mean. I've often thought it was all for the best that Rupert Brooke—that Byron collar of his. Fancy, by the time he became thirty-five— You really think he's charming?"

"So does your mother. Last night she was enthusiastic—about his work."

"M-m-m. Mother's partial to young poets."

Between Charley and her mother there existed an unwritten code. Charley commanded whole squads of devoted young men in assorted sizes, positions, and conditions. Young men who liked country hikes and wayside lunches; young men who liked to dance at the Blackstone on Saturday afternoons; young men who took Charley to the symphony concerts; young men who read to her out of books. And Mrs. Henry Kemp, youngish, attractive, almost twenty years of married life with Henry Kemp behind her, relished a chat with these slim youngsters. A lean-flanked, graceful crew they were, for the most part, with an almost feline coordination of muscle. When they shook hands with you their grip drove the rings into your fingers. They looked you in the eye—and blushed a little. Their profiles would have put a movie star to shame. Their waists were slim as a girl's (tennis and baseball). They drove low-slung cars around Hyde Park corners with death-defying expertness. Nerveless; not talkative, and yet well up on the small-talk of the younger set—Labor, Socialism, sex, baseball, Freud, psychiatry, dancing and—just now—the War. Some were all for dashing across to join the Lafayette Escadrille. Belle Kemp would have liked to sit and talk with these young men—talk, and laugh, and dangle her slipper on the end of her toe. Charley knew this. And her mother knew she knew. No pulling the wool over Charley's eyes. No pretending to play the chummy young mother with her. "Pal stuff."

So, then, "M-m-m," said Charley, sipping the last of her chocolate. "Mother's partial to young poets."

Lottie had to be off.

Charley walked with her to the end of the hall. "Are you lunching down-town? There's a darling new tea room just opened in the Great Lakes Building—"

"I've promised to be home at noon, at the latest."

"What for?"

"To take Mother marketing and over to the West Side—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!"

"You have your job, Charley. This is mine."

"Oh, is it? Do you like it?"

"N-n-no."

"Then, it isn't."

Lottie flung a final word at the door. "Even a free, untrammelled spirit like you will acknowledge that such a thing as duty does exist, I suppose?"

Charley leaned over the railing to combat that as Lottie flew down-stairs. "There is no higher duty than that of self-expression."

"Gabble-gabble!" laughed Lottie, at the vestibule door. "Coward!" shouted Charley, over the railing.



When Lottie came out the fog was beginning to lift over the lake and there was even an impression of watery lemon-colored sunshine behind the bank of gray. Her spirits soared. As she stepped into the swaying old electric there came over her a little swooping sensation of freedom. It was good to be going about one's business thus, alone. No one to say, "Slower! Not so fast!" No one to choose the maelstrom of State and Madison streets as the spot in which to ask her opinion as to whether this sample of silk matched this bit of cloth. She felt young, and free, and rather important. The somber old house on Prairie ceased to dominate her for the time. What fun it would be to stay down for lunch with Emma Barton—wise, humorous, understanding Emma Barton. Maybe they could get hold of Winnie Stepler, too. Then, later, she might prow around, looking at the new cloth dresses for spring.

Well, she couldn't. That was all there was to it. She parked the electric and entered the grim black pile that was the City Hall and County Building, threaded her way among the cuspidors of the dingy entrance hall, stepped out of the elevator on the floor that held Judge Barton's court: the Girls' Court. The attendant at the door knew her. There was no entering Judge Barton's court as a public place of entertainment. In the ante-room red-eyed girls and shawled mothers were watching the closed door in mingled patience and fear. Girls. Sullen girls, bold girls, frightened girls. Girls who had never heard of the Ten Commandments and who had broken most of them. Girls who had not waited for the apple of life to drop ripe into their laps, but had twisted it off the tree and bitten deep into the fruit and found the bitter taste of gall in their mouths. Tear-stained, bedraggled, wretched girls; defiant girls; silk-clad, contemptuous, staring girls. Girls who had rehearsed their rôles, prepared for stern justice in uniform. Girls who bristled with resentment against life, against law, against maternal authority. They did not suspect how completely they were to be disarmed by a small woman with a misleadingly mild face, graying hair, and eyes that—well, it was hard to tell about those eyes. They looked at you—they looked at you and through you... what was that you had planned to say... what was that you had— "Oh, for God's sake, Ma, shut up your crying!" Between the girls in their sleazy silk stockings and the mothers in their shapeless shawls lay the rotten root of the trouble. New America and the Old World, out of sympathy with each other, uncomprehending, resentful. The girls in the outer room rustled, and twisted, and jerked, and sobbed, and whispered, and shrugged, and scowled; and stared furtively at one another. But the shawled and formless older women stood or sat, animal-like in their patience, their eyes on the closed door.

Lottie wondered if she could pick Jennie from among them. She even thought of asking for her. But she quickly decided against that. Better to see Emma Barton first.

It lacked just five minutes of ten. Lottie nodded to the woman who guarded the door and passed through the little room in which Judge Barton held court to the private office beyond. Never was less official-looking hall of justice than that little court-room. It resembled a more than ordinarily pleasant business office. A long flat table on a platform four or five inches above the floor. Half a dozen chairs ranged about the wall. A vase of spring flowers—jonquils, tulips, mignonette

—on the table. Not a carefully planned "woman's touch." Someone was always sending flowers to Judge Barton. She was that kind of woman. You were struck with the absence of official-looking papers, documents, files. All the paraphernalia of red tape was absent.

Judge Barton sat in the cubbyhole of an office just beyond this, a girl stenographer at her elbow. Outside the great window the City Hall pigeons strutted and purred. Bright-eyed and alert as an early robin, the judge looked up as Lottie came in. She took Lottie's hand in her own firm fingers.

"Well!" Then they smiled at each other, these two women. "You'll stay down and have lunch with me. I've the whole afternoon—Saturday."

"I can't."

"Of course you can. Why not?"

"I've got to be home by noon to take Mother to market, and to—"

"It sounds like nonsense to me," Emma Barton said gently. And, somehow, it did sound like nonsense.

Lottie flushed like a schoolgirl. "I suppose it does—" She broke off, abruptly. "I came down to talk with you about Jennie. Jennie's the sister of Belle's housemaid,

Gussie, and she's in trouble. Her case comes up before you this morning."

Emma Barton's eyes traveled swiftly over the charted sheets before her. "Jennie? Jennie?—Jeannette Kromek?"

"Jeannette."

"I see," said Judge Barton, just as Lottie had before her in Belle's kitchen that morning. She glanced at the chart of Jennie's case. A common enough case in that court. She listened as Lottie talked briefly. She knew the Jennie kind: Jennie in rebellion against a treadmill of working, and eating, and sleeping. Jennie the grub, vainly trying to transform herself into Jeannette the butterfly. Excitement, life, admiration, pretty clothes, "a chance." That was what the Jeannettes vaguely desired. A chance.

Judge Barton did not waste any time on sentiment. She did not walk to the window and gaze out upon the gray city stretched below. She did not say, "Poor little broken butterfly." She had not become head of this judicature thus. She said, "The world's full of Jennie—Jeannettes. I wonder there aren't more of them." The soft bright eyes were on Lottie. They said, "You're one, you know." But she did not utter the thought aloud.

She glanced at her watch then (it actually hung from an old-fashioned chateleine pinned near her right shoulder), rose and led the way into the larger room, followed by Lottie and the girl stenographer. She mounted the low platform, slipped into the chair at the desk. She had placed the chart of Jennie's case uppermost on the table, was about to have the case summoned, when the door flew open and Winnie Stepler entered. Doors always flew open before Winnie's entrance. White-haired, pink-cheeked as a girl, looming vast and imposing in her blue cloak and gray furs, she looked more the *grande dame* on an errand of mercy than a newspaper reporter on the job. She rarely got a story in Judge Barton's court, because Judge Barton's girls' names were carefully kept out of the glare of publicity. The human quality in the place drew her; and her friendship and admiration for Emma Barton, and the off-chance. At sight of Lottie, Winnie Stepler's Irish-blue eyes blazed. She affected a brogue, inimitable. "Ooch, but you're the grand sight and me a-sickening for ye these weeks, and not a glimpse. You'll have lunch with me—you and Her Honor there."

"I can't," said Lottie.

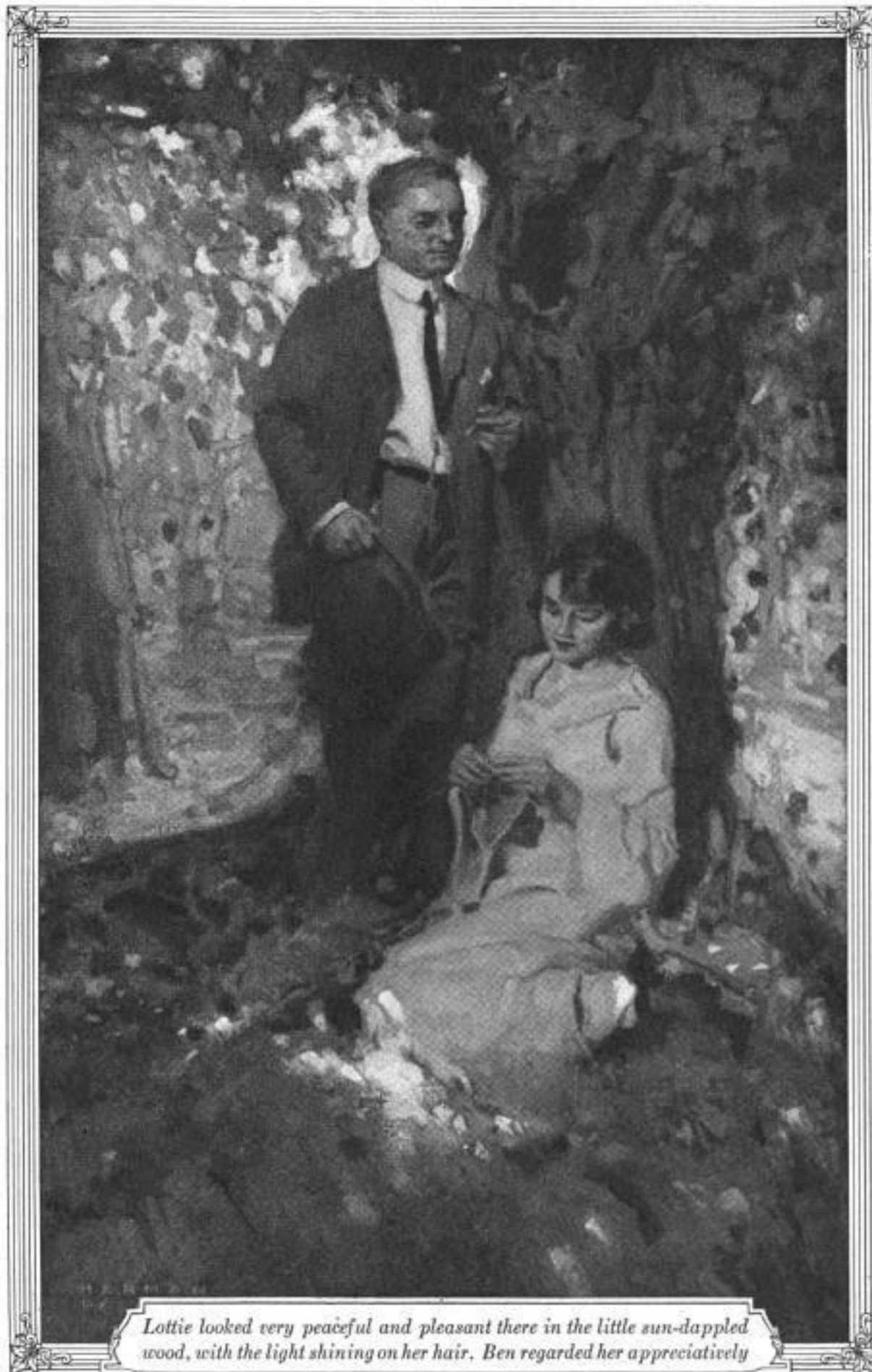
"And why not, then?"

It really was beginning to sound a little foolish. Lottie hesitated. Then, with a rush— "I've got to be home by twelve to drive Mother to market and to the West Side."

Winnie Stepler stared at her a moment curiously. "Why, look here, girl—"

"Order in the court!" said Judge Barton, with mock dignity. But she meant it. It was ten o'clock. Two probation officers came in. A bailiff opened the door and stuck his head in. Judge Barton nodded to him. He closed the door. You could hear his voice in the outer room. "Jeannette Kromek! Mrs. Kromek! Otto Kromek!"

A girl in a wrinkled blue cloth dress, a black velvet tam o' shanter, slippers and (significant, this) black cotton stockings. At sight of those black cotton stockings Lottie Payson knew, definitely, that beneath the top tawdriness of Jeannette was Jennie, sound enough. A sullen, lowering, rather frightened girl of seventeen. Her hair was bobbed. The style went oddly with the high-cheek-  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



Lottie looked very peaceful and pleasant there in the little sun-dappled wood, with the light shining on her hair. Ben regarded her appreciatively



# The New Idea in the Woman's Club of To-day is— Getting Things Done



IT IS a scant thirty-five years since the women of America faced criticism and ridicule to launch the woman's club movement. Thirty-five years, in which that first aim of self-development and self-expression has given place to a desire for growth, not for self, but for community service. Thirty-five years, in which the rigid lines of woman's social order have been broken by the rising tides of democracy.

To-day the women's club movement is putting forth a new kind of organization, which is in itself expressive of these changes. From Los Angeles, California, to New London, Connecticut, in big cities and middle-sized cities and little cities, all through the country, there are rapidly springing up great democratic groups, called women's city clubs, all with the common purpose of uniting women, and in some instances men as well, in the service of the community.

Take, for instance, the application of the new idea in Poughkeepsie, New York. Poughkeepsie is not only a little city, it is a little Eastern city. And not only a little Eastern city, but a little Eastern college city. Yet the Woman's Club of Poughkeepsie draws its members from the social, professional, and business groups of the city alike, and, not satisfied with that, is to-day directing an appeal to the forewomen and workers in shops and factories to join its ranks.

## The Poughkeepsie Club's Victory

THE most important service which the club has rendered the city grew out of a tragedy in its own membership: Shortly after its organization in October, 1919, there came the influenza epidemic. Within twenty-four hours the club had established a community kitchen and was sending meals to the sick. Emergency hospitals were next founded, and in addition the club members went into the stricken homes to render aid. Because of the unwholesome housing conditions, the life of one of the volunteer nurses, Mrs. Nina McCulloch Mattern, was sacrificed. But the sacrifice was not in vain. Mrs. Mattern had talked early and late of the bad housing in Poughkeepsie, and every word that she had ever spoken came back with poignant memories to her fellow members.

As a result, they first pledged their aid to a struggling social settlement—which is now independent—and then they undertook a comprehensive housing investigation. Based on the information gained in this survey, they wrote a new housing code for the city. Immediately, landlords, owners of vacant property, builders, and even labor unions, rose up to tell the women the code could not be. They declared that business would be ruined and no one would continue to own property in Poughkeepsie if the code were passed. But the women persevered until the common council passed the code. It has worked so well that the club is now frequently called into consultation by other organizations, and even by city officials to help plan municipal programs.

The good citizenship of its own members is one of the prime objects of the club. During the first few weeks of its existence, it arranged for a series of lectures on citizenship, following which each member constituted herself an information bureau to tell in speeches and conversation as much as possible of what she had learned. So successful was this work that during a civic election a few weeks later the "political ring" publicly expressed the wish that the women had stayed at home where they belonged!

It is significant of the new spirit that the expenses of the club are met from the dues of the members. No more amateur plays, no more donation suppers, no more rummage sales for the typical club of to-day. A self-respecting budget basis of dues, regularly and adequately meeting the club expenses, is the only sound financial system, say the women.

The Poughkeepsie club has five hundred and fifty members in three classes: active members, who pay one dollar a year; contributing members, who pay ten dollars or more a year; and life members, who have promised to pay fifty dollars a year for five years.

Summed up by its president, Professor Laura J. Wylie of Vassar College, the biggest lesson the club has learned is that "there is no royal road to good citizenship, and that in citizenship-education, as in all things else, perseverance must have her perfect work if any good policy is to prevail."

By MARJORIE SHULER

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The five clubs here mentioned—in Poughkeepsie, New York; Washington, D. C.; New York City, Boston, and Chicago—are doing no better or more interesting work than hundreds of others, but each of these grew to great strength from small beginnings, and the working out of their problems may prove helpful to women in other communities who wish to start similar organizations. The surest way to make a club successful is to give it something definite to do. A playground, a district nurse, a class in citizenship, improvement in garbage collection, a street repaved, a park beautified—in fact, concrete achievement in any form and on any scale—makes for community spirit, and gives to a group a vitality that can hardly exist when the sole purpose of an organization is the enjoyment or self-improvement of its individual members. That is why such live-wire clubs as are here described are rapidly superseding the old-fashioned "culture" clubs.

A romantic story is that of the Woman's City Club in Washington, D. C. The organization is the result of the determined onslaught of the leisure women of the city upon the plans of the business women for a clubhouse of their own. "Hasn't the time come to cease drawing these class lines? Let there be at least one place in the city where all women can meet on an absolutely equal footing to discuss the problems which are common to us all," urged a woman prominent in Washington's official life. Washington, which, more than any other city in the nation, is the embodiment of caste and social etiquette!

## Washington's Idea is Democracy

IT WAS Miss Mary O'Toole, the first woman member of the board of directors of the Washington Chamber of Commerce and the first woman director of a Washington bank, the Citizens' Savings Bank, who accepted the responsibility of getting the club started.

In common with many other innovations, the idea met at first with small response. The leisure women had won their point as to admission; but no one had time or inclination to assume responsibility for organizing the club. Being a conscientious person, Miss O'Toole called a meeting to secure her own release and the abandoning of the plan.

On the night of Tuesday, October 7th, 1919, she remained late at her desk and wrote out by hand fifty notices for a meeting two nights later. When the time for the meeting arrived, there arrived, also, thirty-two out of the invitation list of fifty. One month later Miss O'Toole advanced one thousand dollars for an option on a seventy-thousand-dollar clubhouse. The club, grown to one hundred and fifty members, confirmed her act, and within a fortnight expanded to two thousand one hundred and ten members, each of whom paid an initiation fee of ten dollars and annual dues of ten dollars, making possible a large first payment on the clubhouse. Miss O'Toole became the president of the club.

Residents of the District of Columbia have no vote. The club is urging votes for both men and women, and is prominent in agitating for civic reforms of all sorts. It has established a library, and in addition to lectures and

general club programs it emphasizes the social side, having a committee always in attendance one night a week to introduce members and start informal recreation.

In a big city, the problem of a club of this kind is to enlist with the many women who desire membership, experts who will lend experienced aid to its civic projects. So it is with the Woman's City Club of New York. The requirement for membership is "interest in the welfare of New York City," and so democratic has been the construction of this provision that one of its members has declared that "the club is as exclusive as a subway train."

The welfare of New York City is a pretty big job, as anyone may realize. And the City Club has found plenty to do since a group of suffrage campaigners came together in September, 1915, to organize a club which should train women for voting. It has now outgrown its present quarters at 22 Park Avenue and is seeking other quarters.

From its beginning, the club has emphasized citizenship training for its own members as the best way it could serve the community. Lectures are being constantly given under the auspices of the club and in cooperation with other civic groups of both men and women.

Each year there is a series of lectures on city government. For this course the members go to the various city departments, where speeches are made by city officials.

The activities committees of the club, on which many women with national reputations serve, include child welfare, correction, education, housing, industry, legislation, public health, and recreation.

The routine expenses of the club are met from the membership fees: Initiation fee of \$100 and dues of \$25 a year for founders; initiation fee of \$10 and dues of \$25 for resident members; initiation fee of \$10 and dues of \$15 for nonresident members; no initiation fee, and dues of \$10 for associate members, who have the privileges of the clubhouse only when actually engaged in club business.

For its other work the club maintains a special civic fund. Each year the members are asked to contribute to this fund, and never have they failed to provide the amount needed.

## The Boston Club Keeps Its Members Posted

THE Boston Woman's City Club, which has now reached the limit for its resident membership, five thousand, and has a nonresident membership of between five and six hundred, grew from the idea of one woman. She interested two other women, each of whom asked ten more. The group increased from its start, in May, 1913, so that a series of public dinners was possible during the next winter. By 1915 a permanent home was demanded, and there was secured a delightful old house dating back to 1818 and representing in itself the New England ideals. The four clubrooms, five dining-rooms, sixteen bedrooms, nine bathrooms, two offices, kitchen, and service rooms have been constantly in use ever since, and during the first eleven months of the club housekeeping 99,190 meals were served.

The club initiates no legislation itself, but it keeps its members well posted on proposed laws and on all public questions. There are practically daily events at the club. Sewing for relief, which was started during the war, is still continued, and the club raised a war relief fund of thirty thousand dollars.

A pioneer among city clubs was the one started in Chicago in June, 1910, and which has an inspiring list of municipal achievements to its credit.

## Chicago, the Pioneer

AN EXPERIENCED civic director is always available for consultation, advice, and information. Through its central municipal committee, the club prepares recommendations on bond issues and other subjects submitted by referendum.

The club has its own rooms with restaurant and library. It finances itself on a slightly different basis from other city clubs. Its 4,500 members pay either \$3, \$5, or \$10 a year, according to their ability; but all the members have exactly the same privileges.

So it is that within a brief time the city clubs throughout the country are proving themselves worthy of the pioneers of thirty-five years ago, and they are a promising indication of the future.



## Hollyhocks

Painted by

COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER

These "hollyhocks that do so comely grow" on the opposite page were painted in all their September beauty by one of our American artists, Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper.

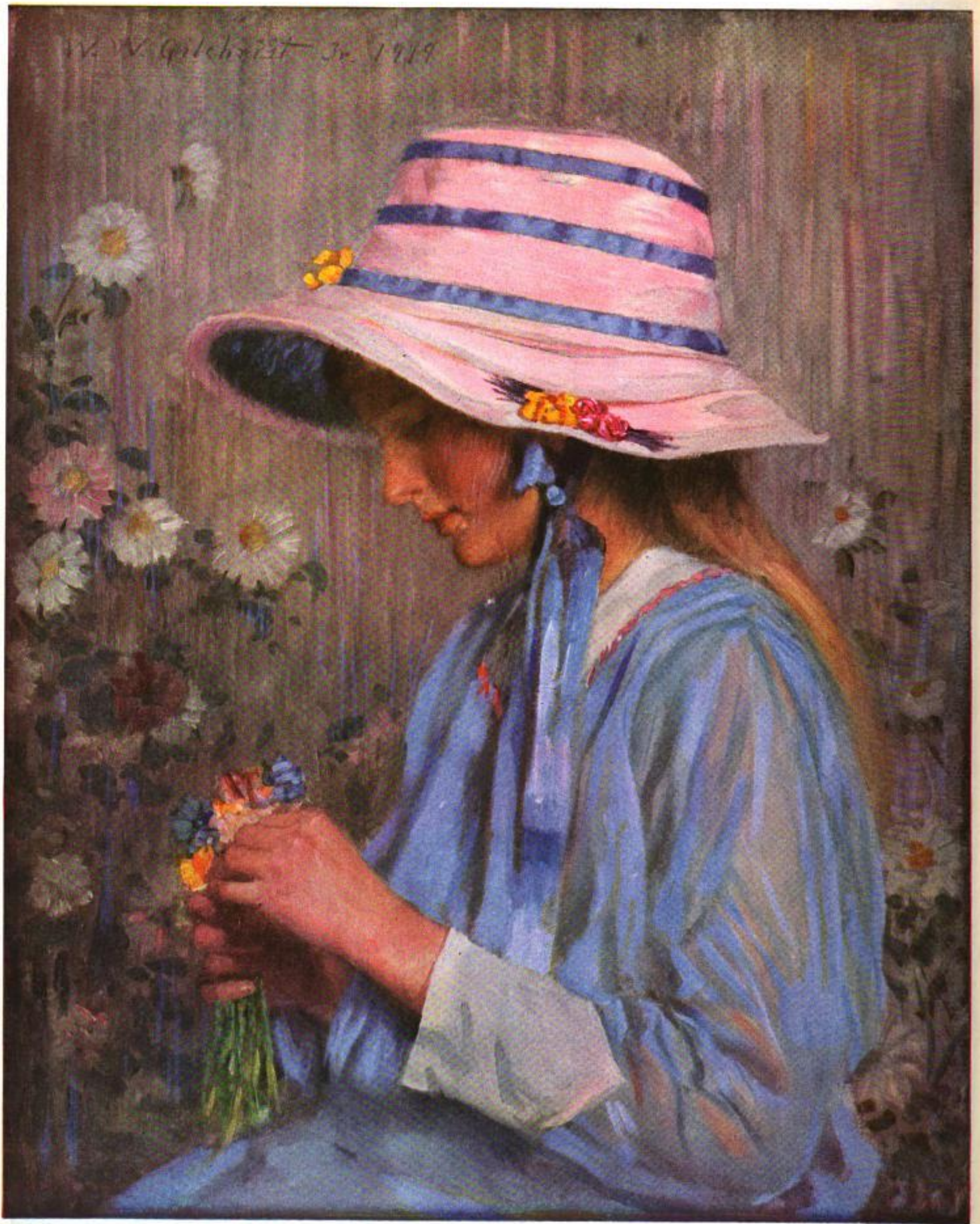
This painting is a charming addition to the "Companion's" contemporary American Art Series.











The Parisian Hat. Painted for the "Companion's" American Art Series by W. W. Gilchrist



# "Men are Beasts"

Another Lucia Story  
By MARY HEATON VORSE

ILLUSTRATED by HAROLD BRETT

LUCIA sat looking out over the bay trying to put together the world which she had knocked apart. She had shattered ancient and comfortable beliefs, she had torn to pieces the complacency of parents, for she had made the devastating discovery that children do not need to mind unless they want to. For two weeks she had refused to go to school. She had defied her parents, the town, society. Because of her, the whole town had been thrown from its equilibrium. The world of grown-up authority was quaking.

A thin fog drifted over the surface of the harbor, which was smooth as stagnant water. The larger vessels at a distance seemed like enormous spectral birds. A warning horn sounded from the outer reef. Lucia's mind was as foggy as the weather. If she had upset the town, she had upset herself. For two weeks she had been like a movie heroine—unexplained things had happened. They had begun when Mr. Weeks, the high-school teacher, had unexpectedly kissed her and when she refused to return to school until he resigned. Lucia wanted to return to the remote period before Horace Cruthers had condescended to notice her, and when he had been remote and unapproachable behind the windows of the First National Bank. Most of all, now that she was going back to school, she wished she might slink away where she could forget the town's prying eyes, the eyes that said, "There goes Lucia Scully, the girl who won't mind her mother. There goes Lucia Scully, the girl who started to elope with Ramos Mercedes." She wanted to be little and inconspicuous again, as one may imagine a newly hatched chicken, damp and uncomfortable, longing for the safe egg-shell.

The muffling blanket of the fog was a good place to hide. She went to the beach, climbed in a dory and pushed off into the fog's sheltering thickness. Captain Jim Browder sat on his schooner, "The Iris," a small, fresh fisherman. Under his lee he heard the thumping of oars on thole-pins. Lucia loomed out of the fog.

"Lo, Lucia!" he hailed.  
"Lo, Captain Browder," she returned, her oars at rest. He was a long mouse-colored man with a humorous twist to his mouth and gentle ways. He squatted down now and leaned over the rail toward Lucia.

"I've been figuring out what got into you to make you leave school." There was no mockery in his voice. He was disarmingly serious. Captain Jim Browder had for years been "going with" Margaret Mayo, the pretty school-teacher; but nothing had come of it. "How did you manage," he inquired, "to do what you laid out to?" Lucia considered the question gravely; it had also bothered her considerably.

"I just did it," she gave out after mature reflection. Captain Browder slapped his leg so that he almost lost his balance.

"That's a good one," he said. "You just did it! All you got to do to get your way is to take it, eh, Lucia?" Lucia nodded sagaciously.

"Pity I can't take your advice right away," he said. "Pity I got to get this craft hauled up over to Marblehead—but in three weeks from now, watch me!"

Lucia rowed slowly into the fog, feeling for some reason vaguely comforted by Captain Browder's manner.

SHE rowed inshore, put up the boat, and for comfort went to see the Boltwood girls, who had stayed out with Lucia.

The Boltwoods lived in a pillared house overlooking the bay. Mrs. Boltwood was sitting on the porch. She said, "How do you do, my dear?" in a cool voice, which meant, "I don't consider you a fit companion for my little girls."

But Julia had seen Lucia coming and ushered her in. "I'm going back to school—there's no reason to stay out any more—he's resigned." Lucia got this out breathlessly.

"Oh, Lucia!" cried Julia. "Has he? How wonderful! We've won!"

This was the first time that they openly admitted to one another that their staying away from school had been the boycott of the unfortunate Mr. Weeks.

"We'll go back *en bloc*," Julia added impressively.

The girls walked down the street past the home of Margaret Mayo. The high-school teacher's mother was in her window.

"There!" she said. "There goes that Lucia Scully this minute, and Julia Boltwood with her."

"There's what?" said Mrs. Mayo's mother, Mrs. Lee. She was an old lady and quite deaf, but nobody took a keener interest in the village scandal.



After school he joined her.  
"Lucia, are you going to the high-school dance?"

"Well, Lucia," he began, with too great an assumption of heartiness, "how goes it? School again Monday, eh?"

Lucia flushed a lovely rose. Her blue eyes with their bold dark brows and dark lashes seemed black. She looked up at him smolderingly and answered in a grave, accusing voice:

"We're going back *en bloc* Monday." She did not know the meaning of the foreign words, but she thought they sounded well. She looked disconcertingly grown up, yet her lip had the suspicion of a babyish quiver, as though she might at any moment burst into tears again, and the look of her smote Horace again and made the word "fool" reecho in his mind.

"Well," remarked Miss Mayo as they walked along, "it's high time! Except that it will please them too much, they shouldn't be allowed back. Whatever do you suppose possessed them?"

"Character," Horace explained, "character!" He needed to justify himself for his momentary intoxication with Lucia's loveliness. "Haven't you heard about Mr. Weeks?" Then in a low voice he explained about the unfortunate Mr. Weeks's conduct, ending with, "Lucia did quite right."

"But the others?" Margaret Mayo objected.  
"They," Horace explained, "showed *esprit de corps*!"

THE news why Mr. Weeks resigned went from mouth to mouth. The Reason was whispered through the town. Lucia, from being a culprit, became a heroine. Character! *Esprit de corps*. The town grasped at these words eagerly to save its self-respect.

Every society must approve of itself—it must, to justify its existence. And so, approving of the girls, the older people regained their composure and self-respect. But everyone's attitude to their grown-up sons and daughters had been shifted; the world of adolescence had been strengthened; the world of grown-up authority had shrunk.

Still feeling insecure, the school authorities pretended to ignore the girls who went back "en bloc." They filed in together, Laura and Lucia, the Boltwood girls, Ida Davos, Pearl Duncan, Myra Nickerson. Only Angel Corea was missing.

Mrs. Corea was a great Portuguese woman with soft, deep eyes. When she stood she swayed gently, like an elephant at tether. She loved to sit out on the bulkhead overlooking the bay, singing to herself in a contralto voice that sounded like that of a boy. It had cost her great sacrifices to send Angel to the high school. She needed her at home. She washed and ironed Angel's dresses so she could look like the other girls; she spent hours in the evening looking over her clothes and mending little rents. Now when Angel told her, "Ma, I'm going back to school, Monday," she stopped her singing and said in her deep voice:

"No, you ain't, Angel."

"Why ain't I, Ma?"

"Because you're going to work. You're going to tend Mrs. Higgins's baby." She resumed her song. She was unshaken from the old world's ways. She relinquished her dream of "educating Angel" with the same unquestioning simplicity with which she accepted the successive children that came to her.

In one home alone parental discipline was strengthened.



If the school authorities paid no attention to the girls, the children in the school made up for this. They treated the girls as heroines.

During the next two weeks Ben Nickerson, of the senior class, watched for Lucia as she came in. Before this he had never noticed her. Secretly, Lucia had always admired Ben Nickerson. He was a tall boy with large blue eyes placed far apart.

He caught up with Lucia after school. "Oh, Lucia," he said breezily, "what do you say to going to the high-school dance with me?"

A sudden shyness swept over Lucia. Ben Nickerson seemed more redoubtable than Horace Cruthers. It was like having the monument come down from Town Hill. The shocking events of the last weeks were too near. So she said with an appearance of primness:

"I'm afraid I can't go."

"Can't go?" Ben echoed.

"My mother doesn't let me go to dances with boys," said Lucia, knowing very well that the question had never arisen. She raised appealing eyes to Ben's, mutely asking forgiveness, mutely begging him to break down this sudden shyness of hers. (She imagined saying to the girls when they asked her, "Coming to the dance?" ... "I'm sorry, I can't." ... "Why, aren't you going?" ... "I am going—Ben Nickerson's taking me.")

"My mother's very strict," Lucia added, wishing that her tongue had cloven to the roof of her mouth before she had refused.

"Oh, very well," said Ben stiffly, and left her.

TEARS sprang to Lucia's eyes. Limitless good fortune had happened to her, and she had not known how to take it.

Julia Boltwood had seen Lucia talking with Ben Nickerson. She came up behind Lucia curiously.

"You were walking with Ben just now," she suggested.

"Yes," said Lucia gloomily. "He asked me to go to the dance."

"Oh, Lucia!" cried Julia, looking at her admiringly.

"But I'm not going," said Lucia, flatly.

"Not going!"

"I'm not going with boys any more. I've learned to know men."

Julia waited, tense.

"They're beasts," said Lucia. This line Lucia had got from a recent moving picture where the heroine makes this horrible discovery. But as she spoke the words the memory of an unforgettable atrocity sprang to her mind. The scene was dusk on the dunes. Lucia had gone out with a beating heart to meet her divinity, Horace Cruthers. He had asked her to come. On her shocked ears these words had fallen:

"You had better go back to school!"

"Beasts—you're very bitter," said Julia, rolling Lucia's statement under her tongue.

"I've had enough of men," Lucia pursued darkly.

"I'm going to finish my education."

Far off down the street appeared the bright bronze head of Horace Cruthers. A sense of sadness came over Lucia—she was through with men. Horace turned off before he got to the girls and went into the Mayos' house.

"There," said Julia, "there he goes to call on her again. I think he's going to marry her." Julia lived eagerly but vicariously in the love affairs of other people.

"I don't think so," said Lucia.

"Why not, Lucia?" asked Julia respectfully.

In a tone full of meaning: "I have my reasons," said Lucia.

"Oh, Lucia, tell!"

She knew she shouldn't. On the other hand, to have peace she needed to get away from the smarting memory. So vanity and delicacy struggled in Lucia Scully's spirit, and vanity won.

"This," said Lucia, "is something I have never spoken of to another human soul."

"Oh, tell, Lucia!"

"Promise you'll never tell—promise sacredly?"

Julia's round eyes promised; she nodded; she clasped her hands.

"Come down to the beach where no one will hear us."

THEY sat down under the shadow of a red scow hauled up for repairs.

"I didn't know you knew him at all," said Julia humbly.

"There are many things you don't know about me, Lucia," Lucia said. "I don't talk about my own affairs, as you know. He asked me—to meet him at sunset on the dunes." She paused there.

"What happened?" said Julia.

"Nothing happened," Lucia answered. "I took matters into my own hands. 'I am going back to school.' I told him at once. 'I must finish my education.' I left him and ran through the woods. I heard him calling after me. Now we scarcely speak. But he's a frost, anyhow, the stuck-up old lemon."

A feeling of shame and yet of ease came over Lucia. She had betrayed her heart, yet the fairy story that she had told had wiped away her humiliation.

Julia sat there looking at her. "Oh, Lucia, you're fatal!" she murmured.

"You've come to a wise conclusion," Julia said. "You're right to give up men." (She said "men," not "boys.") "You couldn't possibly get an education if you didn't. You'd be in hot water all the time."

From moment to moment the heart-breaking episode with Ben Nickerson faded into the distance. Lucia began to feel like a heroine again.

"Lucia," Julia pursued, "do you know what I'm going to do? I am going to stick by you! I am going to give up men, too! I'll miss all the good times the same as you. For you'll be very lonely. Not another girl in town is the least bit serious, and the little girls of twelve and thirteen are fresh as paint. So you'll be alone; no one understands how hollow things are but us two. It will be our secret. While the others are dancing and carrying on, we will be preparing for life!"

Lucia and Julia proceeded down the street. They walked to the other end of town and back, never noticing the boys they passed. Looking straight ahead and only raising their voices a little, they discussed whether they would better go to Smith or Bryn Mawr.

"I'd never go to a co-educational college, would you, Lucia?"

"Oh, no, indeed. They're not the same at all."

AS JULIA had foreseen, it was lonely. After the first few days snubbing boys ceased to be fun. After a near-elopement and a near-proposal it seemed a little hard not even to go to the dance with a partner. "Do you suppose it would hurt any if one of the boys asked me, and I went?" Lucia asked Julia.

"Why, you couldn't go now; how could you? You've refused Ben, and it would be a direct offense to him if you went with someone else," said Julia sternly. She had put Lucia on a lofty pinnacle, and sat at the bottom, a jealous watchdog.

The end of the term was approaching. The school dance would soon be there. All the girls were talking about whom they were going with. Across the school-room Lucia's gaze dwelt on Dick Allison. He was a new boy in town, a big red-haired boy who drove his father's flivver at a terrific speed down Main Street. She thought that he looked like a nice boy. She wondered how he danced. She turned her guilty eyes away and looked toward Julia, who was studying. Then she looked back to Dick Allison, who looked at her.

After school he joined her.

"Lucia," he began, "are you going to the high-school dance?"

It was almost more than Lucia could bear. How could she refuse? But, there was Julia—Julia, who had given up boys before she had begun to have beaux. A soft pity for Julia swept over Lucia. Julia had always stood by her. When she left school, Julia left school. Lucia could not desert Julia.

She felt splendid and uplifted.

"I'm not going to the dance. At least, I think I'm not," she faltered.

"Oh!" he said. "Oh, I wanted for you to go with me."

Lucia shook her head. She had made the supreme sacrifice. She felt noble, noble and sad. She consoled herself for her austere existence by imagining conversations with Horace Cruthers.

He would come to her one day, and say, "Lucia!" She would look at him as though from a long distance. "Lucia, why have you been cold to me?"

"I have been busy."

"You have finished school now—"

"I have finished school" (in a hard voice).

"Then, Lucia, you remember—"

She would draw herself up, serious and beautiful. (By then of course she would be beautiful.)

"I am now going to college!" she would say as she left him.

THE final days of the school year drew to a close. A shattering piece of news rent the town: Mr. Weeks's engagement to Miss Abby Miller was announced.

Mr. Weeks boarded at the Millers'. They were poor, but Abby Miller never forgot that her father had been a minister in a Boston church. She was a stout young woman with a firm, heavy figure.

Always Abby had felt at a disadvantage before him. She knew that she was a plain girl, and that men had paid her no attention. Now she felt superior, and as though conferring a favor upon him by noticing him.

"I know there's not a word of truth in it," she told him. "I know these high-school girls of to-day!"

"We must announce our engagement at once. We'll let people think we've been engaged some time—that'll stop the gossip," she said.

The engagement dimmed Lucia's nobility. It raised room for doubt. Maybe all the talk had been the imagination of a silly little girl.

"Silly little girls!" The town gave a sigh of relief. They were silly little girls; that's what they were. The boys who at first had looked at Lucia with quickened interest forgot her in their new affairs.

There seemed nowadays little reason for Lucia's having renounced boys. So when Julia inquired, "Shall we go to the clam bake, Lucia?" Lucia answered crossly:

"I don't care if we do or not."

Every year the high school had a clam bake on the beach. It was a time-honored local custom. Then the bathing season began. The mothers invariably said it was too cold as yet, the children persisting it was warm as toast.

The clam bake began gloomily for Lucia. Horace was absorbed in Margaret Mayo, who had asked him as her guest. A terrible doubt shot through Lucia. What if he should marry that old maid? As if this wasn't enough, Pearl Duncan came snippily to Lucia, saying:

"Isn't it lovely? Ben Nickerson's asked me to the dance!"

"You're welcome to him," Lucia said sourly. She walked moodily down the beach. Julia followed Lucia without catching up.

"Lucia," she faltered at last, "oh, Lucia, I don't know how I'm going to tell you, Lucia; I—I've betrayed you. I'm going to the high-school dance. And— Oh, Lucia, I'm going with a boy! I'm going with Dick Allison. My mother won't approve—she'll kick like anything. But she'll just have to let me go, that's all there is about it. I don't have to mind her, and I'm not going to." An expression of extreme mulishness had come on Lucia's placid face. "For—oh, Lucia—no boy has ever asked me to a dance before. You don't know what the temptation was, Lucia; it's different with you, fatal as you are," Julia pleaded.

"Dick Allison!" Julia was weaker than Lucia for all her airs. A wonderful feeling of superiority flooded Lucia.

"That's all right, Julia," she said. "I didn't ask you to give up boys. I can go on by myself."

The feeling of gloomy aloofness that had oppressed her broke like a bubble. No longer could Julia watch her on the boardwalk. She was free. A heady joy of life possessed her.

Lucia's joy of life seized on the other little girls; they chased one another around, pretending not to notice other people, but conscious that they were being watched. In spite of himself, Horace's eyes followed Lucia—they followed her disapprovingly. He imagined Mrs. Cruthers disporting herself in this fashion, and this thought brought a light sensation of cold around the back of his neck.

IT WAS to shut out sights like this that he got up and with Miss Mayo climbed the dune facing the beach. Margaret Mayo dropped down on the sand.

"I'm tired," she said. "You've no idea how fatiguing girls are at that age."

"Oh, yes, I have," he said heartily.

"I don't know what's come into the girls of to-day," she pursued.

Apropos of nothing, Horace remarked, "You have such pretty little hands." He took up her hand; it nestled in his pleasantly.

He hadn't meant anything like this; it had been the last thing in his mind. How did it happen that her head was on his shoulder and that he heard himself murmuring tenderly:

"I wish there were some way of keeping you from getting so tired."

"Dear," said Horace, and bent over her, while inside him the warning bell which had kept him from uttering fatal words to Lucia Scully tolled furiously. He felt as though an invisible current were sweeping him along.

The sea was a sheet of copper; the sun was almost set. Suddenly a half-dozen young figures in bathing suits raced into the water. They took hold of hands and danced, the water half up their legs.

Horace released Miss Mayo abruptly.

"Great heavens," he said, "there's Lucia Scully in the water. She'll catch her death of cold." He got up. "I'm going to get her out of there."

"Why? Why should you chase after flappers?"

The magic of a few moments before was shattered as irretrievably as a soap bubble. "Chase after flappers." His solicitude for lovely, impetuous Lucia "chasing after flappers." He smiled in a superior fashion.

"Oh, I'd hardly call this little life-saving expedition 'chasing,' Miss Mayo." Having slammed the door between them, he started down the dunes.

A long mouse-colored man wallowed through the sand to Miss Mayo. It was Captain Jim Browder.

"Just about time for that young feller to weigh his anchor," he remarked. "I'd 'a' knocked his block off in just one more second. I'm sick of your fooling around with young looterants and what not." He sat down in the sand beside Miss Mayo and slipped his arm around her. Then he went on scolding her satisfactorily.

HORACE, going down to the water's edge, was saying to himself:

"Good heavens, I wonder if I can't be trusted with women. There must be something pathological about me." He went to the water and called crossly:

"Lucia, come out of there at once!"

Lucia, a young sapling silhouetted against a burning sea, turned to him, open-mouthed, indignant.

"Come right out of that," he called impatiently.

Lucia hesitated. Her discovery slipped from her: she forgot that one does not need to mind. Sullenly she came out of the water, and shot him an angry look.

"You needn't sulk at me," Horace proceeded. "Get dressed quickly and then come for a brisk walk, so you won't catch your death."

"You have no right to order me around," Lucia protested with weak anger.

They faced each other, two angry young people. Horace with a feeling of elation and release growing within him. So, and not otherwise, should he speak to children like Lucia—like a stern older brother.

Lucia dressed inside the dim bathhouse, her fingers shaky with the nervousness of anger.

"Hurry up, Lucia," came Horace's voice. "Don't take all night to dress."

Around Lucia flowed the sense of mirage, the illusion of power, through which children of all time have got even with grown-ups.

"I shall break his heart!" she decided. "I'll get even with him—"



# "—And Sealing Wax"

By MONTANYE PERRY

ILLUSTRATED by NANCY FAY

**I** DO wish you'd brush your hair before you come to the table, Ken. You look simply disgusting!" Kenneth Lowell's gaze came up from his plate to rest for an instant on his sister, taking in the pink kimono that fell softly away from the slim, tanned throat, the little frilled cap that covered, without concealing, a series of knobby protuberances. Then he stretched out a sturdy brown paw, seized a lace doily from a side table, deposited it carefully on his mop of reddish-brown hair, and went back to the systematic demolition of a pile of smoking griddle cakes.

Behind the coffee urn Helen Lowell chuckled softly, then composed her face as her daughter turned martyred eyes in her direction.

"Of course, Mother, if it's smart for Ken to be so untidy and careless, and then make fun of me because I venture a remark—"

"Rats!" broke in the boy. "Venture a remark is good. You nag at me day and night. You come down in a pink nightgown, with a dab of a cap on, and then—"

"That will do, children," decreed Mrs. Lowell, crisply decisive. "Both your complaints are justified. Hereafter I would like to see my son with his hair brushed, and my daughter with a dress on and her hair combed neatly, at the breakfast table."

The boy subsided, with a good-natured grin in his mother's direction. The girl lifted her shoulders in a futile imitation of the Barrymore shrug.

"Of course, Mother, if I must be treated like a child all my life! Cecilia never has to get up in the morning after a party. She has her breakfast in bed in the loveliest silk negligee. She never had a gingham house dress. And she doesn't own a pair of cotton stockings!"

"Poor Cecilia! We should send her a missionary box." Mrs. Lowell dismissed that subject easily. "Did you have a nice time at the party?"

"Not very. Just a phonograph for music. Anyhow, those boys can't dance. Nor talk about anything. They're so young, Mother! They simply don't speak my language!"

"Gee, who was there? The Wop barber?" Ken was genuinely interested now. Even Mother's eyebrows went up inquiringly.

"Oh!" Carolyn's expression held all the tragedy of baffled and unappreciated youth. "Nobody ever knows what I'm talking about! Ken's too young and you're too old. What I mean is—" the smooth pink cheeks became a trifle pinker. It is hard to drag the fluttering, half-defined, yet tremendously vital feelings of seventeen out to meet the derisive grin of a red-headed imp and the whimsical scrutiny of a mother who totters under the weight of almost thirty-eight years! "I mean you can't say anything really clever to those boys. Nothing literary, or— or deep!"

"Such as—?" baited Mother, her eyes flinging a quick silencer at Ken.

"Such as— Oh, well, the other night when Bob Kellogg and I had supper with the Hollesters, she said to Mr. Hollester, 'How is the coffee,' and he said, 'Rather like the quality of mercy, my dear!' and she got it, quick as a flash, and I did, and of course, we laughed. But Bob just sat there, dumb as a— a fish! And he's no stupider than the rest of his crowd."

When they get grown-up and into college they may improve, but I don't want to wait until I'm old and gray before I can mingle with brilliant men like Mr. Hollester!"

"Hollester!" Impetuously Ken's scorn took the hurdle of his mother's warning gaze. "Brilliant! What did he do in college, I ask

you? Never so much as made his dormitory baseball team!"

"There, you see, Mother! That's the way they are. Baseball and football, or band concerts and picnics. What's all that to a girl who longs for the free communion of spiritual mates!"

"Mercy, Carolyn!" Mrs. Lowell's expression was distinctly startled now; but Ken gave a reassuring chuckle. "Don't worry, Mumsy. She got that one in the movies. Saw it myself the other night. Bum picture, too! No sense to it."

"You mean it was too mature for your understanding!" Carolyn rose with an affectation of languid dignity and trailed her pink kimono out of the room and up the stairs.

She turned the key in the door of her own room before she went to the pink and cream dressing table that was her dearest pride and joy. Sitting on its chintz-covered bench she frowned discontentedly at the reflection of her round, clear-tinted face.

"I wish I didn't look so healthy," she fretted. "I wish I had greenish-gray eyes and long, black lashes. I look like a baby—blue eyes and yellow hair and fat cheeks and dimples. But I wouldn't mind how I looked if there were someone to talk to who would know what I meant. Someone who knew Shakespeare and Tennyson and Omar, and everything! People are so stupid!"

The door knob rattled and she sighed as she went to open it.

"Why do you lock your door?" demanded Mother, scanning her suspiciously. "Now remember, Carolyn, if I see you once more with powder on, or that odious



"I'm not interested in my looks any more, Mother. Brains are so much more important"

eyebrow stuff, I'll send you straight up-stairs to wash your face, no matter who is present!"

"I'm not interested in my looks any more, Mother," she explained patiently. "Brains are so much more important. I was going to read for a while, and Ken's always bouncing in just when I get interested."

"What I came up to tell you," Mother went on, "is that your uncle Ned just called up and said he's inviting some folks to dine at the country club to-night, and there are more men than women. So he suggested my bringing you, to play with his partner's nephew."

"Oh, and you're going to let me! May I wear one of your dinner dresses and do my hair high? And dance?"

"You may wear your own white dress, and do your hair on your neck," firmly. "But you may dance, if the nephew-person wishes to."

"Probably he'll think I'm a little girl, and ask me if I'd like to play hop-scotch or jump the rope. I look like a Sunday-school picnic in that white dress with a blue sash, Mother."

"Quote poetry at him, then he'll be perfectly sure you are grown up!" laughed Mother. "Ned described him as a rising young business chap. They love the poets!"

"Why don't you like your name? I think it's lovely. I wish I had a poetic name!"



"Oh, dear! I hoped he was something interesting. Well, anyhow, he isn't a silly high-school senior. And there'll be an orchestra. And I never had dinner at the club. Will the nephew sit by me?"

"I suppose so. Remember to talk to the man on the other side, part of the time, though."

But, after all, the nephew didn't sit beside Carolyn. Someone had blundered. He sat across the table, hemmed in by two aged matrons, at least thirty years old, while Carolyn had on either hand a doddering patriarch of forty. Some of the time the patriarchs attended to the women next them; but most of the time they talked to each other, across Carolyn, breaking off, now and then, politely, to talk down to her in the loathsome manner of quite-grown-ups: So she was in high school! Wonderful years, the happiest she'd ever see! Was she a Girl Scout? "No," she wanted to snap, "and neither am I on the Cradle Roll of the Sunday-school!" But she resisted temptation, made demure little answers, and tried to look interested in their conversation with each other, with the result that by the time dessert came on they were deep in a discussion of manufacturing and shipping interests. One patriarch, it seemed, was on the shipping board, and the other one made shoes, and as nearly as Carolyn could tell there seemed to be too many shoes and not enough ships—or was it the other way round?

And then, at last, there was a welcome stir. Aunt Bess nodded to Uncle Ned, everyone rose to adjourn to the big veranda, and in a moment's confusion a laughing voice spoke in Carolyn's ear:

"Break away, please! You've done your duty by shoes and ships. Come and talk to me about sealing wax."

Carolyn looked up with a little gasp of delight. It was The Nephew. He was tall and broad and very good-looking. His dark eyes could sympathize with you, or worry with you, or laugh with you—she had discovered all that during dinner. And now, oh joy of dreams come true! he had come to her, making a really, truly, scintillating literary remark! "Shoes and ships and sealing wax!" Of course!

Somehow, through the haze of her delight, he bore her off to a seat on the veranda, far enough for them to feel quite alone, near enough so that Mother could see, and not come looking for her.

"We'll dance, later, if you like to," he said, "but let's talk a little, first."

"About sealing wax, you know," she led off, eager to let him see she had not missed his point.

"You were drowning in an ocean of shop-talk," he laughed. "I'd been wanting to throw out the life line for an hour."

"You rescued me beautifully. Don't you just love Alice?"

"Alice, Alice," he said, weighing the syllables carefully, "does that happen to be your name?"

"No, of course not! My name's Carolyn," she flattered. How cleverly he put everything!

"And mine's Gareth—worse luck! We can use first names, can't we? My uncle and yours being partners makes us some kind of cousins, doesn't it?"

"It must—Gareth. But why don't you like your name? I think it's lovely. I wish I had a poetic name!"

"Poetic! Well, it does sound better when you say it. Now we're all set for a wonderful talk. Tell me everything about yourself, Carolyn."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



Cecilia never has to get up in the morning



# The Good Citizenship Bureau

Conducted by

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

**A** DELIGHTFUL part of my work for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION consists of traveling about the country and reporting to the Editor on the interests of women. I interview women at their club meetings and community gatherings, in their churches and their homes. The first step in getting acquainted is an interchange of questions.

Before the war, the small-town woman wanted to know about the latest styles and dances in New York. During the war, she wanted to know what the soldiers needed, and all about sure-fire methods of raising relief funds. To-day, her type of question is entirely different.

In a mill town came this inquiry: "How can we women organize to prevent the spread of tuberculosis in the crowded lodging-houses of our foreign quarter? Do we appeal to the mayor, the chief of police, or the Red Cross?"

In a small county seat a woman voter asked: "How can we secure the appointment of a visiting nurse? Should we raise her salary by subscription or put it up to the county commissioners?"

Of real importance to any community are questions of this sort, and they can be answered by anyone who makes a little study of civics. Fall is the best season of the year to crystallize civic interest in your community. This may be due to cooler weather and longer evenings, or to the fact that with the children of the household returning to school Mother feels like brushing up a bit herself!

Interest in civics and government is of two types—individual and organized. Both types are valuable to the community.

## Turning Interest Into Service

**I**NDIVIDUAL interest is expressed in self-education on the part of men and women who, for any reason, are unable to join organizations and work in groups.

The Good Citizenship Bureau will supply suggestions for helpful reading courses in civics and political science. Information concerning extension work can be secured in "Put a Two-Cent Stamp to Work." See "At Your Service."

Organized interest in good government is best expressed by affiliation with some body, local or national, whose object is civic work or education for citizenship. If there is a civic league in your town or county, join it, as the surest means of securing direct information concerning local activities.

Two national bodies which are working efficiently toward an intelligent electorate of women are the National League of Women Voters and the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

The first-named organization is specializing on legislation, national and state, of special interest to women and children. For a list of its state leagues, state chairmen, and standing committees, see "Put a Two-Cent Stamp to Work." If you are interested in some particular state measure or bill, the League of Women Voters will send workers to organize your local women, and to hold schools in citizenship.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, on the other hand, is specializing in education for citizenship, rather than in legislation for women. Its department of American Citizenship is in charge of Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, Austin, Texas. Programs of work and interesting literature prepared by the officials of the General Federation of Women's Clubs can be secured by applying to Miss Lida Hafford, 415 Maryland Building, Washington, D. C.

As thousands of general clubs are struggling with local school problems, this compilation of information would not be complete without mention of two exceptional bulletins issued by Mrs. Josephine Corliss Preston, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Olympia, Washington: "Teachers' Cottages in Washington," Bulletin No. 27, and "The Wider Use of the School Plant," Bulletin No. 34. In any community where the scarcity of teachers presents a serious problem, or where there is need of community activities and centers, these admirable bulletins will prove invaluable.

## Not Necessarily News, But Interesting!

**W**OMEN in Massachusetts are watching with interest a number of new laws for which they are largely responsible, covering motion picture censorship, physical training in public schools, school nurses in towns whose valuation is over one million dollars; extension of forty-eight-hour law to cover women hotel employees, workers in hand laundries, motion picture establishments, etc. Women voters are learning that legislation is not a cure-all, and are studying the practical results of measures affecting women, children, and the home.

Sistersville, West Virginia, has a woman member of its school board, Mrs. Thomas Bell, and thereby hangs a tale. The "machine" ignored the request of newly en-



Mrs. Helen A. Jewett, one of five women elected to the Connecticut Legislature, prepared for her task as state housekeeper by presiding over her own home, and acting as secretary of the Tolland School Board

franchised women that one of their sex be placed on the ballot for the spring election. Whereupon the women got together, selected their own candidate, wrote in her name, voted together solidly, and elected their woman by a two-to-one majority. Now they are attending school-board meetings to watch her in action.

Florida women can now point with pride to an extremely good course of study in "American Government,"

## "At Your Service"

THE following helps are available through the Good Citizenship Bureau:

1. "Good Citizenship Made Easy"  
A booklet of practical suggestions. Price, 10 cents.
2. Good Citizenship Leaflets  
As follows: (a) "How to Register;" (b) "Primaries, and Why They are Important to You;" (c) "How the President is Elected;" (d) "Nominations;" (e) "Law-Making;" (f) "Taxes and Where They go." Price, 4 cents each.
3. "American Life and Politics in Fiction"  
A list of 58 worth-while novels covering various phases and periods.
4. "This Government of Mine"  
A list of the 47 best and most entertainingly written books on American history, biography, travel, etc.
5. "Put a Two-cent Stamp to Work"  
A list of institutions in different states which supply help to all interested civic betterment.
6. "The Good Citizenship Bureau:  
What It Has Done and What It Can Do for You."
7. "Your Community and Its Government."
8. "Simple Facts About Local Politics"  
This textbook on how cities, towns, and counties are governed also contains club programs. Price, 10 cents.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 will be sent on receipt of postage (2 cents for each leaflet).

The Good Citizenship Film, "Women Who Represent Women in Washington." Excellent for civic, political, or community clubs. Nominal charge.

Address Good Citizenship Bureau,  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, New York City.

designed for clubs and individual students. A limited number of these excellent bulletins are available for clubs outside the state of Florida. Apply to Miss Ruth Riley, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida.

The Federated Clubs of California are concentrating much of their study on twenty proposed state amendments. Here is practical work for civic clubs in any state whose constitution is being changed or amended. A vote cast for or against an amendment may mean more to taxpayers and home-makers than a vote for a candidate for office.

The Kansas State Board of Health, one of the most progressive bodies in the country, has issued a Correspondence Study Course in the Hygiene of Child-Bearing which is sent without charge to prospective mothers. It consists of twelve lessons, by Florence Brown Sherbon, M. D.

## What Others Are Doing

**I**F YOU live in Connecticut, do not forget the Short Course in Citizenship to be conducted October 24-28, by the Connecticut League of Women Voters, with the cooperation of Yale University. Lectures will be given in the university buildings by Yale professors and others. Only a short time left for enrolling. For further particulars address Citizenship Department, Connecticut League of Women Voters, 721 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

The California Civic League, known throughout the Far West for its practical work, has affiliated with the National League of Women Voters, and will be known as the California League of Women Voters, with Mrs. Frank G. Law of Oakland as president. This means that some seven thousand California women will contribute to the league's campaign for an intelligent woman electorate.

"The Spotlight," the effective bulletin published by the Missouri League of Women Voters during the sessions of the state legislature last spring, is to be continued as the fortnightly official organ of the state league. It will print national, state, and city league news, and no woman voter in the state can afford to be without it. Address Missouri League of Women Voters, Century Building, St. Louis, Mo.

The Georgia League of Women Voters has adopted this legislative program to be pushed during the coming session of the state legislature:

- (1) To repeal the act in Georgia's Penal Code that makes possible the practice of peonage;
- (2) To raise the age of consent to at least sixteen years;
- (3) To establish a children's code commission;
- (4) To shorten working hours for women, and insure better sanitary conditions;
- (5) To remove civil disabilities;
- (6) State-wide abolition of the fee system.

"The Illinois League of Women Voters' Bulletin" is the latest state organ to reach us. To secure copies, address State Headquarters Illinois League of Women Voters, 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. By the way, Illinois women are justly proud of the part they played in the non-partisan victory over the notorious Thompson machine in the judicial elections held in June. A newspaper which had consistently fought the Nineteenth Amendment commented thus: "The women voters were especially and fruitfully active in the campaign for a non-partisan judiciary."

The United States Embassy in France is the first to boast a woman secretary. Myron T. Herrick, Ambassador to France, has appointed as secretary to the Embassy Miss Lucile Atcherson of Columbus, Ohio.

## What is Troubling You?

**D**ON'T forget that this is a bureau of service. Appeals for help cover a wide range of subjects. For example: A farmer's wife, who had organized forty members in a civic club, planned her entire program by the aid of this Bureau.

A Pennsylvania woman, whose first assignment as a club member was to prepare a paper on "Good Government" wrote: "Thanks to your help, I made a readable paper, which was well received."

The organizer of another Pennsylvania club has made a scrapbook of Good Citizenship articles.

A Nebraska club president wrote: "Thanks for your suggestions for my address of welcome. It is just what I needed."

A rural club reader wrote thus: "Can you suggest plans for a year's work which will trace American ideals through history and literature?"

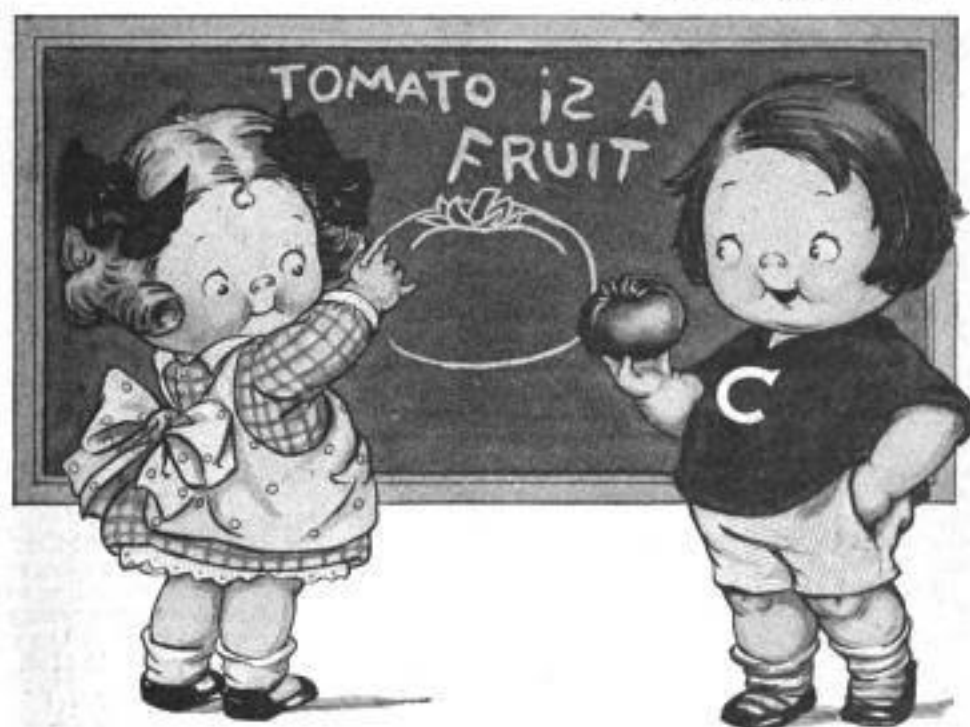
Another reader asked where she could find material on "The Value of Foreign Trade to the Mississippi Valley." We sent her a list which aided her in preparing her paper.

A foreigner who was preparing to take out his first papers wrote to us for literature on "Advantages of American Citizenship."

No matter what is troubling you in your club, civic, or political work, we can help you. The Good Citizenship Bureau stands for Service.



Rosy cheeks and spicy flavor—  
All to give us Campbell's savor!  
How I love such dainty dishes,  
Pleasing everybody's wishes!



## The fruits of good health

One of the finest is the whole-souled pleasure healthy people always take in good food.

Set before them a plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup, hot and savory, and see with what relish they enjoy its delicious flavor and fine tonic effect on the appetite. No wonder!

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the essence of tempting red-ripe tomatoes—a puree of the tender, luscious hearts of the fruit, enriched with creamery butter, granulated sugar and other pure foods and delicate spices.

Campbell's Soups are so delightful in quality, so convenient (already cooked) and so moderately priced that it is easy to see why they are being bought in such enormous quantities.

In millions of households, "soup" today means Campbell's.

**21 kinds**

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### Do you like Cream of Tomato?

You taste it at its very best when you make it with Campbell's Tomato Soup. Simply heat the soup, in saucepan, to boiling point, after adding a pinch of baking soda and stir with an equal quantity of hot milk or cream. It will be a favorite on your table—it's so smooth and rich. You'll be proud of it when you have guests.

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



# Begin at the Beginning

By  
MARION SHERWOOD LAHMAN



WHEN the Nineteenth Amendment doubled the number of voters in the land, a vast majority of women found themselves possessed of a franchise which they did not know how to use. In the newly endowed states like Oklahoma there were a few who knew how to mark a ballot, but even the most enlightened of us understood about as much of the workings of the political machine as we did of Einstein's theory of relativity. We were told repeatedly that since we had the vote it was our duty to use it, and so become that elevating influence in politics which had been the chief argument in favor of the suffrage.

Very well, if everyone took it for granted that we would clean up the political arena, the first question was, How? Nobody said anything to us about that! Even the ladies in those earlier-favored states seemed to think that this consisted merely in going to questionable voting places and casting a ballot. I asked a lady from Kansas to tell me her experience. She said she never paid any attention to party lines, but always voted for the best man.

"You mean, I suppose, that you vote for that one of two opposing candidates whom you think the better man," I persisted. "Or do you manage to have a man you know is good, on the ticket?"

She was dubious.

"Why, no, I just vote for whoever is on the ticket."

"But suppose the best man is not on the ticket, what then?" What then, indeed!

It was in this hazy state of mind that we began to study the workings of the political machine—not in books, but from personal experience.

## What Are the Rules of the Game?

WE BEGAN by asking information regarding election laws, and discovered that the average man did not know much about them. If there was one thing in the world we did expect men to know, it was the rules of this supremely man's game. When two local attorneys argued long and heatedly as to the proper method of voting a split ticket, and nobody seemed to know how the number of delegates to the district conventions was determined; when men grown gray in the service of their party could not tell whether a county precinct committeeman served two years or four, then our faith in the infallibility of man in politics began to weaken. The election law of the state is set forth in a booklet distributed by the secretary of the state election board. It is anyone's for the asking, yet not one voter in a thousand has ever seen it. The rules regulating the internal working of the political machine are not set down in any book, and are only to be learned by patient and persistent questioning of those men who run the party and pull the wires behind the scenes.

Election laws vary in different states; nevertheless, elections the country over are near enough alike so that the following episodes will probably give a hint of what any woman in any state is likely to run into when she really plays politics.

At the beginning of the last campaign, the introduction of women into the political contest made an entirely new class of voters, an untried factor big enough to be a balance of power. So it became necessary to modify the rules by which the game usually has been played. Probably everyone is familiar with the first instance of this kind—namely, the appointment of committeewomen to parallel the men's organization. This was the quickest way of showing recognition to the new voters. Moreover, it soon became apparent that it took women to get other women registered.

Now, up to November 2d, the leaders in the organization of women had all they could do to get their women registered and then to see that they went to the polls. There was little time to educate them in party politics. The great mass of women did not know that such a thing as a political machine existed. Hence, the average woman did not realize that there was anything for her to do before the fall election.

During each of the great Presidential conventions we all read the bulletins eagerly while we awaited the decision of a group of men called national delegates. Theoretically, they represented the people of their respective states. The manner of their election is through congressional district conventions

made up of delegates sent from county conventions. At these conventions only delegates can vote. But delegates to the county conventions are chosen in precinct caucuses.

## The Bricks of the Whole Structure

NOW we are at the origin of things. For the precinct caucus is usually held in your ward schoolhouse, and there is the place where every one of you has a chance to say who should be your Presidential candidate. At that caucus you can vote for county delegates who would be instructed for your favorite. They would go to your district convention and vote as instructed for delegates to the national convention, where the nomination of the Presidential candidate is finally made. The precincts are the bricks from which the whole political structure is made. Whoever controls the precinct carries the election. You can see that this must be so, since precincts make up a county, just as counties make a state. I cannot impress upon you too strongly the necessity of going to precinct caucuses, and primaries too.

My own first precinct meeting was announced to take place at 7:30 P. M. I went to it not knowing what to expect. It was the tamest affair you can imagine. Of the thirty-odd people present nearly half were women. There was even a fat baby asleep in a baby cab. Election of delegates was unanimous. A few amiable speeches were made, everybody shook hands with everybody else, and we all went home to pleasant dreams.

Two days later the county convention was held in our city convention hall. As one of the delegates from my precinct, I met there with all the delegates from the entire county. Mr. Harwood warned me to come early. He said that caucuses and conventions always were called to order promptly, and that one might as well not come at all as to come late. There was a mixed crowd, a very few women, several full-blood Indians, quite a number of negroes, one of the latter a woman. The delegations were seated in labeled sections, and the meeting came to order in almost funeral silence. Nominations for a new chairman were made—one for the opposition, one for our side. The voting was done by roll call of precincts, each precinct usually casting a solid vote. The opposition won by a small majority, and their chairman took charge of the meeting.

"It is all over now. We might as well go home," whispered a colleague to me. Yet we stayed, and watched gloomily while the machine appointed a nominating committee, which at once handed in a ready prepared list of delegates to the district and to the state convention. The contest was over, and we were beaten. By a bare majority, control of the entire representation for the county had passed into the hands of the machine, and we had no further voice in anything. It took me a day or two to realize the full extent of the calamity. Then I asked:

"Why is one faction allowed to choose all the delegates? The minority ought to have some representation."

"Oh, no, that would interfere with party control."

## Who Selects the Candidates?

PARTY CONTROL! I cannot say for the men, but I am morally certain that a lot of the women are going to lose interest if they are railroaded like that. I estimated that the percentage of voters who really had any voice in the selection of Presidential candidates was very small. Not more than ten per cent of the voters in our city attended the precinct caucuses when the delegates to the county conventions were chosen. At that convention nearly half of these delegates, being on the losing side, were barred from the selection of delegates to the district convention, so that the latter really represented

a little more than half of ten per cent of the voters. Again a majority—not all—of this five per cent elected to the national convention the two delegates to which each district is entitled. Therefore, not more than three per cent of the total number of voters had any voice in the choice of the Presidential candidate.

We must bear in mind, however, that such a state of affairs is largely our own fault, because you can see that if all of us had gone to the precinct caucuses, that little handful of political bosses would not have had everything their own way. So much for what has been.

We cannot help what is past, but we can have a different state of affairs in the future. Begin now to find out when the next precinct caucuses will be held in your state. If its procedure is similar to that in Oklahoma, city committeemen will be chosen there to conduct the campaign for the election of city officers, in each city or town. These local city or town committees are not as powerful as the county central committee, which is made up of county precinct committeemen, yet the same person often acts in both capacities.

I wish also to say a word about the primaries. Before an election a candidate for each office must be selected to run on the party ticket. According to the law in many states this must be done by primary elections, where members of each party vote on the party nominations and determine which candidate shall be placed on the election ticket.

## First Find the Best Man! Then Vote for Him!

THE main idea to keep in mind is that if you want good men on your ticket you must begin before the primaries or the convention, as the case may be. This proposition of voting for the best man is not as easy as it seems. The kind of man we would like to see in public office can often make more money and have less trouble minding his own affairs, while chronic office hunters are apt to be either inefficient or unscrupulous. Of course, occasionally there can be found a good man for the place who is willing to serve for the public good.

Another difficulty to be faced in making the ticket, especially in cities, lies in the fact that most—perhaps all—of the candidates are strangers to you. All you can find out about them is what they, or their friends who call on you for your support, say, and such evidence is apt to be one-sided. Or perhaps an inefficient man in office is a prominent candidate for renomination, and you wish to replace him. What can you do about it? Nothing, after the primaries. Everything, before the primaries. This brings us back again to the precinct caucus. Let me impress upon you that while election day is important, and primary day is more important, caucus day is most important of all. At each precinct caucus will be elected one committeeman and one committeewoman, elected by the people present, mind you, not by those absent, no matter how good partisans they are or how much they shout about purifying politics.

These precinct committee men and women are all-important because they form the county central committee, elect its chairman, its secretary, and pick its executive committee. Also, those same caucuses elect delegates that finally result in the selection of the state committee, and in the nomination of Presidential candidates.

The precinct caucus is positively the fountain head from which comes not only the kind of a county committeeman, state committeeman, and national committeeman a party has, but also its nominee for President and Vice President. It is to this caucus that every woman must be taught to go promptly—on time. If it is really our desire to make our party politics clean and decent, our first duty is to see that the right kind of candidates run for the nomination. We must endeavor by every honorable means to nominate a ticket composed of clean, high-standing men and women. Between now and next caucus day we must educate the great mass of the indifferent. We have a tremendous task before us. *The trouble does not lie with those who come to the meetings; it lies with those who stay at home, who think they are doing their whole duty to their party if they go to the polls on election day and vote whatever ballot is thrust into their hands. Organization is the controlling power in politics.*

If we who have the common ideal all pull together, we can turn out such a crowd of decent voters at the next primaries as will put any man or woman that we want on the ticket, and the excellence of that ticket will be the biggest inducement to Tom, Dick, and Harriet to vote it straight that has ever been used in a political campaign.





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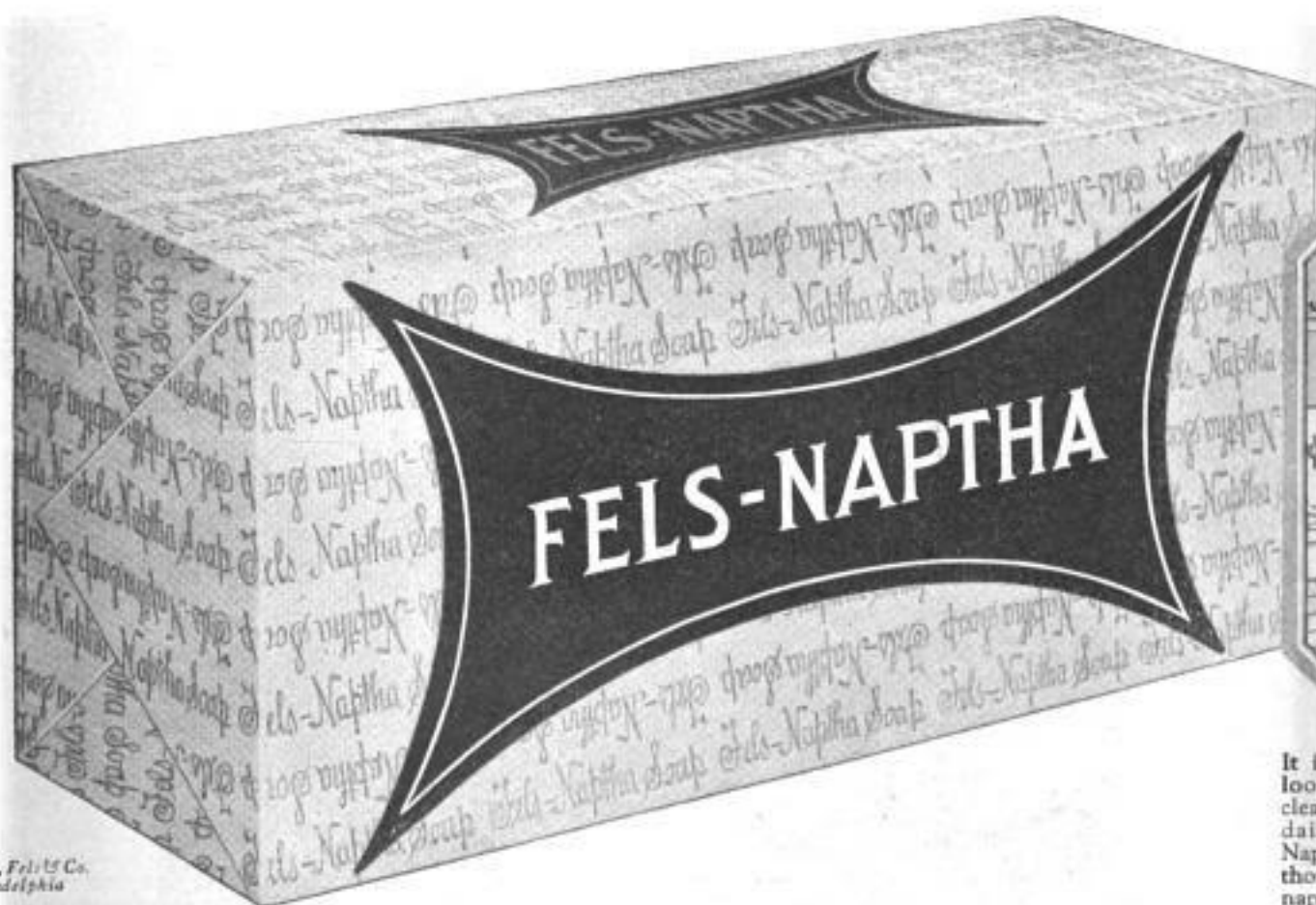
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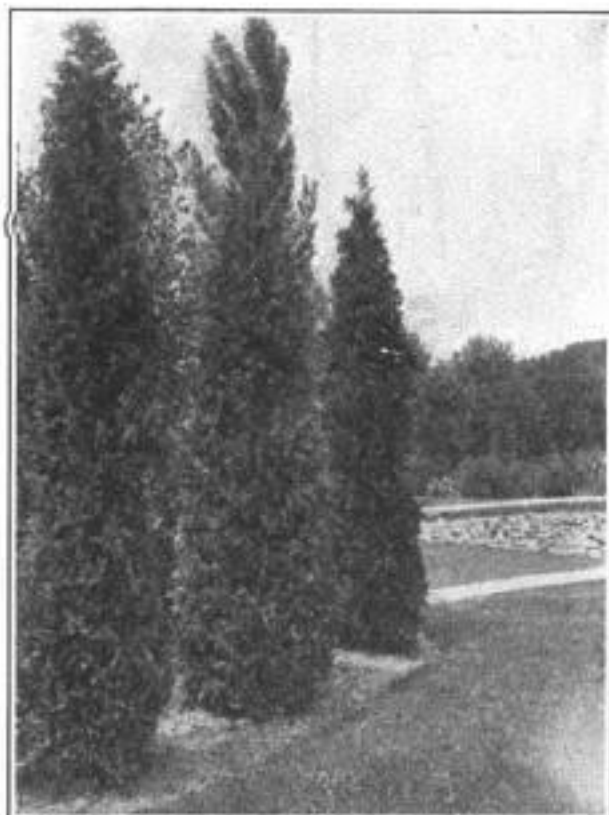


# Large and Small Evergreens

For fall transplanting

By GRACE TABOR

Editor of the COMPANION'S Garden Department



If it is the pyramid of the arborvitae that has been selected, repetition of this form, in mass effect, results in an impression of unity, harmony, and repose



Where it is not practical to use the broad-leaved evergreens alone in a mass, they may be reinforced with deciduous shrubs, to the advantage of both



If it is a hedge you are making along a dividing line where a definite wall of green is part of the garden scheme, matched plants are of course essential

**B**ECAUSE evergreens are less common than deciduous vegetation, the general ideas regarding them are vague—so vague, as a matter of fact, that we find the majority of persons lumping all coniferous trees under the one generic head of "pines," wholly indifferent to the fact that they may be looking straight at a hemlock or a spruce as they speak!

There are three distinct types of evergreen:

*The forest tree*, of which the pine, the hemlock, the spruce, the fir and the cedar are examples.

*The lesser trees of restricted growth*, resulting in all but a few instances from forms rising in cultivation, such as the well-known arborvitae.

*The shrubs*, of a totally different order of vegetation botanically, such as the holly, the laurel, the rhododendron, with leaves that are broad and similar to the leaves of deciduous plants, so that this group is referred to generally as *broad-leaved evergreens*.

Perhaps the most striking thing about every member of the first and second groups is a certain upstanding and outstanding individuality, so marked that every specimen fairly bristles with it. As an instance of what I mean, compare the effect of a maple, a linden, and a beech or an oak growing in a group together with the effect of a hemlock, a pine, and a fir tree similarly associated. The trees in the first group will present individual differences which even a casual observer may detect, of course, if his attention is directed to them, and he is asked to note if there are differences; but they will, on the other hand, form a mass of graciously intermingling foliage that loses individuality as it merges, and as each tree accommodates its branches and growth to its neighbors.

But the trio of evergreens of different kinds will forever be three distinct trees, each fighting for its own life and for advantage over its fellows. As far as they may be seen, the fir, drawn up severely at attention, stern and repressed, will bristle aggressively; the pine will reach up and out over the others' heads to push away from itself all intrusive growth; and the hemlock will contrast with both a certain unctuous grace that is associated with the conviction of superiority. Never will they agree to the fellowship forced upon them, and come down off their high horses to be friendly and make the best of it. They are of the old-school aristocrats, unyielding, disdaining all but their own kind—anything in the world but good mixers, in other words.

**T**O PURSUE the above thought one step further is to arrive at the most important principle to be applied in using these particular evergreens, the conifers—namely, poor mixers must invariably be entertained with special consideration and with due regard to their individual traits and peculiarities.

The indiscriminate assembling of small coniferous evergreens at the base of buildings or in groups anywhere, under the mistaken idea that they are shrubbery, is the most pernicious form of that thoughtlessness in which so much of the average garden work is carried on. For here not only is no consideration whatsoever given the plants' individuality, and no attention paid to this primary need of conciliation, but rather is the opposite extreme of callous disregard reached. One sees every form of conifer, from the delicate spire of the Irish juniper to the most obese little globes of arborvitae, and every color, from the silver to the gold and the blue, imprisoned



within the confines of a narrow strip beside a building. And there they stand, each unhappy and alone and utterly incapable of uniting with its neighbors to produce that graceful mass into which it seems that all other forms of vegetation make haste to join.

It is natural and proper that winter effects of green should be desired—that bare foundations, for example, should be avoided at this season quite as much as in summer. It is further highly desirable that the bird shelter which such close-growing and resistant little trees as the arborvitae and the juniper offer should be provided. So it would be worse than futile to condemn this too common use of coniferous mixtures if there were nothing else available in their

place. But there is something else, happily—there is a whole group of broad-leaved evergreen shrubs that offer better effect, summer and winter, than the aloofness of a mass of even one kind of conifer will ever yield. For the irregularity of a shrub is invariably a better unifying link between house walls and the ground than is the regularity of conifers, highly desirable though this may be in certain places and for certain purposes.

Of these broad-leaved evergreen shrubs, however, I shall speak only briefly here and now, since they are not planted at this season of the year, but in the spring. Later they shall have their full innings; but for the present a few words about them will be enough to establish their claims, and to indicate why such conifers as it may be your intention to plant now should not usurp these claims nor fill places better adapted to another form of growth.

**I**N ROUND numbers there are a dozen kinds of broad-leaved evergreens, ranging from the thick mat of the bearberry to the ten-foot growth of the mountain laurel. Not all are showy in bloom, yet nearly all are decidedly lovely, notably the laurel, the azaleas and the leucothoe. I omit rhododendrons because they are not happy save in their native haunts, where there is at least semi-shade, and where the falling leaves of autumn will bank their shallow roots and provide them with the acid soil in which they delight. This does not limit them to absolutely wild situations, since similar conditions may prevail in a garden, if desired. But it does remove them from the possibilities for general use around the average garden, and certainly from consideration as foundation planting material. Few things are as unhappy a choice for this, indeed, as the rhododendron.

Massed in practically the same fashion as deciduous shrubbery, broad-leaved evergreens will provide, winter and summer, the greatly desired screen; and where it is not practical to use them alone in a mass, some may be reinforced with deciduous shrubs perfectly well, to the advantage of both. For they are not all individualists to the extent that the cone-bearing evergreens are.

But do not mistake my objections to the usual manner of planting these last—the conifers—for objections to the plants themselves. They are not to be condemned for the mistakes of men, especially as they furnish an element in the garden and in the landscape which is rich in feeling, as well as providing the deeper notes without which a composition easily becomes insipid. Indeed, once it is recognized that they are essentially different from all other material, and that they demand, therefore, different treatment, enthusiasm for them may be indulged to the heart's content. Just how [CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]



The conifers furnish an element rich in feeling, as well as providing those deeper notes without which a landscape composition easily becomes insipid



The irregularity of a shrub is invariably a better unifying link between house walls and the ground than is the regularity of conifers



# The Tower Room

## The Quest of Beauty

By

ANNE BRYAN MCCALL

Author of "THE LARGER VISION"



DEAR ANNE MCCALL: I wish you would write us sometime about how to get more beauty into our lives. Sometimes I feel as though I were just starved for it. Last winter I was in New York for a little while for a visit. While I was there I went to a lecture given by a very beautiful woman at the home of a very cultivated and wealthy New York woman. Oh, that home! I'll never forget it. Every bit of it was beautiful! There wasn't a chair or table or even a tiny ornament that hadn't been chosen because it was choice, or rare, or lovely. It was like another world. I came away feeling for the first time in my life satisfied. Most of us haven't enough real beauty in our lives to put in a pint cup; and this woman had it at every turn.

Beauty is, I am sure, one of the permanent needs of the spirit, as permanent as is the need of food and air and sunshine to the body. Yet, despite this fact, many of us hardly understand what beauty really is, and cannot tell where to find it.

The writer of the letter I have just quoted loves beauty of a certain kind—the beauty of a well-ordered, charmingly furnished home. This limited way of loving beauty is common to many of us. There are certain things that appeal to us particularly. You may like beautiful furniture; another may prefer beautiful paintings; another, beautiful clothes; another, beautiful china—I know a woman who has a hobby for beautiful fans, and has made a charming collection of them; and I once knew a man who had a kind of passion for gems, and used to carry a little case of unset jewels in his pocket, and dote on them as a lover on his lady's picture.

### What is Beauty?

IT IS true, of course, that very exquisite beauty may be found in all these forms; yet it seems to me that a person who is satisfied with the mere outward beauty of things may know very little of beauty itself, after all. I have known people, for instance, who had managed, by means of taste, to surround themselves with many exquisitely beautiful things; but who, despite all these, seemed to me positively starved for beauty.

Few of us can define beauty, yet most of us know what it is. Beauty gives joy, not pain; delight, not discomfort. A flower is beautiful for much the same reasons, when you come to analyze it, that a soul is beautiful, or a deed. The beauty lies in proportion, harmony, graciousness; in all of these things; in something which blesses, rather than disturbs; and which is constantly a joy.

But more than all this: just as there is sustenance for the body in food, so there is sustenance for the mind and spirit in loveliness. When our minds and spirits appreciate and possess beauty, they become stronger and more free to exercise their powers, whereas, lacking beauty, they seem mysteriously to lose their strength and their nobler activities, just as the body does when it lacks food.

Ugliness hinders us; beauty helps to set us free. Ugly surroundings and emotions and behaviors narrow and limit our powers, whereas loveliness and beauty are forever opening new doors for us, and enlarging our lives.

It is not without reason that those destructive creatures, the ogres and giants and genii and dragons of the fairy tales, which thwart or imprison the fairy-tale heroes and heroines, are all pictured as being ugly, hideous, misshapen. It is as though the makers of those old stories were perfectly aware that ugliness is a harmful and destructive thing, just as beauty is beneficent; so, in their stories, they made their beneficent

powers beautiful, and the malevolent ones ugly.

But beauty is not only beneficent, it is a freeing and enlarging thing, as well; and ugliness, on the other hand, is a limiting and detaining thing. And this, too, you will find corroborated in the fairy tales.

Cinderella, you remember, is made a mere drudge by the envy of her sisters. Now, envy, as we all know, is an ugly thing; and the envious sisters are rightly called the "Ugly Sisters." All that Cinderella might be she cannot be, because of them. So, too, greed is an ugly thing. In "Jack and the Beanstalk," an ugly, greedy giant has robbed a whole countryside of precious possessions, and keeps these locked away in his giant castle. So, also, *revenge* is an ugly thing. In "Beauty and the Beast" a young prince is, by the enchantment of a revengeful fairy, imprisoned in the form of an animal. *Spite* is an ugly thing. In the "Sleeping Beauty," not only the life of the princess herself, but all the manifold activities of the great castle come to a standstill because of the ugly spell of a spiteful fairy.

And just as it is the ugly things that rob people of their power and happiness in the fairy tales, so the beautiful things free them. Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty are rescued by princes; and the prince of the fairy tale is always an embodiment of grace and honor and beauty, a very symbol of joy and harmony. The treasure is wrested from the giant by the courage and intelligence of Jack; and courage and intelligence are in themselves two of the most truly beautiful things in the world. The prince, who has lost his princehood and has been turned into a beast, is freed at last, you remember, by the kindness of a princess who is called "Beauty," as though kindness and beauty were identical.

The meaning of all these tales (and many more could be cited) is too clear to be mistaken. They show ugliness as a dark and imprisoning thing, and beauty as something capable of freeing and releasing those whom the powers of ugliness have bound or thwarted or imprisoned.

### Finding Beauty Everywhere

NOR is it the fairy tales alone that bear this testimony. History and real life are full of instances of the freeing and sustaining power of beauty. When I was a child, one of the stories outside of fairy tales that I loved most was of the comfort that Silvio Pellico found in that tiny flower that grew where his eyes could rest on it when he was in prison; and I loved to read of how the prisoner Bonivard turned from the horrors of his dungeon to the tiny window from which he could see a beautiful little island in the Lake Geneva, and of how he was comforted by its beauty.

The more you read history and biography, and the more you observe life, the more you will see that beauty really is one of the soul's necessities.

Try to remember this each day, and see to it each day that your spirit is supplied with some definite loveliness of one sort or another. Remember, too, that loveliness is so lavish in the world that no one need ever lack it. Try to make a list of the beautiful things to be seen or enjoyed in one day, and you will not find time and paper long enough for writing them all down.

Remember, too, that beauty has a way of hiding in even the most unlikely places. For the eyes that are seeking beauty a smoke-veiled city in the dawn may be as beautiful as a lily. If you have a loving and an understanding heart, a worn, lined face may reveal

itself to you as more beautiful than a smooth, unworn one.

In looking for beauty, remember that beauty itself is a spiritual quality and resides most graciously in spiritual things. Have material beauty about you, by all means, every effect of material loveliness will add just so much, if you really love beauty, to the strength and efficiency of your life; people who consciously live in beautiful and harmonious surroundings carry with them a power and poise, a certain harmony of their own, which is not possessed by those who live contentedly in ugly and disordered surroundings; but remember that material beauty is, as it were, only a beginning of that larger power and freedom that comes with appreciating and possessing the spiritual beauty.

To live among beautiful things beautifully—that would be the ideal thing to do, and that ideal is so much more attainable, I believe, than most of us suppose. This would be the life not only of the greatest kindness, and greatest happiness, and greatest freedom, but of the greatest power and joy as well.

It is very especially on the power of beauty that Maeterlinck lays such stress in writing of what he calls the "inner beauty." "No tongue can tell," he says, "the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and is actively beautiful in itself. And, indeed, is it not the quality of this activity that renders a life either miserable or divine? If we could but probe to the root of things it might well be discovered that it is by the strength of some souls that are beautiful that others are sustained in life."

### Food for the Spirit

TO THINK then of beauty not as a luxury but as a necessity in our daily lives; to think of it as a source of power and a sustenance—all this will help you to attain beauty. For when anyone has come to know the real importance of it, he would as little think of going without food of the body as to let a day go by without beauty, beauty sought, recognized, saluted, attained, cherished.

Never forget that to attain beauty you must really want it; and it is only he who hungers for it that shall be satisfied.

Weak lives, unharmonious ones, envious lives, crude lives, unkind lives, selfish or dull lives, lives imprisoned by fears and regrets and doubts—all these are lives that are starved for beauty; yet the world is overflowing with beauty at every turn. Beauty is always so near that you may summon her with a look and a gesture.

You put a flower on the table on which is served the body's food, and you have summoned Beauty to sup with you. And if you know this and recognize that Beauty is there, you will feel the need of making the place where she stands worthy of her—and so you will bring order and cleanliness, too, and you will shut out hatred and unkindness, and harsh words and bitter criticism. If you truly love Beauty, and would have her abide with you, you will turn to her often, as to a loved guest; and you will bring loveliness of a hundred kinds to do her homage—your very voice will grow gentler, and your behavior more thoughtful, and a kind of unmistakable beauty will develop in what you think and do.

Now, if you turn back to the letter, you will see, I think, that it could hardly have been true beauty that this girl was seeking so unsatisfied through all the years. She says that for the first time in her life she felt satisfied! Where, then, was all the beauty of all the days of those previous years? Where was all the beauty that might have been hers? Obviously, it could not have been true beauty that she sought. When I think of the beauty of the morning, of the star'd night, of meadows and pastures and still waters, to name only the most general; and then when I think of all the other forms of beauty—outward and inward—I know that it is impossible that anyone who truly desires beauty should seek it in vain.

Each of you has some particular problem of just how to bring more beauty into your lives, more kindness, more loveliness, more power. With all these problems I shall love to help you if I can; so write me as frankly as you like, but meanwhile remember that beauty of some sort lies always near at hand.

NOTE: Address all letters to Anne Bryan McCall, care of the Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



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There are many other recipes as good as these in the Carnation Cook Book. Send for it.



# Good Looks

*"If you're tired of your face, why don't you get a new one?"*

Says GRACE MARGARET GOULD

**W**ANT a new face? Getting a bit tired of your old, familiar one? Of course I know how you feel. It's your face. You are used to it. You are accustomed to the tilt of your nose, the color of your eyes, the shape of your chin, and the way your hair falls on your forehead, to say nothing of any pet prank your eyebrow plays. In fact, you are apt to overlook all the little odd kinks of your features.

Familiarity, you know, sometimes breeds content as well as contempt.

But about now, doesn't your face look rather weather-beaten, rather like the tag-end of summer?

To be sure, it's quite natural that you should be attached to your own nose. But you liked it without a blemish, and when it was white and cool looking, didn't you? Do you regard it with the same affection, now that it's red and a bunch of pesky freckles cling to its tip?

And how do you feel when you see your new frown—that one that has come from squinting, your latest forehead wrinkles, and your skin all rough and red from sunburn or dark and leathery from coat after coat of tan?

Wouldn't you like to be presented with a new face—one that would fit the autumn? You get new clothes for the new season, why not a new face?

Let me tell you how you can exchange your weather-beaten summer face for a rejuvenated fall face.

Of course, it's a new beauty treatment that does it, but one so new, so different, so scientific, so sensible, that it's in a class by itself. It's based on health, cleanliness and the building up of the facial tissues. It scorns the usual face massage movements, and it has little use for patting. It's principally molding. Have you ever tried molding clay with your fingers? Well, it's pretty much like that, only the fingers must be trained ones. They treat the muscles under the skin. Perhaps these muscles are stretched, perhaps they are overworked and are all tired out. They need invigoration, building up, to make them strong and young again. That's just what the molding treatment does. It brings back the firm roundness of youth to your face. It takes away the droop, the old look, and gives you a new, young-looking face.

And how do you proceed? Well, cleanliness is the first step. No matter how clean you think your face is, it can be cleaner. In fact, there is a new approved, scientific way to clean your face to-day which is a far, far cry from giving it a dab or two with a soapy washcloth. When you take the face-molding treatment your face is washed with a special cleansing cream applied with wet absorbent cotton. After the first washing the trained nurse in attendance inspects your face. If there is a trace of dirt, the washing is done all over again. Each time the cleansing cream is applied it is left on for a few minutes, and then thoroughly rubbed off. Next the pores of the skin are examined. If they are clogged, the blackheads are removed. Of course, there mustn't be a trace of a blackhead in your fresh-looking new face. The application of an unpretentious flat little bag is the first step in doing away with the blackheads. I am told it is filled with a mixture which is mostly oatmeal. The bag is dipped in hot water and then used like a washcloth, only your face is scrubbed with it, and it is pressed for a moment or two over the blackheads. Then the face has a second washing, this time with clear warm water and no bag. After the face is dried, the blackheads are gently pressed out with the first two fingers of each hand, which are covered with a cleansing tissue. Next, the circulation is toned up a bit. For this a special lotion is used, which freshens the face and gives it an attractive color. A mild astringent follows to close the pores. Now your new clean face is ready for its special molding. There is a cream for this, too, and it's quite different from the cleansing cream. It is applied with two fingers or three according to the width of the muscle treated. Under the eye is the danger spot on most faces. It is here the fine little wrinkles come first, and where they stay the longest. To have the face young, it is necessary to keep the muscles of the eye firm, so much of the face-molding treatment is given under and above the eye. The circular muscle around the mouth is also

treated to prevent that sour down-in-the-mouth look. And much attention is given to the muscles that run from the shoulder up under the chin, and those that go from corner of the mouth to the corner of the eye. The special treatment given these muscles brings back the youthful contour of the face, and in time you have a new face for your old one. What I like about this face-molding beauty treatment is the fact that it really helps nature to work the way Nature wants to work. You see, it is impossible for Nature to work properly when there are impurities that hinder her natural functions. That's why it is imperative to keep the face absolutely clean; and equally imperative to keep the circulation normal. You know good circulation brings fresh nourishing blood to the skin, and carries away the impure stagnant blood. If pores are clogged, the circulation is poor.

We are really like trees. Healthy trees are apt to be good-looking. You know if the leaves of a tree are sick and fall off, the gardener doesn't climb up on the limbs of the tree and pin on or stick on the leaves—now, does he? Instead, he treats the tree from its source of nourishment—the roots. That's why I am always talking to you about good health as the basis of good looks. And just remember that in these face-molding treatments good health and cleanliness are specially considered.

If you want to mold your own face according to the new beauty idea I've just told you about, strive to make the most of your best features. Work to prevent sagging muscles, and remember that sleep is a beautifier, and relaxation its twin. If you can't get as much as you want of the former, cultivate the latter. And when you are about to relax, just force worrying thoughts out of your mind. Worry and relaxation never did hobnob together.

In treating your skin, don't subject it to shocks. A heavy massage or too vigorous patting in applying creams breaks down the delicate tissues of the skin. After one's first youth is over, they need building up. There are creams that do just this, and one of the best sinks into the skin until it is entirely absorbed, so that there is no trace of it to wipe off. It builds up the broken tissues under the skin, and in filling out the lines takes away the wrinkles. It nourishes the skin under the eyes, too, and in this way gets rid of the hollows.

In caring for your skin, always keep in mind its delicacy, and how constantly it is exposed to the sun, wind, and dirt.

You know that the body is constantly throwing off dead skin. Have you ever thought how much harder it is for the face to do it? Really, the dead particles are pasted on instead of worked off. Just think of the powder dabbed over them, and of the layers of dust that the wind drives against them. Underneath all these coatings of dust, tan, sunburn, and powder, Nature has a nice new soft white skin ready to reveal itself when it gets a chance. But how to get the chance—that's been the trouble. There is a new preparation that claims to take away the dead skin, and in this way helps Nature to let her new baby skin show. It's a harmless lotion, and it helps to turn the superficial layer of the skin—the darkened, burned, worn-out layer—into dust.

Perhaps you need a bleach. What about using peach juice? Peaches and cream, what could you find better for a beautifier? A cream imported from France is made of just these ingredients, and it gives the velvety softness of the peach to the skin. It's a vanishing cream, but besides acting as a base for powder it has other good things to its credit. It's a really wonderful bleach, and by the magic way it softens the skin it wards off wrinkles.

To help along the good work of "off with the old and on with the new" there is a lotion that plays no mean part. If you are tired of a cream as a powder base and want to change, try this lotion. It's nourishing and freshening, as there is both glycerin and rose water in it, while its effect on powder is such that you simply can't part them. Pretty good qualities for a powder base, don't you think?

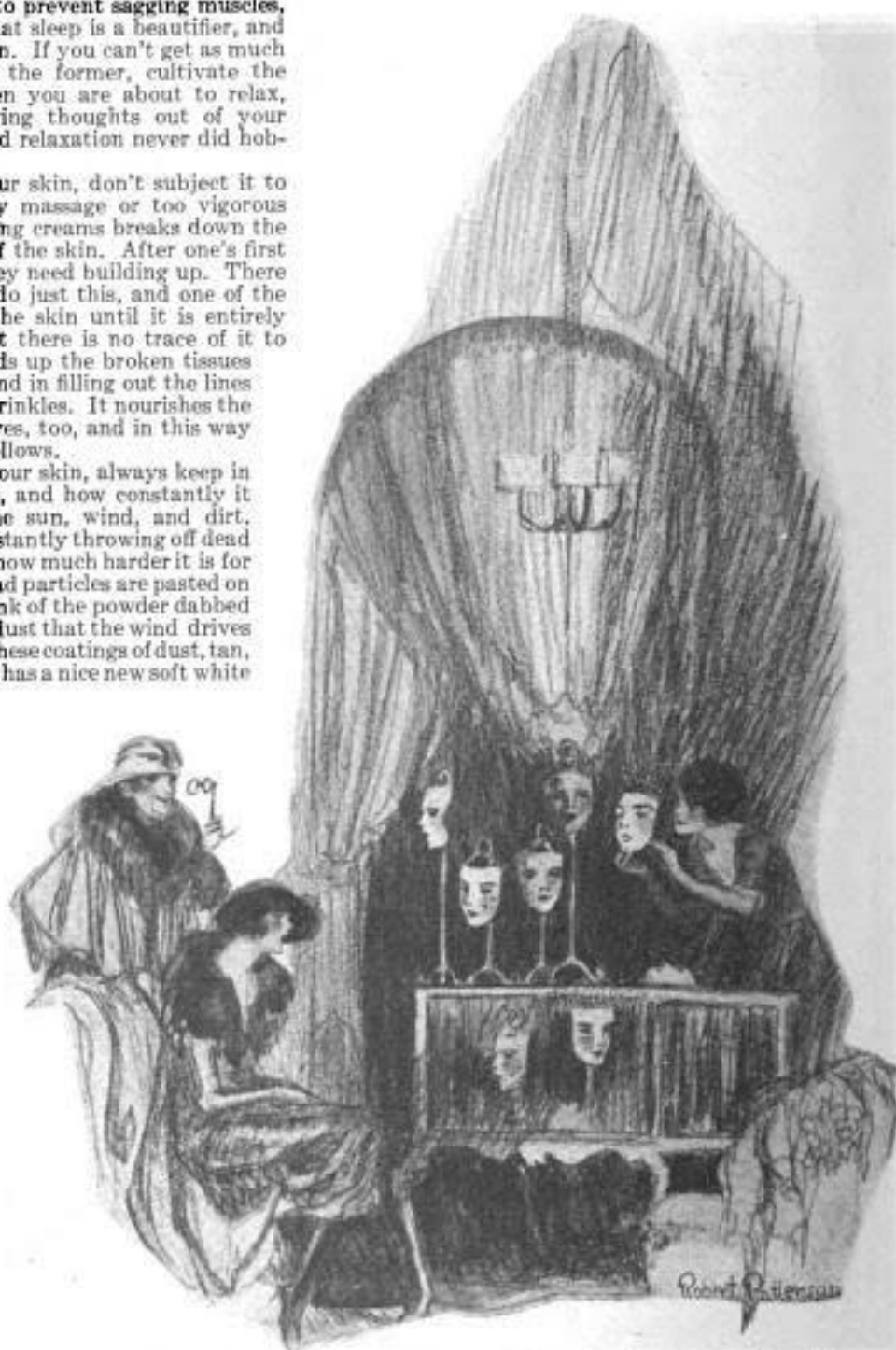
And don't let us forget the finishing touch to the face. That will be powder, of course. But it's a new, light, fragrant powder that I have in mind—one to match the new face. It is as soft as gossamer and as downy as a butterfly's wing, and it comes in many lovely natural shades. Although it never stands out on the skin in an artificial way, it is just as clinging and as impervious to the weather as any of the heavier powders. It has the added grace of going on smoothly, and does not cake or flake. If you haven't had time enough to remake your face as completely as you wish, use this powder and see how lovely you will look.

When once you have your new face, wear it right. Don't cover it up with a disagreeable expression. You wouldn't cover up your new hat with a dilapidated old veil—now, would you? Well, make your new face a lovable face. Let it show inner graces.

Grace Margaret Gould will be glad to advise any reader about her good looks problems, if she will write, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. The matter will be treated as strictly confidential. Address Grace Margaret Gould, Good Looks Department, Woman's Home Companion, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Noses "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower"—more or less



What a trade the shops would get if they advertised "new faces!"





# For your special type of skin— there is a special treatment

*Skins differ widely—are you using the right treatment  
for your special type of skin?*

**I**f your skin is a constant problem—if you cannot keep it smooth and flawless—then you may be sure it is because you are not using the right treatment for your special type of skin.

Skins differ widely. A naturally oily skin needs a special form of cleansing to counteract the tendency to an excess of oil. A pale, sallow skin needs a treatment that will stimulate the pores and blood vessels.

No matter what your type of skin happens to be—by the right treatment you can overcome its defects. For your skin is constantly changing—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this new skin the special care suited to its needs—and see how beautifully soft and fine and clear you can make it!

For an oily skin use this special treatment every night:

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

For a pale, sallow skin use this new steam treatment:

One or two nights a week, fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing with a piece of ice.

In addition to the special treatments given here for two types of skin—an oily skin and a pale, sallow skin—you will find other special treatments for all the different types of skin in the famous booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." This booklet is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today at any drug store or toilet goods counter—find the treatment recommended for your skin and begin using it tonight. A 25c cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.



*If you have the type of skin that is subject to blackheads—find the special treatment you need on page 3 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*



*If your skin is of the tender, sensitive type—learn the right treatment for it on page 6 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

## "Your Treatment for One Week."

Send 25c for a miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week. In it you will find the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 209 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 209 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



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# Heirloom Plate



From Generation to Generation

With every generation family silver grows more precious

The pieces of silver our grandmothers used are among our most treasured possessions—mute symbols of romance, mystery and sentiment.

Just so will the wedding gift of silver of today be cherished for its associations—if it be Heirloom Plate.

For Heirloom Plate is so finely wrought, so durably made, that it is worthy of becoming the proud heritage of many generations. *It is guaranteed for one hundred years.*

Finest jewelers are showing Heirloom Plate in single pieces or complete chests. Send for illustrated booklet.

WM. A. ROGERS, Limited  
Niagara Falls, New York

New York  
San Francisco

Chicago  
Toronto



Cardinal Pattern

## In Movie Mood

*An itinerant ice cream social and an engagement dance*

**F**IRST, we secured the promise of four automobiles and two auto trucks. On the night of the social we all met at the church and formed in the following procession:

First, automobile with driver, drummer boy, three little girls in fairy costumes (rainbow colors), and a chaperon.

Second, automobile with driver, bugler, three more little girls in fairy costumes (rainbow colors), and a chaperon.

Third, large truck with about twenty-five young people to lead community singing.

Fourth, small truck with ice cream, materials for ice-cream sandwiches and cones, driver, and four servers for ice cream.

Fifth, automobile with driver, two ladies, and a load of small cakes to be sold.

Sixth, automobile—1909 model—with driver and four ladies dressed as gypsies.

We had carefully worked out our itinerary. Megaphone and signs helped to make clear the meaning of this novel procession. The drummer boy and bugler played as we moved along, and heralded our approach.

In addition when we came to our first stopping place, about two blocks from the church, the community singers began to sing. The cars were parked on both sides of the street and as near the curb as possible, since it was an outlying district where traffic regulations were not strict.

As soon as the machines were parked, the little fairies, three on each side of the street, ran up the steps of the houses in the block, rang the bells and announced that ice cream was on sale at the truck.

The crowd soon began to come from the houses on each side of the street and the servers of ice cream and cake were kept busy. Neighbors visited together—some joined in the singing; and after all who wanted to buy had been served the "field marshal" blew a whistle, and the procession moved on to the next stop, which was usually about two blocks away. Here the same process was repeated. At each stop the gypsies went about among the crowd telling fortunes. This movie social was a great success financially and socially. LOUISE RAMSDALL.

### A Reel Announcement Ball

**O**NE girl decided that when she announced her engagement, she would give an evening affair and invite men as well as girls.

On a crisp autumn day she sent out invitations to a movie ball. They were written in red ink upon brown correspondence cards, and at the top of the card was a small red and brown autumn leaf which she had drawn herself.

In a hall where autumn leaves and Japanese lanterns had achieved a color and lighting scene which at once created a party mood, the hostess welcomed her friends. In two large adjoining rooms on one side of the large hall, the rugs had been taken up for the guests to dance. The music came from across the hall. Over the doorway of that room the hostess had suspended a sheet with a large portion cut out in a central oval. In this "frame" the orchestra leader announced the number of the dance.

**A**FTER three dances, the men drew numbers, for the fourth dance was to be an Elimination Dance. This was the first

hint of the significance of the name of the ball, for, after a few strains of music had been played and the person conducting the eliminating had called out the number of the couple to leave the floor, he also called out the names of that couple! Each couple, to their surprise, were named as some movie actor and actress, and the names misfitted ludicrously. One tall thin couple were called Mary Pickford and Fatty Arbuckle.

At intermission was announced an authentic film, entitled "Autumn Leaves, but Cupid Stays."

Of course the guests groaned at the pun, but they were eagerly interested as candlesticks were placed on each side of the muslin frame and the lights turned off. The orchestra then softly played just a few strains of "Lohengrin," and when the two candles were lighted, the guests saw in the frame, the hostess and her fiancé, who was slipping a diamond ring on the fourth finger of her left hand.

The lights were flashed on for just a short time. When they were turned off again, these words appeared at the top of the sheet: "The Ego Cries Out!" When someone of the party called out "Ice Cream!" little girls dressed in black dresses with white collars and cuffs to imitate ushers in a moving picture theatre came in, flashing bug-lights and bearing ice cream.

Successively the items on the following menu were flashed upon the screen, guessed and then served to the guests:

Where Cupid tells engaging tales  
(Lady Fingers)

Judy's mate (Punch)

The comedians have lost their freshness  
(Salted Nuts)

Where fortune lies waiting (Mints)

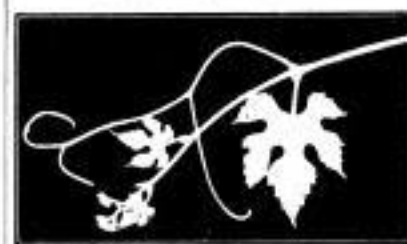
In the ice cream were stuck small fans made by pasting, back to back, two small maple leaves of the same proportions. The miniature handle was a flat toothpick, upon which was printed, "For a Movie Fan."

The last dance at this Movie Ball was the Virginia Reel. MARGARET GRAY.

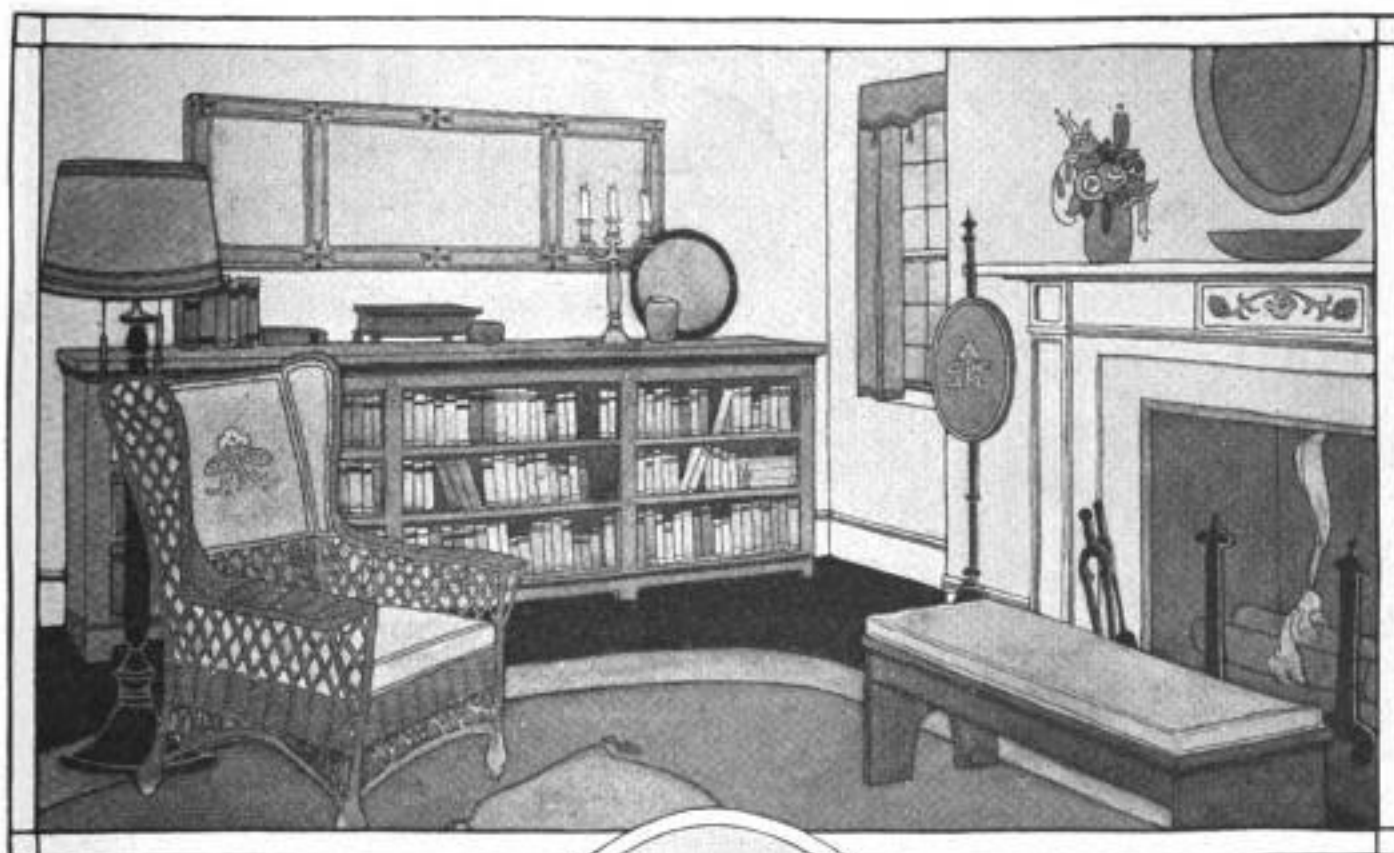


**T**HE guests were greeted on the front porch by their little hostess and her big sister, and then sent out into the yard to collect pretty leaves, ferns, and small flowers. When they returned, Big Sister showed the children how to place the leaf or flower against the glass of a printing frame, lay the sensitive side of the blue-print paper next it and fasten the back of the frame in position. Then they all placed their frames in a row in the bright sunshine and waited a few moments until the paper, yellow at first, turned bluish-gray, and bronzed a little. That was a sign that the papers were ready to be taken out and placed in a basin of water. There was a delighted chorus as the plain portions of the paper turned blue, and the dainty white design of the plant form shone out against the background. Then each child hastened to arrange a new "picture," for prizes had been promised for the most attractive set of "white shadows."

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.







## For the Girls' Club Room

GIrls like a spice of originality added to the comfort of big wicker chairs, softly shaded lamps, low bookshelves and a fireplace. Here it is in the form of a vivid little yellow, lavender, and green design of peasant origin, applied not too frequently about the room. In varied form it adorns the mantel, the bookshelves, the chair cushion, the curtains, and the fire screen, but the lampshade and the fireside bench—the latter, by the way, an ordinary laundry bench painted to match the rest of the furniture—are left undecorated. The natural-colored cushions are bound with green.



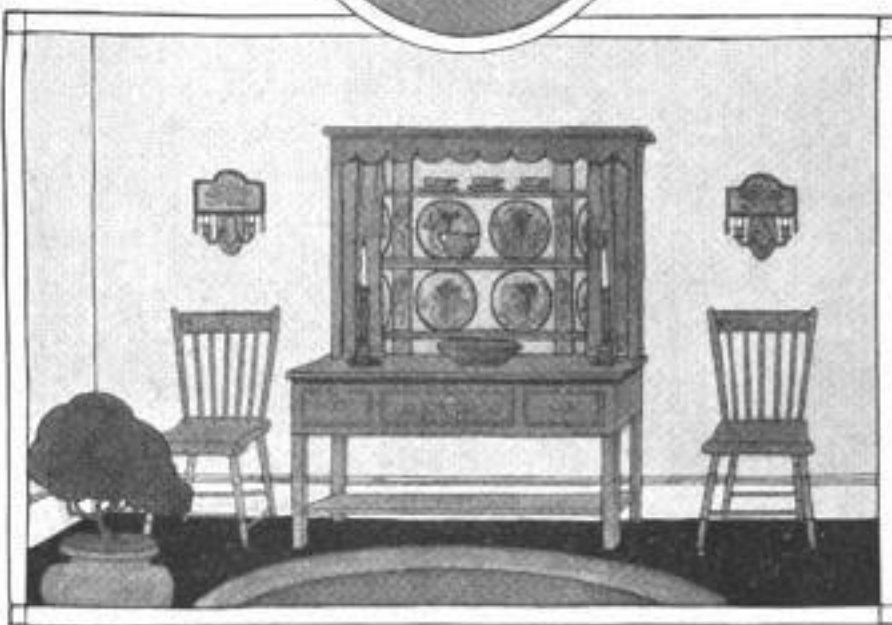
## Peasant Designs in Gay Colors

By EDNA SELENA CAVE

THE same gay peasant pattern that's painted on the furniture may be either stenciled on curtains of scenic or Scotch scrim or appliquéd in bright sateen on natural-colored poplin. The edges of the shaped valance are bound with bands of emerald-green and a lavender tassel hangs from each scallop. The desk is simply an inviting table painted blue-gray to match the chairs, which are decorated along the top of the back. Parchment sconces, with an adaptation of the same motif, shade the electric lights and at the same time effectively ornament the cream-white walls.

Cream walls, white woodwork, and blue-gray furniture make the right background for the bright little peasant design.

A WELSH dresser is the nicest place in the world for jolly teacups and plates to perch between a pair of gay curtains. Paint the peasant motif on the front of the drawer and along the upright posts. The whole thing, you see, is a sort of combination table and cupboard, which a carpenter could make for you with no difficulty.



For the home with limited space the room pictured would make an excellent combination living- and dining-room.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** Full size black and white drawings of the peasant design from which either stencil or transfer patterns can be made will be sent for ten cents in stamps. Directions for color treatment are included. Order H-374, Peasant Design, and address Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



## For Every Nook and Corner

THE first mission of the O-Cedar Polish Mop is to clean and dust.

It collects and holds the dust from every nook and corner.

It saves getting down on the hands and knees to dust the floor.

Then as it cleans and dusts it imparts a high, dry, lasting polish. It beautifies.

All of these things at one time.

## O-Cedar Polish Mop

has six new improvements or betterments to make it bigger, stronger and better than ever before. These improvements are for your convenience to save you time, work and money.

## Below Pre-War Prices

O-Cedar Mops are now sold at less than pre-war prices—much bigger values.

The large size (either triangle or battleship shape) \$1.50. The cottage size, \$1.00.

## Sold on Trial

Every O-Cedar mop is sold under a positive guarantee to give absolute satisfaction, or your money refunded without a question.

All Dealers — Everywhere

**Channell Chemical Co.**  
Chicago

TORONTO LONDON PARIS

## A Goldenrod Wedding

IT'S described in the "Companion's" wedding booklet, which contains, besides, ideas for the decorations, suggestions for the wedding music, the wedding reception or wedding breakfast, and all those little details of favors, place cards, and cake boxes. The price is 15 cents. Order the "Book of Weddings," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

## First Fall Entertaining

SUPPOSE you want to entertain Betty's class in high school, but you think your dining-room too small to seat them all comfortably. Don't give up. Have a buffet spread—especially as the "Companion" publishes an illustrated booklet that tells how to manage it and what to serve. Order "Company Cooking," by Alice Bradley. Price, 15 cents. Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

## Children's Knitted Dresses

LIKE the three bears, there's a big one, a middle-sized one, and a baby one. The Phyllis dress is for ten-to-eighteen-year-olds; the Sally for six-to-ten-year-olds; the Doris for two-to-six-year-olds. With the Doris dress come directions for the Kitty hat—a soft little Angora affair. Illustrated leaflet for each dress is 10 cents, or all three for 15 cents. Order CK-168, Woman's Home Companion, New York City.





HERE'S a new recipe for your porch parties this summer, taking only fifteen minutes of actual work to prepare—*Premier Frazz Salad!* Mash 3 cups sliced peaches. Soften 2 teaspoons gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water, dissolve over steam and add to peaches.

Stir in 1 cup of Premier Salad Dressing and 1 cup of cream, whipped. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and mix thoroughly. Pour into a mold. Pack in equal parts of ice and salt for two hours, or set on the ice for several hours until firm. Serve on lettuce with additional salad dressing, if desired.

## What a Lot of Summer Problems Premier Salad Dressing Solves

**E**LEVEN O'CLOCK on a hot Summer day—far too hot for cooking. Let Premier Salad Dressing solve that luncheon problem.

Take the foods that Nature has cooked with the warm Summer sun—lettuce, tomatoes, sliced beets, perhaps, or sliced potatoes or asparagus tips—add a dash of Premier, and you have the sort of luncheon for which Fifth Avenue chefs are famous.

Or Sunday afternoon. All the old familiar Sunday night suppers seem tasteless and old. Take lettuce and cold boiled eggs daintily sliced; add piquant Premier and watch the family's delight.

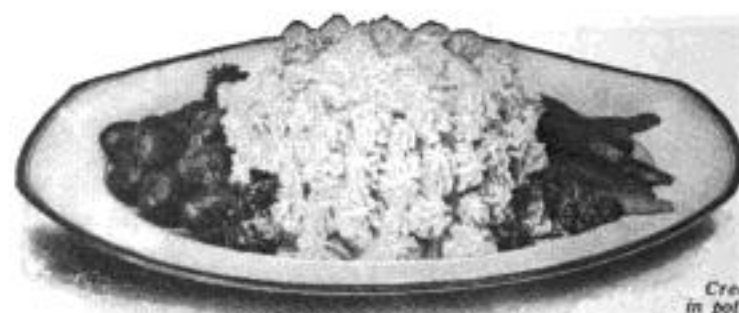
Or a picnic—the rich piquant flavor of Premier transforms the simplest sandwich.

Until now Premier Salad Dressing has never been nationally advertised. Simply through the good-will of housewives who take special pride in their tables, Premier has become the largest selling salad dressing in the world.

Send for the book of "Salads, Suppers, Picnics" and buy one bottle of Premier—JUST ONE—it will be enough to convince you of its goodness.

Francis H. Leggett & Company  
New York  
Dept. B.

# Premier Salad Dressing



*Creamed Fish in potato border*

## Fish—Fresh, Canned or Left-Over

**D**ON'T think, if you live inland from the coast, that you must be deprived of fish. With present-day packing and refrigerating conveniences, fresh salmon, halibut, haddock, or white fish are widely available; but if fresh fish are out of the question, salt fish or canned fish of many different kinds are good substitutes. In the following recipes, fresh or canned fish of almost any variety may be used.

By ALICE BRADLEY

*Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery*

pour over one-half cup sauce made by one of the preceding recipes. Cover with fish and another half cup sauce. Cover

with buttered crumbs and bake in hot oven until crumbs are thoroughly crisp and brown.

### Fish Cakes de Luxe

*Fish cakes ready to fry in a pan are fine to take on a picnic for outdoor cooking*

3 large fresh baked potatoes  
1½ cups cooked fish, shredded  
1 egg beaten light  
¼ cup cream beaten stiff  
1 teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper

Fonce potato through potato ricer, add fish, egg, cream, salt and pepper. Beat well. When ready to fry, take up by spoonfuls, put five at a time in a frying basket and fry one minute in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. Garnish with tiny cucumber pickles with a croquette stab in one end.

### Fish With Pork Scraps

*Creamed fish may be made with pork scraps instead of butter, and may have egg yolks added to make it richer*

2 two-inch cubes fat  
4 tablespoons flour  
2 cups rich milk  
2 cups cooked flaked fish  
2 egg yolks  
1½ cups small potato balls or cubes

Cut fat salt pork in tiny dice and try out. To four tablespoons fat, add flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on the milk gradually, while stirring constantly. Bring to the boiling point, and add fish, pork scraps, and potato balls or cubes, which have been cooked in boiling salted water until soft. Season with salt and pepper; when hot pour over the egg yolks, return to fire, stir and cook one minute, but do not let it boil, or it may curdle.

### Creamed Fish

*Left-over fish may be attractively served in this way*

4 tablespoons butter  
4 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon paprika  
Few grains cayenne  
2 cups milk  
2 cups cooked flaked fish

Melt butter, add flour mixed with seasonings, and stir until well blended; add milk slowly, stir constantly until boiling point is reached, and add cooked flaked fish free from skin and bones. Fresh fish, salt fish freshened in warm water, or canned fish may be used. Serve from chafing dish on squares of toast or with potato border as suggested above. Sprinkle, if desired, with chopped parsley, paprika or chopped pickle.

### Steamed Fish

*Nearly all the flavor is retained in this way*

Wipe fish, sprinkle with salt, place on plate in a steamer, and cook over boiling water until the bone can easily be separated from the fish. The time depends on the shape and size of the fish, and varies from six to ten minutes for small fish, or canned fish, to forty-five minutes for a five-pound fish. Invert plate and fish over hot platter, remove skin, pour drawn-butter sauce over fish, and garnish with slices of hard-cooked eggs, lemon, and parsley.

When serving fish be very careful to leave all the bones you can on the platter, letting none find their way to the individual plates.

### Drawn-Butter Sauce

Melt two tablespoons butter, add two tablespoons flour mixed with one-half teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper. When smooth add slowly one and one-half cups hot water or milk, and stir until sauce boils. Just before serving add three tablespoons butter bit by bit, and one teaspoon lemon juice. Two hard-cooked eggs cut in one-fourth-inch slices, or the beaten yolks of two eggs, may be added if desired.

### Creamed Fish in Potato Border

*Potatoes put through the pastry bag and tube make a company dish from common materials*

GREASE the outside of a double boiler top, place in center of a chop plate or platter, build around it a wall of hot mashed potato three and one-half inches high and one inch thick and garnish, if desired, with potato forced through pastry bag and tube. Serve hot creamed fish in center and garnish with parsley and tiny cooked carrots and beets.

### Scalloped Fish

*Nicely browned, the fish may appear in individual or larger dishes*

COVER bottom of a small greased platter or baking dish with one cup flaked fish, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice.



*More than just plain Sunday-morning fish balls are these fish cakes de luxe—and here's everything for the making of them spread out on the kitchen table*



# Cutting Kitchen Capers

## With sharp-edged tools

By ALICE BRADLEY

Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

PERHAPS the right knife at the right time may make diversion out of drudgery. Certainly a great comfort to the housekeeper is a good set of steel knives, sharp and kept sharpened, with handles shaped to fit the hands, blades of size and shape to do best the everyday things, the shank of the blade extending down into the handle and firmly riveted so that inadvertent soaking in dishwater will not loosen it.

It goes without saying that every family should own a good steel and keep its knives sharp. To sharpen, hold the lower end of the blade against the tip of the steel and quickly draw the blade of the knife from the tip down toward the handle of the steel, first on one side of the steel and then on the other.

Sharp knives should not be put promiscuously into a drawer where the edges hit against each other, and where there is danger of your getting cut in poking around for the particular knife that is needed.

There are various ways to keep your knives so that they are quickly accessible. A frame may be fashioned for a shallow drawer into which each kind of knife will fit with the blade lifted, so that it does not touch anything; a thin strip of wood may be screwed under the pantry shelf and the knife blades slipped between the shelf and the strip, with only the handles projecting; or a strip of leather may be tacked to a convenient wall or the end of the kitchen table, or above the sink, and the knives slipped in up to the handle as soon as they are used and washed.

Learn to use sharp knives without cutting yourself. Never cut toward you, or hold the knife in such a position that if it slipped it might hit and cut your other hand. Be careful not to leave sharp knives in the dishpan where the edge may cut the hands.

Your knife boxes used to be full of "case" knives, steel knives similar in shape and size to table knives. Seldom were they sharp enough to cut anything, and they were used mainly for leveling off cups and spoons when measuring ingredients, cutting shortening into biscuits and pastry, "stirring with a knife," and trimming off pastry from the edge of the pie plate.

A more useful knife is called a general utility knife, and has a blade five inches long and seven-eighths inch wide at the handle, tapering to three-eighths inch at a rounding end (photograph 4). It is as sharp as a carving knife, straight enough on the sharp edge to use in measuring, sharp enough to cut anything that needs to be cut in the kitchen. It can be used for paring turnips, squash and pumpkins, trimming roasts and steaks before cooking, cutting meat for stews, cutting up cooked vegetables for creaming or for salads.

For potato-paring a small knife

1. One of the handiest tools in the spatula family is the five-inch one with flexible blade for frosting little cakes and scraping out small cooking bowls and cups

2. For flipping griddle cakes, eggs, and fish, or for slipping under corn bread or cookies, the broad spatula, stiff at the handle and flexible at the end, is unsurpassed

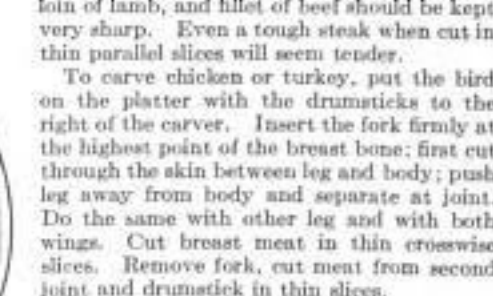
with sharp blade two inches long and pointed is convenient, as the short blade makes it easy to get a firm purchase and easy to remove



5. The cold-meal slicer is a narrow knife with a straight ten-inch blade



6. A small cleaver is convenient for breaking up a shin bone or chicken for soup stock



7. For steak use a carving knife with six-inch blade and sharp-pointed end

the eyes. It is also useful in scraping carrots, stringing beans, peeling and seeding white grapes.

The small knife with a three-inch blade is best for paring oranges and grapefruit, and is convenient for large potatoes, apples, and other fruits and vegetables. In removing orange or grapefruit sections, pare off white membrane before proceeding further.

A small carving knife (photograph 7), for steak, poultry, a slice of ham, veal cutlets, loin of lamb, and fillet of beef should be kept very sharp. Even a tough steak when cut in thin parallel slices will seem tender.

To carve chicken or turkey, put the bird on the platter with the drumsticks to the right of the carver. Insert the fork firmly at the highest point of the breast bone; first cut through the skin between leg and body; push leg away from body and separate at joint. Do the same with other leg and with both wings. Cut breast meat in thin crosswise slices. Remove fork, cut meat from second joint and drumstick in thin slices.

Chefs and butchers make a distinction between a cold-meal knife and a hot roast-meal knife. A roast-meal knife has a pointed end that can easily work its way around a bone and cut smooth, thin, even slices of meat. The blade should be from eight to nine inches long for family use, always sharpened, and never used for anything except carving. Most meat should be carved across the grain. A knowledge of the location of bones and joints and of the tender and tough portions in different cuts of meat is essential to good carving. Then the only way to become an expert in carving is to carve.

The cold-meal knife (photograph 5) is also excellent for cutting sheets of cake. A knife with a narrow blade eight or nine inches long, instead of ten inches, may be a wise purchase for slicing corned beef and tongue, if large cuts of cold meat are not much used. Slice meat against a board, not on a platter, except at the table.

It is well to have a bread knife that is not used for anything else. This should have a blade eight inches long, and the edge may be straight or saw-toothed, as you prefer. Bread should be cut as thin as possible for sandwiches, and from one-fourth to one-third inch thick for toast. For the table it may be thicker than for sandwiches and thinner than for toast.

A knife with a blade one and three-eighths inches broad at the base, tapering to a point, is called a French knife. The knife with an eight-inch blade is an especially good size. With it a small amount of parsley, green pepper, hard-cooked egg, a few nuts, etc., can be quickly and easily chopped on a board. This knife is excellent for cutting up (CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

3. Scraping out saucepans and mixing bowls and creaming and spreading butter for sandwiches are but two of the many uses for the indispensable six-inch spatula

4. Knife-of-all-work is the general utility knife with blade slightly tapering to a rounded end, which, among its other accomplishments, cuts shortening into pastry



## Flavoring Secrets of Virginia Dare

How to Blend Flavors in Sherbets and Ices  
How to Use Stale Cake in New Desserts  
How to Make Desserts With Sour Milk

THREE more of Virginia Dare's flavoring secrets are given here, illustrating in ices, sherbets and other Summer dishes the super qualities of Virginia Dare DOUBLE-STRENGTH Extracts, which are stronger in flavoring power than any other extracts on the American market.

There are 21 flavors, all DOUBLE-STRENGTH, and a Vanilla which Virginia Dare believes to be the most wonderful Vanilla you have ever tasted! These extracts cost no more and in some instances cost less than single-strength flavors and go twice as far. There are scores of other discoveries given in Virginia Dare's free book, "Flavoring Secrets"—a really unique and original book.

**HOW to Blend Flavors in Sherbets and Ices**—To bring out all the delicious fruit flavor in a frozen fruit sherbet or ice, add a little Virginia Dare Double-Strength Lemon to a Raspberry, Cherry, Pineapple, Orange, or other fruit Sherbet recipe before pouring it into the freezer. (For Virginia Dare's favorite sherbet recipe, see page 25, "Flavoring Secrets.")

**HOW to Use Stale Cake in New Desserts**—Cup cakes or loaf cakes that have become too dry to serve alone may be made into delicious Charlotte Russes by cutting out the dry cake centers and filling them with a home made Charlotte Russe filling. Flavored to a caterer's perfection with Virginia Dare Strawberry, Pineapple or Orange Extract. (See complete recipe, page 24, "Flavoring Secrets.")

**HOW to Make Desserts With Sour Milk**—There is no need to worry if a little milk turns sour during a thunder storm or after a long hot day, for it may be flavored to perfection with Virginia Dare 150% Strength Vanilla or Virginia Dare Double-Strength Cinnamon and made into a delicious Black Beauty Cake. (For complete recipe, see page 12, "Flavoring Secrets.")

**DR. LEWIS B. ALLYN SAYS:**  
"Virginia Dare Double-Strength Extracts leave nothing to be desired."

There are 21 Virginia Dare Flavors—any fruit or spice flavor you wish—all stronger in flavor than the single-strength kind.

If your grocer cannot supply you with Virginia Dare Extracts, send his name and address and Virginia Dare will see that your order is filled.

**Send For Other Flavoring Discoveries**

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## Cutting Kitchen Capers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

meat for stews, for removing the bones from shoulder of lamb, removing fillets from large fish, or for carving and cutting almost anything. Small French knives are used for boning squab and chicken and doing many other nice things in the kitchen.

Butchers use a knife with a wooden handle and a six-inch pointed blade for removing bones from hams, legs, and shoulders of lamb and other cuts of meat. There should be such a knife in your kitchen if much work of that nature needs to be done. It is strong enough and of a good size for splitting chickens for broiling. This knife, the French knife, or the steak knife may be used for cutting up chicken for fricassée.

Any housekeeper who has once had the privilege of using a small cleaver with a blade six inches long and two and one-half inches wide will surely wish to own one (photograph 6). For trimming off the ends of chop bones and splitting a hard-shell squash it is most convenient, as well as for the uses described below. Always use it on a board on a solid surface, and when it is not in use hang it by the hole in one end.

A type of knife that has come to the kitchen by way of the artist's kit box is the palette knife or spatula. These knives have blades from four to ten inches long and about one inch wide. The edges are not sharp enough for cutting purposes, but the blades are very flexible.

The six-inch spatula (photograph 3) is used for scraping out saucepans and mixing bowls, and pays for itself very quickly in the foodstuff saved. A spatula with a blade six inches long and two and one-half inches wide, stiff at the handle and flexible at the end, is particularly handy (photograph 2). One of its uses is for working fudge, after it has cooled, on a marble slab or agate tray, scraping up and turning the candy over and over until it begins to get creamy and firm.

A curved bladed knife, sharp on each edge, is a joy when preparing grapefruit "on the half-shell" for breakfast or luncheon. First cut the fruit in half and with the point of the knife remove all the seeds. Cut on each side of each section between pulp and membrane. Cut between pulp and skin all the way around, then run the knife underneath fruit and membrane close to the skin and lift out all the membrane at once, using the knife to free any pieces of pulp that may still be attached to it.

If oysters are served on the half-shell, an oyster knife is a necessity. The blade is strong, but not sharp, two and three-fourths to three and one-fourth inches long, with a rounded point that easily finds its way between the oyster shells at the vulnerable point and all around until the shallow shell can be lifted, leaving the oyster on the lower, deeper shell.

The small knife with a three-inch blade is best for paring oranges and grapefruit and removing sections whole for salads and desserts. Insert point of knife between pulp and membrane—first on one side, then on the other, and remove section.



To chop a small portion of food, hold it closely in the fingers and with a French knife cut against fingers until food is in bits, then hold point of knife firmly against board with left hand, and work knife quickly up and down with right hand.

## Doctor Emerson's Next Article

### The Pre-School Child

IN OCTOBER, Doctor Emerson's article will deal with the children who are not quite old enough to go to school. At this period children often present special difficulties which are most perplexing to parents. Means for establishing a sound basis of health at the very beginning of school life are outlined in this article.

Doctor Emerson's series of articles on malnutrition, its problems and its elimination, is available to our readers in the form of reprints. Other material that will be found helpful in bringing your child up to his normal weight is listed below:

1. Reprints of previous articles: "Is Your Child Under Weight?" "The Climb to the Normal Weight Line." "Your Child's Food Habits." "The Habit of Health." "Does Your Child Get Tired?" "The Value of Happiness." "But My Child Won't Eat." "Common Sense versus Magic." "The Over-Weight Child." "Every Child Over the Top." "Summer is Growing Time." "Camping Out at Home." "Malnutrition in Grown-ups." "How to Keep Fit at Forty." "A Bottle of Medicine and a Sad Heart."

"Letters Mothers Write Me," "Going It Alone," "My New Boss—Myself," "Every Child Free to Gain," "The Weight Chart Campaign." These reprints will be sent to you for 3 cents each, or 60 cents for the set.

2. Weight Record and Form for History and Physical Examination, 35 cents.
3. Table of 100 Calorie Portions of Food, 3 cents.
4. Special leaflet on Worms, Constipation, and Bedwetting, 3 cents.
5. Pamphlet on "Nutrition Clinics and Classes, Their Organization and Conduct," 10 cents.
6. Pamphlet on "How to Organize and Operate a Nutrition Clinic," 8 cents.
7. Directions for a Homemade Shower Bath, 3 cents.
8. Practical Mental Tests for Growing Children, 10 cents.

Institutions and communities may obtain special rates for quantities. Address Doctor Emerson's Clinic for Delicate Children, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Important: See "A Request from Doctor Emerson" on Page 1

## Are You on the Committee for the Church Fair?

and waiting for a bright idea about the booths? Surely the folks would be all agog to enter Wonderland and meet the Dodo and the Duchess, and buy tarts from the Queen of Hearts. That's just

one of the plans in "Money-Making Affairs and Socials," published by Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The price is 15 cents.



### L'Empire de la Joie

(from an old  
French Tale)

But the last knight, le dernier chevalier, bore in his hand only a little bouquet, les fleurettes de la Jeunesse. But there was in them so much of sunshine and starshine and soft, dewy fragrance that to keep them meant youth in the heart forever.

## L'harmonie de la Toilette

A. H. S. Co.  
1921

IS IT NOT *la mode du jour*, the very rule of fashion to-day that the toilette of Madame, of Mademoiselle shall be indeed one harmonious whole? *Vraiment!*

Has it not been decided in those very centers of fashion, in Paris, at Deauville, at Monte Carlo, at Nice, all along the Côte d'Azur—that one shall not mix perfumes in the necessities of the Toilette? "*On ne mélange jamais les parfums.*"

Rather, it has been decreed that the Face Powder, the Talc, the Sachet, the Parfum itself must bear the same *bonne odeur!* So, too, the Creams, the Rouge, the Soap, the Toilet Water,

shall partake of one delicately pervasive fragrance.

Then, joyously in tune with French fashion, does Madame accept all the *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss*, each perfumed with that masterpiece of the art of France—*Parfum Djer-Kiss*. And now with what French grace does she achieve that modern perfect grooming! For each *Spécialité* lends its dainty aid to the dressing hour, rounding out in perfection every detail, bringing forth so charmingly une *harmonie véritable de la toilette*.

*Par exemple, Djer-Kiss Face Powder*

To mention one only of these many

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$\frac{1}{2}$  cup SUN-MAID Seeded Raisins  
6 tart apples  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup light brown sugar  
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Pare, core and halve the apples and arrange in a broad saucepan or aluminum frying pan. Cover over with the raisins, then sugar; add the butter, cut into bits, add water and stew gently until apples are tender and the butter and sugar have formed a rich caramel. May be served hot or cold, with or without cream, or as an accompaniment to plain boiled rice.

## A Dainty Dish for Dainty Women

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Made from tender, juicy, seedless grapes. Nature's candy for children, seventy-five percent pure fruit sugar, practically predigested. 146 calories of energizing nutriment for five cents. Rich in food-iron which brings a natural rose tint to pale cheeks. Fine for three o'clock fatigue, faintness due to hunger, and the need of energy. At all kinds of stores, 5c. If not at yours, send 5c for trial package.



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WHEN you motor through the country in early fall, keep an eye out for little yellow-green balls hanging from low roadside trees—their fruity fragrance can be transmuted into most delicious jams and jellies.



## Wild Crab Apples

*From the wayside woods to the pantry shelf*

By JANE GOESSLING HAMMITT

PERHAPS you have sniffed the elusive, spicy gusts of fragrance from wild crab-apple blossoms in the spring of the year; but you may not yet have discovered the value of those blossoms when by autumn they have turned into ripe little crab apples. They have excellent jellying properties, which make the fruit valuable not only by itself alone, but particularly in combination with fruits which would not make jelly of themselves. Moreover, they add zest and flavor to insipid fruits. The wild "crabs" cook up very soft but do not get mushy, and though the skins are tough, they are easily removed.

It would be a patriotic duty for the housewife to make use of these wild native fruits and so justify their preservation, for at present they are too widely being cut down as worthless.

### Wild Crab-Apple Jelly

WASH one quart of fruit. Cut into quarters and remove the cores and stems. Save the cores for making a second-grade jelly. Put the quartered fruit into a preserving kettle and add water to cover. Cook until the fruit is very tender. Pour into a jelly bag and drain. After several hours of draining, measure the juice and heat for a few minutes. Add two thirds or an equal amount of sugar (either amount will make a heavy jelly). Let cook up until this fruit sirup responds to the usual jelly test. Take some up on a spoon and if it flecks off in sheets or heavy drops, it is done. Pour into sterilized glasses. Add melted paraffin. Cool, label, and seal.

### Crab-Apple and Peach Conserve

FROM the quartered apples left after the juice has been extracted a very good conserve can be made, if combined with sliced peaches. To the apples add one or two pints of sliced peaches. Add as much sugar as there is fruit. Heat slowly and cook until the peaches are cooked through and the mixture is of a thick consistency. Put into sterilized jars and seal.

The cores that were left from the fruit can be added to parings of apples and peach. Sufficient water should be added to cover the fruit. Cook until the parings are soft. Pour into a jelly bag and drain.

Measure the juice and proceed as for any other jelly. If you have any cores or parings of quince on hand, these combine well with the other parings. Vegetable color may be added to this jelly in the making if a tint or color other than the green is desired.

### Wild Crab-Apple Marmalade

WASH one quart of crab apples. Remove cores and stems. Put the fruit into a preserving kettle and add boiling water to cover the fruit well. Cook until the fruit is tender. Pull the skins from the fruit. Rub the fruit through a sieve or colander. Measure the fruit and use an equal amount of sugar and fruit. Heat over a slow fire and stir often so that the fruit will not stick. Cook until the mixture is of a heavy consistency. Put into sterilized glasses, and seal. Owing to the very high jellying properties of this apple, this marmalade will be of a very stiff character, and for this reason a more moderate marmalade can be made by using some cultivated apple with it, and even then have the excellent flavor of the wild crab apple.

### Combinations With Quinces

WASH one pint of wild crab apples. Quarter and remove stems and cores. Wash, pare and core three or four large quinces. Slice, and add to the apples. Put the fruit into a preserving kettle and add water to cover. Cook until the fruit is soft. Measure, and add as much sugar as there is fruit. Cook until a thick mixture has been secured. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal.

If desired, the cooked crab apple and the quince may be rubbed through a sieve or colander and made into a fruit butter instead of the preserve. Two thirds as much sugar as fruit answers very well for this butter.

### Other Combinations

CRANBERRIES, cherries, pears, peaches, currants, gooseberries, and blackberries combine well with crab apples, not only in jellies but in butters, jams and preserves. For making a fruit paste the wild crab apple is excellent; and in combination with quince is most appetizing.

### SPRUCE UP THE HOUSE

HERE is just a hint of the many helpful ideas contained in the "Companion's" beautifully illustrated new booklet on interior decorating. Perhaps you are interested in wall treatments, the right furniture to buy, the different sorts of floor covering, hangings or lighting for your house, mirrors and pictures, cushions and curtains: well, they're all here—forty-eight pages strong, in a book planned especially for the woman who wants a truly homelike house in good taste. It doesn't necessarily mean spending lots of money, but shows you how to make the most of what you have. The price is forty cents. Write for "Decorating the Modern Home," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



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W. H. C. 9-25



# Ripe Olives

By **HESTER CONKLIN** and **PAULINE PARTRIDGE**

**I**T IS not necessary to limit the ripe olive to but one form of serving, for it is one of the most adaptable of California's products, and may appear on both formal and informal occasions, at luncheon, tea, dinner or supper, as a delicious addition to all kinds of dishes. Moreover, because of the fat and oil which ripe olives contain, they are a nourishing food rather than a relish.

The following recipes are among those in most common use to-day by California housewives, many of them tracing their origin back to early Spanish days, but with the addition of modern methods and combinations.

### Ripe Olive Canape

2 tablespoons butter  
6 circular slices of bread  
3 hard cooked eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup ripe olives  
Mayonnaise

MELT the butter and spread the slices of bread. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs and chop the whites very fine. Stone and finely chop the olives, and mix with the egg yolks, moistening well with the mayonnaise, which should be highly seasoned. Around the edge of the toast slices arrange a border of the egg whites, and in the center heap the olive mixture.

### Cream of Olive and Celery Soup

2 cups sliced celery  
1 slice onion  
4 cups milk  
1 cup ripe olives  
3 tablespoons fat  
3 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper

Cook the celery and the onion in two cups of boiling water until liquid has almost entirely cooked away. Rub through a strainer and add to the milk. Stone and chop the olives. Melt the fat, add the flour, salt and pepper, and when well mixed add the milk and celery. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add the olives and serve at once.

### Olive and Currant Sauce

2 tablespoons fat  
3 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups meat stock or water  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup currant jelly  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup ripe olives

MELT the fat, add the flour, salt and pepper, and stir until well browned. Add the liquid gradually, stirring constantly, and when the boiling point is reached add the jelly and the olives, stoned and cut in slices. Serve with duck, goose, turkey, or lamb.

### Cucumber and Olive Sandwiches

CHOP one cucumber, one small onion, and one-half cup ripe olives; mix with mayonnaise and spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

### Olive Croquettes

1 cup ripe olives  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup walnut meats  
1 slice onion  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cup bread crumbs  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper  
2 eggs

Put the stoned olives, walnut meats and onion through the food chopper. Add the salt, pepper, and one beaten egg, and form

into croquettes. Roll in fine crumbs, then in beaten eggs, and again in crumbs. Fry as usual and serve with tomato sauce.

### California Meat Pudding

1 cup ripe olives  
2 cups hot corn meal  
mush  
1 lb. chopped beef  
1 small onion  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper  
2 cups stewed tomatoes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese

CUT the olives in halves, remove the stones, and mix the olives and mush. Put the beef, chopped onion and seasoning into the frying pan and stir until brown, add the tomato and cook fifteen minutes. Place half the corn meal and olive mixture into a casserole; over this put the meat and tomato, and spread remainder of corn meal over top. Sprinkle with cheese and bake twenty minutes.



### Olive-Stuffed Eggs in Cream Sauce

4 hard cooked eggs  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup ripe olives  
2 tablespoons butter  
3 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon curry powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk

CUT the hard-cooked eggs in halves and remove the yolks. Stone the olives and chop one-fourth cup of them very fine. Mix these with the yolks, season, and refill the whites with the mixture. Chill thoroughly and cut in slices. Melt the butter in the chafing dish, add the dry ingredients and then the milk, and stir constantly until it boils. Arrange the slices of egg on hot buttered toast, pour the cream sauce over, and serve.

### Corn and Olives in Green Peppers

6 green peppers  
1 cup corn  
1 cup ripe olives  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper  
1 cup crumbs  
1 egg  
2 tablespoons butter

CUT a slice from the stem end of each pepper and remove the seeds. Cook the peppers in boiling water for ten minutes, and drain. Mix corn, olives, stoned and cut in pieces, salt, pepper, three-fourths cup of the crumbs, and the beaten egg. Fill the peppers with the mixture, sprinkle over with the remainder of the crumbs, dot with pieces of the butter, place in a pan, surround with a little hot water and bake until brown.

### Ripe Olive Rabbit

1 lb. cheese  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper  
Few grains cayenne  
1 cup strained tomato  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup ripe olives  
Pinch of soda

CUT the cheese in fine pieces and melt in the chafing dish, add seasonings, then tomato to which soda has been added, and when hot add the olives, stoned and sliced. Serve on slices of toast.

### Olive and Tomato Jelly Salad

2 cups stewed tomatoes  
1 slice onion  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper  
3 tablespoons gelatin  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced celery  
1 cup ripe olives

Bring the tomatoes, onion, salt, sugar, and pepper to the boiling point, and rub through a strainer. Soak the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve with the boiling tomato mixture. Add the celery and olives, and pour into individual molds. Set in a cold place until firm and serve turned out on lettuce with mayonnaise.

**Edron's Note:** For those who like to eat olives, ripe or green, it will be of interest to know that the State of California has passed laws requiring that all olives packed for sale must be sterilized at a temperature of 240° Fahrenheit for forty minutes, which destroys any possible presence of *bacillus botulinus*, thus making this product safe for human food, no matter how carelessly it may be stored before consumption.



*The salt that  
keeps you even tempered*

**S**ALT can be either a nuisance or a delight. When it sticks in salt cellars or lumps in the package and must be thrown away it's a nuisance; it makes you lose your temper.

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MORTON SALT COMPANY  
CHICAGO

"The Salt of the Earth"

"When it rains—it pours"







## Paris Has a Word to Say

*About what well-dressed French women are wearing*

IN THE prevailing medley of modes, there are reminiscences of the Moyen Age, the Renaissance, the Eighteenth Century, the Second Empire, and even the high-waisted, scant, long-skirted dress of the Directoire. The present mode encourages personal taste, personally applied, and ranges from the extreme of the *robe de style*, suitable only for special occasions, to graceful, straight-hung, one-piece dresses, which appear to be definitely fixed in favor.

The reasons for the enormous prevalence of the simple one-piece toilette are that it may be adapted in infinite variety to any age and may be produced in any material, from the cheapest of cotton voiles and inexpensive woollens to the finest lace and tulle, and magnificent silks and velvets. The result is that with a little study, women of moderate means may be better dressed than ever before.

About five and a half inches, from the ankle bone to edge of skirt, is the length adopted for tailleurs by the best-dressed fashionable Parisiennes. Nearly all the great houses are producing dresses with skirts a little longer and with more fullness than a year ago. But the added length is gained by uneven transparent draperies hung over an extremely scant and short foundation skirt, and the effect of fullness is gained by loose, pointed panels, platings, and godet insets. These dresses are overshadowed, however, by the dresses that, loosely belted and sashed, hang in straight, scant breadths from the shoulders.

Sleeves are half and three-quarter length; all necks are collarless. The boat-shaped neck adopted by Premet shows small squares back and front, which lengthen into points on the shoulders. Jenny's immensely long and wide pagoda sleeves, varied with contrasting facings and wide overturned cuffs, continue a great success.



Marine blue *crêpe de chine* and ocher-colored lace achieve a gown of irregular skirt edge and most unusual sleeve—By Lanvin.

Much ado about sleeves and a widening of skirt mark this black velvet and *ciré-embroidered* tulle gown from Martial et Armand.



VERY short sports skirts of thick, lightly-woven white wool have deep, square, flat side pockets and are slightly belled, thus permitting the longest stride or highest jump. Three-quarter sleeves and open collars finish the white jerseys, and wide gayly colored ribbon confines the hair, in place of caps. To slip on after the game are short loose coats to match the skirts, or long capes of white brushed wool. Charmingly girlish are tailleurs with scant short skirts showing narrow lines of white below hems, and with hip-long wide *sacques* narrowly and low belted, not more than six inches above the edge. This smart coat resembles the Balkan blouse of several years ago.

Kashadrap and Sergekasha are woolen novelties Rodier puts forward for winter tailleurs, in dead leaf shades, brick and wood, while the Maison Coudurier continues the great vogue of *mat crêpe de chine*, and puts into the first rank of silk fabrics black and colored *moiré*. Every well-gowned woman considers at least one long, wide cape of black *mat crêpe de chine* necessary to complete her wardrobe as it should be completed. *Moiré* appears in quaint little dresses made with straight, scanty gathered skirts, and loose straight waists with elbow sleeves and collarless necks outlined with rich lace *Berthas* or softer lace in graceful folds about the shoulders. This old-time silk is also used for coat dresses and *manteaux* lined with splendid colored brocades or velvets. The demand for velvet the coming season is unprecedented, and the manufacturers are preparing to produce it in all the new shades mentioned above, and especially in bishop violet and a mingling of brilliant blue and green, the two new colors of the season.

Fur is unusually prominent. On dresses and garments that point to the winter fashions it appears in borders, fringes, rosettes, tails, collars of many shapes and wide belts. Very voguish are *crêpe* shawls and scarfs square and oblong, plain and in colors, heavily fringed and embroidered. Those who possess old Spanish shawls of lace or embroidery are envied by less fortunate persons, but all may indulge in the quaintness of lace and muslin *berthas* and fichus and dainty sleeve frills.

The prominence of jet decoration is noticeable. So great is the desire for bead ornamentation that Rodier has launched a fine woolen stuff woven thickly with small beads. Paris, July 20th, 1921

MARGARET MCKENNA-FRIEND



There's matter for comment in the length of skirt and the uneven hem line of the putty-colored coat dress from Poiret.

Madeleine et Madeleine show in blue serge and white bead embroidery how to achieve a coat, cape, and dress all in one.



# Wearable Clothes

*That's the best compliment that I can pay them*

*Says GRACE MARGARET GOULD*

**WEARABLE CLOTHES!** Just what does that mean to you? To me it means the best compliment I can pay them. Wearable clothes never disappoint you. They live up to your ideal of them. Think of what that means. They are wearable, but not extreme. Sensible, but not dubious. Artistic, but not impractical. In short, clothes that are in good taste. You know, in choosing your clothes, taste is the most important thing of all. It is what discriminating people like the most. It is a sense of fitness. Without taste a woman is clad; with it a woman is dressed.

Fashion has been so daring of late, and has had so many shocking ways, that I have decided to take a firm stand in favor of wearable clothes.

With this issue of the COMPANION, the fashion editors start a campaign for wearable clothes. We will pick and choose the beautiful, the consistent, the artistic in dress, and leave the rest to build higher and higher the scrap heaps of fashion. Each month, from the medley of new styles, we will select for you the choicest—those that will give you the look of smartness, but a smartness and fitness that are synonymous with refinement and your own special need.

I feel sure that all you women, whom I know so well and like so much, will get real help and satisfaction from this new campaign.

Do stand with me for wearable clothes! I'm glad to tell you that the smartest clothes I've seen for the new season are the simplest ones. Elaboration is not the vogue this fall. Simplicity of line is favored, and too great extremes of styles are no longer really smart. So much to encourage our wearable clothes campaign!

But there are pitfalls, and from these we must steer away.

The silhouette is changing by way of the sleeve. The new sleeves are not missing a trick to attract attention. Last fall you hardly noticed them. This fall they are often the magnet that draws you to the dress. They surprise you by their bigness. They are wide, loose, puffed, belled, and slashed. Some of the smartest sleeves have an armhole so wide that it reaches to the waist line. Here's novelty for you—having the sleeves start at the waist instead of the shoulder. Yet just such a sleeve as this, dark-toned and chenille-embroidered, gives distinction to the street frock designed by Harry Collins for the opening page of our Fashion Department. I specially speak of it because I want you to know that it is just such a frock as this, with its smartness and newness, that I feel belongs in the wearable class. You see, I am not going to pick stupid wearable clothes for you.

But since I have been inspecting sleeves I have come across many that are not entitled to the term wearable. One chemise frock I liked so much was of crêpe meteor in tortoise-shell, the new light brown shade. It was charming in its simplicity of line, but its full, three-quarter-length sleeves were slashed too conspicuously for good taste. The deep broad slash was on the outside of the sleeve, and showed the bare arm. Instead of being softened by fluffy little frills of creamy lace, it was gaudily piped with blossom-red satin. Another gown which the sleeves spoiled was pique-twill, one of the newest of the twill cords. The color was Malay brown, which promises to be quite as much of a stand-by as our old friend navy blue. The sleeves, apparently, started out to be conservative. They were small caps set in a close armhole; but a few inches from the shoulder they stopped abruptly. From there on they were loose, big puffs of georgette held at the wrists by band cuffs of the fabric.

If that had been all, these sleeves wouldn't have made such a bold bid for favor. But satin straps, amber-studded, were added. These dangled from the cap sleeve to the wrist, where each strap was caught with an amber cabochon. The dress was strictly tailored in style. The sleeves looked as if they didn't belong. They gave the touch of over-elaboration. In my opinion, the gown would have been far smarter if the sleeves had been close-fitting and finished with bell cuffs, faced perhaps with a gay touch of color.

Collars rank next to sleeves in giving the

new look this season. In suit coats the convertible ones are smart and wearable. They are so shaped that they can lie flat like a little cape, or stand up in a perky straight style, some perfectly plain, some with a turn-over at the top. Many of these collars, specially for younger women, are tied together by narrow ribbons of either the coat fabric or fur. Among the newest of the coat dresses are those made with high choker collars. A variation is the choker that opens just a trifle in front, the small turn-back points showing a facing of brilliant-colored suede or crêpe de chine. These are more wearable and becoming than the straight high bands. The boat neck, reaching from shoulder to shoulder and dropping slightly in the front, is still a smart dress neck line, while another still newer neck finish is the deep fall of lace in bertha style. Many of the French evening frocks show the bertha reaching to the waist line. At a very smart "first showing" I saw a lovely shell-pink taffeta gown made with a brown bertha of net and lace appliqué. The bodice was a straight sleeveless basque; the skirt, a fluttering mass of silk petals. These petals were large, and upon each was

a cluster of silk roses, caught to it with gold threads.

In evening gowns there are many full skirts, decidedly bouffant, and so long that they just escape the floor when the wearer dances. It is to be hoped that they are not the forerunner of the unwearable crinoline. But there are wearable full skirts. These are the gathered ones, which, though very full, are straight rather than flaring in line. In cloth dresses, both the circular and the straight skirt are seen. It's just a question of preference which you wear, though at least for the autumn the popular silhouette is the straight one, with a certain amount of fullness accenting the hips. The back is flat, and so is the front, with the fullness coming at the sides only. Many of the coat dresses have fitted-to-the-figure upper portions, with the fullness all drawn to the sides. Side panels are still the vogue. They are loose and often slashed. Sometimes they are caught to indicate a low waist line, then again they are posed rather high on the dress. It is modish to have them lined with a contrasting color. Shades particularly good for this purpose are Matrix, a bluish jade; Canard, another new green, darker than jade; Mohawk, a deep rust tone; Afterglow, an orchid shade; and the beaver, beige and buff tones.


In all the new frocks the skirts are longer. Eight inches from the floor is, generally speaking, the favored length. However, if you are little, young, and dainty, you can wear the ten-inch-from-the-floor skirt and still be considered smart-looking. And, if you want to, you can drop your skirt to your ankles. The ankle-length skirt is sponsored by well-known French couturiers. But its popularity at present is much in doubt. Wearable clothes always avoid extremes. No wearable dress will show the skirt barely covering the knees, nor will it reach to the ankles. Good taste is neither an alarmist nor an extremist. Let me say, as I have so often said before, keep to the middle course in fashion. It is safest and best. One other word about skirts: The uneven hem, though disliked by many, is still seen in the new autumn clothes. Coat dresses show the sides of the coat longer than the under-skirt. Side panels, draperies, and ribbon ends hang below the dress proper in many of the newest models.

A big percentage of the tailored suits for fall I consider wearable because of their plainness and smartness. The dressy, much-trimmed tailor-made is decidedly out. Suit coats are longer. Some reach to within a few inches of the bottom of the skirt. In line they are generally straight, and worn with a straight, plain, fairly short skirt. But, of course, there are novelties. There are coats that flare and skirts that flare. The fitted basque coat buttoning straight up the front is new and youthful. It is finished with a circular peplum, and has three-quarter bell sleeves. Long-waisted suit coats are also modish. These models are straight front and back, with the fullness set in at the sides.

The self-fabric trimmings are specially new. The material is rolled or corded, and then applied to give an embroidered effect. Embroidery is by no means out, but it's toned down. It's quite smart to have the embroidery design worked in a single contrasting color. Other new trimmings are flutings, fringes, and strappings made of the fabric of the frock. And both Paris and New York like ribbon as a trimming. It is often plaited, and used in bands, flounces, and odd-shaped motifs.

For the gracefully draped afternoon and informal evening gowns, many crêpe fabrics are used. Georgette is still fashionable, only it is heavier than it used to be. Among the new satins are the beautifully lustrous ones, with dull crêpe or faille for the back. Many of the new woollens are as soft as velvet, and have the sheen of satin. All the twill fabrics are high style.

In planning your wearable clothes, use bright colors gingerly, one color and its many shades as often as possible, and cling fast to the color that brings out the glints in your hair or that makes your eyes bluer, browner, or grayer. Let your favorite color be your most becoming color, the one that shows the best of you and shades the worst of you. Do this and you'll be helping along our campaign for Wearable Clothes.



## "The Dress I Like to Wear"



\$150 in Prizes Offered by Miss Gould

WHAT is your idea of a wearable dress? Do you own one that you really like to wear? Or can you think of one that seems absolutely wearable to you? Then here's a chance to make it pay for itself.

For the best design for "The Dress I Like to Wear," and five reasons why you like to wear it, Miss Gould offers a prize of \$100. For the next best design, she offers \$50.

Here is the story:

The contest has to do with women's dresses only—not suits, coats, or other garments.

All designs must be in by October 1st.

Designs should be submitted in sketch or made-up dress. If sketch is sent, back view should be submitted also.

Accompanying the design, or the dress, should be sent a brief description of the dress, and not over one hundred words, giving five reasons why you like to wear it.

Designs should be sent to Grace Margaret Gould, Wearable Dress Contest, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The contest will be judged by

GRACE MARGARET GOULD

and the assistant fashion editors of the

Woman's Home Companion

NEYSA McMEIN

the well-known artist

NORMA TALMADGE

distinguished screen actress

MRS. ANNA STEESE

writer and clubwoman

and

HARRY COLLINS

creator of wearable

American clothes








No. 4076 No. 4009

No. 4077 No. 4078

## Some Frocks Flare and Some are Straight

**T**HERE'S a choice in silhouettes this fall—that is, if you are sweet sixteen or just a little older or a little younger. Fashion's camera is throwing on the style screen two distinctly different shadows. One casts a picture like the girl at the left, with athletic, straight lines. And the other, like the one at the right, shows a petite silhouette with flaring lines. In fact, the silhouettes are at the bottom of the page, and you can see for yourself. There's the choice; but when you choose be sure the choice suits your personality and your figure—that it's the kind of dress you'll look your best in.

If you are slim and petite, with perhaps fluffy hair, it's likely that the quaint basque waist and circular skirt will suit you. But if you are broad-shouldered and husky, and your charm is your athletic look, stick to straight lines, and be content that they are even smarter than they were last year.

Both dresses shown on this page happen to be sleeveless. As a matter of fact, it's just a little bit difficult to find a young girl's dress this fall that is not sleeveless. It seems that, whether they are straight line or flaring, they must have a guimpe of contrasting color. It's a nice style, too, for the woman who is a little older than a miss, provided she has a girlish figure, wears her skirts a little longer, and avoids the extreme limit of the flare.

There is one strong appeal about these without-sleeve dresses—you are going to be tempted to make your wool frock, even if you don't as a general rule make a woolen frock. There's really nothing to them but a seam or two—all the hard part is left out.

Perhaps you'll like yours of blue velour, with a blouse of gray crêpe de chine. That was the combination used in making No. 4076 and No. 4009. The picture below—the

little silhouette at the right—shows how smart-looking such a contrast can be.

If you're the fluffy type, you'll be more interested in No. 4077 and its blouse, No. 4078. Navy tricotine makes the dress, while, as you might guess, the blouse is of red chiffon. And here an accordion-plaited drop skirt of red chiffon would not come amiss. Then, if every now and then it showed the tiniest bit, you really wouldn't mind.

But there's no reason, as far as Fashion is concerned, why the sleeveless dress, whether flaring or straight, should be limited to these materials. What about the twills—Poiret twill, Cheruit twill, and Piquetwill? And then there's serge and, of course, jersey. Any of these materials will make a very useful dress, and you'll like it particularly because you'll find it will serve for more than one occasion. As a matter of fact, it's what you might call a "versatile dress."

But perhaps we shouldn't give the dress all the credit for this. After all, it's the blouse that's responsible this time. For instance, one of dimity, voile, or pongee is very smart for general wear. Then, when you want to be more "dressed up," a bright-colored one of georgette,

crêpe de chine, satin, or even taffeta can be worn instead of the tailored blouse. And probably you have blouses on hand—some that still have quite a bit of wear in them—left over from the summer.

Has it occurred to you that you can make use of them with the sleeveless dress and, in this way, get considerably more wear out of them?

If you're especially partial to brown, you might like your style of dress, whether it happens to be No. 4076 or No. 4077, of Malay brown velour, with a blouse of coffee-colored Canton crêpe. Or you might prefer one of dark blue Du-Vel or Dove-Down in combination with a crêpe de chine blouse in Harding blue. And don't you think No. 4077, made of black velour, or even velvet or velveteen, with a blouse like No. 4078 of jade-green georgette, would be unusual and stunning, too?

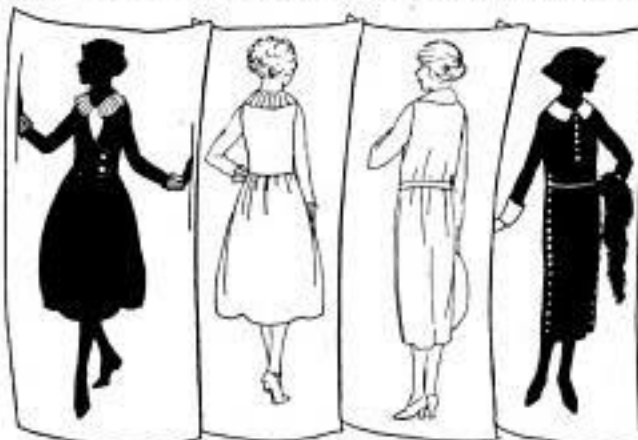
But you don't have to limit the use of velvet to the basque-style frock. It is equally nice for the straight-line dress. And, although the original models of both dresses were made of wool, there's really no reason why silk shouldn't be used if you especially want it. And, as a matter of fact, moire silk, which is particularly smart just now, or faille, would be very attractive, especially with a soft chiffon blouse. Or you might use Canton crêpe.

And now that you've had your choice in silhouettes and materials, accessories come next. For there's really a choice here, too. For finishing the neck and armholes, you can use either a strip of the material for binding or, if you prefer, silk braid to match your dress. And as for belts—you may have a narrow one of the material, one of beads, or one of colored celluloid and metal.

Miss Gould has seen to it that there is a pattern for each of these dresses and blouses. You'll find descriptions of the patterns at the lower left-hand side of the page.

### Patterns

No. 4076—Straight-Hanging Sleeveless Dress. Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress in size 16, one and one-half yards. Pattern, twenty cents.  
No. 4077—Sleeveless Dress in Basque Style. Sizes, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of dress in size 16, two and one-half yards. Pattern, twenty cents.  
No. 4009—Blouse with Buster Brown Collar and Long or Short Sleeves. Sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Pattern, sixteen cents.  
No. 4078—Blouse with Frill or Flat Collar. Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Pattern, twenty cents.  
All patterns are sent by first-class mail. Full instructions for ordering are given in "How to Order."



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### How to Order

**T**HE patterns on this page may be ordered from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. When ordering, be sure to write your name and address plainly, and state the size you desire. It is a good plan to take a new measurement, and order by bust measure as well as by age. To obtain your exact measurement, place a tape over the fullest part of your bust, letting it come well down in front. Bring it close up under your arms and high up across the back.

Turn to page 48 and read all about the fall issue of "The Fashions," the "Companion" Pattern Book.



# When They're Old Enough to Go to School

Miss Gould has clothes questions to answer



No. 4069



No. 4070



No. 4035



No. 4071



No. 4035

THE first day at school is about the most important day that comes to little people—more important even than birthdays, for they come every year, but the first day at school is just one first day, never to be experienced but once. It has its importance to mothers, too, as Miss Gould learns each year, for they always have some little doubts as to just what clothes are suitable for school. So they write Miss Gould and ask her about materials and patterns. Sometimes they send little samples, for suggestions for making and trimming.

Clothes for school need to be pretty durable to stand the wear. And they want to be comfortably cut and simple, because that's better taste, and much the most fashionable way just now. For first days at school the weather is warm, so of course cottons are worn, and, where climate or heating will allow it, washable clothes for little people are quite the thing all the year round.

Colors, as Miss Gould so often says, show variety. Pink and rose, lavender and soft green, buff, yellow, and brown shades, and blues to your taste—they all flourish mightily in the children's wardrobe. Little boys, by the time they go to school, are rather more wisely clad in the more durable shades, such as blue, brown, green, or buff.

## How to Order Patterns

**NO. 4035—Boy's Suit with Straight Trousers:** Blouse in Four Styles (including Directions for Smocking). Sizes, 4 to 8 years. Pattern, twenty-five cents.  
**No. 4069—Smock with Bloomers** (including Transfer Pattern for Embroidery). Sizes, 4 to 8 years. Pattern, twenty-five cents.  
**No. 4070—Bloomer Dress with Applied Hem** (including Transfer Pattern for Smocking). Sizes, 4 to 8 years. Pattern, twenty-five cents.  
**No. 4071—Sailor Suit in Romper style.** Sizes, 4 to 8 years. Pattern, twenty cents.

Patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

All Woman's Home Companion patterns are sent by first-class mail.



No. 4069

Wearable clothes for children! Hygienic and practical, simply and individually cut, as the best children's clothes all are these days.



No. 4071

Frances Tipton Hunter



WHEN you think of materials, you naturally think of gingham, for it's youthful and durable, pretty and stylish. Other well-advised choices for girls are sateen and English print, zephyrette, linen, and the linen imitations (and ratiné for the bigger girls), and for boys such materials as galatea, linen and linen effects, percale, chambray, and kindergarten cloth.

Little girls' dresses almost all have bloomers of the same material. They justify themselves not only because they are good-looking, but also because they save on laundry.

Very cunning, indeed, is the little bloomer and smock dress No. 4069, in yellow chambray or zephyrette with collar, cuffs, and pockets of dull blue. The small girl who wears it will find it doubly attractive because of the little piggy pockets. Linen in a soft shade of lavender might be effectively used with trimming in navy blue, or you might like gray blue relieved with buttercup yellow.

Another way of varying the small bloomer dress is worked out in No. 4070 by means of an applied hem of contrasting material. Here again the pockets will find favor. It's a dear little frock for a small plaided gingham in green and white, for instance, smocked in yellow and trimmed with green chambray; or in a tiny brown and white check, with orange smocking and brown linen; or in a rose and white stripe with rose chambray, and a bit of black smocking.

For the little fellow, a sailor suit really is about as satisfactory as anything, and No. 4071 is a very desirable sailor suit, cut straight, like a romper. It's smartly shown here in blue linen with white braid and a black silk sailor's knot, and you might very well substitute for the linen, percale in dull green or buff.

The other little chap on the page, who is numbered 4035, is wearing striped kindergarten cloth combined with plain white indian head in a diminutive buttoned-on-trouser style that he seems to wear quite cheerfully. His color scheme is brown and white, with a bit of dull blue introduced into the otherwise brown smocking.

## "The Fashions"—Fall and Winter

THE semi-yearly issue of "The Fashions," the Woman's Home Companion book of patterns, will be ready on September 1st, and the fifteen cents you invest in it will bring you larger returns than it ever has before.

Wearable "Companion" clothes—such as Miss Gould shows each month—are here set forth in a compact and attractive manner. If you are looking for children's patterns, you'll find them. And the "growing-up" girl, whom Miss Gould likes to write to, is beautifully taken care of, too. Styles for women are not cut for the fashion plate type, but specially designed to make the thin woman appear less thin and the stout woman seem less stout.

The price of the book is, as we have said, fifteen cents, and the book contains a coupon worth ten cents in the purchase of any "Companion pattern" in "The Fashions." Orders for "The Fashions" should be sent to Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



## Skinner's All-Silk Satin

(All lustrous—wide)



### "TAKE this pair of bloomers for instance

—They've been washed several times and look as fresh and lustrous as the day I made them.

"I wear my loveliest lingerie every day because Skinner's All-Silk Satin stands the hardest kind of strain—seems as though you just can't wear it out."

For sport skirts and blouses—for petticoats and afternoon frocks, there is nothing more attractive, nothing more practical than the rich, solid colors of Skinner's All-Silk Satin.

Ninety different shades. If your favorite store hasn't the shade you want, they can quickly get it for you in any quantity you specify.

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"  
None genuine without it.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS  
Established 1848

Also makers of Skinner's Pure-Dye Taffetas and Skinner's famous Lining Satins.

Mills  
Holyoke, Mass.  
New York  
Chicago  
Boston  
Philadelphia



"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

## Just a Word About Your Suit

### And another about the blouse that goes with it

AGAIN Miss Gould says, "It's wearable!" This time it's a suit, 4079-4080; and one could add without the least hesitancy—"It's smart." You would find the long lines of it becoming, too, if you could try it on. And probably you would be tempted to make one like it right off if you could see the material—gray-blue duvetyn—and the trimming—chenille in a matching shade, run on either side with silver thread. Add to it the hat of the same material, gray suede gloves, heather-mixture gray and blue wool stockings, and two-toned dull gray and black strapped walking oxfords, and it is, indeed, a wearable street costume. One could wish for nothing more except perhaps a silver fox animal scarf or a choker necklace of gray squirrel.

If you are curious about the lining, glance at the photograph. It's a jac-

quard satin in a matching shade of blue. And if you are wondering how the chenille is put on, the photograph will tell you the story. Even the mottled blue composition buttons count for style.

Of course there is an over-blouse that just matches the shade of the suit. It's made of the new Elizabeth crepe, like georgette, only heavier.

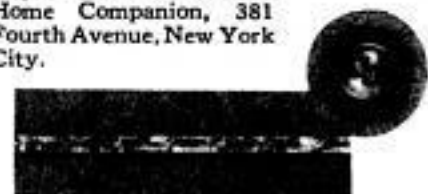
But, after all, gray-blue is only one of the many charming color schemes possible. Perhaps navy blue, seal, or reindeer-brown will suit your purpose better. Perhaps you want just a little bit more serviceable goods—broadcloth, velour, or even a more sturdy weave, such as twill or homespun. It might be well to add that the coat pattern is cut in a shorter length, which makes it suited for homespun. There is a narrow belt, too, in the pattern, that crosses over in the approved way. And probably you have guessed that the collar is convertible. The pattern envelope has more than mere pattern directions. It tells how to stitch, stay, and finish the coat.

No. 4079—Coat with Convertible Collar. 36 to 42. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

No. 4080—Skirt with Tuck at sides. 26 to 32 waist. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4081—Over-blouse, with Transfer Pattern for Embroidery. 36 to 42 bust. Pattern, thirty cents. For No. 4082 see page 45.

Order by the number from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Chenille is couched with a matching shade of embroidery floss this season, and buttons are sewed on bar-fashion



Now satins have a woven Jacquard pattern to make them even the more to be desired for lining a suit coat



Hat, No. 4082  
Coat, No. 4079  
Skirt, No. 4080

Blouse, No. 4081  
Skirt, No. 4080

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# Smart Hats for Small Purses

*This month Miss Conover talks about the suit hat*

**M**AKE it of duvetyn! There's no other material so satisfactory for a suit hat; that is, if you want a wearable suit hat—one that's plain enough if you catch the early morning train to town for a shopping excursion, or dressy enough if you stay in town for a matinee.

Duvetyn doesn't mean a limited choice either. You won't accuse it of that when you see the colors—not just seal-brown, but java, mocha, wren, and buff; not only navy blue, but a grayed copenhagen called Old Colonial, and every degree of bright greenish-blue. In fact, there are many bright colors—jade-green, the copper shades, and poppy-red. Black set off with a bright color is also popular.



**A**S TO shape, suit hats are small, and the familiar upward brim has a few new "twists." There is hat (a) at the very top of the page. It has the tire brim of last season with a becoming flare added at the sides. Trimmings in general are very simple—just one point of interest, as the sunburst of wooden beads and metal embroidery on hat (a) or the cordings on the suit hat on the opposite page. Perhaps you have noticed that this hat is the same shape as hat (a).

They are both built on a very simple foundation. There is a head band of buckram—Fig. 1. The buckram brim is given its roll with darts at the top. Lap the darts as in Fig. 3. Slash the inner edge of the back brim and sew it to the inside of the head band—Fig. 2. Catstitch front brim over back brim, join it to head band and wire the top. (See Fig. 4.) Gather the outside of the duvetyn crown. Join it to inside of buckram brim, one half inch below edge—Fig. 5. If corded brim is used, run in each cord, as in Fig. 6. Make an open seam in back of brim facing, and join brim facing to buckram brim along line where crown joined brim. Bring facing onto outside, stretch over buckram brim, and tack it to head band.

Perhaps you will prefer the bead trimming in some such rich combination as brown wooden beads on a mocha duvetyn, set off with gold thread. Or, if you are making a black duvetyn, try jade, rose, or yellow beads with a matching shade of wool or metal thread. The beads are sewn close together, and the embroidery is just running-stitch, as you can see in the sketch above. Reinforce the top of the lining with net, and gather the sides to it as in Fig. 7. Slipstitch it to the inside of the hat.



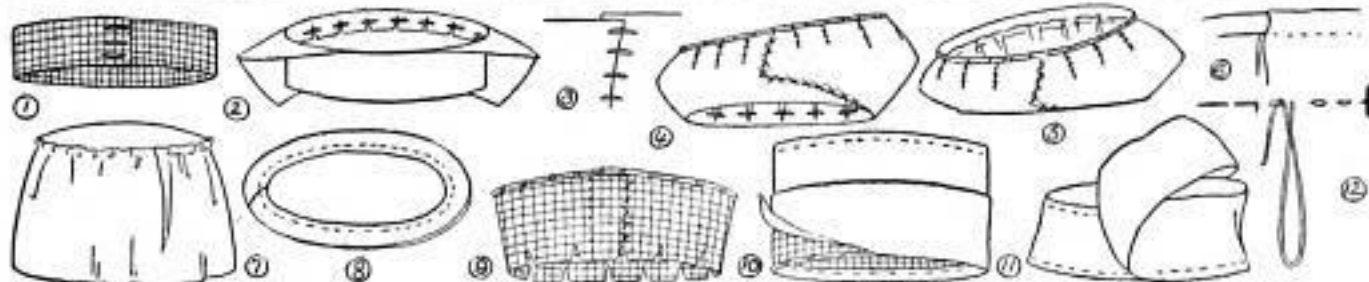
**H**AT (b) gives just a little idea of how nice a duvetyn crown and brushed wool brim look. This hat, too, has a head band, as Fig. 1, and a buckram brim, as Fig. 9. The top crown has a cording (Fig. 8) where it joins lower crown. Join crown to head band. Close the seam in the brim facing, gather lower edge, and tack to brim; then join brim to head band.

Another pretty hat (d) is made of all duvetyn, with brim covered solid with fruit. Each piece of fruit is made of a circle of duvetyn gathered over a piece of cotton batting.

Hat (c) has the new high crown. Wire either edge of the crown, and cover, as in Fig. 10. Tack top crown to the side crown in back of the wiring. Wire brim as Fig. 9. Join top brim facing to buckram, then lay under facing on it, and sew one-quarter inch from edge—Fig. 11. Roll facing over the edge, and tack to the wrong side. The grapes are made by covering a small piece of cotton batting with a circle of goods, gathering it at the outer edge. Each grape is sewn directly to the hat. The stems and leaves are simple running stitch—Fig. 12. If you would like flowers instead of the grapes, gather metal-edged ribbon in a circle, and make a stem by wrapping wire with the ribbon, as shown in the sketch below.



**T**HERE'S a pattern provided for the three different shapes, and it tells just how to make the trimmings. No. 4082—Three Styles of Hat. One size only. Pattern, twenty-five cents. Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent by first-class mail.



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## STOUT WOMEN Can Look Slender



**Yes, Madam, you can look slender**

**A**PPEARANCE is largely a matter of clothes. No matter how stout you are you can look more slender if your clothes are designed with slenderizing lines.

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## Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters



### Thousands of Mothers have thanked me

My Baby Book has really met with a perfectly wonderful reception. It seems as though most of my time for weeks has been spent in reading and answering thousands of delightful letters from mothers thanking me for the help which the Book has been to them.

And most of these letters make special mention of Kora-Konia which my Baby Book advises for all kinds of skin irritation such as prickly heat, diaper rash and teething rash.

Kora-Konia is one of the more recent products of the Mennen laboratories, but personally I think it's the finest thing they make. I am using it constantly in my clinical work and it just makes my heart glow the almost miraculous way it relieves the little tots, restoring inflamed creases of chubby flesh to a healthy pink, and driving away the angry rashes which must torture a baby so.

Kora-Konia is a wonderful healing powder having the peculiar virtue of clinging to the skin for hours, forming a velvety film which protects the skin while it heals it. It is antiseptic and should be used on little cuts and bruises.

Of course, Kora-Konia doesn't take the place of Mennen Borated Talcum which is as necessary as safety pins, but I do wish that every mother in this country would get a box of Kora-Konia at once and learn what a beneficent preparation it is. Druggists sell Kora-Konia for 35c.

Lovingly,  
BELLE.

#### A Complete Text Book on Baby Culture

Written from a mother's viewpoint by a woman with years of experience in bringing up babies, Aunt Belle's Baby Book covers everything from preparation for motherhood through those critical first months to the child's second year.

Beautifully printed and bound and fully indexed, it is the kind of book that would ordinarily sell for at least a dollar. We are mailing it to mothers for 25 cents. Mailed in a plain wrapper.

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NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
LIMITED  
Montreal, Quebec



## Old Names Among the New

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES



Photograph of Jacquard Du-Vel: Suil of the plain

IN THE midst of fabrics that are bewilderingly strange and new, it gives one a nice homey feeling to come across, this fall, a few old, familiar friends. If you are looking for a very old friend you'll find it in bengaline. Faille, they say, is favored in Paris, and the cable brings us most encouraging news of moire, both of which appear effectively this season as Kitten's Ear Faille and (most aptly) Moire Renaissance. Among the woollens, the new Repcloth has a suggestion of the well-known poplin weave, and they are even talking and showing broadcloth!

If you want the news about fabrics in next to a nutshell, I should say that, in the silks, crêpes and crêpe satins lead, with more and more emphasis, for fall, on higher luster silks. Plain materials are favored, and one-color brocaded satins and crêpes are extremely vogueish. The newest thing in linings, by the way, is the self-color jacquard effects.

In woollens, you have twills for the bulk of the dresses, and duvetyn for the exclusive minority; mostly satin-finished worsteds (striped Prunellas leading) for skirts; for suits, twills, duvetyn, and velours, and for coats, the heavy pile fabrics, with the tendency toward a higher luster and less distinct weave.

A vogue such as Canton crêpe and crêpe de chine have been enjoying could not die out in a summer; but since we must always have new things, we have, this fall, a very great emphasis on the satin crêpes. There are Samovar Satin Crêpe and Crêpe Espanada, for instance, with the ripple of Canton and the sheen of satin—ideal fabrics for the simply draped wide-sleeved gown of the moment. And there's a distinctive new series of crêpes: Snowcrêpe, with a duvetyn suggestion; Starkrêpe, with a frosty look; and Mirrorkrêpe, of especially high luster.

Jacquard effects in satin or crêpe are high in favor for dresses and for linings. Jacquard Pussy Willow Meteor is an exquisite thing for a gown, and would need no trimming. Especially liked for linings, is Paulette Jacquard—in large designs for coats and furs, and smaller ones for suits.

In the Indestructible voiles this fall, there are some quite unusual and beautiful effects in satin or Pussy Willow stripes in various widths and combinations of widths, from the very, very narrow ones to as wide as fourteen inches.

Silks and woolen stuffs lean toward crêpes, and satin finishes, and when they are not plain they are apt to be striped or to show jacquard effects



Samovar Satin Crêpe, in a style that suits it

In the printed lining silks, there's a liking for the pictorial motif. One Pussy Willow series illustrates the operas. You may line your new mole-skin or squirrel coat with the silk of Carmen, with red rose motifs interspersed with romantic figures from that colorful opera. In the Cindrellas there's a preference for tree backgrounds and medallion effects showing strange little men and animals, with suggestions of the popular South Seas, and of India and China. Gayly printed wash satins are coming into favor for underclothes.

The duvetyn furor has brought forth a very beautiful material called Du-Vel, which is all silk, and has a soft velvety texture and exquisite draping possibilities. It is especially used for three-piece suits, and comes not only plain, but also with contrasting stripes and in rich jacquard designs that are smart for wraps.



A negligee unusual of Printed Wash Satin in Greek frieze pattern



Old-fashioned moire comes back, appropriately named Moire Renaissance

In silks there's much enthusiasm for black, with browns perhaps second, and light buff shades well liked. For evening wear there will be many pastel shades worn, such as bluish lavender and butterfly (citron-yellow), and also a good many of the more vivid tones.

In woollens the popular dress material is undoubtedly twill. There's tricotine, that we had so much of last winter, and Piquetine and Poiré Twill and Cheruit Twill, and also Twillcord and Piquetwill, which have been brought out in special fall weights. In line with the tendency toward silky effects are Silktex Piquetine and Silktex Twillcord, twills of very fine texture and a decidedly silky look. As a slight variation from these twills there is Repcloth, which suggests the poplin weave. For more formal gowning the duvetyn weaves appeal for their richness of texture and color, and their beautiful draping possibilities. For Moussetyne, a so-called "wool velvet" of light weight, great things are claimed, and it is certainly a fabric of great charm. Glove-skin Duvetyn, you know. I have mentioned the reappearance of broadcloth, and there's another high-luster material with a sheen like broadcloth, but an almost imperceptible crêpe suggestion. This new fabric is called Peau de Souris.

Some suits for fall will be made of the twills, but the soft-nap fabrics will probably lead as usual. Velour is selling well, and the more luxurious duvetyns appear in beautiful variations. There's Moussetyne, a sister fabric to Moussetyne, but of heavier weight, and Mochatex, which takes its name from the supple texture of mocha, which it seems to resemble. Then, too, there's Silk and Cashmere Duvetyn, of exquisite pliability, and Silk Veldyne, a silk and wool material of great depth and bloom. These latter fabrics are also suitable for coats.

Among the coatings this year there's less of the decided rib effects and much more bloom and luster. Velourine is the

name of one of these new coatings with lustrous surface that shows an underlying diagonal. And there's the Cachemireine, a veritable queen of materials, made of fine cashmere yarn that refracts the light to give the most luxuriously downy look.

In the skirtings Prunellas are the thing, and stripes are best liked, many plaids even showing overlay stripes.

Among twills, navy leads, of course; but in the duvetyns and the coatings there's a strong leaning to browns—both the warm medium shades, like Malay, and the lighter gray-browns and brownish-grays. Copper tones and rich wine-reds are smart novelties.





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**D**ON'T sacrifice speed to safety, nor safety to speed in your weekly washing and general cleaning. You can enjoy speed *and* safety, if you use the soap which *combines* the good qualities of naphtha soap and white laundry soap.



for Speed *and* Safety

for Safety



P and G The White Naphtha Soap saves your time and strength because the naphtha in it supplies the energy your arms must supply when you use ordinary soap. It saves your hands, your clothes and the other things it cleans because it contains only the high grade ingredients of which *whiteness* is the outer sign.

Get a cake from your grocer and see how much better it is than the soap you are using now.



*Not merely a white laundry soap;  
Not merely a naphtha soap;  
But the best features of both, combined.*





## Where is the Ornamental Woman today?

*She whose days were filled with fashion books, fittings and changes of attire.*

To be considered ornamental—and nothing more—is regarded as an aspersion by the modern woman.

While quite as feminine as her sister of a decade ago, her time is devoted to affairs of interest and achievement. Instead of adapting herself to Fashion's whims and caprices, she is dictating her own requirements.

Smartness, but the smartness which lasts—that is her demand. And that is what she is assured of in Wooltex Tailor-mades and Wooltex Knockabouts.

While recognized as fashion leaders, the Wooltex Style Studios accept no bizarre or fad-dish extremes. Good taste, which is not a seasonable attribute, governs every design. The finest of serges, tricotines, tweeds and homespuns, Marvellas, Peachblooms and the like, combined with exquisite tailoring, assure you "That Well-Dressed Look" for the entire life of the coat or suit.

*You are entitled to the fall Tailored Woman fashion magazine from your Wooltex merchant. If you do not know who sells Wooltex, write us, or in the metropolitan centres, phone "Tel-U-Where."*

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Tailor-mades  
and  
Knockabouts

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THE H. BLACK COMPANY, Cleveland and New York



"That Well-Dressed Look"

## Read about "The Fashions"

*Miss Gould's book of "Companion" patterns*

"THE FASHIONS," fall and winter edition of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION style book, is due to make its appearance on September 1st. If you want to be sure of your winter wardrobe—sure of its being fashionable, practical, and charmingly individual—you'll find "The Fashions" a dependable guide.

Are you an expert sewer? Or are you just beginning to try your hand at the art? In either case, you probably won't object to using a simple easy-to-put-together pattern. Nowadays we have so much to do and so little time to do it in that we must simplify everything. You'll find COMPANION patterns surprisingly free from technical difficulties. "Easy to cut out, easy to sew up, and easy to wear" are the truest things ever said of them.

Make the acquaintance of COMPANION patterns through "The Fashions." It's just fifteen cents, and contains a coupon redeemable for ten cents in purchasing any pattern in it. Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

This pattern may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns sent first-class.

No. 4074—Coat Dress with Shawl Collar; Two Styles of Sleeves. 36 to 44 bust. Width in size 36, one and one-half yards. Price, thirty-five cents. See also page 49.

Miss Gould is emphasizing the coat dress as a smartly wearable street costume for early fall. Supplemented by a chic street hat, and augmented by a clever fur, it marks one as a woman of distinctive dressing. Below and on page 49 are three representative types of coat dresses selected from "The Fashions."



No. 4074

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# For Fall and Winter

Up-to-the minute styles that are wearable

MISS GOULD says that a costume has to be more than good-looking. It has to be, among other things, appropriate for the occasion and suitable to the wearer. In "The Fashions" she aims to show styles that are appropriate for all occasions, and suitable to as many different wearers as possible. "The Fashions" isn't just a grab bag of patterns to be pulled out at random. If you'll study it carefully you'll find it's arranged not only to give you the "right" clothes, but also to suggest to you the right materials and accessories.

Did you ever stop to think how much valuable fashion information you can get from just studying the illustrations in a style book like "The Fashions"? You'll find details such as hats, shoes, and fabrics worked out with the greatest care, for your guidance. And these things count, you know, in being well dressed.

More about "The Fashions" on page 48, with directions for ordering.



FOR early fall street wear there's a deal of smartness in the coat dress of heavy canton crepe, of twill, or of duvetyn. Below and on page 48, Miss Gould is showing three quite different models selected from "The Fashions."

In No. 4073, below, developed in the very fashionable black canton crepe, with motifs of self-material, you have the real coat style, straight lines, flaring sleeves and the suggestion of a bloused waist. The hat of black moire and ciré ribbon is a successful combination of two most desirable fabrics.

No. 4075, also shown below, affects the snug waist and full skirt that divides honors with straight lines this fall. You have it here in Du-Vel, of a medium brown, with collar of striped Du-Vel and underdress of plaited crepe in copper tone. The snug hat of the dress fabric is done in cut wool embroidery after a Czecho-Slovak design.

Straight-lined, yet with the suggestion of hip fullness, No. 4074, on page 48, steers a successful middle course between the other modes. It's made here of navy twill and black crepe satin.

No. 4073—Coat Dress; Collar in Two Styles. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust. Width in size 36, one and five-eighths yards. Thirty-five cents.

No. 4075—Coat Dress with Plaited or Plain Underskirt. 34 to 40 bust. Width of plain underskirt in size 36, one and five-eighths yards. Thirty cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns sent first-class mail.



No. 4075

No. 4073

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For all women who want to keep young



The comparison between Hasselberg's famous masterpiece of sculpture, "The Snowdrop," shown here, and the corrected figure, illustrates how College Girl corsets train the figure in lines of true artistic beauty. Wearing these scientific corsets is like taking well-directed, healthful exercise for figure development.

## The True Law of Corseting has been discovered!

A new book, "The Scientific Law of Corseting," explains its vital importance. The coupon brings it to you.

70% of women are incorrectly corseted because scientific development in this vital matter has been so slow.

Now the correct law of corseting has been developed. It means better health, greater beauty, greater comfort, perhaps even longer life, to you. Its benefits are priceless!

This new law is embodied in College Girl corsets. They exercise a parallel influence in developing and moulding the lines of the figure to that exerted by the "lines of control" in the human frame. As explained in the book, these lines are the spine, the lines of the pelvic basin in which the body rests, and the thighs. These "lines of control" give shape to the human form. The organs and the entire surface of the body are related to them, as the rooms and the surface of a house are related to its beams and foundations.

College Girl corset construction parallels closely Nature's lines of control. This is the scientific law of corseting developed after our 38 years' study. In

College Girl corsets it has its first application.

From these lines of control as bases, gentle guiding pressure is exerted through every inch of the corset to mould and train the figure, without tight lacing, into right posture and right lines. Wearing these scientific corsets is like taking constant, wholesome exercise for figure development.

It is well known that flesh and tissues respond to gentle pressure. They can be pushed one way or another. They will "flow" and "set" according to guidance. The figure improvement gained is real and natural, not artificial.

### A month will show

Wear a College Girl corset one month. Note your figure improvement, your greater comfort and better health. Hollows will fill in, prominent parts be reduced, and every line assume more graceful proportions. These are results of the new law of corseting. We have proved them beyond question by actual tests on living models in our factory.

## College Girl Corsets

For all women who want to keep young

For every figure

Your College Girl corset needs no "breaking in." Every type of figure has its correct model, either in back or front lace styles. Your model will suit your needs as if made specially for you.

Every woman should understand all that this long-sought law of corseting means to her. The new book "The Scientific Law of Corseting" explains it fully. The coupon will bring you your copy.

JACKSON CORSET COMPANY

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Jackson, Michigan.

Please send me at once "The Scientific Law of Corseting."

Name.....

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THE WOMAN who is on her feet knows the foot annoyance that comes late in the afternoon and evening from wearing regular shoes. She knows what it is to "suffer with well feet." This annoyance is often shown on her face by "foot frowns," as one woman wrote us.

Yet when she wears ARCH PRESERVER SHOES she can be on her feet as long as she wishes and not experience a single bit of discomfort. This is because the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE is built according to Nature's plans—affording a perfect support underneath the entire foot. The arch is not allowed to weaken or to droop. Sandals, or moccasins without heels can not give greater comfort than the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE.

And the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE affords the style you wish. It is a stylish shoe that affords foot health. If your feet already have become weakened you'll find the relief by wearing ARCH PRESERVER SHOES.

Please write for booklet No. 21, "Why Suffer with Well Feet?" and the name of our nearest dealer through whom the shoes are sold.

Women's and Misses' ARCH PRESERVER SHOES and Low Cuts in a wide variety of styles for all occasions, are made only by

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Unless this trade-mark appears it is not a genuine ARCH PRESERVER SHOE. The exclusive arch construction offers firm support for the foot during the entire life of the shoe and gives the shoe longer life.



## Cut from One Piece

### The first of a new series of sewing lessons

By ISABEL DE NYSE CONOVER

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how many different things you can make from just one piece of goods—aprons and children's rompers and house dresses and all sorts of nice underwear? If sewing is a new venture for you, they are just the kind of garments to practice on. There will be a whole series of them, starting this month with apron No. 4072. In these new sewing lessons I want to straighten out all the little things that puzzle beginners, such as folds and hems and darts and plackets.

The diagram at the bottom of the page will give you an idea of what the apron will look like when it's finished. You ought to understand what you are trying to make before you start sewing your first seam.

Perhaps you would like the apron just as it is pictured, in green and white awning-striped gingham, edged with white rickrack braid. Or peppermint candy striped gingham might appeal to you. In fact, there are many pretty apron stuffs—cheerful Scotch plaid and pink checked gingham and flowered calico and chintz.

The apron is made with a shaped upper part, then slashed at a low waist line, and the skirt gathered onto the upper at the side, which adds becoming fullness. It's decidedly a new line, and certainly a pretty one. At the sides the waist is shaped into tabs, the front tabs buttoning over the back. And there you are, your whole apron with just about one hour's work to make it.

The sides of the apron, from the slash down to the hem, are the selvege of the goods, so they won't need finishing at all. Gather the skirt part across the slash, and draw up the thread so that it will match the upper edge of the slash. Turn the waist part onto the skirt,



No. 4072, an easy-to-make apron for your first attempt at sewing

bringing the right sides of the material together. Baste across the slash, starting the basting a seam's width back from the edge at the outside, and running it to nothing beyond the inner edge of the slash. The stitching of a slash should always be tapered off gradually. Beyond the slash run the basting just as near as you can to the edge, for a space of half an inch before ending it. Place a piece of tape over the basting, turn under the ends, and stitch as in Fig. 1. The stitching will be through the tape and the two thicknesses of the apron. Open the apron, turn the tape and the edges of the seam up onto the apron, and stitch as in Fig. 2.

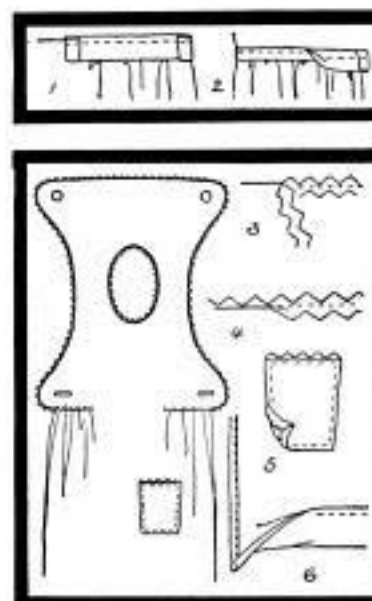
If the edges of the waist and the top of the pocket are to be finished with rickrack braid, cut off all of the seam allowance, except one eighth of an inch. Place the braid on the right side of the goods, with the points extending just beyond the edge, and stitch as in Fig. 3. Then turn the braid onto the wrong side of the apron, press the edge and, from the right side, stitch a second time, running the stitching one eighth of an inch from the edge. (See Fig. 4.)

Turn under the edges and press the pocket. Stitch it to apron, as shown in Fig. 5, running the stitching one eighth of an inch from the edge of the pocket.

Turn under the seam allowance, and press the lower edge of the apron. Then turn the hem. A piece of cardboard notched makes a handy guide for turning the hem. Cut a strip of cardboard two inches wide, and square across the bottom. Cut a notch on one edge, the depth of the hem from the bottom. Press the hem before stitching. Stitch as in Fig. 6.

The pattern envelope tells how to make the bound buttonholes.

HERE is another of the "Companion's" easy-to-make patterns: No. 4072—One-Piece Apron. Sizes: Medium, suitable for 36 and 38 bust; and large, suitable for 40 and 42 bust. The apron requires just two yards of thirty-six-inch goods. Pattern, sixteen cents. The pattern envelope has identification charts. Send your order to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent by first-class mail.



"THE FASHIONS" for Fall and Winter has two pages of house dresses and aprons that are easy to cut, easy to make, and easy to slip on. There's an apron, too, that can be sent through the flat wash, and a house dress that lays perfectly flat on the ironing board—it isn't plain, either. These and a hundred and one other time-saving, worry-saving ideas are in "The Fashions." It's ready September 1st. Read more about it on page 48, and send in your order early.

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## THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE





## Are American Children Lacking in Musical Appreciation?

### What noted educators say

A CELEBRATED *impresario*, who recently visited this country, commented on what he called "the woeful neglect of American parents in failing to bring their children to a proper appreciation of good music."

American authorities are inclined to agree with him. But they say this deficiency will rapidly disappear when recognition of the phonograph, as an educational factor in the home, becomes more general.

For that reason, noted educators are now pointing out the importance of the phonograph in "musically developing" children. And they say that the child, brought up in an atmosphere of good music, will afterwards manifest "that broader understanding of musical art which is associated with cultured people the world over."

However, in this connection, they urge the following:

#### The Importance of True Tones and Correct Interpretations

"IN homes where there are children," says one writer, "the quality of phonographic music should be of the best, and of the best only, for there is great danger of spoiling a child's ear for music by false tones. The instrument itself must achieve true reproduction of tones. And the records must provide correct interpretations."

"What constitutes 'good music' for children?" asks another—"well-chosen, well-rendered music, of course. Not necessarily 'classical' but the Music of Today as well. Much of it will live through the years. But the important point is that the interpretation be correct, and the rendition flawless."

"Parents sometimes forget," says a noted critic, "that greatest care should be exercised in selecting

a phonograph for the home. It is our everyday vehicle of musical expression—the one upon which is depend-

ent whether our appreciation of music, artists and the opera, be correct or distorted."

#### Brunswick Internationally Accepted as the "Ideality."

BY means of exclusive methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones—the piano, the harp, the human voice; attaining even soprano High "C" without "metallic" intrusion, "chatter" or vibration. *Methods which apply to no other phonograph or records.*

For that reason, you will find Brunswick in the homes of greatest musicians, both in Europe and America—the musical world's accepted ideality in phonographic expression.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, embodying the *Ultona*, which cushions the path of the needle by proper suspension, and the oval *Tone Amplifier* of moulded wood, is exclusively Brunswick.

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Hence, musicians, critics and teachers all will tell you that buying any phonograph, without at least hearing The Brunswick, is a mistake. And that to be without Brunswick Records is to be without much of what is best in music.

For a demonstration, at which you will not be urged to buy, call on the nearest Brunswick dealer. The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare—then judge for yourself.

Note: New Brunswick Records are on sale at all Brunswick Dealers on the 16th of each month in the East, and in Denver and the West on the 20th.

Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO  
CHICAGO  
Manufacturers—Established 1898

#### In the Homes of Greatest Musicians —The *Brunswick*

All phonographs, all records have been weighed on the delicately balanced scale of musical knowledge. And in the homes of greatest musicians, both in Europe and America, you will find Brunswick—the musical world's accepted ideality in phonographic expression.

This is due to Brunswick's exclusive methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, by which perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones is attained. (What these "difficult" tones are is explained elsewhere on this page.)

#### 3 Super-Feature Brunswick Records

Approved by authorities, as notable examples of correctly interpreted music, for the record libraries of homes where there are children. Obtainable at any Brunswick dealer's in conveniently packed envelopes of three—price \$3.50. Or singly if desired.



- 10022—"Rustle of Spring"  
Leopold Godowsky
- 30002—"Humoresque"  
Max Rosen
- 5029—"Sing Me to Sleep"  
Irene Williams



© B. B. C. Co. 1921

# BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



# Reelastastic

The Handy Elastic  
as indispensable  
as your needle



You can learn of more than 250 ways to save time, avoid inconvenience and frowns by using Reelastastic. Send for the little free booklet of suggested uses, written by practical housewives all over America.

## Have It Always on Hand 250 Ways to Use It

Modern housewives find so many uses for fine elastic that they buy Reelastastic by the 12-yard Reel and have it for the emergency as well as day-to-day needs.

If you have been buying elastic a yard or two at a time—buy Reelastastic and see how adaptable and dependable it can be. It is the only elastic on a reel with the patent key winder—each reel in a separate, keep-clean container.

## Curvedge

NON-ELASTIC DRESS BELTING

For women who are particular about the hang and fit of skirt or dress this non-elastic Dress Belting "made on a curve" is just the thing. Plain or "Sta-Up" (fitted with Stays). 12-yard rolls, black and white.



The American Mills Company of New York  
438 Broadway New York City

Makers, also, of High Class "Hamden" Silk Finish Hat Elastic—Round Cords, Flat and Oval Vienna Braids

## What to Wear Around Your Neck

With a postscript on ears

HAVE you stopped—all of you—to think about what you are going to wear around your neck this fall? If you haven't, then that's certainly the very next thing for you to do. For neckwear is booming, and the neck that isn't wearing something is going to be a rarity.

First of all there are scarfs. Spring gave them such a welcome that it almost seemed as if that would be the end of it. But summer came, and scarfs were sailing right along. And now autumn finds them still in the ascendant. No sports suit considers itself complete without one, and they are swaggar accessories for dark street frocks, too. Knitted silk is, perhaps, most desirable, and bright colors are to the fore. Orange and purple, copper, paprika, and vivid green make colorful contrast with dull tweeds or homespun. Gayly striped effects are often chosen. While for more sober moments there are beautiful two-toned scarfs like the tan and brown one below at the left.



HAND-LOOM woven woolen scarfs are getting an increasing amount of approval as they become better known. Very dashing effects can be had in them—in stripes, checks, and plaids. Above, at the right, there's a picture of a good-looking block-checked one.

For warmth and light weight there's nothing like camel's hair, which is smartest and most serviceable, perhaps, in the natural tone. Then there are the Scotch woven scarfs, as caressingly soft as the down of the thistle—exquisite things in tans plaided in pale tones such as lavender, dull blue, or green. And if there's a bit of Scotch in you, you'll yearn for a real tartan, fringed three-sided-wise and gayly plaided, like the one that's being worn above.

Oh, most certainly you must have a scarf. For warmth? Yes. But for chic, a hundred times more so.

ALL so-called neckwear is divided into two parts: First there's the kind that's tailored, like the trim and youthful round collars and cuffs of heavy linen that complete swaggar plaited skirt and over-blouse dresses of jersey; and the gilets of checked gingham, linen, or Canton crepe that you affect with suits. Then there's the other kind—the deliciously fragile but surprisingly good-wearing guimpes and collars and cuffs of delicate handwork, fine embroidery, and bits of real Irish or Venise.

IF THE fronts of waists will be plain, necklaces must insist on being popular. That's logic. Many of them are going in for tassels, like the slender tasseled string of pearls above. Others show brilliant medallions swinging on cords, often of somber hue to match the costume. These medallions range from the most intricately made, beautifully jeweled affairs to inexpensive, bizarre, and effective bits of decoration like the pendants of cloudy pink crystal on the pink and silver cord above.

P. S.—Ears, after a short period of retirement, are showing themselves again—at least just enough of themselves to support earrings. Of earrings there are many—and much! So much that any story about the neck unavoidably runs into earrings on its way. Stones, precious and semi-precious, tortoise-shell, composition, and metal—nothing is too gorgeous and nothing too humble to make an earring, just so long as it can dangle. You'll see hoops and double hoops and hoops with variations. Color runs high, though there's just a bit of leaning toward jade, topaz, and amethyst. And more than a bit of favor is shown to the omnipresent tassel.

Tortoise-shell and rhinestones each contribute a hoop to the earrings at the left. Next we have imitation sapphires set in crystal; then bits of jade swinging on slender gold stems. And lastly, hoops again—of jade and dangling rhinestones







## Great merchants recommend washing fine linens and cretonnes this way

"THE Linen Store" is the name by which James McCutcheon & Company, New York, has been known since 1854. You will find there all kinds of beautiful linens—luncheon sets, scarfs and doilies, beautifully embroidered or trimmed with exquisite lace.

One of the largest makers of fine chintzes and cretonnes is F. A. Foster & Company of Boston and New York, makers of Puritan Mills Drapery Fabrics. Nowhere will you see more beautiful designs or more gorgeous colorings than in their draperies, whether they are of tapestry, cretonne or quaint printed cotton.

McCutcheon's Linen Store and the Puritan Mills Drapery Fabrics, for the assistance of their customers, and for their own protection, were obliged to find out the way of laundering that would be best and safest.

The directions they have endorsed, with those of leading makers of silks, woolens, cottons, blouses, and frocks, are given in our new booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." Expert and full directions. Write for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. B9, Cambridge, Mass.

### *Wash fine linens and cottons this way to preserve their delicate texture*

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into lather in very hot water. Let white things soak a few minutes. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in 3 hot waters and dry in sun.

For colored cotton wash goods, make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water alone.

Lace or net curtains should be soaked in clear, cold water before washing.

Lace-trimmed curtains will not shrink unevenly if the lace is ironed first.

Linens should be ironed while still damp. Iron half dry on the wrong side and completely dry on the right.

Monograms and embroidery should be ironed right side down on a well padded board.

# LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm



### "The Linen Store" tells how to care for linens

The beauty and wearing qualities of a fine lace or embroidered piece of linen largely depend on the care used in laundering and the kind and quality of soap employed.

We are advising our customers to wash their linens in Lux, because we have found this the simplest and safest way to care for them. There is nothing in Lux that could injure the finest textured linen or the most delicate lace or drawn work. Rubbing soap on fine table linen or rubbing it to get soap or dirt out is especially hard on lace-trimmed linens or those with handwork. It also tends to roughen and coarsen the texture of the linen itself.

Our experience in the laundering of fine lace and embroideries has proved beyond question the value and reliability of Lux. For the laundering of fine articles we know of nothing better. The fact that little or no rubbing is required insures retention of the original freshness of the goods and saves them from the usual "washed" appearance.

JAMES McCUTCHEON & COMPANY



### Famous manufacturer tells how to wash cretonnes

The importance of any Cretonne is its color effect.

We have experimented with Lux in washing some of our brilliantly colored Cretonnes and Chintzes and in no instance was the color injured.

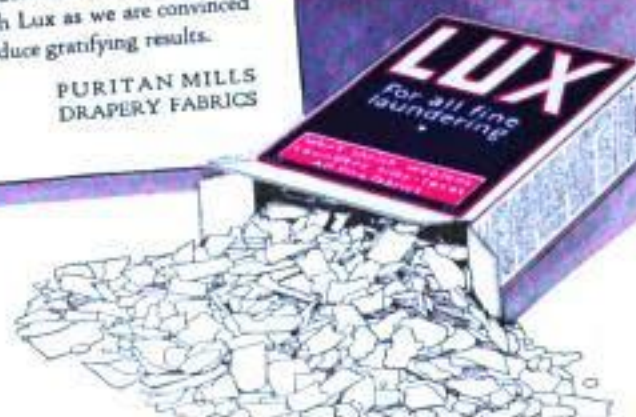
We attribute this to the form and purity of Lux.

Analysis shows Lux to be entirely free from any harmful agents.

The Lux flakes are so thin that they dissolve very quickly and form a thick lather. This obviates the ruinous rubbing with cake soap and the disadvantage of a thick flake or chip which dissolves imperfectly and clings to the material. This of course yellows and weakens the fibre.

We recommend that Cretonne users launder our washable drapery fabrics with Lux as we are convinced it will produce gratifying results.

PURITAN MILLS  
DRAPERY FABRICS







Open the Airtight Can and

find SNOWDRIFT  
*fresh!*

SNOWDRIFT is unexcelled for making cake, pastry or biscuit, for frying, for enriching vegetables, for making candy or sauces.

Try this recipe for *Pudding Sauce*.

- 1 Cupful Sugar
- 1½ Cupfuls Boiling Water
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls Flour
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls Snowdrift
- ½ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
- ½ Teaspoonful Salt

Combine the sugar, flour and salt. Mix thoroughly. Gradually pour in the boiling water, add the Snowdrift, stirring constantly, bring to boiling point and boil for five minutes. Add the nutmeg and serve hot.

THIS RECIPE is from Mrs. Allen's new Cook Book. She would be glad to send you a copy with her compliments. Just write "Snowdrift Cook Book" and your name and address on a postal to

MRS. IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN  
74th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York City



## THE COMPANION'S PICTURE SECTION FOR SEPTEMBER 1921



DRAWN BY J. SIMONT

COSTUME FROM HARRY COLLINS

### *Wearable Clothes Along the Avenue*

Monsieur Simont, a very distinguished French artist, new to America, has drawn for us the well-dressed American woman as he sees her, against her own background, Fifth Avenue. She is wearing a street dress of blue Poirer twill designed by Harry Collins, whose creations are always so charmingly wearable. It's a dress that owes much to its sleeves, and more, perhaps, to the embroidery of heavy upholstery chenille.





DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

GOWN FROM HENRI BENDEL

## *Very Wearable—Don't You Think?*

Henri Bendel calls it an evening gown, but we call it a triumph—in crushed-rose taffeta—and in that subtle blending of the fashionable, the beautiful and the appropriate that we term the “wearable”. Like so many of the season’s bodices, this one plays a demure basquelike rôle.

There’s a bit of coquetry, however, in the almond-shaped neck outlined with heavy cream insertion crossed on the shoulders to make diminutive sleeves. The skirt, over its cream lace petticoat, is smartly one-sided, caught up bouffantly on one hip with purple-tinged roses.





DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

COSTUME FROM HICKSON, INC.

## *Possibilities in Poiret Twill*

**H**ICKSON here registers his approval of navy blue Poiret twill as a desirable material for the wearable fall street dress. The straight, almost severe, simplicity is intensified by the modish high collar and the long flaring sleeves, and the familiar Hicksonesque verve appears in the panels, posed high at the sides and lined with brilliant red crêpe.

Narrow flutings of the Poiret twill, accented with small steel beads, and a girdle of metal, with suggestions of red in it, help to make the dress what it is. The hat of navy blue proves how far a bow can go toward smartness. It's a costume, spirited, chic—a costume in the tempo of a crisp September day with the tang of autumn in the air.





DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

COSTUME FROM JAY-THORPE, INC.

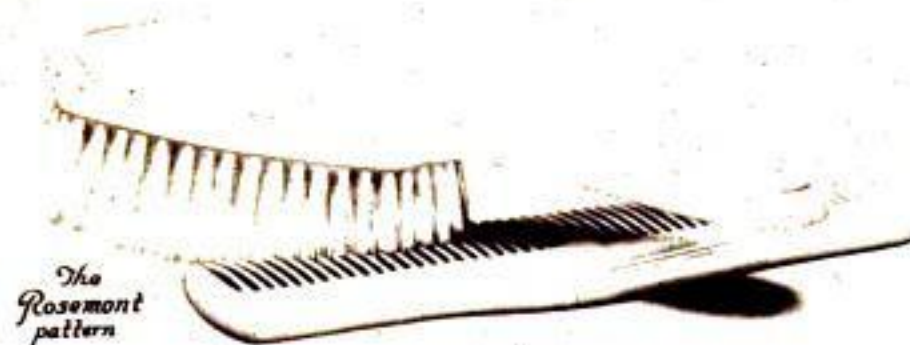
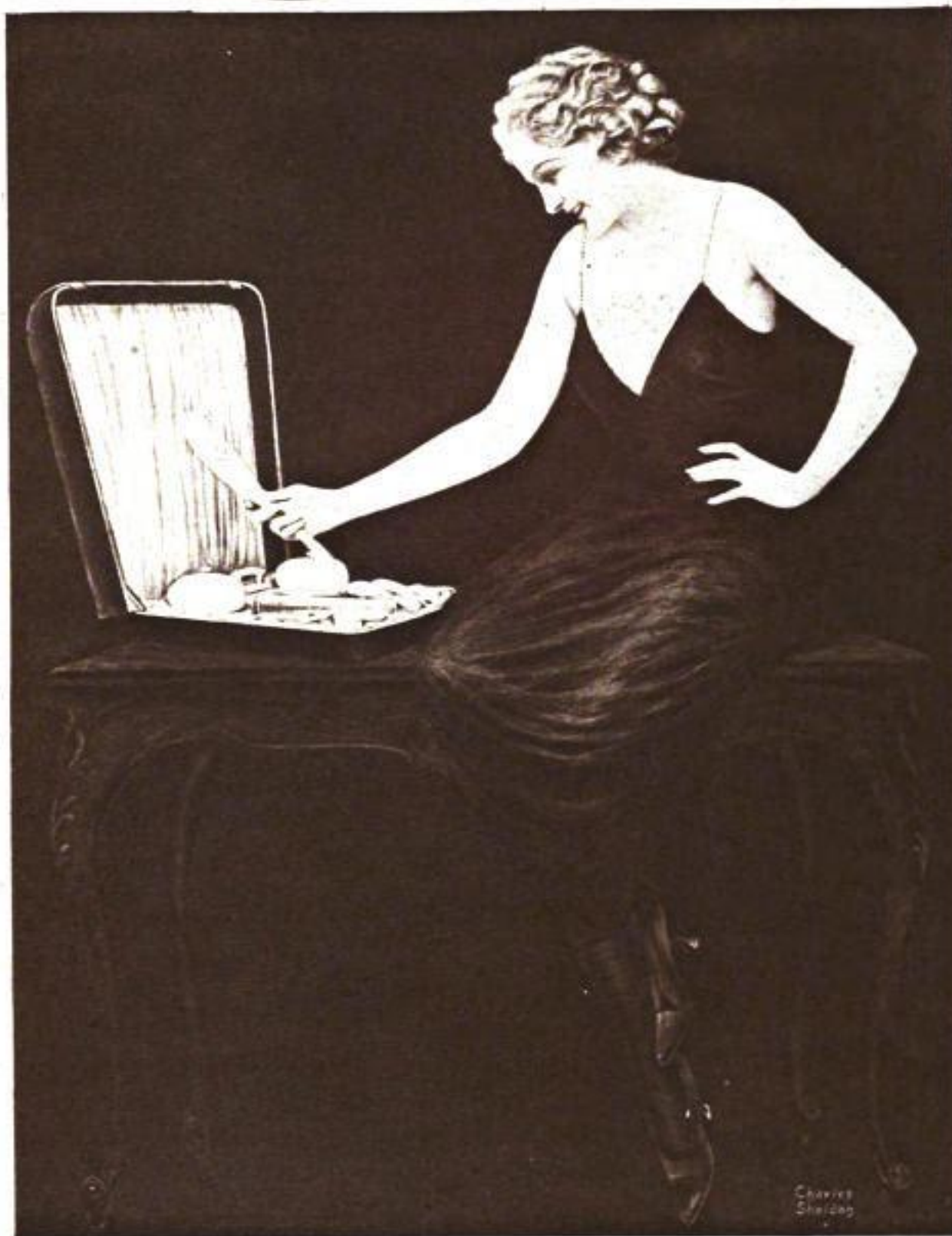
## *A Gown that Can Do Without Trimming*

This restaurant dinner gown for early fall is thrice blessed. It has for its color a warmish medium brown that tells its shade in its name—cocoa. For its fabric it was fortunate enough to draw Crêpe Roma, one of the new rather opaque crêpes of some weight and infinite draping possibilities. And there it stopped. It didn't need any trimming.

To dream and cut and drape a gown to fall in folds like this is not a process to be described briefly. But at any rate, do not miss the boat-shaped neck that's new, and the canny arrangement of double cascades of crêpe, back and front. A misty brim of net and crown of faille, and you have the hat; the wrap is duvetyn and monkey fur—all black.



# Ivory Fiberloid



Beautiful Ivory Fiberloid with an engraved monogram in color—a combination most pleasing. These toilet articles in great variety sold by high-grade dealers in sets or singly, each piece a gift complete. Look for the mark *Fiberloid*. Like *Sterling* on silver it stands for solid goods and superior workmanship.

*The booklet, "Beautiful Fairfax,"  
sent upon request*

**FIBERLOID CORPORATION**

SALES ROOMS  
55 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

Indian Orchard, Massachusetts

Downman Ivory Co., Ltd.  
52 Bay Street  
Toronto, Canada



# Low-Priced Ready-Mades

*That Grace Margaret Gould considers distinctly wearable*

**HOW TO ORDER:** Be sure to state size and color. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails. Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No articles sent C. O. D., or on approval. Miss Gould does not do general shopping. She purchases only the articles shown on this page. Orders for these articles cannot be filled after October 20th.

**ABOUT RETURNED GOODS:** Any purchase not satisfactory may be returned, but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if articles are for exchange or refunded money. Do not return to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed.

*If you cannot find these garments in your local shops Miss Gould will gladly buy them for you.*

No. 4. Hat, \$4.75



No. 1. Sports Hat, \$5.00  
No. 2. Sleeveless Dress, \$9.75  
No. 3. Dimity Blouse, \$2.95



No. 5 and 6. Hose, \$0.95



No. 7. Lined Robe of Cotton Corduroy, \$5.95

No. 8. Embroidered Over-blouse of Georgette, \$5.75

No. 1. A crown of soft French felt, new cuff brim of silk duvetyne, and three little wool pompons in contrasting colors make this stunning sports hat. Colors, brown, navy, sand, henna, copenhagen, jade or pearl gray. Fitted satin lining to match. Price, \$5.00.

No. 2. A wonderful value in the popular one-piece straight-hanging sleeveless dress of jersey, for wear with separate blouses. A panel of unusual cut gives the graceful line to the back. Colors, navy, black, henna, gray or tan. Sizes, 14 to 18 years and 36 to 44 bust. Price, \$9.75.

No. 3. White self-striped dimity of a fine quality makes this stylish blouse with "V" neck and long straight collar. Fine knife-plaiting gives a smart trimming. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, \$2.95.

No. 4. Unusually good value is this hat of navy, brown or black velvet with sand-colored feather band. It also comes in Harding blue, poppy red or black with feather band to match, and in navy with gray, or black with copenhagen band. Price, \$4.75.

No. 5. The very low price at which these good-looking sports hose are offered is not their only attraction. They are made of a mixture of wool and cotton, and have seamless soles that insure comfort. They come in dark brown, green heather, blue heather or brown heather. Sizes, 8 1/4 to 10 1/4. Price, \$0.95.

No. 6. Sports hose of wool and cotton in smart drop-stitch design. They come in brown heather, green heather, blue heather, navy heather and blue and brown mixture. Sizes, 8 1/4 to 10 1/4. Price, \$0.95.



No. 10. Girdle, \$2.00



No. 9. Union Suit, \$1.95

Keep in mind that October will offer two pages of bargains

No. 7. When you can get a corduroy robe like this one for \$5.95, which boasts a cotton challis lining of excellent quality, you are getting an exceptional bargain. It comes in old rose, copenhagen blue, and purple. The lining has an attractive figured design that matches the color of the robe. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, \$5.95.

No. 8. This georgette over-blouse embroidered in chenille combined with silk embroidery and beads will prove a distinct asset to the fall suit. It comes in navy blue, dark brown and a very pretty shade of dark tan, charmingly embroidered in contrasting colors. It can also be had in all black. Sizes, 34 to 46. Price, \$5.75.

No. 9. A good-fitting, good-feeling lisle union suit with glove silk top. In regulation rounded top or bodice top as illustrated. Pink only. Sizes, 36 to 44. Price, \$1.95.

No. 10. A smart touch to the one-piece dress is this novel girdle of celluloid. It comes in jade green, Harding blue, or coral and also in combinations of navy and white, red and black or black and white. It can be adjusted to fit the wearer. Price, \$2.00.



# They're Off Again!

Many plays worth seeing re-open

IRVING SCHWARTZ



UPPER left—Eleanor Painter and Walter Woolf in "The Last Waltz," a Straus musical comedy brimming with tuneful music, magnificently staged, with plenty of romance.

JUST above "Mr. Tommy Tucker" (Frank Craven) carving at his first momentous dinner party, with the Tucker family fortune at stake. One of many delicious scenes in this homely Craven comedy.

B.L. MASTERS



WHITE STUDIO

AN "after taking" picture of Francine Larrimore in "Nice People" which you'll want to see if Mrs. Grundy of your town has been scolding about modern girls. The young heroine, played by Miss Larrimore, is a nice girl of the kind described in the nursery rhyme—"When she was good she was very good and when she was bad she was horrid."



"ROLLO'S WILD OAT" was the playing of Hamlet. His attempts to sow it resulted in much excitement for him and unbounded pleasure for the audience.

"THE BROKEN WING" gives you a thrill and keeps you guessing. Meet Inez Plummer, Charles Trowbridge, and "Babe" Sundance, the dog that went to France with the A. E. F., all from this successful melodrama.



# The Pleasant Year-Round Porch

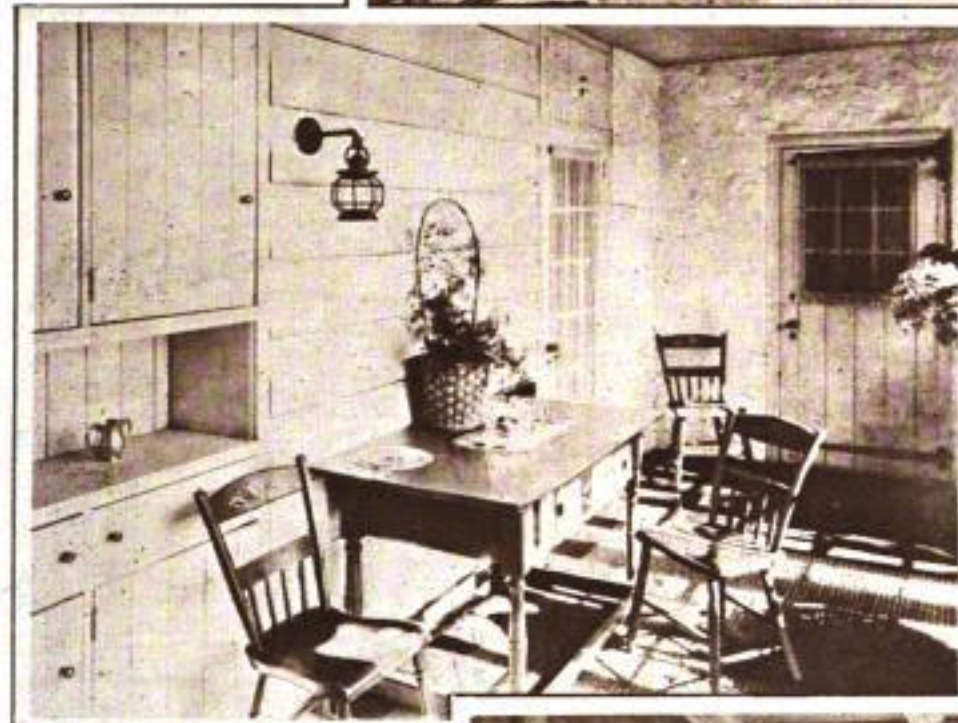
*is often the most delightful room in the house*

*Photographs selected and described by* CHARLES VAUGHN BOYD

STONE walls, "plaster-floated" to a soft oyster-white, a floor of dull red quarry tiles, French casements rising almost to ceiling height, and untrammelled by either shades or hangings, and a wide fireplace of sturdily simple construction, form the charming architectural setting of this artistically decorated sun-room, in which white-painted wooden furniture is combined successfully with orange-enameled wicker—both cushioned alike in colorful chintz.



INDIAN rugs, trophies of the hunt, and the paraphernalia of sport all find appropriate place here, along with the distinctly feminine interests expressed in the quaintly arranged pool and the flowering window boxes. Picturesque black iron candelabra flank the fireplace, adding a striking note of decoration against the white plaster background; but for more utilitarian lighting, electric reading lamps are disposed about wherever needed.—S. KRICKENBOCKER BOYD, ARCHITECT



FOR radiant good cheer, what breakfast-room can vie with a sun-flecked porch enclosed with glass? Here colorings far too daring for indoor use may be freely indulged in. Jade green, cobalt blue, coral, orange, mauve—all these hues impart a strongly individualistic character to painted wood furniture and are particularly attractive against a white or neutral-tinted background.—R. BROSSARD ORLE, ARCHITECT

IVORY-PANELED walls, casement windows draped with curtains of pale gold silk, rug and chair coverings of mauve and taupe, with subtle touches of rose and gold, a rose-cushioned window seat, pillows of gold and mauve, lamp shades of pale gold silk mounted over rose, and delicately touched with black—such are the furnishings of this enclosed porch of unique and graceful charm.—E. C. SCHREINER, ARCHITECT



PICTURE the delightfully homey sun-room above with its red brick fireplace laid with a wide white joint and its floor of red tile, furnished as follows: reed chairs of natural finish, tables of apple green, jute rug in the same color scheme, and cushions and window valances of glazed English chintz—gay flowers rioting over a background of black, while the filmy curtains of cream net are fringed in apple green and have tasseled draw cords of black.

Tall candelabra of painted iron adorn the fireplace shelf, and near at hand stands a floor lamp, also of painted iron, supporting a warm-toned parchment shade. 'Tis a cheerful spot by day—and no less cheerful by night, when candles and electrics banish the shadows.

DESIGNED BY FRANK ALLISON HAYS  
DECORATED BY AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT



# Armstrong's Linoleum

## for Every Floor in the House



IN this cheerful, inviting living-room, the floor of Armstrong's Brown Jaspé Linoleum harmonizes perfectly with the walls and furnishings, and makes a pleasing background for the fabric rug.

Look for the  
CIRCLE "A"  
trademark on  
the linoleum box



## Architects Are Specifying Permanent Linoleum Floors

In many modern houses, you will find that floors of linoleum are as much a part of the permanent construction as the walls or the windows.

Architects are specifying these floors for new houses. The linoleum is laid over soft wood underflooring; it makes a beautiful and durable floor, upon which the finest fabric rugs are displayed to advantage.

You will find floors of Armstrong's Linoleum in bedrooms, dining-rooms and living-rooms of homes where good taste prevails. These floors are smooth, solid, restful to walk on and stand on, easy to keep clean.

First cost is less than that of other good floors, and there is never any necessity for expensive refinishing. An occasional waxing keeps a linoleum floor looking like new.

If you want to see really beautiful

linoleum for permanent floors, ask your merchant to show you the Armstrong Jaspés—gray, green, blue, and brown. Handsome plain colors, too, and the many artistic Armstrong patterns.

A room 12 x 14 feet can be floored with Armstrong's Linoleum in Brown Jaspé at a cost of about \$52.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This includes cementing the linoleum down over builders' felt paper, which is the most satisfactory way to lay linoleum as a permanent floor.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

### *The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration* (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT  
920 College Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



If one of these Armstrong patterns is more appropriate for your living-room than No. 11, shown in the illustration, order (by number) from your linoleum merchant.

### Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of twenty-three pleasing and artistic designs.



*Irresistible!*

# MAVIS

## Why Not Keep Young?

**M**AVIS powders (Face powder, Talc, Compact powder, Rouge or Patties,) can be used with perfect assurance because of the now famous Vivaudou secret, which has enabled Vivaudou to create powders that cling—that give softness to the complexion. And yet, with these advantages, it contains no injurious artificial substances. Mavis powders cannot age your complexion.

The Daily use of Mavis Talcum will insure Youth.

**VIVAUDOU**

15 RUE ROYALE, PARIS

Lady Mary - - Mai D'or - - Lilas Arly - - Arly's La Boheme

*For those who want to try a bit of Mavis Perfume, before purchasing the regular size bottle, we have a specially packed trial bottle of that Irresistible fragrance, which we will send you for 150 stamps will do. Write now to F. Vivaudou, Inc., Dept. M, Times Building, New York, for this sample.*

PAINTED BY ROBERT  
NEW YORK, N.Y.  
MADE IN FRANCE

PARIS **VIVAUDOU** NEW YORK

Lady Mary      Mai D'or      Lilas Arly      Arly's La Boheme



# For College, Country Club or City Wear

THE clear blue and gold days of early autumn bring the glorious moments for which these smart sports clothes were designed. The cape's the very thing for town or for motoring—the college girl may like to snuggle into it for an after-dinner campus sing; or the older woman will find it adapted for more dignified wear. The scarf, in its dual

role, will play a leading part in any feminine fall wardrobe and, more than that, when the season's blue and gold have given way to frosty blue and silver, this outfit will be the fulfilled heart's desire of the snowshoer, the tobogganist and the winter picnicker. The sweater will please the golf fan, and is as useful as it is smart for general country wear,

*Have you seen a sports hat more chic than this with crown crocheted in popcorn stitch, brim in single crochet, and band in colored stripes?*

DESIGNS  
BY  
HELEN  
MARVIN



*Puzzle: Find the pockets*

YE MODERN nut-brown maids will find this pecan-colored coat sweater most becoming. It is made in the popular open tuxedo fashion, with a short collar lattice-stitched in fluffy brown angora, matching the cuffs and the border around the bottom, where, if you look, you'll see the cleverly concealed pockets. There's a brown angora belt.

AMONG the worsted capes that are being glimpsed in town and country none more novel and practical than the one at the right will be seen. Knit of green heather mixture from extra heavy worsted, it has a wide collar of soft black satin with which also the armhole flaps are bound and then edged with knitting—a decidedly new touch.

DIRECTIONS for making the scarf and cap, sweater, and cape shown on this page will be sent on receipt of 20 cents in stamps. Directions for each may be ordered separately at 10 cents each; cap and scarf, however, go together. Order CK-171, and specify clearly which you wish. Address Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



WHEN the first fall days invite one to hiking and tramping, a sports scarf and hat to match come into their own with the outdoor girl. Soft doe color is the poetic shade used, banded with white and Nile, and separated by fine strips of navy, all in single and double crochet.

SIXTY-FOUR inches long and twenty-one inches wide, the sports scarf can easily be worn cape-fashion, if the fad appeals to you. As a fastening, simply attach a chain-stitch cord finished with loop-stitch tassels at a point, twelve inches each side of the center. It would also be attractive worn with a leather belt.

## SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING

### For Companionable Homes

An abiding charm rests on a home so harmoniously decorated that walls and furnishings seem to belong together. When you decorate your home this Fall, consider Sanitas Modern Wall Covering's artistic, adaptable styles for every room in the house.

Sanitas is made on durable cloth, machine-printed in a wide variety of beautiful patterns and tints that time and light do not fade. Hangs like wallpaper, does not crack or peel, is sanitary and easily wiped fresh and clean with a damp cloth. All genuine Sanitas Modern Wall Covering has the trade mark on the back.

Write for Booklet and Samples

The Standard Textile Products Co.  
320 Broadway Dept. 5, New York



## SAVE 1/2 ON RUGS

Let us show you how to beautify your home with soft, luxurious rugs in the fashionable one and two-toned, fancy or Oriental patterns at only one-half the cost of new store rugs. Send Us Your **Old Carpets** Rugs and Clothing. We reclaim the wool in your old material by our special process of cleaning and re-spinning, and then dye this wool and reweave bright, new—

### Olson Velvety Rugs

—seamless, reversible, firmly woven rugs, any color, any size—rugs that rival the high priced Wiltons and Axminsters and are guaranteed to wear for many years. Will lend charm to the finest homes. Read what others say. Over one million satisfied OLSON customers.

### 5 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Give your new rugs the test of use—use them 5 days on your floors, then if not completely satisfied, return them—and we will pay you liberally for your material. Every Order Completed in One Week

**FREE BEAUTIFUL RUG BOOK** Write at once for catalog of 31 beautiful new patterns in actual colors, and liberal freight offer. See our new low prices. Learn how easy it is to order.

**OLSON RUG CO.**  
Dept. P5, 36 LaSalle St.  
Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS NOW  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
Please send Free Rug Book, portfolio, etc. to Chicago, Ill.  
Established 1874





No. 431—Made-up Nightgown  
Flesh Color Witchery Crepe, \$3.00

## NEW FALL DESIGNS ROYAL SOCIETY EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

No. 421  
Made-up Dress  
Blue or Pink Voile  
4-yr., \$2.35  
6 and 8-yr., \$2.50

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These unusual values will be found all through the line, and prices are lower than last year. Every package is complete with finest materials, expert workmanship, sufficient floss and instructions.

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# The College Girl's Trunk

Should hold just  
the right  
things

HELEN WOODBURY  
tells what  
they are



"Shooting a  
basket"  
means a  
middy  
blouse plus

IT IS a delicate matter, this packing of the college trunk. To put in too much means disaster, as college closets and room space are invariably small. To take too little, on the other hand, means either hurried shopping trips after arriving at college, when you would much prefer to spend the time getting acquainted with your classmates, or suffering discomfort because you have not brought the right clothes, or other equipments that make life at college enjoyable.

The ideal college wardrobe is planned with the end in view of eliminating the harassing question of clothes for the entire academic year. Life at college is a too happily full existence to spare many moments of thought to clothes, and the vacations at home are too brief to have their bliss marred by shopping trips and fittings. So the college wardrobe should be planned with an eye to quality instead of quantity.

First, you will put at least one dark, durable serge dress into the trunk for classroom wear. This should be a dress with not too many plaits to be kept pressed in damp weather, without too many fancy buttons or too much braid to be kept sewed in place. An additional requisite that most girls will demand is that it shall be of a style easily adjusted during the last nine seconds before the break-fast gong.

To wear with this dress take a pair of low-heeled boots or some low shoes and woolen stockings knit in softly variegated colors to blend with the dress.

The social life in colleges differs to a marked degree, but in general one evening frock for dancing is sufficient. Usually summer muslins, organdies, and voiles are the rule, worn with light or dark slippers. A couple of light-colored taffetas or crêpes de chine, simple in mode and not too low in the neck or short in the sleeve, may be substituted for dinner wear.

If only one best dark dress is brought, it will endure constant Sunday wear with better grace if it is of a style that can be worn with different sets of collars and cuffs, varied colored vestees, fresh guimpes; or, if it is a dress of the tunic type, different tunics or silk smocks may be worn over the same slip or skirt.

For the happy hours on the athletic field or in the gymnasium you will need at least four middies or smocks and a pair of serge bloomers. The regulation color for the latter is navy blue. At least one of the middies should be of wool, for the out-of-door athletic ses-

son in most colleges runs through to Thanksgiving. Corsets, of course, are not countenanced in athletics; but for the girl who finds knee garters uncomfortable, there is now made a narrow elastic band which fastens about the waist and has hose supporters attached. This, however, is useless if the latest fad of the college girl is indulged in—that of wearing her stockings below the knee for athletics.

More and more, swimming is winning a place on the college curriculum, and girls who do not know how to swim are required to take instruction in it. An elaborate bathing suit is never allowed in a swimming tank, and in some college tanks only the "Annette" is permitted.

At least one old skirt for picnics and rainy weather must go into the college trunk, a macinaw or sweater for hiking or skating, one long warm coat for general wear, a pair of heavy gloves, and a small hat or tam that can be put on independent of mirror, and can be worn to the lecture-room without the girl behind you saying, "Pardon me, but would you mind removing your hat? It shuts off my view of the black-board." A larger and dressier hat may be taken for Saturday-afternoon trips to town or week-end visits.

When it comes to underwear, the college girl must be a Spartan. College laundries are merciless on frills, and you will not want to spend your precious Saturday afternoons mending torn ruffles and lace edgings. Even ribbons can be eliminated from the everyday sets. Crocheted tapes are a satisfactory substitute, or a girl may buy underwear modeled after her brother's, that fits trimly without ribbon or tape.

In nearly all colleges there is considerable distance between some of the recitation buildings and laboratories. This may be very enjoyable in pleasant weather, when covered with brisk walking or on a bicycle, but in a driving rain your cheerfulness will depend upon whether you are dressed properly. Umbrellas have an annoying habit of becoming lost or forgotten in the bustle and scramble of changing classrooms. Furthermore, they require a delicate art of balancing when the wind blows and you have an armful of books and notebooks. So it is best to eliminate an umbrella altogether from the rainy-day scheme of things, and provide yourself with a long raincoat that buttons firmly from neck to hem, a rubber hat that can be pulled well down over



Occasionally you attend classes



Hiking clothes are inevitable



And you hope for "lights-out" fudge parties

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)





2028-A—Step-in Combination

# All-White Lingerie

Embroidered on  
cross-barred nainsook

Designed by  
EVELYN PARSONS

## HOW TO ORDER

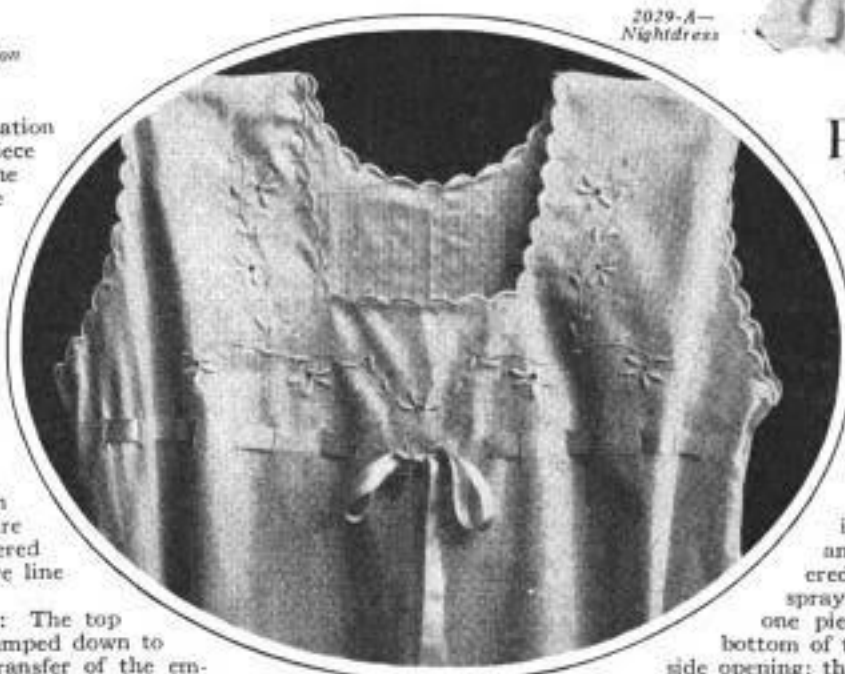
Give name and address. Remit by check or money order, if possible.

Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Address Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

## PRICE LIST

2026-A—Underbodice (34, 36, 38 bust): stamped on cross-barred nainsook	75 Cents
Embroidery cotton	10 Cents
2027-A—Drawers: stamped on cross-barred nainsook	\$1.05
Embroidery cotton	20 Cents
<b>NOTE:</b> Sufficient material is allowed at the top of the drawers to regulate the length.	
Transfer pattern of underbodice and drawers (cutting lines included)	40 Cents
2028-A—Step-in Combination (34, 36, 38 bust): stamped on cross-barred nainsook	\$1.80
Embroidery cotton	30 Cents
Transfer of combination (with cutting lines included)	40 Cents
(See "Important Note" below)	
2029-A—Nightdress (34, 36, 38 bust): stamped on cross-barred nainsook (1-3/4 yard length of 36-inch material)	\$2.30
Embroidery cotton	20 Cents
Transfer pattern (cutting lines included)	35 Cents

2029-A—Nightdress



THE step-in combination 2028-A is a two-piece garment seamed at the bottom and open up the sides of the legs. A simple flower spray and scalloping form the trimming.

The nightdress 2029-A, at the right, is the up-to-date sleeveless type, but comes well over the shoulders and fits nicely under the arms. Through embroidered slits lingerie ribbon is run to give a becoming Empire effect, and the embroidered flowers follow the square line of the neck.

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** The top of the combination is stamped down to the waist line, and a transfer of the embroidery is provided for the lower part so that the length of the garment may be regulated. Two and one-sixth yards of 36-inch material are allowed for this model.

material will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope.



2026-A—Underbodice and 2027-A—Drawers

POPULAR taste has turned to pure white lingerie of thin cross-barred material. That on which the garments shown here are stamped is a very fine, soft nainsook made especially for underwear. Both the underbodice 2026-A and the step-in drawers 2027-A, which, by the way, seem to be a favorite variety nowadays, are finished at the waist line with elastic run through a casing. The underbodice is seamed on the shoulder and decoratively embroidered in the front with a flower spray. The drawers are cut in one piece; the scallops finish the bottom of the leg and extend up the side opening; the embroidery follows the same line. The feature of elastic instead of tape at the waist line is noteworthy. Samples of

## The College Girl's Trunk

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66)

chairs in each room. In such cases the colleges run without profit a second-hand store where you may buy very reasonably couch covers, pillows, easy chairs, lamps, tea wagons, and all the other accessories that make a college room livable.

If you wish to provide yourself with some things for your room before leaving home, however, bring a couch cover of a dark color that will harmonize with whatever wall tint your room happens to have, some pillows to match, a table runner, and an adjustable study lamp. Perhaps you have heard the saying that a freshman is known by her room, so beware of bringing to college too many knickknacks, summer souvenirs, snapshots, and college banners.

the face, a pair of stout shoes, and rubbers. Of course every girl has read of the fudge parties and chafing-dish spreads that take place at college after "lights out." The correct costume for these affairs is a negligee and a becoming boudoir cap, in summer, and in winter a warm bathrobe and a cozy pair of worsted slippers. If these are knit to knee-length, and finished with an elastic band that fits just over the knee, they are an enviable possession if the party lasts after the heat has gone out of the radiators. The furnishings of the rooms vary so much with the different colleges that it is difficult to lay down any rules as to what to bring in this connection. In some off-campus or sorority houses the rooms are completely furnished, even to bureau scarfs and towels; in the campus dormitories, on the other hand, you usually find only a bed or couch, bureau, desk or study table, and a couple of straight-backed

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**Albrecht Furs**  
1855



(Below) The exquisite weave of Corticelli Print Soie determined its selection by Lucile for the charming evening wrap which Irene Castle delights in wearing.

Lined with softest Corticelli Thistledown Taffeta, it gives just the necessary protection from the chill autumn breezes and yet is light enough not to crush the dainty Corticelli Service Taffeta frock over which it is worn.



Worn by Irene Castle

(Above) No happier interpretation of the vogue for satin could be visualized than this wrap of golden brown Corticelli Satin Princess which Irene Castle wears over a frock developed in Corticelli Satin Patria.

For a daytime coat Lucile naturally selected a firmly woven, lustrous satin that would wear well. She trimmed it with little sable tails at the cuffs and radiating from the neck line. The lining of soft cocoa color Thistledown Taffeta turns back in rever-like folds.



Photos by Ira L. Hill

## Silks and satins of exquisite texture play new rôles in Lucile's workshop

THERE are frocks of taffeta, frocks of crêpe, and frocks of satin in Lucile's workshop, but newest of all are silk wraps.

It is evident that this new mode which exacts so much from its fabric both in beauty and durability is to play an important part in the wardrobe of the chic this season.

Sometimes the wraps match the silken frocks which they cover; sometimes they are designed to contrast with them. Two of the loveliest of these models are shown above.

Send for free booklet of Irene Castle frocks designed by Lucile. Then ask your favorite store to show you the Corticelli Dress Silks which built them. If the store you patronize cannot show you these Corticelli silks and satins in all the lovely new weaves and colors, please write us. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 609 Nonotuck St., Florence, Massachusetts.

# CORTICELLI DRESS SILKS

Also makers of Corticelli Spool Silks, Ladies' Silk Hosiery, Yarns and Crochet Cottons.

## Fall Blouses

With embroidery  
in beads  
or colored yarn

Designed by  
EVELYN PARSONS

FOLLOWING the flair of fashion, these two blouses are made in slip-on style with under-blouses to which the sleeves are attached. On the georgette one at the right the embroidery is done with beads; in the Canton crêpe one below, the trimming is a heavy yarn couched on in an easily-followed pattern.

BLOUSE 2024-A, is made of dark blue Canton crêpe, and the trimming is in bright red yarn couched on with a heavy blue fiber silk. A straight piece of the crêpe fills in the low round neck. This little separate piece is sewed to the right side of the under-waist and snapped on the left, and on either side of this little vest piece the embroidered slip-on is snapped to hold it in position. The back panel is fastened to the waist at the waist line with three snaps. Germantown or a heavy sweater yarn is used for the embroidery. One strand is couched down with a heavy silk twist or fiber silk—the stitches about one and one-fourth inches apart.



The fastening of the girdle at side back is covered with a loop of the darker blue.

2025-A—Beaded Blouse: Paper pattern of the beading design and cutting designs for jacket and sleeves 35 Cents

Baste the georgette over the paper pattern, and to make it even more secure baste it over a stiff paper so that you will have a firm foundation on which to work. Do not take the stitches through the paper when sewing on the beads. The design shows plainly through the transparent material.

THE blouse above, 2025-A, is made of a combination of French blue and midnight blue georgette. The fitted under-waist is made of the French blue, and into this the dark blue sleeves are sewed. The girdle, eleven inches wide when finished, is made of the darker blue material, lined with the lighter blue, and is caught to the under-waist just above the waist line. The darker blue material makes the slip-on jacket, lined with the lighter blue. The neck, armholes and scallops on jacket and sleeves are bound with a bias banding of the darker blue. The beading design is particularly effective, the centers of the flower shapes are filled in with tiny French blue beads, while the rest of the design is worked out entirely with black beads.

### IMPORTANT NOTE:

FOR these blouses tissue paper embroidery patterns are provided. The patterns include the lines for cutting the slip-ons and, in the beaded pattern, the shape of the sleeve is included. For the under-waist use any blouse pattern.

THE yarn-covered buckle at the back gives a very smart touch. It is made with a papier-mâché foundation, over which the yarn is closely and firmly buttonholed.

HOW TO ORDER: Give name and address. Remit by check or money order. Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Address Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

2024-A—Blouse: Paper pattern of the embroidery (lines for cutting the slip-on included) 35 Cents

Baste the pattern securely on the goods. After the yarn has been couched on, tear the paper from under it. Dampen wool embroidery on the under side and press it before removing the paper.





# THE BEAUTY WHICH ENDURES



Fourth Century B.C.

1325-1377



1732-1800



1865



1817

*Birge Harrison, an acknowledged authority on art, has said: "The beauty which is to endure must be sane and wholesome because the human race is sound at heart and can be counted upon in the long run to reject anything that is unhealthful or decadent."*

A careful study of the historical costumes of the ages gives added force to this statement. It shows that those costumes which today are accepted as beautiful, are the ones that conform most strictly to the rules of art. Though differentiated by characteristics reflecting the period in which they existed, they all find close relation by inerrantly following certain and essential laws of construction which presuppose fitness, proportion and grace.

Proper corsetry is governed by these same fundamental laws. When once a woman understands fitness, violent contrasts and eccentricities of Fashion are distasteful to her and she will unerringly corset herself in becoming good taste.

She will understand corsetry as a very personal problem necessitating the careful selection of a garment that follows and refines the natural lines of the figure, while diminishing and hiding its disharmonies with those faultless proportions to which nothing could be added or removed and leave the form equally good or better.

And this graceful corsetry, which Gossard artistry introduced, recognizes as many types of feminine beauty as there are types of feminine figures. The woman of ample figure may find those slenderizing proportions that are essentially as beautiful as those attained by her slighter sister in these modern corsets designed in accordance with the age-old principles of beauty. There is not a figure so unusual or difficult to fit but can find ideal proportions in a Gossard. A moment's study of the corseted figures in the ovals at the bottom of this page will clarify this statement.



1921

It has been written that "nothing can be artistic that impedes free and graceful movement." Gossard skill assures every wearer of a Gossard Corset the comfort of a healthful support that finds expression in grace and distinction of carriage. A properly designed corset is free from all undue strain even when meeting the needs of the most active woman. The secret of this scientific support is locked in the mysteries of Gossard artistry, but its practical result is to be found in the unquestioned fact that the Gossard Corsets designed for your figure will hold their original shape far beyond the life of the average corset. The economy of this service alone justifies their cost. In no modern product is the fact that true economy lies in buying superior quality, better demonstrated than in these original front lacing corsets.

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Ideal Figure Short Heavy

Ideal Average Figure

Ideal Figure Large Below Waist

Ideal Figure Large Above Waist

Ideal Figure Curved Back

Ideal Figure Short Waisted



## Large and Small Evergreens

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

shall they be used, however? What basis is there of definite rule, by which one may be guided?

For the latter it seems to me that their extreme individualism presents the only logical answer or formula, which is, briefly, to allow this free play without interruption or dispute. Do not attempt to use more than one kind, in other words, unless your space is so great that they may be separated and each rule supreme over its own domain. If it is the white pine that you have chosen, plant no other conifer, but repeat the pine as often as you desire the evergreen element repeated. Similarly with the fir or spruce or hemlock, or whichever is selected. Mingle these with deciduous growth, but rigidly exclude any other coniferous species.

And let this same rule guide if the planting is wholly of the lesser forms. Do not use arborvitae and juniper together, but choose one or the other and stick to this. If your selection is one of the fancy garden forms, still hold to this rule. Let your garden design and your pictures and perspectives all be developed to the dominance of this one kind—or to the recognition of its particular qualities, if it is not given actual dominance.

IT IS again the old rule of mass against the tendency to scatter, as a matter of fact; only in this instance, instead of being actual mass, or masses, of material, it is the massing effect of just one form. If it is the pyramid of the arborvitae that has been selected, repetition of this form results in a certain impression or effect, and this becomes the effect of the garden as a whole or of that portion of the garden treated. It is a presentation of unity, of harmony, of repose, as opposed to discension, discord, and agitation.

The only exception to this rigid exclusion of more than one kind occurs where varieties of the same kind are involved. For example, there is a spreading yew and an erect and steeple-like yew, having foliage of the same character. These unite agreeably in one group or mass, even as the prostrate juniper and the spire-like juniper will unite. But even such combinations must be treated frankly as wholly artificial; that is, they must not be based on the naturalistic model which endeavors to make a planting appear to be nature's work instead of man's.

Of the spire-like form that is especially suited to the restrictions of the small garden, I like, in spite of its being common and old-fashioned, the native arborvitae the best—where it will thrive, which is in rather moist soils, whether these be light or heavy. In drier places nothing will take the place of the red cedar (*Juniperus Virginiana*), which likes dry and gravelly slopes, and minds not in the least a sterile soil. Puzzlingly like this last in foliage are some of the *Retinosporas* or Japanese cypress, and even the botanists were at one time mixed up about them. But they have them sorted out now, and assure us they are not the same, but that the relationship is actually very close.

*Retinosporas* are more bushy in effect than either the arborvitae or the red cedar. Moreover, they do not grow so tall. So where lower and less spire-like growth is needed or wanted, they serve perfectly. They transplant without much danger of injury or loss, which is of course much in their favor. One of them—*Retinospora obtusa gracilis nana*—is the form that is more often dwarfed by the Japanese than any other, and found in little pots in the shops, a veritable replica in miniature of a wind-swept, twisted, and gnarled old veteran of a hundred years.

ANOTHER name that may be encountered in catalogues, when on a search for evergreens of small size, is *Biota*—applied to the Chinese arborvitae or thuja. These, in most instances, reveal their kinship with our arborvitae more clearly than does the Japanese form—the *retinospora*—and they have more permanent value. A notable variety is *Biota orientalis pyramidalis*, which is an extremely slender spire form of a vivid green; another variety is *Sieboldi*, low and globe-shaped, and also bright in color. These are especially suited to formal designs and situations.

Of the use of evergreens, both large and small, for winter protection, there is all too little. Even small grounds may afford space for a screen of juniper or arborvitae thickly planted and two or three deep, against the direction of the prevailing winter winds. And, of course, where there is more room, the forest trees are available to break the wind's force and reduce the discomfort of zero weather indoors as well as out, if properly placed. For light and gravelly soils there is the pine in different

varieties—the white pine (*Pinus strobus*), the jack pine (*Pinus divaricata*), and the Austrian pine (*Pinus nigra Austriaca*) all being excellent. Where the soil is less dry, the white spruce (*Picea Canadensis*) is a splendid windbreak, shredding the keenest blasts to pieces with its stiff, unyielding needle leaves. The white fir (*Abies concolor*) is another effective species for this purpose, with similar resistant leaves.

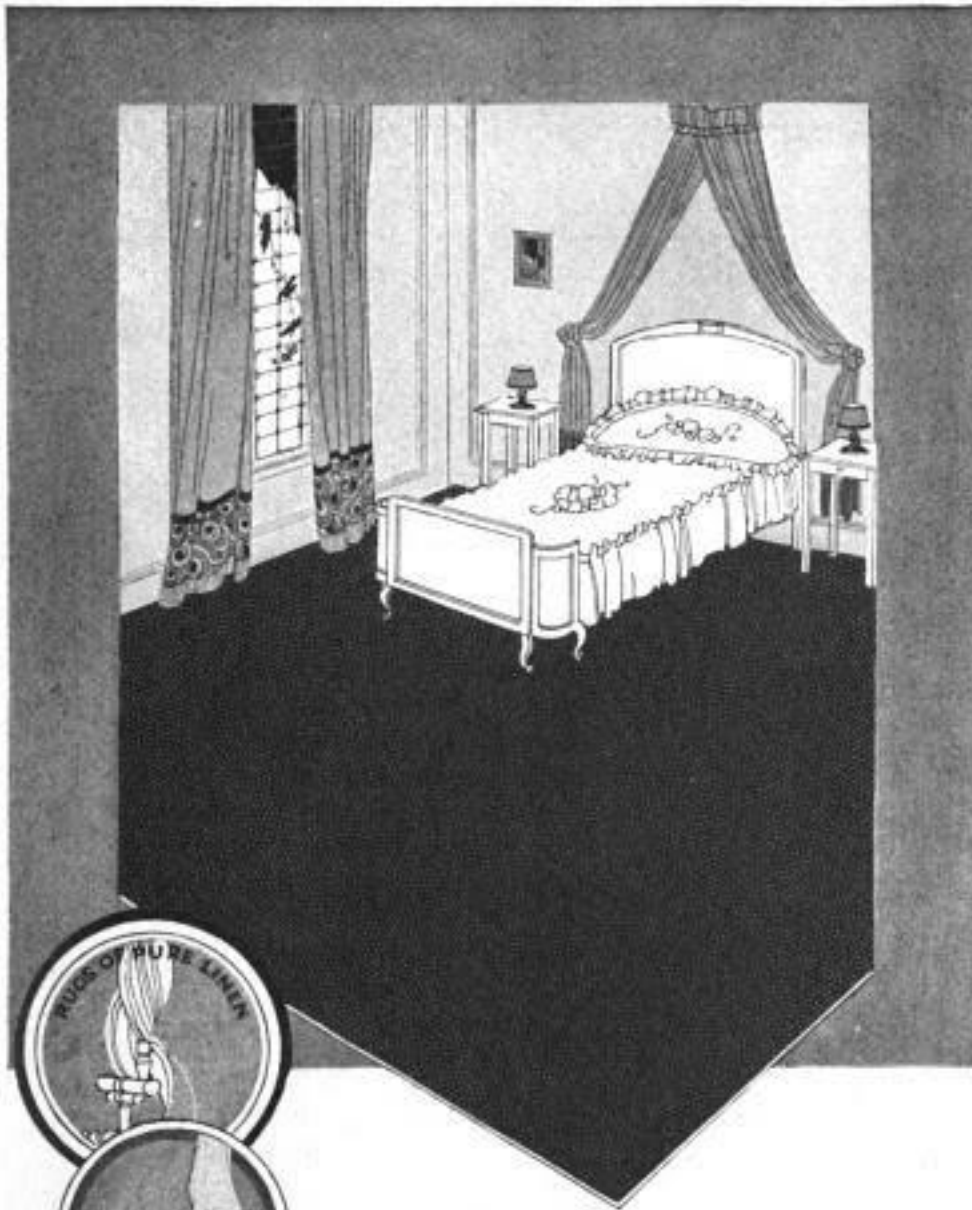
Whatever is chosen for this kind of planting, remember that the individuals must protect one another, and must therefore be set close enough together to "shoulder" each other; and there must be enough of them to form a mass rather than a single row. Such a planting should take on the aspect of a grove of whatever tree is selected, and one very important element to this end is the difference in size between the individuals. Never is there a group in the wild state that is finished and all of the same size, for the offspring of the aged trees stand around their feet in varying ages and sizes. Model your planting on this, and select your trees of three sizes at least, even for a small space. Where there is ample room, it is not too much to vary from the two- or three-foot little tree (set here and there within the group as well as at its edges, by two-foot or less intervals) up to the twenty-foot specimens that form the real protective barrier.

Similar variation in size will redeem a screen of cedars or arborvitae from the commonplace, and make it actually a charming feature in itself. But such variation is too seldom sought in screen planting, and rows of little trees, matched up, as to height, like soldiers, give the lie to the naturalistic curves along which they have been laboriously placed, oftener than not. Mark well these refinements of arrangement and selection when handling evergreens. If it is a hedge you are planning, along a boundary or dividing line where a definite wall of green is a part of the garden scheme, matched plants are of course essential. But if you are planting out a view of anything, from garage to chicken yard, with the idea of making your effect seem to be the result of natural growth, then choose your plants of varying size and form, and place them as you see nature do it—which does not mean with all the smaller ones in front of the large ones, but rather with the various sizes intermingled. This is indeed one of the most important niceties in the use of evergreens, large and small.

THE last of August and the entire month of September are generally regarded as the best planting season for conifers, except in regions of the country having exceptionally severe winters. They have completed their season's activity by August, therefore may perfectly well be taken out of the ground then as far as growth is concerned. Planting thus far ahead of winter allows them to settle well into their new places before freezing weather arrives; and here they are when spring comes, ready to resume growth without delay. Spring planting, on the other hand, involves disturbance just at the time when growth should begin to be active, and sets the plant back proportionately.

All evergreen material, whether of the conifer or broad-leaved class, must be handled with a ball of earth perpetually around the roots. This requires to be kept in place, in some way, between digging up and replanting. A burlap or canvas case is sewed around it in all good nurseries; and in replanting this need not be removed altogether, since it will ultimately go to pieces in the ground and furnish only desirable humus. The proper way to proceed with tree or shrub thus burlaped is as follows: Dig the hole into which the specimen is to go a little broader than the earth ball. Loosen the earth on the bottom to a depth of six inches, and pulverize it well. If manure is used, always put it under a few inches of earth, as it must never come in contact with the roots of an evergreen.

Lower the plant's roots into the hole; see that it is at just the same depth (by the earth mark on the trunk or stem) as that at which it has grown; then loosen the cords that retain the burlap and push this down all around the ball of earth until it is quite at the bottom of the hole. Then put in finely pulverized earth around the ball, packing it down firmly until almost level with the ground's surface. Pour into this depressed ring a quantity of water—not less than a pailful, and more if it is a large specimen—and when this has settled out of sight complete the filling in. Muleh the ground all over the tree's roots with leaves or litter, and after the ground has frozen increase this muleh to a depth of ten or twelve inches to prevent its thawing prematurely in spring.



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By JOSEPHINE HOW

FOR those who have the eyes to see, at any time of year, day or night. Nature has an ever-varying assortment of colors, designs, and ideas that are entirely practical for almost every kind of decoration.

And by this I do not mean the carefully nurtured and cultivated blooms of the hot-house but the common wayside delights that most of us pass unheeded, as beneath our notice.

There is no need to make a pattern: it is done for you. All you have to do is to reproduce as broadly, or as intricately, as you may wish, the thousand and one things you see while walking in the woods, along the shore, or on any country road.

When you have once sallied forth, with a bit of paper and a pencil, jotting down a bit of landscape here, a picturesque wall or fence there, butterflies hovering over a flower, perhaps a plant or flower that could not be brought home, you will really believe that the joy of life is just beginning. Try taking notes on each sketch, describing the colors and any characteristic hints that might be useful later, and before you know it you will have a book of entirely original ideas for any sort of use you may want to put them to.

PICK up a spray of anything that catches your eye: a graceful branch of pine, with its tiny cones, for instance; a flower with leaves that are not too complicated, such as the wood anemone, marsh marigold, wintergreen berries with their glossy green leaves, a mushroom or a toadstool (the latter turns such wonderful colors in September), and bring these trophies home with you.

Then, one by one, hold each blossom in your hand, or arrange it so that you can get the entire effect, and trace it either on a piece of tracing paper or on the article to be decorated.

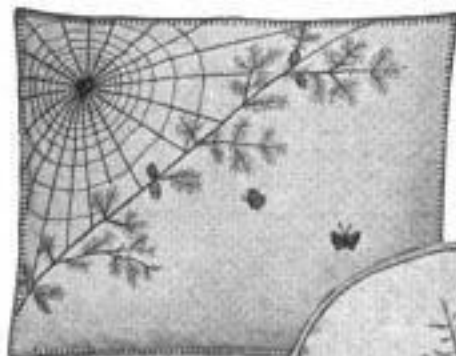
Look carefully before beginning any outline at all, to be sure to get its character, for you will find that if the outline is well in mind, the actual drawing is simple.

And, remember, you do not need a knowledge

of drawing. You do not need to draw even a straight line; just put down, as simply as you know how, what you see before you, and you'll be amazed at what you can do. Ever so much depends on how carefully you observe.

One enchanting subject is the dew-sparkling cobweb seen early on a bright summer morning or after a shower, when everything is dripping and shining at the sudden appearance of the sun. Its shimmering glory cannot, of course, be reproduced in its full beauty, but we can put down some semblance of it, to remind us of that illusive hour.

The little pillow in the illustration is twelve inches by sixteen inches, made of gray-green taffeta, the cobweb worked with a



Another enchanting design is the dew-sparkling cobweb, delicately woven



Grayish-brown grasses in a silver bowl outlined against a soft green background

fine silver thread, the pine bough in black and green and the little cones in brown. Only the outline stitch has been used, except for the butterflies, which are worked solid in a deeper shade of green with touches of black.

By studying the webs carefully in all their varying irregularities and sizes, you will discover that they have infinite possibilities as decoration and are very easy to do.

Another artistic combination in green and silver is shown in the little round pillow, for which a spray of dried plants and grasses furnished the simple motif. With the grasses outlined in grayish-brown on a background of soft green taffeta, and the bowl worked solid in a silver white, or cut from silver ribbon and couched on around the edge with a fine silver cord, the effect is most unusual and charming.

Dried Queen Anne's lace, goldenrod, and innumerable grasses are all most decorative and provide never-ending sources of design.

Not for years had the privilege come to me of being in the country in June, so last year, in New Hampshire, when I discovered an enchanting four-petaled white flower, with six glossy green leaves, growing close to



Sometimes the sky line as seen from a window will prove an inspiration

the ground, I stood completely enraptured.

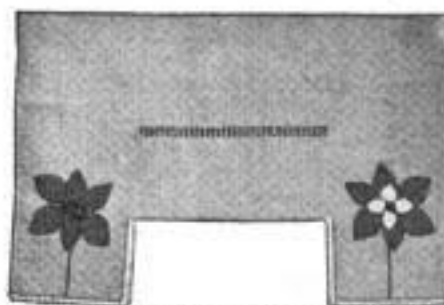
You will see them on the ends of the scarf in the illustration, for a design immediately popped into my head—they were so lovely and so extremely simple. The entire height of the flower is not more than six or seven inches, sometimes shorter, and they form a perfect carpet of bloom in shady parts of the woods.

Bunchberries or bunch plums they are called, for later on in the season the clear white flower turns into crimson berries. I have shown the flower and leaves on one side of one end of the scarf and the berries and leaves on the other. These were done in appliqué, using cotton material in the right colors, as it seemed effective.

STILL more fascinating than making flower designs, perhaps, is the attempt to reproduce a bit of scenery that has charmed you with its picturesqueness.

The little candle shade at the top of the page gives a sky line of house tops, cut from thin black silk and pasted to a pale blue background. The tiny windows are cut out and the shade lined with rose, so that when the shade is in use, the windows look as if they were lighted up.

The tray here illustrated has a glimpse of

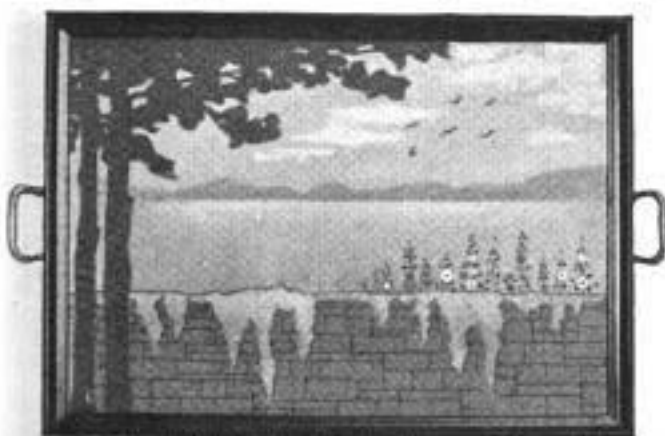


The charm of the bunchberry lies in its very stiffness and simplicity

wall and varicolored hollyhocks in the foreground and a view beyond, seen from a friend's house in June.

Any bits of material that seemed right as to color were used, whether cotton or silk, although the cotton proved to be the more practicable, as it takes an outline from pen and ink without running, which silk will not do. On a sheet of paper, the size of the tray, I first drew the lines for the design (and here will come in your book of sketches, made on the spot), next cutting out from my materials the parts in their right size—sky, trees, wall, etc.—and pasting in place.

A tiny cottage with trees, perhaps just a bit of roof or a gable; a hayfield and the rolling hills beyond—in such scenes as these you will find endless inspiration.



A favorite bit of view, taken in the summer time, will help you through the gloomy days of winter

## Your House of Dreams

ALMOST everyone dreams of having a little house in the country. The "Companion's" "Little Book of Bungalows and Cottages" has photographs, plans, sketches, and descriptions of twenty-eight small houses designed by prominent American architects. Price, 40 cents. Address "Bungalow Booklet," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

## Gift Shop Novelties

PAINT 'em yourself—a round tin cake box decorated with a gay flower design, a set of sweet-grass doilies, some afternoon tea plates, a pair of ivory-white candlesticks, a quaint wooden comport—and hosts of other good sellers, illustrated in a thirty-two-page booklet. Price, 25 cents. Address "China Painting," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

## "Break" Insurance

BECAUSE nobody likes to make a "break," the "Companion's" etiquette book was published. It contains chapters on introductions, invitations, cards and calls, table manners, travel, teas and receptions, motoring, mourning, etc. Price, 15 cents. Order "Madame Grundy's Book," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

## KAPOCK Silky Sunfast Draperies



## Say "Kapock"

IF you would have the utmost satisfaction in hangings for your home, Kapock Silky Sunfast Draperies are exquisite in color, silky in texture, graceful when draped. Sunshine does not fade the "Long-Life-Colors," water restores them to newness!

Send us your dealer's name and receive a "Kapock Sketch Book"—ideas in house-furnishing.



A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.  
Dept. M Philadelphia, Pa.

GENUINE KAPOCK HAS THIS WHITE BASTING THREAD IN THE SELVAGE

## You Can Make at Home Parchment Shades and Lamps

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Parchment Shades, Lamps, and shades in artistic designs are the newest vogue. Have 1/2 usual price by getting our Shades and Lamps Kit, designed, ready for coloring, full directions for making. Very simple—any one can do it. 200 shapes, sizes and designs shown in free catalog 50W.

This quaint \$4.12-look Electric Lamp, flat, designed, ready to paint, complete. Gift Brd. 3 Tassels. Etched and Base, Socket, Silk Cord and Plug. \$2.95, postage 10c.

## China Painters!

The latest of everything in china—moving from 10 to 40 per cent. We are America's largest white china importers; sell direct to you, making possible the big reduction in price.

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THAYER & CHANDLER, 913 West Van Buren St., CHICAGO

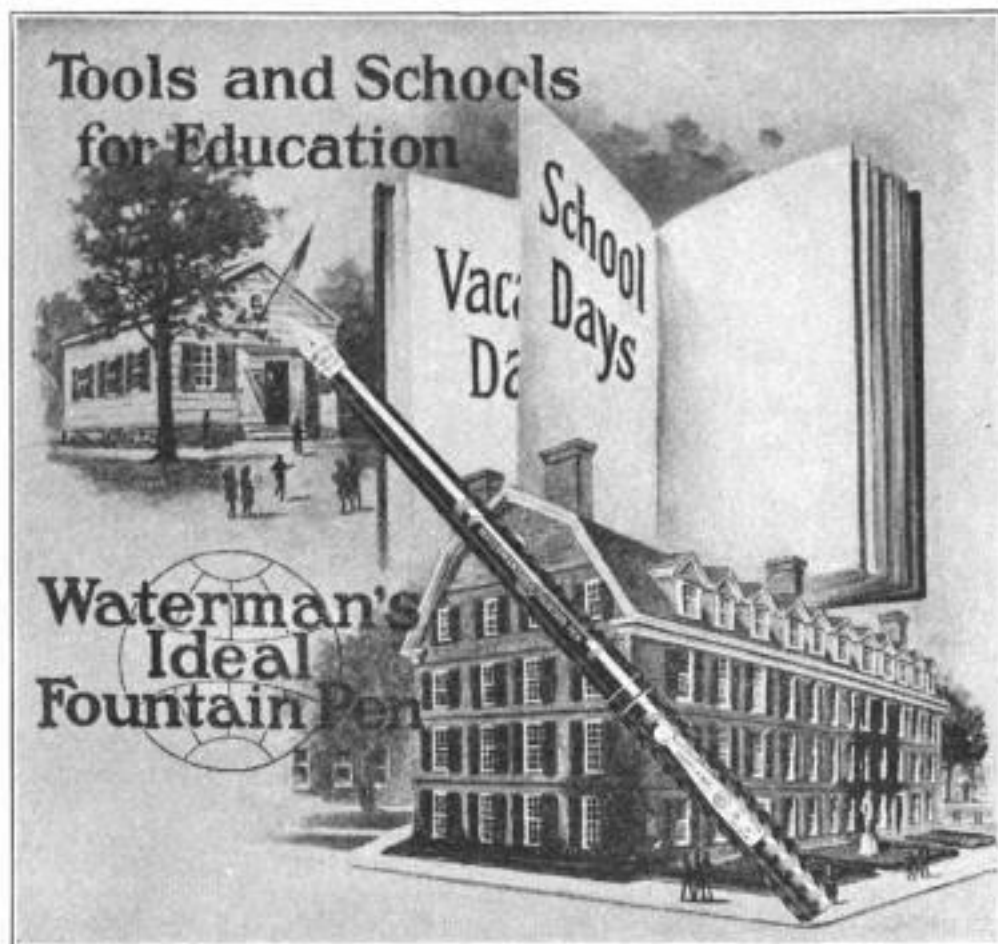
## Stays White Longest Pepperell SHEETING, SHEETS & PILLOWCASES

Light enough for easy washing; heavy enough to stand the wear; used by housewives everywhere. The standard family sheeting for two generations. Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

Bliss, Fabyan & Co.  
32 Thomas St., New York City  
Address Dept. 4, for booklet, "The Romance of Pepperell."







FROM the first day in the little old schoolhouse to the last day in the University, Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen has helped the youth of the country to acquire the education that in later life makes them an asset instead of a liability to the nation.

Waterman's Ideal is the world standard for quality, efficiency and durability in a fountain pen.

It has made itself indispensable to business men and women, authors, doctors, lawyers, scholars—everyone, in fact, who has use for pen and ink.

### Three types: Regular, Safety, and Self-Filling

*The regular type* is dropper-filled and, size for size, has the largest ink capacity of any fountain pen made.

*The safety type* has a smaller ink capacity but may be carried in any position, in pocket, purse or bag, without the slightest danger of leaking.

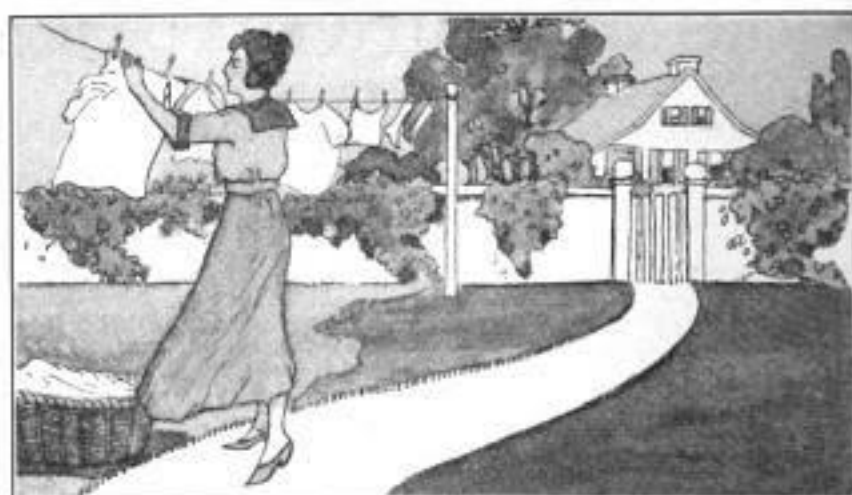
*The self-filling type*—pump or lever action. The pump action type is simpler in construction and has a greater ink capacity than any other pump-filling pen on the market. The lever-filling action has a smaller ink capacity, but fills automatically and with greater convenience. Select the type you like in a size that suits you best, \$2.50 to \$2.50.

### SELECTION AND SERVICE AT BEST DEALERS THE WORLD OVER

The gold pens used in all Waterman's Ideals are tipped with Natural Iridium and are made by us for use in Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen exclusively. You can select a point that fits your need or preference exactly.

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

129 So. State St., Chicago    24 School St., Boston    17 Stockton St., San Francisco



THE clothes line is a rosary  
Of household help and care.  
Each little saint the mother loves  
Is represented there.

And when across her garden plot  
She walks with thoughtful heed,  
I should not wonder if she told  
Each garment for a bead.

A stranger, passing, I salute  
The household in its wear,  
And smile to think how near of kin  
Are love and toil and prayer.  
JULIA WARD HOWE.

## My Way of Washing

By NELL B. NICHOLS

THIS little story on the science of washing was suggested to me this spring when a woman who came to help me with the washing failed to agree with my theories. She insisted that her methods were correct, because she had used them for years. When I went to the laundry, I found her rubbing some of the clothes first by hand and filling the machine with hot water. That week I let her have her way, and decided to have my inning the next time.

I did. And it was gratifying, yet almost pathetic, to see the expression on her face when she took the clothes from the line. She said nothing but trying it out herself could have made her believe that no hand rubbing and washing with warm instead of hot water, could be so effective. The woman is still with me, and she says all the women for whom she does laundry work are praising her work more than usual.

This, as I say, suggested to me that many persons seem to need instruction; but not until the merchant from whom I bought my machine asked me if I'd tell some of his patrons the principles of washing, did I start to write the article.

### Here's the Truth of the Matter

NO WASHING MACHINE can be a success unless its operator understands the soil in clothing, what it is, and what holds it in garments. The machine, at its best, can be no more than a mechanical force. By driving water through the meshes in fabrics, the dirt is loosened. To do this satisfactorily the person doing the washing must supply everything but this power.

The black dust of roads, sidewalks, streets, and yards blows into the house, office, schoolroom, everywhere. It falls on clothing. This soil would not lodge long on cuff or collar band if something did not hold it there. In reality, there are two of these somethings—grease and albuminous substances,

part of which is the skin itself, which rubs off, and the excretions of the skin. To aid the machine in washing clothes, the first thing for the housekeeper to do is to provide conditions in which the grease and albuminous materials can be removed.

### Avoiding a Tragedy

WHEN soiled linens are plunged into a machine filled with scalding water, the tragedy has occurred. The albuminous substances are hardened, just as is the white of egg when dipped in hot water. It coagulates, thereby holding the dirt with great tenacity. The machine is handicapped from the start, and the task of getting the clothes clean is made very difficult.

Clothes placed in warm water help the machine to be efficient; the albuminous materials dissolve, as it were, in water of this temperature, setting free the soil which they have been holding.

Of course, soaking the clothes in tepid water for several hours is also effective in dissolving these materials, and garments which have been soaked can then be washed in hot water. However, I find it takes considerable time and energy to put garments to soak and to wring them from the water before washing.

The grease on garments must be reckoned with, too. While hot water helps to dissolve it, soap with water does it more effectively.

Use either soap flakes or two cakes of soap cut in fine pieces, and heat slowly in one gallon of water. By using dissolved soap or soap flakes, the soap is distributed evenly throughout the water and none is wasted.

As the machine drives the soapy water back and forth through the fibers of the cloth, the soap dissolves the grease and carries away most of the loosened dirt particles, the rinsing removing the rest.

Just how much soap is needed depends [CONTINUED ON PAGE 91]

### Laundering at Home

THE illustration at the top of the page appears in full color on a most helpful and attractive little booklet entitled "Laundering at Home," which contains the following six bulletins:

- Removal of Stains
- Supplies for the Home Laundry
- Washing Cottons and Linens: Woolens and Silks
- Washing Machines
- Ironing
- The Equipped Home Laundry

This booklet will be sent upon request. Address Household Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



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The  
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Policy  
Always to please  
the customer  
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**More Than 450 Pages of Styles  
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## The Most Beautiful Style Book Ever Issued

YOU will find in the pages of your "NATIONAL" Style Book a new pleasure in the wealth of new beauty it shows. The Styles are changed—are new—are different and improved. Styles are more beautiful—far more fascinating and becoming.

And to see and to know and to have the most beautiful new fashions shown in New York—to wear the absolutely correct authoritative New York styles, you need only to fill in the coupon below for your free copy of this new "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Style Book.

## This Style Book Will Save You Money

Times have changed in one year. Prices are down—here at the "NATIONAL" \$12.50 has now become equal to \$20.00 spent one year ago. The "NATIONAL'S"

low prices are the low prices of today. Because all "NATIONAL" Styles are the new styles—new goods bought and sold at the new low prices.

<b>Women's Coats</b> . . . . .	this year are from	<b>\$6.98 to \$37.50</b>
<b>Women's All-Wool Suits</b> . . . . .	Last year's prices were from	\$14.95 to \$67.50
<b>Women's All-Wool Dresses</b> . . . . .	this year are from	<b>12.98 to 29.50</b>
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<b>Men's All-Wool Suits</b> . . . . .	this year are from	<b>6.49 to 19.98</b>
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	this year are from	<b>19.95 to 29.75</b>
	Last year's prices were from	28.50 to 49.75
	this year are from	<b>4.98 to 12.98</b>
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Waists, Skirts, Shoes, Furs, Infants' Wear, Girls' Dresses, Underwear—everything you wear—are just as low priced—offer you equally big savings.

Above all, bear in mind that these are "NATIONAL" Goods—dependable goods—products of the "NATIONAL'S" thirty-three years' skill and experience and knowledge. Always for you at the "NATIONAL" there must be complete satisfaction. Not only a full dollar's worth, but a full dollar's worth of satisfactory merchandise or your money back.

So fill in the coupon here for your "NATIONAL" Money-Saving Style Book. To fill in the printed coupon here is to save many dollars—is to save at least \$50 on your family's needs this Fall, because your "NATIONAL" Style Book shows everything for all the family at money-saving prices.

Address Department E

**NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.**

**New York City**

**Kansas City, Missouri**

If you live East of the Mississippi River  
send the coupon to our New York address

If you live West of the Mississippi River  
send the coupon to our Kansas City address

### IMPORTANT!

If you live West of the Mississippi River send the Coupon to our Kansas City House. If you live East of the Mississippi River send the Coupon to our New York House.

Dept. E  
**NATIONAL  
CLOAK & SUIT CO.**

New York Kansas City

(Send this coupon to Kansas City only if you live west of the Mississippi River.) Please send me free my new Fall and Winter "NATIONAL" Style Book.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....





Sketch from actual photo of nine-months-old Mary Edna Hammersmith, Cumberland, Maryland.

## Suppose your baby lost weight from birth

**L**ITTLE MARY HAMMERSMITH started off brilliantly at birth—weighed 11½ pounds! But from that time on she lost steadily until at five weeks the scales showed only 7 pounds.

How Mrs. Hammersmith worried! Then Eagle Brand was resorted to—and what a difference! "To-day, at nine months old, she weighs 24 pounds and has never had a disordered stomach. We think she is perfect," her mother enthusiastically writes.

If baby is not gaining weight, Eagle Brand Condensed Milk will work a healthful change. Eagle Brand contains the nutritive elements your baby needs. It's just pure country milk and sugar blended scientifically—and it digests just like mother's milk.

Sold by all grocers.

THE BORDEN COMPANY  
Borden Building New York

# Borden's EAGLE BRAND

Condensed Milk

## Protect Your Child's Health

Ready  
for  
Bed



TRADE MARK

### Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached cotton*, with some soft wool. No waste or shoddy is used.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and also the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give the unique *soft-knit feeling*.

The *hygienic qualities* are spun and knit into Dr. Denton fabric.

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. Our *washing process* avoids stretching. **Dentons do not shrink** but keep their original shape and elasticity.

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Elastic outside seams, collars double thickness, strong button holes, facings all stayed. Fabric is a mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil.

Made for children up to fourteen years old. *Prices low for the quality.*

**Insist on genuine Dentons.** Name is on neck hanger. Our trade mark is on tag attached to each garment. Sold in over 3,500 Dry Goods Stores.

If you cannot get them from your dealer, write us.

**Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills**

540 Mill Street

Centerville, Michigan



I'm little sister Eulalee, nineteen months old, and I find funny dolls fascinating

## Better Babies in Brazil

*These two better brothers and their better sister make a best family*

PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL.  
SOUTH AMERICA.

**DEAR WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION:** I am enclosing pictures of my three healthy and happy "babies."

When my eldest was the baby, I received your Better Babies score card, posters, and general directions for organizing a contest. My husband and I helped "pull off" the first one ever held here in Porto Alegre, and, although far short of what one should be, it was a forward step in child culture, especially for Brazil. About eight of the foremost physicians in town were judges or examiners. Nothing was done in the way of "educating" the parents by lectures or posters, but perhaps next time we can induce the authorities to see what should really be the true end of the contest. The city authorities furnished the prizes—money in the first and medals in the second contest, and our boy took first place in his class both times.

Anna S. Richardson's "Better Babies" is my elbow companion. The monthly letters before the babies came were the greatest help, and I passed them on to others.

Everybody admires the pictures of the little girl and baby so much that I thought perhaps you could use them. James, the oldest, won first prizes in Better Babies contests when he was five and twenty months old, respectively. In the picture he is practicing to beat the 9 4-5 seconds record, with his Daddy as coach.

We just want you to know that you are helping keep up better babies, way down south in Brazil here, even if we are far from the old country, and we wish to thank you for it.

Sincerely yours,  
EULA K. LONG.



Some day I'll be proud of this picture: I'm twenty-five days old, twenty-three inches long, twelve pounds heavy



And I'm big brother James, a lively three-and-a-half

## What the Better Babies Bureau Is And how to secure its help

**THE EXPECTANT MOTHERS' CIRCLE:** Any woman eligible, whether she is a subscriber to the COMPANION or not, may become a member, receiving each month a letter of advice on the care of herself and the preparation for her baby. Several practical little pamphlet circulars showing designs for maternity dresses and a common-sense layette are some of the helps sent with the letters. No matter at what period you enter, everything from the first month will be sent. No mention of the Better Babies Bureau is made on the envelopes in which the material is mailed. Enclose a self-addressed envelope with *Fifty Cents* in stamps, for postage, and state what month you expect your baby.

**THE MOTHERS' CLUB:** Every mother of young children is eligible and need not be a subscriber to the COMPANION to join. Pamphlets, together with monthly letters of instruction on the care and feeding of babies under one year of age (covering such subjects as colic, constipation, weaning, teething, etc.), will be sent to any mother who sends *Fifty Cents* in stamps and states the age of her baby. There are also leaflets giving diet lists, and other helps for babies from one year of age to three years. This literature is all included in the Mothers' Club's monthly service, but if the letters are not desired the additional literature will be sent for *Ten Cents*. A self-addressed stamped envelope will bring a prompt reply to every inquiry. Address BETTER BABIES BUREAU or Mrs. Caroline French Benton, Counselor, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

**HAVE** you seen them: cute folders—stork and baby on cover, verset within, each in an envelope? Price, five cents each. Order Baby Announcements, Woman's Home Companion.



# Ten or fifteen years of life—

*Will you add them  
or subtract them?*

Science has discovered why  
thousands of men and  
women die needlessly while  
still young

A FAMOUS doctor has kept tissue cells of animals alive outside the body for long periods of time. These cells have been kept clean of poisonous matter and properly nourished. It would seem as if their life and growth could thus be maintained indefinitely.

If we could keep our human bodies clean of the poisons which accumulate in them daily and give them the full benefit of proper diet we also ought to live forever. That is an attractive theory.

But it is a known fact that we can add to our span of life or subtract from it. Many men and women choose to subtract.

## *Under forty—yet dying of old-age diseases*

Yearly thousands of men and women still under forty die from old-age diseases. Faulty eating has lowered their vitality so that they easily get infections which prove fatal—they get diseases normally coming only with old age. It is now known that lack of only one food factor—vitamine—always causes this lowered vitality.

This new knowledge has given a profound importance to Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is the richest known source of this health-essential vitamine.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a food, assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if it causes gas, dissolve it first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 1 to 3 cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. *You will soon learn to like its fresh, distinctive flavor and the clean, wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.*

Place a standing order for Fleischmann's Yeast with your grocer and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool, dry place until ready to use.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many requests are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Use coupon below, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. GG-22, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.



*Messages of startling importance from the laboratory of the scientist*

## *Scientific tests of the value of yeast*

### *Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food*

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance. \* \* \*". This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. Remember that Fleischmann's Yeast is not a cathartic; it is a fresh food which gradually makes the use of laxatives unnecessary. Eat from 1 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

### *Skin disorders cleared up*

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

As Fleischmann's Yeast has a laxative action and as it acts very beneficially on all the digestive organs it helps correct the basic causes of these common ailments—so often due to wrong eating.

### *Digestion aided*

Fleischmann's Yeast furnishes a large amount of the vitamine which makes every ounce of nourishment count in building new stores of energy and health. To improve digestion and get full benefit from the food you eat add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet—1 to 3 cakes a day.



*Eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain, spread on bread or crackers or dissolved in milk*

Mail this coupon with 4c in stamps

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,  
Dept. GG-22,  
701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.  
Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."  
Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....





## The Quaker waits at every door

Many housewives get oat flakes without the Quaker Oats flavor—just because they don't insist.

Many other housewives force their grocers to send overseas for Quaker. That is done by oat lovers nearly all the world over.

Quaker Oats wait at every door. Your grocer will supply them if you ask. They cost no fancy price.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, but they are the cream of the oats.

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As a body-builder and a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Children need its minerals, adults need its energy. And all enjoy its fragrance and its taste.

It is supreme food—make it delightful.

Let every dish be Quaker Oats quality.

# Quaker Oats

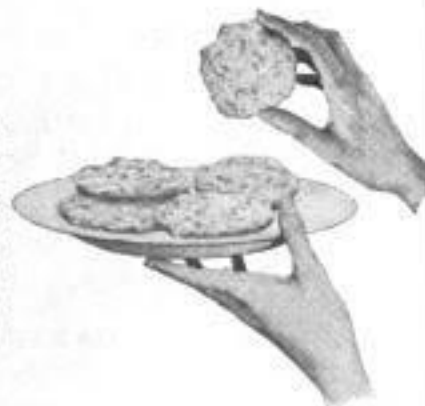
With the flavor that won the world

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

## An Oat Confection Quaker Macaroons

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



boned Slavic face, the blunt-fingered factory hands. With her was a shawled woman who might have been forty, or sixty. She glanced about daintily beneath lowered lids, with quick, furtive looks. An animal, trapped, has the same look in its eyes. The two stood at the side of the table facing Judge Barton.

"Where is Otto Kromek?"  
"He didn't show up," the bailiff reported. No case, then. But Judge Barton did not so state. She leaned forward a little toward the girl, whose face was blotched and swollen with weeping.

"What's the trouble, Jennie?"  
Jennie set her jaw. She looked down, looked up again. The brown eyes were still upon her, questioningly. "I—"

The shawled woman plucked at the girl's skirt and whispered fiercely in her own tongue.

"Let me alone," hissed the girl, and jerked away.

Judge Barton turned toward the woman. "Mrs. Kromek, just stand away from Jennie. Let her talk to me. Afterward you can talk."

The two separated, glaring.  
"Now then, Jennie, how did it all happen?"

The girl begins to speak. The older woman edges closer again to catch what the low voice says.

"We went ridin' with a couple fellas."

"Did you know them? Were they boys you knew?"

"No."

"How did you happen to go riding with them, Jennie?"

"We was walkin'—"

"We?"

"Me an' my girl friend. We was walkin'. These fellas was driving 'round slow. We seen 'em. An' they come up to the curb where we was passin' by an' asked us would we like to take a ride. Well, we didn't have nothin' else to do, so—"

I-sez-to-him and he-sez-to-me. The drive. Terror. A fight in the car, the sturdy girls defending themselves fiercely. Home safe, but so late that the usual tirade became abuse. They had said things at home. . . . Well . . . she'd show 'em. She'd run away. She had taken the hundred to spite him—Otto.

"Why did you go, Jennie? You knew, didn't you?"

The girl's smoldering resentment flared into open hatred. "It's her. She's always a-yellin' at me. They're all yellin' all the time. I come home from work, and right away they jump on me. Nothin' I do ain't right. I'm good and sick of it, that's what. Good and sick—"

She was weeping again, wildly, unrestrainedly. The older woman broke into a torrent of talk in her own thick tongue. She grasped the girl's arm. Jennie wrenched herself free. "Yeh, you!" She turned again to Judge Barton, the tears streaming down her cheeks. She made no attempt to wipe them away. The Jennies of Judge Barton's court, so prone to tears, were usually poorly equipped for the disposal of them.

Emma Barton did not say, "Don't cry, Jennie." Without taking her eyes from the girl she opened the upper right-hand drawer of her desk, and from a neatly stacked pile of plain white handkerchiefs she took the topmost one, shook it out of its folds and handed it wordlessly to Jennie.

As wordlessly Jennie took it, and wiped her streaming eyes and blew her nose, and mopped her face. Emma Barton had won a thousand Jennies with a thousand neat white handkerchiefs extracted in the nick of time from that upper right-hand drawer.

"Now then, Mrs. Kromek. What's the trouble between you and Jennie? Why don't you get along, you two?"

Mrs. Kromek, no longer furtive, squared herself to state her grievance. Hers was a polyglot but pungent tongue. She made plain her meaning. Jennie was a bum, a no-good, a stuck-up. The house wasn't clean enough for Jennie. Always she was washing. Evenings she was wash-

ing herself always with hot water; it was enough to make you sick. And Jennie was sassy on the boarder.

And, "I see," said Judge Barton encouragingly, at intervals, as the vituperative flood rolled on. "I see." Jennie's eyes, round with hostility, glared at her accuser over the top of the handkerchief. Finally, when the poison stream grew thinner, trickled, showed signs of stopping altogether, Judge Barton beamed understandingly upon the vixenish Mrs. Kromek. "I understand perfectly

## The Girls

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now. Just wait here, Mrs. Kromek. Jennie, come with me." She beckoned to Lottie. The three disappeared into the inner office. Judge Barton laid a hand lightly on the girl's shoulder. "Now then, Jennie, what would you like to do, h'm? Just talk to me. Tell me, what would you like to do?"

Jennie's hands writhed in the folds of her skirt. She twisted her fingers. She sobbed final dry, racking sobs. And then she rolled the judicial handkerchief into a tight, damp, hard little ball and began to talk. She talked as she had never talked to Ma Kromek. Translated, it ran thus:

At home there was no privacy. The house was full of hulking men; pipe smoke; the smell of food eternally stewing on the stove; shrill or guttural voices; rough jests. Book reading, bathing, reticence on Jennie's part were all shouted down as attempts at being "tony."

When she came home from the factory at night, tired, nerve-worn, jaded, the house was as cluttered and dirty as it had been when she left in the morning. The mother went with the boarders (this Jennie told as evenly and dispassionately as the rest). She had run away from home after the last hideous family fracas. She had taken the money in a spirit of hatred and revenge. She'd do it again. If they had let her go to school, as she had wanted to—she used to talk English all right, like the teacher—but you heard the other kind of talk around the house and at the factory, and pretty soon you couldn't talk the right way. They made fun of you if you did. A business college course. That was what she wanted. She could spell. At school she could spell better than anyone in the room. Only, they had taken her out in the sixth grade.

The two older women looked at each other over Jennie's head. The course in stenography could be managed simply enough. Judge Barton met such problems hourly. But what to do with Jennie in the meantime? She shrank from consigning to a detention home or a Girls' Refuge this fundamentally sound and decent young creature.

Suddenly, "I'll take her," said Lottie. "How do you mean?"

"I'll take her home with me. We've got rooms and rooms in that barracks of ours. The whole third floor. She can stay for a while. Anyway, she can't go back to that house."

The girl sat looking from one to the other, uncomprehending. Her hands were clutching each other tightly. Emma Barton turned to her. "What do you say, Jennie? Would you like to go home with Miss Payson here? Just for a while, until we think of something else? I think we can manage the business college course."

The girl seemed hardly to comprehend. Lottie leaned toward her. "Would you like to come to my house, Jeannette?" And at that the first stab of misgiving darted through Lottie. "My house!" She thought of her mother.

"Yes," answered Jennie with the ready acquiescence of her class. "Yes."

And so it was settled, simply. Ma Kromek accepted the decision with dumb passiveness. One of the brothers would bring Jennie's clothes to the Prairie Avenue house. Jennie had spent only half of the stolen hundred. The unspent half she had returned to Otto. The rest she would pay back, bit by bit, out of her earnings. Winnie Steppeler bemoaned her inability to make a feature story of Jennie—Jeannette.

Lottie smiled at Jennie, and propelled her down the corridor and into the elevator, to the street. In her well-fitting tailor suit, and her good furs, and her close little velvet hat she looked the Lady Bountiful. The girl, shabby, tear-stained, followed. Lottie was racked with horrid misgivings. Why had she suggested it! What a mad idea! Her mother! She tried to put the thought out of her mind. She couldn't face it. And all the while she was unlocking the door of the electric, settling herself in the seat, holding out a hand to help Jennie's entrance. The watery sunshine of the early morning had been a false promise. It was raining again.

Out of the welter of State Street and Wash-bash, and into the clear stretch of Michigan again, she turned suddenly to look at Jennie, and found Jennie looking fixedly at her. Jennie's eyes did not drop shiftily at this unexpected encounter. That was reassuring.

"Gussie works at my sister's," she told the girl, bluntly. "That's how I happened to be in court this morning [CONTINUED ON PAGE 77]





when your case came up."  
"Oh," said Jennie, accept-  
ing this as of a piece with  
all the rest of the day's hap-  
penings. Then, after a mo-  
ment, she asked, "Is that  
why you said you'd take me? Gussie?"  
"No; I didn't even think of Gussie at the  
time. I just thought of you. I didn't even  
think of myself." She smiled a little grimly.  
"I'm going to call you Jeannette, shall I?"  
"Yeh. Jennie's so homely. What's your  
name?"  
"Lottie."

## The Girls

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Jeannette politely made no comment.  
Lottie found herself defending the name.  
"It's short for Charlotte, you know. My  
aunt Charlotte lives with us. We'd get  
mixed up. My niece is named Charlotte,  
too. We call her Charley."

Jeannette nodded briskly. "I know. I  
saw her once. I was at Gussie's. Gussie  
told me. She's awful pretty. . . . She's got  
it swell. . . . You like my hair this way?"  
She whisked off the dusty velvet tam.

"I think I'd like it better the other way.  
Long."

"I'll let it grow. I can do it in a net so it  
looks like long." They rode along in si-  
lence.

What to say to her mother! She glanced  
at her watch. Eleven. Well, at least she  
wasn't late. They were turning into  
Prairie at Sixteenth. She was terrified at  
what she had done, furious that this should  
be so.

Jeannette was speaking again. "The  
houses around here are swell, ain't they?"

"Yes," Lottie agreed, absently. Her  
own house was a block away.

Jeannette's mind grasshopped to an-  
other topic. "I can talk good if you keep  
telling me. I forget. Home and in the  
works everybody talks bum English. I  
learn quick."

"Well, then," said Lottie. "I shouldn't  
say 'swell,' nor 'ain't.'"

Jeannette thought a moment. "The . . .  
houses . . . around . . . here . . . are . . . grand,  
are . . . they . . . not?"

Suddenly Lottie reached over and cov-  
ered the girl's hand with her own.

Jeannette smiled back at her. She  
thought her a fine looking middle-aged per-  
son. Not a very swell dresser, but you  
could see she had class.

"Here we are!" said Lottie, aloud. The  
direct, clear-headed woman who had acted  
with authority and initiative only an hour  
before in the court room was now thinking.  
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" in anticipative  
agony. She opened the front door; the  
two entered—Jeannette the braver of the  
two.

"Yoo-hoo!" called Lottie with an airy as-  
sumption of cheeriness. There was no  
answer to Lottie's call. She sped back to  
the kitchen.

"Where's Mother?"

"She has gone out."

"Out! Where? It's raining. Pouring!"

"She has gone out."

Even in her horror at the thought of her  
rheumatism-stricken mother in the down-  
pour she was conscious of a feeling of relief.  
It was the relief a condemned murderer  
feels whose hanging is postponed from to-  
day until to-morrow.

She came back to Jeannette. Oh, dear!  
"Come up-stairs with me, Jeannette." Lot-  
tie ran up the stairs quickly. Jeannette at  
her heels. She went straight to Aunt Char-  
lotte's room.

"Where's Mother?"

Aunt Charlotte smiled grimly. "She  
bounced out the minute you left."

"But where?"

"Her rents and the marketing."

"But it's raining. She can't be out in  
the rain! Way over there!"

"She said she was going to take the street  
car. . . . What time is it, Lottie? I must  
have—Who's that in the hall?" She  
stopped in the middle of a yawn.

"Jeannette, come here. This is Jeannette,  
Aunt Charlotte. Gussie's sister. You  
know—Gussie who works for Belle. I've  
brought Jeannette home with me."

"That's nice," said Aunt Char-  
lotte pleasantly.

"To live, I mean."

"Oh! Does your mother  
know?"

"No. I just—I just  
brought her home."

Lottie put a hand on  
Aunt Charlotte's with-  
ered cheek. She was  
terribly near to tears.

"Dear Aunt Charlotte,  
won't you take care  
of Jeannette? I'm go-  
ing out after Mother.

Show her her room—up-  
stairs; you know. And  
give her some hot lunch.  
On the third floor, you  
know—the room."

Jeannette spoke up primly.

me, Jeannette. My, my! How pretty your  
hair is cut short like that. So Gussie is your  
sister, h'm? Well, well!" She actually  
pinched Jeannette's tear-stained cheek.

("The dear thing!" Lottie thought,  
harassed as she was. "The darling old  
thing!" And then, suddenly. "She should  
have been my mother.")

Lottie ran down-stairs and into the elec-  
tric. She jerked its levers so that the old  
vehicle swayed and evorted on the slip-  
pery pavement.

She would drive straight over to the one-  
story buildings on West Halsted, near  
Eighteenth. Her mother usually went  
there first. It was a Polish settlement.  
Mrs. Payson owned a row of six stores oc-  
cupied by a tobacconist, a shoemaker, a  
delicatessen, a Chinese laundry, a grocer, a  
lunch room. She collected the rents her-  
self, let out bids for repairs, kept her own  
books. Lottie had tried to help her with  
these last, but she was not good at accounts.  
Unless carefully watched she mixed things  
up hopelessly. Mrs. Payson juggled ac-  
count books, ledgers, check books, rental  
lists like an expert accountant. Eighteenth  
Street, as Lottie drove across it now, was a  
wallow of liquid mud, rain, drays, spattered  
yellow street cars, dim, drab-looking shops.  
The slippery car tracks were a menace to  
drivers. She had to go slowly. The row  
of Halsted Street buildings reached at last,  
Lottie ran in one store and out the other.

"Is my mother here?"

"She's gone."

"Has Mrs. Payson been here?"

"Long. She left an hour ago."

There were the other buildings on Forty-  
third Street. But she couldn't have gone  
way up there, Lottie told herself. But she  
decided to try them. On the way she  
stopped at the house. Her mother had not  
yet come in. She went on up to Forty-  
third, the spring rain lashing the glassed-in  
hood of the electric. Yes, her mother had  
been there and gone. Lottie was conscious  
of a little hot flame of anger rising in her.  
She swung the car over to Gus's market on  
Forty-third.

"Gus, has my mother—?"

"She's just went. You can catch her yet.  
I told her to wait till it let up a little. She  
was wetter'n a drowned rat. But not her!  
You know your ma! Wait nothin'!"

Lottie headed toward Indiana Avenue  
and the car line. Her eyes searched the  
passers-by beneath their dripping umbrel-  
las. Then she spied her, a draggled, black-  
garbed figure, bundle laden, waiting on the  
corner for her car. Her left arm—the bad  
one—was held stiffly folded in front of her,  
close to her body. That meant pain. Her  
shoulders were hunched a little. Her black  
hat was slightly askew. But as she peered  
up the street in vain hope of an approaching  
street car, her glance was as alert as ever.  
Lottie drew up sharply at the curb, flung  
open the door, was out, had seized the bun-  
dles and was propelling her mother toward  
the electric almost before Mrs. Payson had  
realized her presence.

"Mother dear, why didn't you wait?"

For a moment it looked as if Mrs. Payson  
meant to resist stubbornly. She even  
jerked her arm away, childishly. But  
strong as her will was her aching body pro-  
tested still more strongly. Lottie hoisted  
her almost bodily into the electric.

"Oh, Mother,"—Lottie's voice broke,  
the tears, hot, hurt, repentant, coursed  
down her cheeks—"why did you do it!  
You know—you knew—"

Mrs. Carrie Payson opened her eyes.  
"You said Belle's hired girl's sister was  
more important than I, didn't you? Well!"

"But you knew I didn't—," she stopped  
short. She couldn't say she hadn't meant  
it. She had. She couldn't explain to her  
mother that she had meant that her effort  
to help Jeannette was her protest against  
stifled expression. Her mother would not  
have understood. It sounded silly  
and pretentious even in her un-  
spoken thought. But deeper  
than this deprecatory self-  
consciousness was a new  
and growing conscious-  
ness of self.

She remembered Jean-  
nette—Jeannette in-  
stalled in the third-  
floor room, a member  
of the household.  
Lottie braced herself  
for the effort.

"I brought Jeannette  
home with me. Gus-  
sie's sister. The one  
who's had trouble with  
the family."

"Home! What for!"

"She's—she's a nice little  
thing. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



## Whiter Teeth

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Pepsodent has brought to millions a  
new era in teeth cleaning.

Modern authorities endorse it. Lead-  
ing dentists everywhere advise it. Half  
the world over it is being rapidly adopted.

You should see what it does, learn  
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## Watch the unique effects

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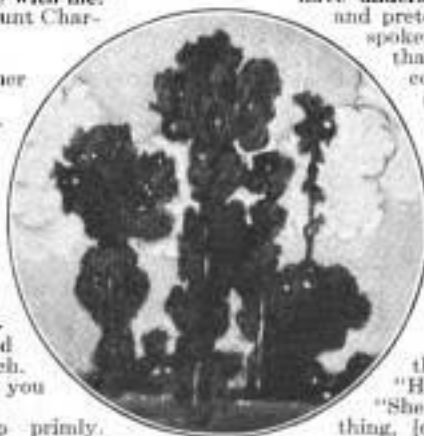
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and bright. There wasn't any place to send her. We've got so much room."

"You must be crazy." "Are you going to turn her out into the storm, Mom, like the girl in the melodrama?"

Mrs. Payson was silent a moment. Then, "Does she know anything about housework? Belle's always saying her Gussie's such a treasure. I'm about sick of that Hulda. Wastes more every week than we eat. I don't see what they do with it—these girls. If we used a pound of butter last week we used five, and I hardly touch—" "Jeannette doesn't want to do housework. She wants to go to business college."

"Well, of course, if you're running a reform school."

But she made no further protest now. Lottie, peeling off her mother's wet clothing as soon as they entered the house, pleaded with her to go to bed.

She was startled when her mother agreed. Mrs. Payson had always said, "When I go to bed in the middle of the day you can know I'm sick."

She was in bed for a week. Lottie covered herself with reproaches.

NO ONE quite knew when or how Jeannette had become indispensable to the Payson household; but she had. Most of all had she become indispensable to Mrs. Carrie Payson. Between the two there existed a lion-and-mouse friendship. Jeannette's ebullient spirits had not undergone years of quenching from the acid stream of Mrs. Payson's criticism. Jeannette's perceptions and valuations were the straightforward, simple, peasant sort, unhampered by fine distinctions or involved reasoning. To her Mrs. Carrie Payson was not a domineering and rather terrible person whose word was law and whose will was adamant, but a fretful, funny, and rather bossy old woman who generally was wrong. Jeannette was immensely fond of her, and did not take her seriously for a moment. About the house Jeannette was as handy as a man. And this was a manless household. She could conquer a stubborn window shade; adjust a loose caster in one of the bulky old chairs or bedsteads; drive a nail; put up a shelf; set a mouse trap.

In the very beginning, she and Mrs. Payson had come to grips. Mrs. Payson's usual attitude of fault-finding and intolerance had brought about the situation. Jeannette had rebelled at once.

"I guess I'll have to leave to-day," she had said. "I'm going back to the factory."

"Why?"

"I can't have nobody giving me board and room for nothing. I always paid for what I got." She began to pack her scant belongings in the little room on the third floor next to Hulda's. A council was summoned. It was agreed that Jeannette should help with the household tasks; assist Hulda with the dishes; slip-flop the mattresses; clean the silver, perhaps. This silver-cleaning was one of Mrs. Payson's fixed ideas. It popped into her mind whenever she saw Hulda momentarily idle. Hulda did endless yards of coarse and hideous tatting and crocheting, intended ultimately for guimpes, edgings, bands and borders on nightgowns, corset covers and pillow slips. Pressed, she admitted an Oscar in the office. She had mounds of stout underwear, crocheted-edged, in her queer old-world trunk. When, in a leisure hour, she sat in her room or in the orderly kitchen she was always busy with a gray and grimy ball of this handiwork. Mrs. Payson would slam in and out of the kitchen. "There she sits, doing nothing. Crocheting!"

"But, Mother," Lottie would say, "her work's all done. The kitchen's like a pin. She cleaned the whole front of the house to-day. It isn't time to start dinner."

"Let her clean the silver, then."

Jeannette ate her meals with Hulda, and before a week had passed she had banished the grubby and haphazard feeding off one end of the kitchen table. She got hold of a rickety old table in the basement, straightened its wobbly legs, painted it white, and set it up against the kitchen wall under the window facing the back yard. In a pantry drawer she found a faded lunch cloth of the Japanese variety, with blue birds on it. This she spread for their meals. They had proper knives, forks, and spoons. The girl was friendly, good-natured, helpful. Hulda could not resent her—even welcomed her companionship in that rather grim household.

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]



Jeannette's business college hours were from nine to four. She went downtown in one of Charley's straight, smart, tailor suits, revamped, and a sailor with an upturned brim that gave her face a piquant look. She did not seem to care much for what she called "the fellows." Perhaps her searing experience of the automobile ride had scarred that side of her. One day, soon after her induction into the Prairie Avenue household, she had turned her attention to the electric. Lottie had just come in from an errand with Mrs. Payson. Jeannette waylaid her.

"Listen. If you would learn me to—hub? Ob—teach me to run that thing you ride around in, I bet I could catch on quick—quickly. Then I could take your ma around Saturday mornings when I ain't at school; and evenings, and you wouldn't have to, see? Will you?"

With the magic adaptability of youth she learned to drive with incredible ease. She had no nerves; a sense of the road; an eye for distances. After she had mastered the old car's idiosyncrasies she became adept at it. She had a natural mechanical sense, and after one or two encounters with the young man from the Elite garage the electric's motive powers were noticeably improved. Often, now, it was Jeannette who drove Mrs. Payson to her buildings on the West Side, or to her appointments with contractors, plumbers, carpenters, and the like.

Lottie found herself possessed of occasional leisure. She could spend a half-day in the country. She could lunch in the park and stroll over to the Wooded Island to watch and wonder at the budding marvel of trees and shrubs and bushes. She even thought boldly of getting a Saturday job of some sort—perhaps in connection with Judge Barton's court, but hesitated to appropriate Jeannette's time permanently thus.

The atmosphere of the old Prairie Avenue house was less turbid, somehow. Jeannette was a dash of clear cold water in the muddy sediment of their existence. Sometimes the thought came to Lottie that she hadn't been needed in the household, after all. That is, she—Lottie Payson—to the exclusion of anyone else. Anyone else would have done as well. She hated to believe this. If she had merely been made use of, thus, then those ten years had been wasted, thrown away, useless—She put the thought out of her mind as morbid.

Lottie was thirty-three in April. "Now, Lottie!" her mother's friends said to her, wagging a chiding forefinger, "you're not going to let your little niece get ahead of you, are you?"

The last week in April, Mrs. Carrie Payson went to French Lick Springs with Belle; Mrs. Payson for her rheumatism, Belle for her digestive trouble. Henry, looking more worried and distraught than ever, was to follow them at the end of the week. You rarely heard his big booming laugh now. Mrs. Payson and her daughter Belle had never before gone away together. Belle did not appear to relish the prospect particularly; but she said she needed the cure, and Henry had finally convinced her of the utter impossibility of his going. He was rather alarmingly frank about it. "Can't afford it, Belle," he said, "and that's the God's truth. Business is—well, there isn't any, that's all. You need the rest and all, and I want you to go. I'll try to come down for Saturday and Sunday, but don't count on me. I may have to go to New York any day now."

He did leave for New York that week, before the French Lick trip. Lottie and Charley took them down to the station in the Kemps' big car with the expert Charley at the wheel. Mrs. Payson kept up a steady stream of admonition, reminder, direction, caution, advice. The house was to undergo the April semi-annual cleaning during her absence.

"Call up Amos again about the rugs and mattresses... in the yard, remember; and you've got to watch him every minute... every inch of the woodwork with warm water—not hot!... a little ammonia... the backs of the pictures... a pot-roast and cut it up cold for the cleaning woman's lunch and give her plenty of potatoes... the parlor curtains..."

The train was gone. Lottie and Charley stood looking at each other for a moment, wordlessly. They burst into rather wild laughter, clasped hands and raced for the car.

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"Let's go for a drive," said Charley. It was ten-thirty at night.

"All right," agreed Lottie. Charley swung the car back into Michigan, then up Michigan, headed north. The air was deliciously soft and balmy for April in Chicago. They whisked up Lake Shore Drive and into Lincoln Park. Lottie was almost ashamed of the feeling of freedom, of relaxation, of exaltation that flooded her whole being. She felt alive and tingling and light. She was smiling unconsciously.

On the way back Charley drew up at the curb along the outside drive at the edge of Lincoln Park, facing the lake. They sat wordlessly for a brief space in the healing quiet and peace and darkness, with the waves lapping the stones at their feet.

"What are you going to do with your week, Lotta?"

"H'm? Oh! Well, there's the housecleaning—"

"Oh!" Charley slammed her fist down on the motor horn. It squawked in chorus with her protest. "If what the Bible promises is true then you're the heiress of the ages, you are."

"Heiress?"

"The meek shall inherit the earth."

"I'm not meek. I'm just the kind of person that things don't happen to."

"You don't let them happen. When everything has gone wrong, and you're feeling stifled and choked, and you've just been forbidden, as if you were a half-wit of sixteen, to do something that you've every right to do, what's your method? Instead of blowing up with a loud report—instead of asserting yourself like a free-born white woman—you put on your hat and take a long walk, and work it off that way. Then you come home with that high spiritual look on your face that makes me want to scream and slap you. You're exactly like Aunt Charlotte. When she and Grandma have had a tiff, she snails up-stairs and starts to clean out her bureau drawers and wind old ribbons, and fold things. Well, some day in a crisis she'll find that her bureau drawers have all been tidied the day before. Then what'll she do?"

"Muss 'em up."

"So will you—muss things up. You mark the words of a gal that's been around."

"You kids to-day are so sure of yourselves. I wonder if your method is going to work out any better than ours. You haven't proved it yet. You know, always, exactly what you want to do, and then you go ahead and do it. It's so simple that there must be a catch in it somewhere."

"It's full of catches. That's what makes it so fascinating. All these centuries we've been told to profit by the advice of our elders. What's living for if not to experience? How can anyone know whether you're right or wrong? Oh, I don't mean about small things. Any stranger can decide for you that blue is more becoming than black. But the big things—those things I want to decide for myself. I'm entitled to my own mistakes. I've the right to be wrong. How many middle-aged people do you know whose lives aren't a mess this minute! The thing is to be able to say, 'I planned this myself and my plans didn't work. Now I'll take my medicine.' You can't live somebody else's life without your own getting all distorted in the effort. Now, I'll probably marry Jesse Dick—"

"Charley Kemp! You don't know what you're saying. You're a nineteen-year-old infant."

"I'm a lot older than you. Of course he hasn't asked me. I don't suppose he ever will. I mean they don't put a hand on the heart and say 'Will-you-be-mine?' But he hadn't kissed me twice before I knew."

A faint, "Charley!"

"And he's the only man I've ever met that I can fancy still caring for when he's forty-three and I'm forty. He'll never be stuffy and settled and taken-for-granted. He talks to children as if they were human beings and not nuisances or idiots. I've heard him. He's darling with them. We'll probably disagree, as we do now, about the big, empty things like war, and politics. But we're in perfect accord about the small things that make up everyday life. And they're the things that count, in marriage."

"But Charley, child, does your mother know all this?"

"Oh, no. Mother thinks she's the modern woman and that she makes up the younger generation. She doesn't realize that I'm the younger generation. She's really as old-fashioned as any of them. She is superior in a lot of ways, Mother is. But

## The Girls

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she's like all the rest in most.

"You've let Grandma dominate your life. That's all right—her wanting to. I mean. That's human nature. The older generation trying to curb the younger. But your letting her do it—that's another thing. That's a crime against your own generation, and indicates a weakness in you, not in her. The younger generation has got to rule. Those of us who recognize that and act on it, win. Those who don't, go under."

"You're a dreadful child!" exclaimed Lottie. She more than half meant it. "It's horrible to hear you. Where did you learn all this—this ruthlessness?"

"I learned it at school—and out of school. Those are the things we talk about. What did you suppose boys and girls talk about these days?"

"I don't know," Lottie replied weakly. She thought of the girl of the old Armour Institute days—the girl who used to go bicycling on Saturdays with the boy in the jersey sweater. They had talked about school, and books, and games, and dreams, and even hopes—very diffidently and shyly—but never once about reality or life. If they had, perhaps things would have been different for Lottie Payson, she thought now. "Let's go home, Chas."

On the drive home Charley talked of her new work. She was full of shop stories. Nightly she brought home some fresh account of the happenings in her department: a tale of buyer, or customer, or clerk, or department head. Henry Kemp called these her stock-girl stories.

Lottie listened now, fascinated, amused, and yet wondering, to these tales of Charley's. Charley was driving with one hand on the steering wheel. She was slumped low down on her spine. Lottie thought how relaxed she looked and almost babyish, and yet how vital and how knowing.

"Our buyer came back from New York to-day. Her name's Healy. She has her hair marcelled regularly and wears the loveliest black crêpe de chine frocks with collars and cuffs that are simply priceless, and I wish you could hear her pronounce 'voile.' Like this—'vwawl.' It isn't a mouthful; it's a meal. When a North Shore customer comes in you say, 'Do let me show you a little import that came in yesterday. It's too sweet.' All high-priced blouses are 'little imports.' They're as precious as jewels since the war, of course. Healy used to be a stock-girl. They say her hair is gray, but she dyes it the most fetching raspberry shade. Her salary is twelve thousand a year, and she could get eighteen at any one of the other big stores. She stays at Shield's because she thinks it has distinction. 'Class,' she calls it, unless she's talking to a customer or someone else she's trying to impress. Then she says 'atmosphere.' She supports her mother and a good-for-nothing brother. I like her. Her nails glitter something grand. She calls me girlie. I wonder if her pearls are real."

"But you like it, don't you Charley?"

"Yes. Goodness knows why. Certainly I don't want to turn out a Healy. Jesse did a poem about it all."

"A good one?"

"Good—yes. And terrible. One of his sledge-hammer things. He calls it 'Merchandise.' The girls, of course."

They stopped at a corner drug store and had ice cream sodas. Charley was to spend the night at the Prairie Avenue house. She had a brilliant thought. "Let's bring a chocolate soda home to Aunt Charlotte." They ordered two in pressed paper cartons and presented them at midnight to Aunt Charlotte and Jeannette. Jeannette, looking like a rosy baby, ate hers in a semi-trance, her lids weighted with sleep. But Great-aunt Charlotte was wide awake immediately, as though a midnight chocolate ice cream soda were her prescribed nightcap. She sipped and blinked and scraped the bottom of the container with her spoon. Then, with an appreciative sigh, she lay back on her pillow.

"What time is it, Lottie?"

"After midnight. Twelve-twenty."

"That's nice," said Aunt Charlotte.

"Let's have waffles for breakfast."

The mice were playing.

IT WAS Lottie's idea that they accomplish the spring housecleaning in three volcanic days, instead of devoting a week or more to it, as was Mrs. Payson's habit. "Let's all pitch in," she said, "and get it over with. Then we'll have a week to play

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Drawn for The Packer Mfg. Co. by Arthur L. Kiefer

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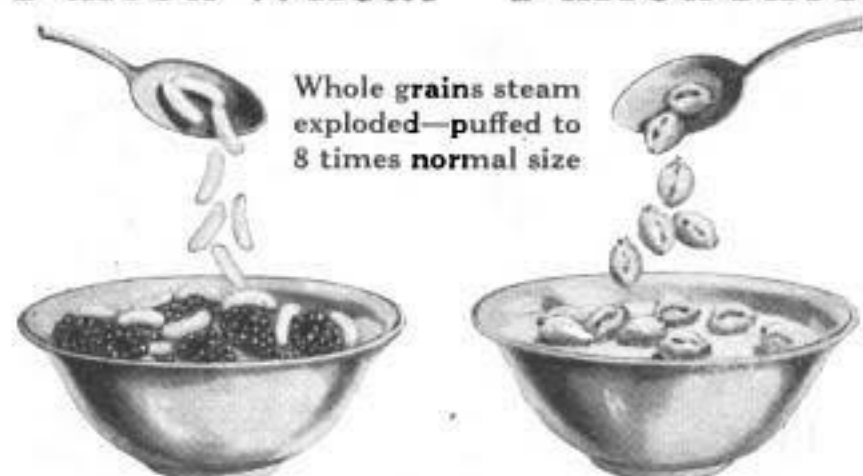
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Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat between meals. Use like nut meats on ice cream.

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## Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice



Blend these flimsy, flavory morsels with your berries

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### The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

in." Mrs. Payson was to remain ten days at French Lick.

There followed such an orgy of beating, pounding, flapping, brushing, swashing and scrubbing as no corps of able-bodied men could survive. The women emerged from it with shriveled fingers, broken nails and aching spines, but the Prairie Avenue house was clean, even to the backs of the pictures. After it was over, Lottie had a Turkish bath, a manicure, and a shampoo, and announced herself socially accessible.

Hulda drank coffee happily, all day. Great-aunt Charlotte announced that she thought she'd have some of the girls in for the afternoon. She invited a group of ancient whose names sounded like the topmost row of Chicago's social register. Their sons or grandsons were world powers in banking, packing, grain distribution. Some of them Aunt Charlotte had not seen in years. They rolled up in great, fat, black limousines, and rustled in black silks as modish as Aunt Charlotte's own. Lottie saw to the tea and left them absolutely alone. She heard them snickering and gossiping in their high plangent voices. They bragged in a well-bred way about their sons or grandsons or sons-in-law. They gossiped. They reminisced.

"And do you remember when the Palmer House barber-shop floor was paved at intervals with silver dollars, and the farmers used to come from miles around to see it?"

"There hasn't been a real social leader in Chicago since Mrs. Potter Palmer died."

"Yes, I know. She's tried. But charm—that's the thing she hasn't got. No, she thinks her money will do it. Never!"

"Well, it seems—"

They did not leave until six. After they were gone, Aunt Charlotte stepped about the sitting-room putting the furniture to rights. She was tired, but was too stimulated to rest. Her cheeks were flushed.

"Minnie Parnell is beginning to show her age, don't you think? Did you see the hat Henrietta Grisamore wore? Well, I should think, with all her money! But then, she always was a funny girl. No style."

When, two days later, Lottie had Emma Barton and Winnie Stepler to dinner, Aunt Charlotte kept her room. She said she felt a little tired—the spring weather perhaps. She'd have just a bite on a tray if Jeannette would bring it up to her; and then she'd go to bed. Do her good, Lottie, understanding, kissed her.

Lottie and her two friends had one of those long animated talks. Lottie had lighted a fire in the sitting-room fireplace. Lottie made a charming hostess. They laughed a good deal from the very start, when Winnie Stepler had come up the stairs panting apologies for her new head-gear.

"Don't say it's too youthful. I know it. I bought it on that fine day last week—the kind of spring day that makes you go into a shop and buy a hat that's too young for you."

"Fifty's the age!" she announced with gusto, as dinner progressed. "At fifty you haven't a finger any more than you have legs—except, of course, for purposes of locomotion. At fifty, you can eat and drink what you like. Chocolate with whipped cream at four in the afternoon. Who cares! A second helping of dessert. It's a grand time of life. At fifty you don't wait for the telephone to ring. Will he call me! Won't he call me! A telephone's just a telephone at fifty—a convenience without a thrill in it. Many's the time that bell has stabbed me. But not now. Nothing more can happen to you at fifty—if you've lived your life as you should. Here I sit, stays loosened, savoring life. I wouldn't change places with any young sprat I know."

Emma Barton smiled, calm-eyed. Winnie Stepler had been twice married; once widowed, once divorced. Emma Barton had never married. Yet both knew peace at fifty.

"Well," said Lottie, as they rose from the table, "perhaps, by the time I'm fifty—but just now I've such a frightened feeling as though everything were passing me by; all the things that matter. I want to grab at life and say, 'Heh, wait a minute! Aren't you forgetting me?'"

## The Girls

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A little flash of defiance came into Lottie's eyes.

"The wrong trick's better than no trick at all."

Emma Barton looked at Lottie curiously, with much the same glance that she bestowed upon the girls who came before her each morning. "What do you need to keep you happy, Lottie?"

Lottie did not hesitate a moment. "Work that's congenial; books; music occasionally; a picnic in the woods; a five-mile hike; a well-fitting suit; a thirteen-dollar corset; Charley—I didn't mean to place her last, she should be up at the beginning somewhere."

"How about this superstition they call love?" inquired Winnie Stepler. Lottie shrugged her shoulders. Winnie persisted. "There must have been somebody, some time."

"Well, when I was seventeen or eighteen—but there never was anything serious about it, really. Since then—you wouldn't believe how rarely women of my type meet men—interesting men. You have to make a point of meeting them, I suppose. And I've been here at home. I'm thirty-three. Not bad-looking. I've kept my figure, and hair, and skin. Walking, I suppose. The men I know are stuffy bachelors nearing fifty, or widowers with three children. They'd rather go to a musical show than a symphony concert; they'll tell you they do enough walking in their business. I don't mind their being bald—though why should they be?—but I do mind their being stuffy. I suppose there are men of about my own age who like the things I like, whose viewpoint is mine. But attractive men of thirty-five marry girls of twenty. I don't want to marry a boy of twenty; but neither can I work up any enthusiasm for a man of fifty who tells me that what he wants is a home; and who would no more take a tramp in the country for enjoyment than he would contemplate a trip to Mars."

Emma Barton interposed. "What were you doing at twenty-five?"

Lottie glanced around the room. Her hand came out in a little gesture that included the house and its occupants. "Just what I'm doing now. But not even thinking about it—as I do now—I think I had an idea I was important. Now that I look back on it, it seems to me I've just been running errands for the last ten years or more. Running errands up and down, while the world has gone by."

Two days before her mother's return Lottie prevailed upon Jeannette to invite a half-dozen or more of her business college acquaintances to spend the evening at the house. Jeannette demurred at first, but it was plain the idea fascinated her. Seven of them arrived at the time appointed. Their ages ranged between seventeen and twenty-two. The girls were amazingly well dressed in georgettes and taffetas and smart slippers and silk stockings. The boys were, for the most part, of the shipping clerk type. They were all palpably impressed with the big old house on Prairie, its massive furniture and pictures, its occupants. Lottie met them all, as did Aunt Charlotte, who had donned her second-best black silk and her jewelry and had crimped her hair for the occasion. She sensed that what Jeannette needed was background. Aunt Charlotte vanished before nine and Lottie did likewise, to appear again only for the serving of the ice cream and cake. They danced, sang, seemed really to enjoy the evening. After they had gone, Jeannette turned to Lottie, and catching up one of her hands pressed it against her own glowing cheek. Her eyes were very bright. They—and the gesture—supplied the meaning that her inarticulate speech lacked. "It was grand!"

It was typical of Charley and indicative of the freedom with which she lived that her existence during the ten days of her mother's absence did not vary at all from the usual. She would have been torn between laughter and fury could she have realized the sense of boldness and freedom with which Lottie, her aunt, and Charlotte.

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her great-aunt, set about planning their innocent maidenly revels.

Mrs. Payson and Belle returned from French Lick the first week in May. Mrs. Payson, divesting herself of her wraps, ran a quick and comprehensive eye over the room, over Lottie, over Aunt Charlotte, Jeannette, Hulda. It was as though she read coffee! Tea party! Dinner! Dance! in their faces. Her first question seemed to carry with it a hidden meaning. "Well, what have you been doing while I've been gone? Did Brose call up about the plastering? Did you have Henry and Charley to dinner? Any letters? How many days did you have Mrs. Schlager for the cleaning? Lottie, get me a cup of tea. I feel kind of faint—not hungry, but a faint feeling. Oh—Ben Gartz was in French Lick. Did I write you. He was very attentive. Very. Every inch the gentleman. I don't know what Belle and I would have done without him."

FOR fifteen years Mrs. Carrie Payson's bitterness at the outcome of her own unfortunate marriage had been unconsciously expressed in her attitude toward the possible marriage of her daughter Lottie. Confronted with this accusation she would have denied it, and her daughter Lottie would have defended her in the denial. Nevertheless, it was true.

Now, suddenly, Mrs. Payson had about-faced.

It was slowly borne in on Lottie that her mother regarded Ben Gartz favorably as a possible son-in-law. Her first sensation on making this discovery was one of amusement. Her mother in the rôle of match-maker wore a humorous aspect, certainly. As the weeks went on this amusement gave way to something resembling terror. Mrs. Payson usually achieved her own ends.

Lottie was still in the amused stage when Mrs. Payson remarked:

"I understand that Ben Gartz is going into that business he spoke of last spring. Men's wrist watches. We all thought he was making a mistake, but it seems he's right. He's going in with Beck & Dillen this fall. I shouldn't wonder if Ben Gartz should turn out to be a very rich man some day. A very rich man. Especially if this war—"

"That'll be nice," said Lottie.

"I wish Henry had some of his push and enterprise."

Lottie looked up quickly at that, prompt in defense of Henry. "Henry isn't to blame for the war. His business was successful enough until two years ago—more than successful. It just happens to be the kind that has been hardest hit."

"Why doesn't he take up a new business, then? Ben Gartz is going into something new."

"Ben's mother left him a little money when she died. I suppose he's putting that into the new business. Besides, he hasn't a family to think of. He can take a chance. If it doesn't turn out well, he'll be the only one to suffer."

"Ben Gartz is an unusual boy." (Boy?) "He was a wonderful son to his mother. . . I'd like to know what you have against him."

"Against him? Why, not a thing, Ma-ma. Only—"

Lottie hesitated. Then, regretfully, she giggled. "Only he has never heard of 'Alice in Wonderland,' and he thinks the Japs are a wonderful little people, but look out for 'em! and he speaks of summer as the heated term, and he says, 'not an iota!'"

"Not an iota!" echoed Mrs. Payson, almost feebly.

"Yes. You know—'not an iota of truth in it'; 'not an iota of difference'."

"Lottie Payson, sometimes I think you're downright idiotic! 'Alice in Wonderland!' The idea! Woman of your age! I suppose you'd prefer going around with some young fool like this poet Charley has picked up from behind the delicatessen counter. I don't know what your sister Belle can be thinking of."

Sister Belle was thinking of a number of things, none of them pleasant; and none of them connected with Charley or Charley's poet; Henry Kemp had sold the car—the big, luxurious, swift-moving car. He had hinted that the nine-

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

room apartment on Hyde Park Boulevard might soon be beyond his means.

"If this keeps up much longer," he had said one day to Charley, "your old boy at Shield's." His laugh, as he said it, had been none too robust.

Charley had been promoted from stock-girl to saleswoman. She said she supposed now she'd have to save up for black satin slippers, a French frock, a string of pearls, and fillet collars and cuffs—the working girl's costume. She announced, further, that her education had reached a point where any blouse not handmade and bearing a thirty-nine-dollar price tag was a mere rag in her opinion.

Charley's Saturday afternoons and Sundays were spent in the country about Chicago—at the Indiana sand dunes; at Palos Park when May transformed its trees into puff-balls of apple blossoms; in the woods about Beverly; along the far North Shore. Both she and Lottie were hardened tramps. Lottie was expert at what she called "cooking out." She could build a three-section fire with incredibly little fuel and only one match. Just as you were becoming properly ravenous she had the coffee steaming in one section, the bacon sizzling in another, the sausages boiling in another. Now that the Kemp car was gone, these country excursions became fewer for Lottie. She missed them. The electric was impossible for country travel. It often expired even on the boulevards and had to be towed back to the garage. Charley said that Jesse Dick's fivver saved her life and youth these spring days. Together they ranged the countryside in it, a slim volume of poetry (not his own) in Jesse Dick's pocket and a plump packet of sandwiches and fruit in a corner of the seat. You were beginning to see reviews of Jesse Dick's poems in "The Dial," in the "New Republic," in the weekly literary supplements of the newspapers. They spoke of his work as being "virile and American." They said it had a "warm human quality." He sang everyday life—the grain-pit, the stock yards, the steel mill, the street corner, the movies. Some of the reviews said, "But this isn't poetry!" Perhaps they had just been reading the thing he called "Halsted Street." You know it—

Halsted Street. All the nations of the world. Mill-end sales; *slag* stores; Polack women gossiping. Look at the picture of the bride in her borrowed wedding dress. Outside the Italian photograph gallery—

Perhaps they were right.

Still, while he did not write spring poetry of the May-day variety, it is certain that not a peach-pink petal on a wild-crab tree blossoming by the roadway bloomed in vain as Jesse and Charley passed by. Not that they were rhapsodic about it. These two belonged to the new order, to whom lyricisms were loathsome, adjectives anathema. Fine and moving things were received with a trite or even an uncouth word or phrase. After a Brahms symphony you said, "Gee!" It was considered "hiekey" or ostentatious to speak of a thing as being exquisite or wonderful. They even revived that humorously vulgar and practically obsolete word "swell." A green and gold and pink May-day landscape was "de-gant." Struck by the beauty of a scene, the majesty of a written passage, the magnificence of the lake in a storm, the glory of an orchard in full bloom, they used the crude and rustic "Gosh!" This, only when they were deeply stirred.

Late in May, Ben Gartz bought a car of unimpressive make but florid complexion. He referred to it always as "the bus." When he had mastered it he drove round to the Paysons' and proposed a Sunday-morning ride to Lottie.

"Go on, Lottie," Mrs. Payson said; "it'll do you good."

The devil of perversity seized Lottie. "I hate driving in town. I've trundled that electric of ours over these fifty-miles—or is it one hundred?—of boulevards until I could follow the route blindfolded. Jackson Park to the Midway—the Midway to Washington

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 32]

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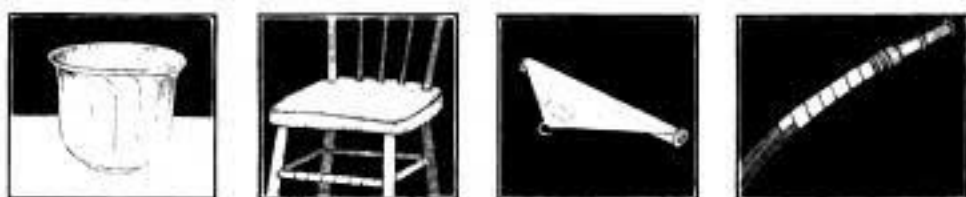
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"Well then, how about a drive in the country? Anywhere you say, Miss Lottie. The little old bus is yours to command."

"All right," said Lottie. "Let's take Charley."

"Fine!" Ben's tone was sufficiently hearty, if somewhat hollow. "Great little kid, Charley. What do you say to having lunch at one of those road-houses along the way? Chicken dinner."

"Oh, no! Let's cook out," Ben, looking dubious, regarded the end of his cigar. But Lottie was already on her way to the kitchen. He clapped on his derby hat and went out to look over the bus. Aside from keeping it supplied with oil and gasoline its insides were as complete a mystery to him as the workings of the solar system. Lottie, flushed and animated, was slicing bacon, cutting sandwiches, measuring out coffee. She loved a day in the country, Ben or no Ben. They telephoned Charley. She said, "Can I take Jesse? His fliv'er's got something the matter with its insides. We had planned to go to Thornton."

"Sure," Ben agreed again when Lottie put this to him. On the way to the Kemp apartment they stopped at a delicatessen and bought cream, fruit, wieners, cheese, salad. As she stepped out of the car, Lottie saw that the fat gold letters on the window spelled "Dick's Delicatessen—And Bakery." She was conscious of a little shock. Immediately she was ashamed that this should be so. Dick's delicatessen was white-tiled, immaculate, smelling of things spiced, and fruity and pickled. A chubby, florid man with a shock of curly rust-red hair waited on her. He was affable, good-natured.

"Are you Mr. Dick?" Lottie asked.

"Yes, ma'am! I sure am." He began to total the sales, using the white marble counter as a tablet for his pencil. "Cheese—wieners—tongue—pickles—cream—that'll be one dollar and forty-three cents. If you bring back the cream bottle with this ticket you get five cents refund."

She thought of the slim and exquisite Charley; of Belle, the fastidious.

When they reached the Hyde Park apartment, Charley and the poet were seated on the outer steps in the sun. The poet wore becoming shabby gray tweeds, a soft shirt, and no hat. Lottie admitted to herself that he looked charming—even distinguished.

"Don't you own one?" she asked. He quirked one eyebrow. "A hat, I mean."

"Oh." He glanced at Ben's derby. Then he took from one capacious pocket a soft cloth cap and put it on. He glanced, then, at his hands, affecting great embarrassment. "My gloves! Stick!" He glanced frantically up and down the street. "My spats!"

The three laughed. Ben joined in a little late, and evidently bewildered.

Charley presented her contribution to the picnic lunch. Gussie had baked a caramel cake the day before. Sweaters, boxes, coats, baskets, bundles—they were off.

They headed for Pulos Park. Hideous as is the countryside about Chicago in most directions, this spot to the southwest is a thing of loveliness in May and in October. Gently sloping hills relieve the flat monotony of the Illinois prairie landscape. The green of the fields and trees was so tender as to carry with it a suggestion of gold. Jesse and Charley occupied the back seat. Lottie sat in front with Ben Gartz. He drove badly, especially on the hills. The two in the back seat politely refrained from comment or criticism. But on the last steep hill the protesting knock of the tortured engine wrung interference from Charley. To her an engine was a precious thing. She could no more have mistreated it than she could have kicked a baby. "Shift to second!" she cried now, in actual pain. "Can't you hear her knocking!"

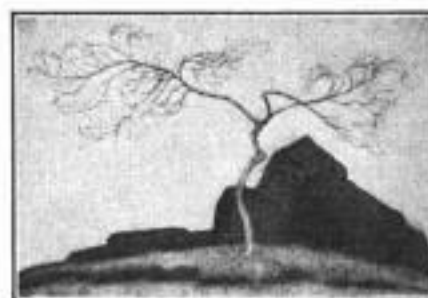
They struck camp on a wooded knoll a little way back from the road and with a view of the countryside for miles around. Ben Gartz presented that most pathetic and incongruous of human spectacles—a fat man, in a derby, at a picnic.

He made himself useful, gathered wood, produced matches, carried water, arranged seats made up of cushions and robes from the car and was not at all offended when the others expressed a preference for the ground.

Ben tucked a napkin under his vest and played the waiter. He praised the wieners, the coffee, the bacon, the salad. He sat cross-legged on the ground and suffered. When the luncheon was finished he fell up on his cigar with almost a groan of relief.

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]



One leg extended stiffly in front of him, the other drawn up, he puffed at his cigar.

Lottie rose abruptly. "I'll clear these things away." She smiled at Jesse and Charley. "You two children go for a walk. I'll have everything slicked up in a jiffy."

"Oh, I think not," the two answered. They knew what was sporting, and rigidly followed certain forms of conduct. Having eaten they expected to pay. They scraped, cleared, folded, packed with the deft-

ness of practiced picknickers. Jesse Dick's eye was caught by the name of the cover of a discarded pasteboard box.

"Oh, say! You got this stuff at Father's."

"Yes; we stopped on the way—"

The boy tapped the cover of the box and grinned. "Best delicatessen in Chicago, Illinois, ladies and gents, if I say it as shouldn't. Dad certainly picks a mean herring." His face sobered. "He's an artist in his line—Father. Did you ever see one of his Saturday night windows? He'll have a great rugged mountain of Swiss cheese in the background, with foothills of Roquefort and Edam. Then there'll be a plateau of brown crackly roasted turkeys and chickens, and below this, like flowers in the valley, all the pimiento and mayonnaise things, the salads, and lettuces and deviled eggs and stuffed tomatoes." (His poem, "Delicatessen Window," is now included in the volume called Roughneck.)

"I understand you're a poet," Ben Gartz remarked quizzically. For him there was humor in the very word.

"Yes."

"Now that's funny, ain't it? With your father in the delicatessen business and all?"

Again Jesse Dick seemed to ponder seriously. "Maybe it is. But I know of quite a good poet who was apprenticed to a butcher."

"Butcher! No!" Ben roared genially.

"What poet was that?"

Jesse Dick glanced at Charley then. He looked a little shamefaced; and yet, having begun, he went through with it. "Shakespeare's name was. Will Shakespeare."

"Oh, say, what's this you're giving me?"

But the faces of the three were serious. "Say, is that right?" He appealed to Lottie.

"It's supposed to be true," she said, gently, "though it has been doubted." Lottie had brought along the olive-drab knitting in a little flowered cretonne bag. She sat on the ground now, in the sunlight, her back against a tree, knitting.

Jesse and Charley rose, wordlessly, as though with one thought and glanced across the little meadow beyond. It was a Persian carpet of spring flowers—little pink, and mauve, and yellow chailiers. Charley gazed at it a moment, her head thrown back. She began to walk toward it, through the wood. Jesse stopped to light a cigarette. His eyes were on Charley. He called out to her. "See your whole leg through that dress of yours, Charley."

She glanced down carelessly. "Yes? That's because I'm standing in the sun, I suppose." It was a slim little wool jersey frock. "I never wear a petticoat with this." They strolled off together across the meadow.

"Well!" exploded Ben Gartz, "that young fella certainly is a free talker." He looked after them, his face red. "Young folks nowadays—"

"Young folks nowadays are wonderful," Lottie said.

Out on the flower-strewn carpet of meadow grass Charley was doing a dance in the sunlight all alone—a dance that looked like an inspired improvisation and that probably represented hours of careful technical training. If a wood nymph had ever worn a wool jersey frock she would have looked as Charley looked now. Ben, almost grudgingly, admitted something like this. "Gosh, that kid certainly can dance! Where'd she pick it up?"

"She's had years of training—lessons. Boys and girls do nowadays, you know. They have everything. And they're taught about music, and they know books, and they look the world in the eye. They're free!"

Ben dug in the soft ground with a bit of wood. "How d'you mean—free?"

"Why I mean—free," she said again, lamely. "Honest. Not afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

She shook her head then, and went on with her knitting. Lottie looked very peaceful and pleasant there in the little sun-dappled wood, with the light shining on her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 83]



hair, her firm, strong shoulders resting against the black trunk of the tree, her slim black-silk ankles crossed primly. Ben regarded her appreciatively.

# The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

when they were ready to go, it had, somehow, arranged itself in that way. Charley invariably gained her own end thus. "Will you let me drive part of the way, Mr. Gartz? Please!"

"Well, you're perfect enough to suit me," he blurted.

"Oh, Mr. Gartz, sir! You're a-flattering of me, so you are!" Inside she was thinking, "Oh, my goodness, stop him!"

But Ben himself was a little terrified at what he had said. After all, the men's watch-bracelet business was still in the venturesome stage.

"Well, I'm not a man to flatter. I mean we're not so bad off, older folks like us. I'm not envying those kids anything. I guess I'm a kind of a funny fella, anyway. Different from most."

"Do you think so?" Lottie encouraged him, knitting. ("You're exactly like a million others—a million billion others.")

"I think so—yes. I've been around a good deal. I've had my ups and downs. I know this little old world from the cellar to the attic, and I don't envy anybody anything."

"What do you mean when you say you've been around? Around where?"

"Oh, around. You know what I mean. Men— Well, a nice girl like you wouldn't just understand how it is with a man, but I mean I been—uh—now—subject to the same temptations other men have. But I know there's nothing in it. Give me a nice little place of my own, my own household, a little bus to run around in, and I wouldn't change places with a king. No sir."

Barren as Lottie's experience with men had been she still knew, as does any woman, that there are certain invariable reactions to certain given statements. These were scientific in their chemical precision. In conversation with the average man you said certain things, and immediately got certain results. This dialogue, for example, she or any other woman could have written long before it had been spoken. She thought: "He has his mind made up to propose to me, but caution tells him to wait. He isn't quite sure of his business yet. He'd really prefer a younger woman, but he has told himself that that's foolishness. The thing to do is to settle down. He thinks I'm not bad-looking. He isn't crazy about me at all, but he thinks he could work himself up to a pretty good state of enthusiasm. He didn't have what they call his 'fling' in his youth; and he secretly regrets it. If I wanted to, I could make him forget his caution and ask me to marry him right now."

Lottie looked at him—at his blunt, square hands and the big spatulate thumbs—the little pouches under his eyes—at the thinning hair that he allowed to grow long at the sides so that he could plaster it over the crown, deceiving no one. And she thought, "This is a kind man. What they call a good provider. Generous. Decent, as men go. On the way to fairly certain business success. He'll make what is known as a good husband. You're not so much, Lottie. You're an old girl, with no money, nothing much to look at. Who are you to turn up your nose at him! You're probably a fool to do it!"

"... Not an iota of difference to me what other people say or do. I do as I think right, and that's all anybody can do; isn't that true?" He was laboriously following some dull thought of his own.

Lottie jumped up quickly—leapt up, almost, so that the knitting bounded toward him, startled him, as did her sudden movement. "I'm going to get the infants," she said, hurriedly. "It's time we were starting back." Even as he stared up at her, she was off. She ran through the little wood, down the knoll, full pelt, across the field, her sturdy legs flashing beneath her short skirt, her arms outstretched. Half way across the flower-strewn meadow she called to Jesse and Charley. They stood up. Something of her feeling communicated itself to them. They sensed her protest. They ran to meet her, laughing; laughing they met, joined hands, circled round and round, straining away from each other at arm's length like three mad things there in the May meadow until, with a final shout and whoop and high-flung step, they dropped panting to the ground.

Lottie, still breathing fast, was the first to rise. "I had to," she explained, "or bust."

"Sure," said the poet and Charley, together. Charley continued: "Lotta, I'll sit in the front seat going home. You and Jesse can get chummy in the back."

"Oh, no—" But

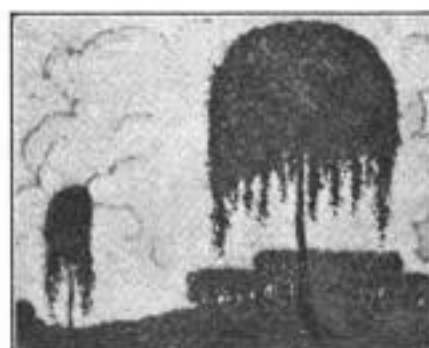
Gartz? Please!" He shook a worried head. "Why, say, I'd like to, Miss Charley, but I'm afraid you don't understand this little ol' bus of mine. I'm afraid I'd be nervous with anybody else running it. You'd better just let me—"

But in the end it was Charley's slim, strong hands that guided the wheel. Ben Gartz sat beside her, tense, watchful, working brakes that were not there. Under the girl's expert guidance the car took the hills like a hawk, swooped, flew, purred. "Say, you better slow down a little," Ben cautioned her again and again. Then, grudgingly, glancing sideways at her lovely young profile, vivid, electric, laughing, "You're some driver, kid!"

Lottie, in the back seat, was being charmed by Jesse Dick. She felt as if she had known him for years. He talked little—that is, he would express himself with tremendous enthusiasm on a topic so that you caught the spark of his warmth. Then he would fall silent, and his silence was a glowing thing. He sat slumped down on the middle of his spine in a corner of the seat. He rarely glanced at Charley. His eyes flattered Lottie. She found herself being witty and a little hard. She thought now, "Here's one that's different enough. And I haven't an idea of what's going on in his handsome head. Not an idea. Not—" she giggled a little, and Jesse Dick was so companionable that he did not even ask her what she was laughing at—"not an iota of an idea."

BUT the next summer Lottie no longer sat under trees with her knitting. Instead, she was folding gauze, rolling bandages, stitching pneumonia jackets, with the rest of them, at the Michigan Avenue Red Cross shop, and thinking to herself that the conversation of the women busy about the long tables or at the machines was startlingly like that of the old Reading Club. The Reading Club was, in fact, there almost in its entirety. The Girls' faces, framed in the white linen folds of their Red Cross coifs, looked strangely purified and aloof. Beek Schaefer alone wore her cap with a certain diablerie. She was captain of her section and her official coif was scarlet. She looked like Carmen strayed into a nunnery. A strange new spirit had come upon Chicago that summer. People talked high, and worked hard, prayed a good deal, gave their money away liberally, and did not go to northern Michigan to escape the heat. Lottie sewed at the Red Cross shop three days every week. Even Mrs. Carrie Payson seemed to realize that driving about the parks and boulevards on summer afternoons was not quite the thing. When autumn came she was selling Liberty bonds in the sure-fire manner of a professional. As for Great-aunt Charlotte—the hand that had sewed and folded and stitched during the four years of the '60's, and that had fashioned the prize-winning patchwork silk quilt in the '70's had not lost its cunning. She knitted with a speed and perfection nothing short of miraculous, turning out a sweater in three days, a pair of socks in two. The dip, bite, and recovery of her needles were machine-like in their regularity. She folded and rolled bandages as well, having enrolled in a Red Cross shop established in the parlors of a nearby hotel. Even Jeanette had been caught by the spirit of the new order. Her wage as stenographer was a queenly sum these days; and while she could not resist silk stockings, new hats, expensive blouses and gloves, and talked of a fur coat for the coming winter (every self-respecting stenographer boasted one by December), she still had enough left to contribute freely to every drive, fund, association, and relief committee connected with the war. She had long ago paid back the fifty dollars to that Otto who had been whisked away in the first draft. Even Hulda in the kitchen had deserted her yards of crochet for a hank of wool. Henry Kemp worked nights as a member of the district draft board. Charley danced in benefits

all the way from Lake Forest to South Chicago, and enrolled as an emergency driver. Alone, of all the family, Belle remained aloof. True, she knitted now and then, languidly. But the Red Cross sewing gave her a headache, she said; the excitement affected her digestive disorder. She was anti-war, anti-draft, anti-everything. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 54]



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## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

And Ben Gartz thrived. If anyone had ever doubted Ben Gartz's business foresight, that person was forever silenced now. On every martial male left arm—rookie or general, glib or admiral—reposed a wrist watch. And now, when Ben Gartz offered Henry a plump brown cylinder with the customary "Have a cigar!" Henry took it reluctantly, if reverently, eyed its scarlet and gold bellyband with appreciation, and knew better than to proffer one of his own inferior brand in return. "I'll smoke it after dinner," he would say, and tuck it away in his vest pocket. Henry Kemp had aged in the last year. His business was keeping its head barely above water with the makeshift of American-manufactured products.

It had been during the winter before the war, February, 1917, that Charley Kemp had announced one evening to her father and mother that she intended to marry Jesse Dick when she was twenty. That would be in June. He had got a job as feature writer with the Chicago News Bureau and he was acting as motion picture critic for one of the afternoon papers. His comment was caustic but highly readable. His writing in this new field was characterized by the same crude force that made his poetry a living thing.

"Well, was I right or wasn't I?" demanded Mrs. Payson grimly of her daughter Belle. "You let me talk to her. I'll do a little plain speaking."

Her plain speaking consisted in calling Jesse Dick a butcher's boy, and a good-for-nothing scribbler who couldn't earn a living. Charley heard her out, a steady light in her eyes.

She spoke quietly and with deadly effect. "You're my grandmother; but that doesn't entitle you to talk to me with the disrespect you're just shown."

"Disrespect! To you! Well, upon my word!"

"Yes, I know it strikes you as extraordinary. If it had been written 'Honor thy sons and thy daughters' along with 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' there'd have been a lot less trouble in the world. You never did respect your own people—your own family. You've never shown respect to Lottie or to Mother, or to Father or to Aunt Charlotte, for that matter. So why should I expect you to respect me. I'm marrying Jesse Dick because he's the man I want to marry. I may be making a mistake, but if I am I'm willing to pay for it. At least, I'll have only myself to reproach."

"You children to-day think you know everything, but you don't. You wait. You'll see. I know."

"No, you don't. You didn't know when you married. You thought you were making a good match, and your husband turned out to be a good-for-nothing rogue. I'm sorry to hurt you, but you make me do it. If I'm wrong I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I went into it with my eyes open. I know all Jesse Dick's weaknesses, and I love them. Five years from now he'll be a famous American poet—if not the most famous. I know just what he needs. He needs me, for one thing. In time he may go off with other women—"

"Charley Kemp, how can you sit there and talk like that!"

"But he'll come back to me. I know. I'll keep on with my job at Shield's. In two or three years I'll be making a very respectable number of thousands a year."

"And in the meantime you'll live where, may I ask?"

"We've got a three-room cottage in Hubbard Woods. Sometime, when you're feeling stronger, I'd like to have you see it. It belongs to Dorn, the landscape painter. He built it when Hubbard Woods was a wilderness. It's got a fireplace that doesn't draw and a sink that doesn't drain, and windows that don't fit. It's right on the edge of the big ravine and the very thought of it makes me happy all over. And now I'm going to kiss you, Grandma, which I think is awfully sweet of me, all things considered, your dear mistaken old-fashioned darling." Which she did, on the tip of Mrs. Payson's nose.

At the word old-fashioned Mrs. Carrie Payson had bristled; then, inexplicably, had slumped, without voicing a word in her own defense. She seemed momentarily uncertain, bewildered almost. Still, she did allow herself a last javelin. "In five years he'll be a famous poet." That's a sensible reason for marrying a man! Huh!"

"But that's not my reason," Charley explained with charming good humor, "any more than because his hair is sort of red in lights, or his ears a little pointed, or his hands slim and brown, or his ties always terrible."

"What is your reason then?" snapped

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 85]



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**WORLD'S STAR** **KNITTING CO.**  
DEPT. **SALE CITY WASH.**

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

Mrs. Payson. But an honest curiosity lighted her eye.

"The same thing strikes us funny at the same time. We like the same kind of book, though we may disagree about it. We like to be outdoors a lot, and we understand each other's language, and we're not sentimental, and we don't snarl if food is delayed, and we don't demand explanations, and any one of those reasons would make marriage between two people a reasonably safe bet."

Mrs. Payson forced herself to a tremendous effort. "You haven't even said you're—" she gulped—"you're—" with a rush—"in love with him."

"I haven't said anything else."

BUT next June, when she was twenty, Charley was saying, "But a man who won't fight!"

"I haven't said I won't fight. I said I wouldn't enlist, and I won't. I hate war. It's against every principle I've got. If I'm drafted I'll go into this damn thing as a private, and if I find that shooting a gun or jabbing a bayonet into another fellow's guts is going to stop his doing the same to me, I'll shoot and jab. I don't pretend to be fired with the martial spirit simply because a European nation, grown too big for its clothes, tried to grab off a new lot and failed in the first attempt."

"I believe you're afraid."

"Of course I'm afraid. Any man who says he isn't lies. I hate living in filth and mud and lice, and getting an eye shot out. But that isn't my reason for not going, and you know it. I won't voluntarily further this thing."

Charley did know it. She knew, too, that the instinct that made her want to send her man to war was a thing of low derivation, yet terribly human. She did not say, definitely, "I can't marry a man who feels as you do." It was the first time in her life that she had lacked the courage to say definitely the thing she thought. But the family realized that the June wedding was no longer a thing to be combated. June came and went. The Hyde Park Boulevard apartment had not known the young poet for a month.

Jesse Dick was called in the first draft. Charley kept doggedly at her work all summer, riding back and forth in the dirt and cinders of the I. C. trains. It was a summer of intense heat. Daily Charley threatened to appear at Shield's in her bathing suit, or in one of the Greekest of her dancing costumes. But it was surprising to see how roselike she could look as she emerged after dinner in a last year's organdie. Everyone was dancing. Sometimes Charley went to the Midway Garden at the entrance to Washington Park or over to the old Bismark (now known as the Marigold Gardens), there to dance and dine outdoors in the moonlight. Always she was suited by a dashing blue-and-gold or white duck uniform from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, or olive-drab and shiny tan boots from Fort Sheridan.

Jesse Dick came home just before he sailed for France. He wore an issue uniform which would have rendered grotesque a Captain Jinks or a D'Artagnan: the sleeves were too short; the collar too large; the jacket too brief. Spiral puttees wrapped his slim shanks. Army brogans—yellow—were on his feet.

Bairnsfather's drawings had already achieved a popularity in America. Charley hung between laughter and tears when Jesse struck a pose and said, "All."

They drove to the Marigold Gardens on the North Side. Jesse had not sold his little flivver. The place was a fairyland of lights, music, flower-banked terraces. Hundreds were dining outdoors under the moonlight, the women in pale-colored organdies and chiffons, the men in Palm Beach suits or in uniforms. Nowhere else in America could one find just this sort of thing—nor, for that matter, in Europe, even in the days before the war. In a city constantly referred to as crude, commercial and unlovely, there flourished two garden spots unique, exquisite, and unproclaimed.

Jesse ordered a dinner that brought a look of wonder to the face of the waiter (Swiss, of course), who had gauged his prospective order after one glance at the ill-fitting issue uniform.

"Dance?" said Jesse.

"Yes." They danced wordlessly. They danced before and after the *hors d'oeuvres*, the fowl, the salad, the dessert, the coffee. They talked little. The boy glanced about with cold, wise young eyes. "God!"

"Yes, I know," said Charley, as if in answer to a long speech. "But, after all, what good would it do if they all stayed home? They're probably all doing their [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

# How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends  
on the Care You Give it



Copyright 1920,  
The H. L. W. Co.

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

## Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three tea-spoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of

dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children—Fine for men.

**WATKINS**  
**MULSIFIED**  
**COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO**



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeals when you pull it through your fingers



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly, and drizzle with the finger tips





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## Any Woman Can Arrange the New Coiffures

THE pretty styles of hair dressing that you admire in the theatre or in pictures are really not hard to copy.

Most of them are simple enough in arrangement—the difficulty is in keeping them in place.

Your hair will naturally be rebellious the first few times you try to train it in a new fashion and many women become discouraged. It's a very simple matter, however, to keep the most elaborate coiffure in place if you wear a Fashionette.

When you finish arranging your hair, slip over it a Fashionette—cap-shape for the usual styles or a fringe for high arrangements.

Catch the Fashionette loosely with tiny hair pins, starting it a little back of the hair edge in front to avoid a hard line next to face.

The Fashionette will hold your hair in place—all day—and keep straggly short hairs neat and trim.

It is really indispensable to good grooming and should be as much a daily habit as your fresh handkerchief.

Fashionettes match every shade of hair and are made in shapes that preserve the naturalness of every style of coiffure. You will find them in department stores, specialty shops, and good drug stores everywhere. Usual shades, 15c each, 2 for a quarter; white or grey, 30c each.

Buy them by the dozen.

Send for Colonial Quality Booklet.

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## Fashionette

Invisible HAIR NETS



15¢

Colonial Quality  
Samstag's New York

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

share. They hate it as much as you do. Moping won't help."

"Dance?"

"Yes."

They rose and wound their way among the little green tables to the dancing platform. Charley raised her eyes to his as they danced. "Will you marry me to-morrow, Jesse? Before you go?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"That's all right for truck drivers and for sloppy emotionalists. But it's a poor plan. You're only suggesting it because of the music and my nearness, and the fact that I'm leaving day after to-morrow. I'm no different than I was three months ago. I hate war as much as I ever did. If you think three months of camp training—"

"Will you marry me to-morrow, Jesse?"

"No."

"I'm afraid, Jesse."

"So am I. But not as scared as that."

His cheek rested against hers. Her fingers clutched tight a fold of the bulky cloth of his rough uniform. She could not bring herself to name the fear she felt. All the way home she pressed close to the rough sleeve—the good tangible rough cloth of the sleeve—and the muscle-hard arm within it.

Hyde Park is cut through by the Illinois Central suburban trains. All that summer and autumn and winter Charley would start up in her sleep at the sound of high, shrill voices like the voices of children. Lottie Payson heard them, too, at night, in the old house on Prairie, and could not sleep again. The Illinois Central and Michigan Central trains were bringing boys to the training camps, or from the training camps to the points of embarkation. They were boys from Illinois farms, Wisconsin towns, Minnesota and Michigan villages. "Yee-ow!" they yelled as their trains passed through the great sleeping city. "Whoo-ee! Yip!" Keeping their courage up. Yelling defiance at a world gone mad. All that summer you heard them, and through the autumn, and winter, and the next spring and summer and autumn. High young voices they were, almost like the voices of children. "Berlin or Bust" was scrawled in chalk on the outside of their cars—scrawled by some raw youth from Two Rivers, Wisconsin, who was going to camp and to war in a baseball cap and his Sunday pants and a red sweater.

Charley would pull the covers over her head and cover her ears with her hands until the last yip had died away. But Lottie would sit up in bed, her head thrown back, listening—listening as if they were calling to her.

SATURDAY morning Lottie, just returned from marketing with her mother, answered the telephone and recognized with difficulty Beck Schaefer's voice, high-pitched and hysterical as it was.

"Lot, is this you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Lot darling, Sam Butler and I—Sam—you know—Sam and I, we're—"

"Not!"

"Yes! Oh, Lottie, isn't it wonderful! This afternoon. Don't breathe it. I'm scared to death. Will you be my bridesmaid. Lottie dear. Sam goes to Camp Funston to-morrow. He's got a captaincy, you know. I'm going with him. We're to live in a shack with a tin roof, and they say it's hotter than hell down there in the summer, and, oh, Lottie, I'm so happy! We're to be married at the parsonage—Doctor Little. Mother doesn't know a thing about it. Neither does Sam's mother. Sam's going to tell his mother's companion, after it's all over this afternoon, and then we'll go up there. I hate to think... Mama said she wanted to go to California again this fall, because it was going to be so uncomfortable here this winter, and Lottie, when she said that something in me just went kind of crazy. Can you hear me? I don't want to talk any louder. I called up Sam and began to cry, and we met down-town and we decided to get married right away... goodness knows, I don't deserve... and, oh, Lottie, I feel so religious! You'll come, won't you? Won't you?"

Lottie came.

Beck had taken a room at the Blackstone Hotel and there she had packed, written letters, dressed for her wedding. Lottie joined her there. Beck had lost her telephone hysteria and was fairly calm and markedly pale. She wore a taffeta frock and a small blue hat, and none of her jewelry. "I haven't even got an engagement ring," she said almost in triumph, to Lottie. "We didn't have time. Sam's going to buy it now—or after we're married."

A message from the hotel office announced.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 87]

## A Coal and Gas Range With Three Ovens



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Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

There are two separate baking ovens—one for coal and one for gas. Both ovens may be used at one time—or either one singly. In addition to the two baking ovens, there is a gas broiling oven.

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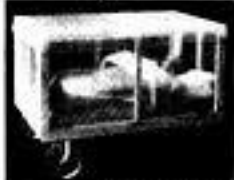
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## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

nounced Sam. They went down. With Sam was a nervous and jocular best man, Ed Morrow. They drove to the minister's study adjoining the church. It was an extremely unbridal-looking party. Lottie, in her haste, was wearing an old georgette dress and a sailor hat recently rained on (no one was buying new clothes these days), and slightly out of shape.

They were ushered into the minister's little study.

Doctor Little came in, a businesslike figure in a gray tweed. A little silence fell upon the four. The wedding service began. Doctor Little's voice was not the exhorting voice of the preacher. Its tone, Lottie thought, was blandly conversational. All of a sudden he was saying, "Pronounce you man and wife," and Lottie was kissing the bride and groom, and even the best man, who, immediately afterward, looked startled and then suspicious.

Beck had a calm and matronly air. It had descended upon her, complete, like an all-enveloping robe.

And so they were married. After it was over Lottie went back to the Red Cross shop. Three days later she had a letter from Beck. It was not one of the remote and carefully impersonal letters of the modern bride. It was packed with all the old-fashioned terms in which honeymoon brides of a less sophisticated day used to voice their ecstasy.

"Most wonderful man...happiest girl in the world...I thought I knew him but I never dreamed he was so...makes me feel so humble...wonder what I have ever done to deserve such a prince among..."

AMAZING things had happened to Ben Gartz in the last six months. He had sold the bus. In its place was a long, low, smooth-running, powerful gray car with special wheels and special tires and special boxes and flaps and rods. Ben Gartz was transformed from a wistful, fusty, and almost shabby middle-aged bachelor into a dapper beau in a tailored Palm Beach suit, saw-edge sailor, and silk hose. He carried a lemon-colored cane. He had two rooms at an expensive Hyde Park hotel near the lake. He had had the Paysons and the Kemps to dinner there. There were lamps in the sitting-room, and cushions, and a phonograph with opera records. Ben put on some of these after dinner and listened, his head on one side.

Ben Gartz loved to play the host. He had escorted them to the very elevator, and had said, with a final wave of the hand, just as they were descending, "Now that you've found the way, come often."

Charley and Lottie, looking at each other, had given way completely.

Just after dinner, on the evening of Beck Schaefer's wedding day, Ben Gartz telephoned.

Would she go driving? No, she didn't feel like it. "Oh, come on! Do you good. We'll drop in at the Midway. There's a new revue there that's a winner." She pleaded a headache. "Then it's just what you need. Won't take no for an answer." She went.

They drove to the Midway Gardens in Ben's new car. Ben, parking the car, knew the auto starter. "H're you, Eddie." He knew the uniformed doorman, "H're you, Joe!" He knew the head waiter, "H're you, Al. Got a nice table for me?"

"Always find a table for you, Mr. Gartz. Yes, Mr. Gartz."

It was deliciously cool there in that great unroofed space. There was even a breeze, miraculously caught within the four walls of the garden. They ordered iced drinks. There was a revue, between the general dancing numbers. Ben applauded this revue vigorously.

"I see you've got a couple of new ones," Ben remarked to Albert, the head waiter, as that urbane individual passed their table.

"Yes," said Albert; and again "Yes," in order not to seem less than unctuous.

Lottie said to herself, "Oh, Lottie, don't be so magnificent. He isn't so bad. He's enjoying himself, that's all. You're just a middle-aged old gal who ought to be glad of the chance to spend a cool evening in the Midway Gardens, drinking claret lemonade. Glad of the chance."

But she wasn't.

Ben was all for dancing, of course. He had become amazingly proficient at it, as does your plump middle-aged play-boy. Lottie liked to dance, too. She discovered that she didn't particularly like to dance with Ben, though he was light, expert, and skillful at avoiding collisions, even on that crowded floor. Proximity proved him moist, soft, and protuberant.

Seated at their table it was cool and almost restful. A row of slim trees showed a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]

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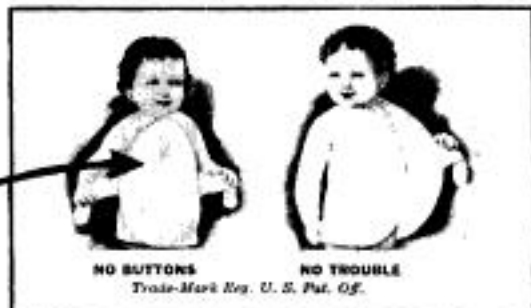
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## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

fairy frieze above the tiled balcony that enclosed the garden. The lights of the garden fell on them and gave to them an unreal quality. They seemed weird, dazzling. Lottie thought they looked like trees in a Barrie fantasy. She opened her lips to utter this thought. Then, "He won't know what I mean," she said to herself.

"What are you smiling at, you little rascal!" Ben was saying. "Tell me the joke." "Was I smiling? I didn't know—" "You little rascal!" No one had ever called Lottie a little rascal. She tried, now, to think of herself as a little rascal, and decided that the term was one that Ben had found useful, perhaps, in conversation with the young ladies of the revue.

On the way home Ben grew expansive. "Some fellas in my position would have a shoe, but I like to drive my own bus. I come home in the evening and have my bath and my dinner and go out in the little wagon and it rests me. Yessir! Rests me. . . I'm thinking of moving north. A little flat, maybe, and a housekeeper."

"That would be nice. Everyone seems to be moving to the North Side."

He was driving with one hand, expertly. The other was hung negligently over the back of the seat. Lottie could feel it touching her shoulder blades. It was touching them so lightly that she could not resent the contact by moving slightly. Besides, she had a little amused curiosity about the arm.

They were driving slowly through Washington Park on the way home. Lottie closed her eyes. How deliciously cool it was. The car stopped. She opened her eyes. They were parked by the roadside near the sunken gardens. The negligent arm behind her suddenly tightened into a band of bone and muscle. The loose-hung hand grasped her shoulder tight and hard. Ben Gartz was bent over her. She was conscious of a smell of cigarettes and shaving lotion and whisky (he had had a highball earlier in the evening). Ben Gartz was kissing Lottie with a good deal of vehemence and little restraint and no finesse. She didn't enjoy it. Lottie felt besmeared, befouled. Still, she did none of those statuesque or dramatic things that ladies are supposed to do who have been unhand-somely kissed against their will. For that matter, it had not been against her will. She had not expected it, true, but she had had a mild and amused curiosity about its possibility. She was now seized with a violent and uncontrollable shudder. She had released herself with a push of her strong hand against Ben's chest. Her eyes were wide and rather staring. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, hard.

"I want to go home," she said. "Oh, say, Lottie, honestly, you're not mad! I don't know what made me—say, on the square—"

Lottie put on her hat. "I'm not a bit angry, Ben. I just want to go home."

But he refused to believe her, even while he shifted gears and drove home at a sharp clip through the almost deserted park and down the boulevard. It was almost as if he felt she should be resentful. "Say, you must think I'm a bum, that's what. Why, Lottie, I didn't mean anything. Why, I think you're one of the grandest girls I know. There isn't a girl I respect more."

"Do you?" She said nothing more. She had nothing more to say. She felt calm, and almost happy. It was as though that kiss had cleansed her, even while it soiled. She sensed that he was thinking hard. She could almost hear his baffled mind scurrying about for words. She sensed, too, that he had almost spoken of marriage, but had cautiously thought better of it in time.

They were at the curb outside the Prairie Avenue house. "Lottie, you're sore; and I don't blame you. I'm dead sorry. On the square, I'm—say, you'll probably never speak to me again." He was as argumentative as though he had trod on her toe.

She smiled as she turned at the steps. "I'm glad you kissed me, Ben. I didn't like it. But I'm glad you kissed me."

She left him staring. She let herself into the house, ran quietly up the stairs to the second floor. She went into the bathroom and turned on the cold-water faucet and washed her mouth inside and out with cold water. Then with listerine. Then she saw a bottle marked peroxide and took a mouthful. I think that if there had been carbolic in the house she might have taken a gargle of that, as a final cleanser, in her zeal to be rid of the taste of the wet red kiss. She spat forcefully and finally now, made a wry face and went into her bedroom. She took off her clothes, came back and washed with soap and a rough cloth, brushed her hair, put on a fresh nightgown, and went to bed. Lottie's middle-aged romance with Ben Gartz was over.

[CONCLUDED IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE]



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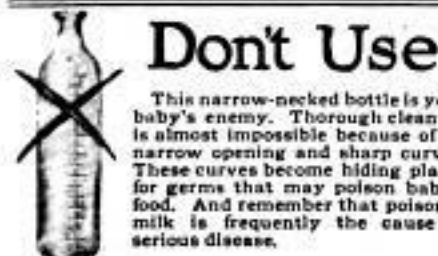
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## The Calling Doves

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

"Miguel was to have two horses saddled, and when word came to me that Don Kenneth was waiting I was to make excuses to go alone to the chapel for my last prayer, and then I was to slip out and join him."

"I made much of my dressing to delay for the signal. I quarreled about my slippers and rearranged the braids of my hair. Marta, the Indian girl from Santa Barbara, brought me another comb, and as she slipped it in she whispered to me that the one Miguel waited for had not come."

"That was all; but my heart went cold within me. I had been so sure that he would come, sefiorita. And because I was young and had the blood of another race in my veins, a race more passionate, less trustful than yours, I leaped to the thought that Don Kenneth had been afraid—that he had not cared to come."

"I am ready now," I said. I put on the slippers that had been too short or too long the minute before, and I stood up with a smile. As I went out my arm brushed the doves' cage and one dove roused a little and murmured to his mate. Then, sefiorita, I tasted the bitterness of death."

"After the wedding there was feasting and dancing and everyone was gay. I walked among it as cold as a dead woman, though I had my smile ready when my mother or Don Joaquin looked my way."

"It is the happiness I have wished for you, my daughter," said my mother as Don Joaquin put me on my horse to ride away."

"May God send you such happiness as you have provided for me," I answered, looking her in the eyes. What my mother read in my face I do not know, but she put her hand to her throat. Don Joaquin smiled and kissed his hand to her, and we rode away."

"He had much to say as we rode along, and I, remembering that I had a thing to hide, was gay, too. Sometimes I laughed at nothing, and heard my laughter as if it were someone else's voice."

"At evening we rode across the plateau yonder, and at the spot where the trail went off to the mountain canyon Don Joaquin pulled up."

"There is something I would show you," he said, "a surprise I have prepared against my Carlota's home-coming."

"I had no desire to see the surprise, sefiorita, and I thought that life would leave me if I must look again on the place where love had played me false. But Don Joaquin's eyes were upon me, and I dreaded lest he should guess my secret, so I laughed and rode beside him up the trail, crushing the chia as we went."

"In the sunset we came to the live oak trees, and a horse whinnied to us. It was Don Kenneth's horse that he had ridden the morning we first met. Don Kenneth was there, too, sleeping on the ground with his face to the sky."

"Your wedding gift, my Carlota," said Don Joaquin, with his secret smile. "Also my enemy, whose lands I shall now have. He will trouble you no more, no matter how far you ride."

"I seemed frozen inside, sefiorita. I leaned from my horse and looked into Don Kenneth's blue eyes, that saw me not at all. I do not think I cried out. I only leaned and looked. Up in the green dusk the doves were calling. . . ."

"YEARS ago, sefiorita, when I was young. They are all dead now: Don Joaquin, who did this thing, my mother, who plotted it with him, all those who feasted on my wedding night are gone. Don Joaquin had his punishment, for I think he loved me after his fashion, and in that hour he lost me. Years after, the little brother of Don Kenneth came, a grown man, and the lands Don Joaquin had done murder to possess were wrested from him again. Ay, so it was."

"As for me, I think I went mad for a time. When the veil lifted I could not rest, but wandered from place to place, seeking to forget. Yet how could I forget, when always I must take with me the cage of rushes with the doves that Don Kenneth had given me. Ay, los palomitos! The children of the children of those doves I carry with me now, sefiorita, yet their voices are the same. Listen, do you hear what they call?"

Mary Dwight listened. From the dark hills came a low quivering note that fell like the sound of weeping upon the heart. She looked at the shadowy figure across the fire, and in some mysterious way that old grief seemed to wake and stir an answer in her own heart. She had said that this was a country without a background of the past!

"Ay, los palomitos," muttered Doña Carlota, rocking slowly to and fro before the dying fire. "They mourn old sorrows, and loves gone by!"



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## "—And Sealing Wax"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

Moonlight, music, a strip of shining sea with little white waves running up to the beach at the edge of the wide veranda. A man, a quite-grown-up man, an understanding man, sitting beside one, inviting one to "tell me everything about yourself!" Could seventeen ask more of Paradise?

It was eleven o'clock when Helen Lowell called softly to her daughter across the veranda.

"Come, Carolyn, the car's ready." Then, as the girl came slowly, with Gareth at her elbow, the mother felt a distinct shock.

"Carolyn's going to grow up!" she thought. "Very soon. Almost right away! She looks so tall to-night, and different, somehow."

An hour later she tapped at the door of her daughter's room and found her sitting in the window seat, still in the little white frock and blue sash, still with the band of blue around her yellow hair, still with the flame of eager, incredibly innocent joy in the clear young eyes.

"Have a good time, dear?"

"Oh, just wonderful, Mumsey! Thank you for letting me go. Wasn't it a heavenly night? And didn't the orchestra play divinely? And isn't the sea, and—and everything, just wonderful!"

"Yes, dear." In the whimsical, tender eyes of the mother there was a sudden, unaccountable mist. "You liked the nephew, didn't you? He seemed a nice boy."

"Oh, I'm glad you like him, Mother. He asked me if we could be real friends. He can come to see us, can't he? He's different, Mother. He speaks my language. He's so brilliant, and yet he just laughs it off and isn't conceited a bit. What do you think he said the very first thing, to me?"

"Something nice, I hope."

"The cleverest thing! There were those two men talking about their shoes and their ships. And Gareth said 'Come and talk to me about sealing wax!' You know, Mother, in 'Alice in Wonderland'."

"The time has come," the walrus said,

To talk of many things:

Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—  
And cabbages—and kings—

"Wasn't that bright of him? I knew right then that he was a kindred spirit. We had such a wonderful evening!"

"And you were talking about poetry and classic literature all that time?"

"No-o. Just about— Oh, about ourselves, and nature and predestination, and things like that. He doesn't try to show off all the time, like a smarty. But just realizing that he was clever, and could say brilliant things, and understand literary allusions, made everything so interesting. When you once feel that a person understands, everything is thrilling, isn't it, Mother?"

"Yes, it is. Well, you must go to bed, now. Good-night, dear." Mrs. Lowell went down-stairs slowly, smiling a little.

"What do you know about that nephew of Roger Durwent's?" she asked her husband.

"Nice chap. Smart as a steel trap. Only twenty-one, and stepping right into his father's shoes. Couldn't seem to get on at college, Roger said. No head for books; but all there when it comes to business."

"And what is his business?"

"Sealing wax. They make everything that— Why, what's the joke?"

"Sealing wax?" she gasped weakly. "His business is sealing wax? Well, after all, it doesn't matter!"

"Whadda you mean, it doesn't matter? Why should it matter? Isn't sealing wax respectable? Anything that bars sealing wax from polite society?"

"No, of course not! I was just thinking—but it doesn't matter. When you once feel that a person understands, everything is thrilling. Even sealing wax, I fancy!"

"Huh! You'd better go to bed," was the husbandly retort. "You look as young and big-eyed as Carolyn. You know the kid's growing up, Helen. Notice it to-night for the first time."

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## My Way of Washing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

entirely on the softness of the water. As the water I use is hard, I pour in about three cupfuls of the solution, close the machine, and let it operate a few minutes. If there is a good suds when the lid is opened, there is generally no necessity of adding more. If the clothes have been previously soaked, more soap will need to be added, since the wet clothes contain considerable water in their meshes, thereby weakening the soapy solution in the machine.

The common practice of rubbing additional soap on the most badly soiled spots is not necessarily helpful, since the soap must be dissolved before the machine can force the water through the fabric to loosen the dirt. If the water in the machine is soapy, surely the addition of more soap is unnecessary.

Soap acts more efficiently in soft water or in water which has been softened by the use of washing soda or powder. The soda or powder is dissolved first in water, one pound to a gallon of water. By boiling this solution, every particle of the powder is dissolved, so that it cannot lodge on the clothes and rot them. The amount of this solution needed to soften the water varies, of course, with the hardness of water. As a rule, one-half cupful is sufficient.

Overcrowding the machine not only interferes with its efficiency but also causes unnecessary wear on clothing. The water can be forced back and forth through a few garments more easily than it can through a great many, and in washing clothes as much friction as possible should be avoided.

A good way to sort the clothes for washing is as follows: Table linen, bed linen, body linen, colored clothes, flannels, silks, hosiery.

The length of time required for washing depends entirely on the amount and kind of soil in clothes and the thickness of the garments. Badly soiled clothing can be washed in from twenty to twenty-five minutes, while the machine need not operate longer than fifteen minutes for slightly soiled garments.

### Next Comes the Rinsing

THIS is the most important part of washing. In it the loosened dirt must be removed and no trace of soap should be left. When clothes are grayed in laundering, the loosened dirt has not been removed in the rinsing; when they are yellowed, some of the soap has not been rinsed out.

For rinsing white cottons and linens, hot water is more efficient than cold. This hot water, to be most effective, should be forced mechanically through the meshes of the fabrics, and the easiest and best way to do this is to rinse the clothes in the machine. The force of the water in the machine is much greater than it is when one pushes the garments up and down in a tub filled with water. Besides, the hands cannot be placed in a hot rinse water.

It does take more time for washing when all the clothes are washed before any are rinsed. If one is in a hurry and wishes to rinse the first batch of clothes while the second is being washed, a tub of hot water can be used if one has a hand plunger for forcing the rinse water through the clothes. Even then it takes much more energy to rinse in this way. Here, of course, is the advantage of having a machine with a swinging or reversing wringer.

Whether the white clothes should be boiled is a debatable question. Surely there can be no harm in it. I never boil clothes when a hot rinse water is used, because the hot water, sunshine, and the hot iron sterilize the clothes sufficiently.

The clothes are wrung from the hot rinse into a cold one which contains bluing. They are wrung from this into the clothes basket. There is just this much to wringing: it is not only much easier on the wringer and the clothes to have the rolls quite loose when wringing, but it helps, also, to make the clothes more nearly white. The action of the wind, air, and sunshine on the wet clothes is one of oxidation, in which the clothes are bleached.

The garments to be starched are turned wrong side out, dipped into the starch and wrung through the wringer—here the wringer rolls must be loose. All the clothes are turned wrong side out and hung on the line by the straight of the goods, and by the hands when possible.

For colored cottons, silks, wools, and all delicate fabrics, the rinsing waters must be lukewarm in temperature, and it is wise to use three of these to make certain that all the soap is removed. In the case of wools, have the rolls loose-set, and avoid rubbing, twisting, or tight wringing. Colored cottons should be starched in cold starch (which may be tinted to restore color when [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92])

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## Mis' Mercy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

task was not easy. "You say you knew your mother's mind. Did you stop to think how much she'd mind? When we men go to sea, we know just what is happenin' to us. She'll be home—imaginin' and wonderin' and daddin'—all alone. Think of your mother a bit."

Before Ben could answer, Mercy came hastily round the table to him, and put her hands on his shoulders. She was no longer Mercy Homer, she was wholly Ben's mother.

"Leave me out of it, John. Ben, do you want to be a sailor more than anything else in the world?"

"I have to be, Mother." The boy spoke with the assurance of an inheritance that could not be denied.

"Take him, John."

Ben looked eagerly up at her.

"You mean I can go?"

"That's what I mean, my boy."

Ben kissed her hastily and capered round the room. As he passed the window, he saw John and Hannah coming up the hill and opened the door for them, calling, "I'm goin' to sea! I'm goin' to sea!"

Hannah slipped from the arm that lay across her shoulder, and ran over to Mercy.

"Oh, why did you do it, Mother Mercy? Why did you let him go when you needed him so? You said you'd fight to the very end to keep Benny." The girl turned bravely to the Cap'n. "It isn't fair for you to take him."

Young John in the doorway heard Hannah in surprise. "Why, Hannah," he said, "Homer's always go to sea!"

Only Mercy saw the flicker of fear in Hannah's eyes—a kind of terror of the inevitable. She drew the girl with her over to the window.

"Cap'n John was not going to take Ben," Mercy said gently. "I let him go. I've blamed the sea for taking our men from us. Perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps we love them so much we can let them go because they wish it."

Cap'n John shook his head gravely. "Figure it how you like. I call it blame tough."

Hannah said nothing. She looked out of the window, but not at the sea. Down the vista of the years, she saw that the path of her life, if she married John, must be the path of Mercy's.

Ben pulled at his father's hand.

"Can I bring in your box now, Father?"

"Comin', son. Haul away. Come 'long with us, John? This tad's too slim to handle a sea chest yet."

The first mate of the "Mary L." turned reluctantly.

"Will you stand by, here, Hannah? 'Twon't take but two shakes."

For a moment Hannah, searching his face gravely, did not answer.

"I'll stand by," she said finally.

As the men went out, Mercy returned once more to the table in the service of her family. Hannah sat by the table, her chin on her hands, as she had sat an hour before, waiting for John. Neither woman spoke for some time.

"It takes a great deal of love," said Hannah at length.

"To give them up because they want to go?" questioned Mercy, returning unerringly to the point in Hannah's mind. "Why, child, that doesn't matter a bit, so long as there's enough."

Her face was very lovely.

## My Way of Washing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

the material is faded) and dried in the shade.

After all, the success of a washing machine's career depends largely on the knowledge the operator has of the science of washing. And here are the most important secrets to success:

Have all the supplies on hand ready for use.

Oil the machine.

Separate the clothes into the divisions suggested above.

If the water is hard, use enough washing powder to soften it.

Have the water warm, not hot.

Always use sufficient soap to make a good suds.

Give the machine plenty of time.

Rinse the white cottons and linens in sealding water.

Rinse colored clothes, silk, and woollens in tepid water.

The science of ironing is another story which I hope to take up in a later article. Meanwhile I cannot urge you too strongly to send for the six excellent little bulletins on "Laundering at Home" offered on page 72.

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# Is this the same Girl?



**I**T IS! And yet five months ago you would have found Mrs. Foley a timid little home body. She was tired of the humdrum way of living. Like every normal woman, she loved pretty things for her children, for her home, for herself. But—

When the butcher, the baker and the landlord were paid there was not much money left—barely enough to buy necessities. Never a dollar over—or not very often, that's sure—for a show or a trip home to see Mother. Truly, she was unhappy at times. It was so hard to be brave, waiting for "John's ship to come in."

Then one day a neighbor asked her if she liked to read, giving her a copy of the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*. At first she was not much interested; in fact, the magazine was in her home for several days before she even glanced through it. Then one day she read "No More Doing Without." What could that mean—could it possibly mean that the *COMPANION* had a way for her to earn money in her spare moments? Precious few idle minutes she had; but it was worth while writing and inquiring how she could earn a few extra dollars.

She did write! Now I'll let her tell you the rest.

Dear Miss Clarke: I wonder if you know just how much real happiness that \$10 bonus check you sent brought me. I know it is small comparing it with the wonderful work of so many members about whom you wrote in your very personal sweet letter; but, then, that \$10 check I earned seemed like \$100 to me, for I need it so.

Your happy friend,  
Lelia Foley.

There is another happy little woman down in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Werner is her name. A few years ago she was a timid little person, too. One of the greatest drawbacks in her recovery from a serious

illness was worry. She says the Club has done her a world of good.

Martha Lasher, a Connecticut member, writes this enthusiastic letter:

A thousand pardons for not having acknowledged those two perfectly wonderful bracelet watches. They are beauties, and are keeping correct time.

Glad she is a member, so says Mrs. L. M. Warner, of Oklahoma:

I am delighted with my beautiful mesh bag and thank you many times for it. I am so glad I earned a \$3.50 bonus check, too.

Mrs. Hugh Kernohan, Ohio, always had a longing to earn about \$100, and place it to her boys' credit every year until they were old enough to make money themselves, and thus earn their way through college.

Well, last year Mrs. Kernohan was able to do that very thing and, best of all, her kiddies and her home were not neglected.

What sort of a dream have you wanted to come true? Tell it to me and let me show you how to make it, and all of your dreams, come true.

Write to-day, and I will tell you all about our friendly money-

making Club, and about our gold and pearl pin, the Club's emblem, and about this exquisite 14-carat solid gold ring, with the loveliest diamond set in genuine onyx. It's the newest gift of our Club to its members. Join us now, and a few weeks hence I am sure you'll be happier, and richer, too. Send your letter to

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Department 13

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Bathe the face with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather well into the pores with the finger tips. Rinse thoroughly with more warm water and finish with cold.

Resinol Soap is sold by all toilet goods dealers. Trial on request, Dept. 2-H, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

# Resinol Soap







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the letters to  
my husband, and—"

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## "Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.

DEAR EDITOR: I was much impressed by the article, "Marrageable Sons," by Laura Spencer Porter, in the June issue, and although I am a "marrageable daughter," I believe I can apply to them also. If parents could only understand that in forbidding and preventing their children, not only in marriage but other undertakings as well, they are more than likely to force them to do that which they would not do in other circumstances. E. L. S., Michigan.

There's another letter on this page that illustrates the case of the unwise parent, exactly.

DEAR EDITOR: Long, long ago when I was quite young (just fifteen, in fact) I wrote you to tell you how very much I enjoyed the COMPANION, and now, having attained the dignity of sixteen-very-nearly-seventeen, I'm hobbling up again to tell you that my fondness for the COMPANION grows with each new copy. I liked "Ah, Moon of My Delight" very much and I loved "The Smashed-to-Bits Heart." I think Anne McCall's Tower Room is wonderful, and she is an inspiration to any girl. The Postscript is great and the only reason that I don't read him before any of the other things in the COMPANION is because I like to read the stories first and his comments afterward. They're always awfully clever.

I like all your poetry and all the pictures. By the end of the month the COMPANION is usually worn out, for I read the stories over and over again, and The Postscript at least three times. V. H., New Jersey.

Oh, that Postscript man! What a drawing card he is with the ladies, old and young!

DEAR EDITOR: I am a shut-in and always look for and enjoy the cheery little paragraphs I find in different magazines, and in one of the COMPANIONS I read something which suggests the thought that "everybody is just folks" and all are human enough to like commendation, and I have wanted to write you just to tell you that I do like the COMPANION.

When the May number came I noticed at once its changed size and looked inside to see if there were other changes, which I have seen in other magazines. I was glad to see that those changes had not been made.

I am not writing this for publication, but only that I may not withhold the "heart's ease of appreciation" until the notion to send this evaporates and I get "scared." I am in a home where the COMPANION is a monthly visitor. E. E., Arkansas.

Even if this letter wasn't written for publication, we felt that we might publish it, because of that nice little phrase "heart's ease of appreciation." There's never enough of that particular blossom.

DEAR EDITOR: Your article "The Universal Cripples" in the June WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION interested me so much, for I am a victim of the Crippler Club. At twenty-five I am about as helpless as a baby, can't even be trusted to pick out a hat for myself.

I always was delicate, and my mother made many sacrifices for me, all of which I do appreciate, but what I do not appreciate is the way she shielded me from everything.

If I married I couldn't keep house. No matter how much pains I take to get the apartment clean, my mother goes over it with the excuse that she is stronger than I and can sweep better. She does, but it takes the joy out of life, and I've come not to care how the place looks, and I might as well save myself the trouble of doing what will be done over again anyway.

Yet in spite of my revolt I am quite incapable of doing any real deciding for myself. The thought of picking out a dress for myself makes me feel a sick terror for fear it won't be right. She says I haven't sense enough to wear the right clothes at the right time. I haven't.

And yet I do appreciate all my mother has done for me. She has been a real chum and a real help and adviser, only—a cripple! R. F. G., California.

This is a pathetic letter, and we hope R. F. G. will go right on, trying to do things for herself, making her own mistakes, and gradually becoming a real person, not part of another.

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# The Girl Who Stayed Home

By EILEEN SHERWOOD

Illustrated by ALICE SEIPP

"CORINNA, what are you going to study at college next year?" It was Irene, the "sensible twin," talking. Rather hard on Corinna, that adjective. Yet a few said it was because she happened to be contrasted, twin-like, with Irene.

"Oh, just the regular course," absently. "Madame's going to put those new lace rosettes on my dress."

"But students don't take regular courses nowadays," persisted wise Irene. "They specialize. I'm going to be a private secretary. Miss Crane said to study business law and economics—would you like that?"

"Of course, if I could have clothes like hers. Didn't she wear the stunningest suit Sunday? But she looked too tired to really enjoy it. No wonder—it's taken her ten years to climb to her present position."

"I don't suppose you'd like teaching?" doubtfully.

"Awfully low salaries, considering the years of preparation. And you get old and frumpy so soon. But Miss LeGrange sends home to Paris for clothes."

Irene shrugged exasperatedly.

"You might try trained nursing. The uniform is universally becoming. Or newspaper work—Kate Boyd of the Star has a good looking coat."

Corinna only laughed. On a day a dream comes true, one is not easily disturbed by trifles like careers and caustic young sisters.

There it was, spread out on her bed! Her heart's desire, a lovely graduating dress—her first really nice frock.

Irene, of course, had chosen an inexpensive ready-made one, the surplus to be applied on next winter's coat.

But even Irene exclaimed in admiration as the cloudy mass descending over Corinna's white shoulders, fell into lines of youth and beauty.

"And did I tell you?" Corinna's eyes shone. "Madame liked my ideas of the lace rosettes and all! She said I have 'ze eye of ze arteest—I should study. But when I asked her where and how, she just waved her hands. Said it took her years—she began as a little midinette in Paris. She told the most entrancing tales, all about Worth and Paquin and the rest!"

"I believe you'd like to go right into her workrooms."

"I would," admitted Corinna. "But you know how dressmakers guard their secrets. They make apprentices pull bastings for months."

"Speaking of careers—I" began Irene.

"If you don't look out," admonished Corinna, "you'll turn into a career—a prim stiff-collared one, with typewriter keys for fingers and a filing cabinet for brain."

"Corinna, I should think you'd be serious! You know it was surprising in Uncle Jonas to offer to send us at all, after mother offended him by marrying a poor minister, right after he'd sent her through normal! She's had a hard time—" Irene's voice trembled.

Corinna became suddenly grave. "Honestly, I don't know what to do. It's worrying me more than you think."

"That vocational expert said the things we did in our leisure hours furnished a clue. What do you like to talk about and see? What magazines do you like best?"

"Those with a good fashion department."

"Well, I give it up, unless you could be a buyer, like Mrs. Hildebrand."

"It would be lovely, buying pretty things for stores. But Mrs. Hildebrand says it's frightful scrambling for bargains. And it took her ten years to become a buyer."

"Molly Kane makes loads of money in her little Kandy Kraft Shop," suggested Irene.

"Oh—a business!" Corinna's first signs of animation. "That's surely the quickest way to get a good income—Molly started that shop less than two years ago. And she's so independent. But—I've neither training nor capital," she sighed.

That evening Corinna mailed a letter. "To Uncle Jonas. Said I couldn't decide on a career, asked for advice."

"You didn't!" Irene was horrified. "He'll think you incapable—impracticable!"

The answer came with alarming promptness.

"My dear Niece:

"I have always hoped some of the Brewster practicality would manifest itself in Nelly's family. I suggest that you stay at home a year in order to make up your mind. Jonas Brewster."

Irene forbore to say "I told you so." She left, lonesomely, in September. In November, Corinna's letters suddenly brightened; at Christmas vacation she appeared almost happy. Her gift to Irene was a Georgette blouse, beautifully embroidered. And in the spring came a white linen middie suit, perfectly tailored.

Irene elected to stay for summer session, whereupon Corinna invited herself down for commencement week.

"Afraid you won't have a good time," wrote Irene, but she met the train eagerly.



Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements.

Laughing students crowded the station, meeting the happy well-dressed folks arriving.

"Corinna won't be fashionable, but she's prettier than most of them," thought Irene, loyally.

A girl was descending, one of those girls at whom every one looks twice. It was partly the sheen of honey-colored waves and puffs beneath the smart little traveling hat, partly the "chic" of her softly blousing top coat of black silk Jersey—but not a little the grace and poise which held one's eyes—that poise which comes from the consciousness of being perfectly dressed.

The girl turned—"Corinna!"

As they started toward Irene's boarding house, her eager questions yet unanswered, came a voice—

"Good morning, Miss Irene." Tommy Sullivan, popular fraternity man, calmly insinuated himself between the serene Corinna and the astonished Irene.

Hastening footsteps overtook them. Young Professor Bell, of all people! Glumly Tommy gave him faculty precedence with Corinna, but managed a whisper in her ear before they left the girls at Irene's door.

"Tell me—wherever did you get—I" began Irene in her room, staring at Corinna's pretty taffeta frock.

"No time now. Mr. Sullivan is going to show me the campus. And the dance tonight, with a faculty escort! You're going, too!" Corinna hugged her ecstatically.

"Thanks! But my new ball costumes haven't come from Paris."

From her bag Corinna took a rosy armful. "With your dark skin you need vivid shades. Aren't these organdy roses sweet?"

Corinna, at the dance, in pale pink and silver, her cheeks flushing as softly as the chiffon of her gown, was a picture that set more than one masculine heart racing, and she was the center of attention.

Even quiet Irene sparkled in her rose-tinted organdy.

The remainder of Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements. From the wonder bag came the most fetching afternoon toilette that ever wrought havoc on a campus. White chiffon paneled in white thread lace, over black taffeta and aashed with black maline, which ended in a huge heart-smashing bow. And a big white lace hat, wreathed with black maline poppies.

One for Irene, too. Black Georgette, banded in blue and lovely with embroidery of pomegranate red.

"Where—?" besought Irene, but the telephone summoned her sister. At last the train whisked her, smiling sphinx-like, away.

In August Irene came home. Alighting from the car, she glanced down the suburban business street.

"A new shop! What a pretty window!"

Others evidently shared Irene's enthusiasm, for few passers-by failed to stop before it.

The proprietor evidently understood the effectiveness of the one-color scheme. And this must be sunshine week!

Yellow blooms in a brass bowl against the gray silk curtains. A primrose organdy flaunting its multitudinous ruffles next a sports dress of orange linen. And a wee yellow chambray hobnobbing cheerfully with Patsy

rompers of yellow and black checked gingham. Two smiling girls came out each carrying a box. "We'll have the prettiest dresses at the beach," said one, happily.

A door was flung open, a dear familiar voice—

"Been watching for you!"

After a while, comfortably settled in an armchair by the gleaming little show case, Irene listened.

"I was so discouraged last fall," Corinna began. "I didn't know if Uncle would ever send me—I didn't know what to do. We all needed new things—clothing was still high. But materials were cheaper. If only I could sew!"

"Then I learned of a school—the Woman's Institute—which teaches women and girls right in their homes everything I wanted to know about dressmaking. It was so reasonable and I was wild to learn, so I began."

"And, do you know, in a month I was able to make that Georgette blouse for you? Several girls wanted one like it. Then I could soon make cunning things for children, and those bring such good prices. Then came Sally Jones' wedding in the Spring, and not a dressmaker could she find free. She begged me to try, and I wrote to the Institute for help."

"They gave me just the advice I needed and helped me plan the dresses. I copied Sally's wedding gown from the Fashion Service, an exclusive service issued by the Institute only to its students. It's simply full of lovely clothes and you learn just how to make them! I can remodel or design new things, and my dresses fit, because I create special patterns for each customer."

"Finally I started my shop. The Institute told me just how, you see. I'm doing well—cleared \$40 last week and have an assistant engaged. I'm going to carry my own materials in stock. (Imagine little me with a credit rating! But the Institute told me how to get it.) And only last week a broker said he could get me \$1000 for this shop any day. In a year it will double in value."

"Are you coming to college?" demanded Irene, finding voice at last. "Every man who met you wants to know."

"It's not practical enough for me. See, I've got a bank account and I keep books and everything! And I'm going to New York for the fashion shows next year."

"Does Uncle Jonas know?"

Corinna laughed. "He came for a visit—you should have seen his astonishment. Offered to lend me money—said it looked like a good investment to him—but I told him I didn't need it. He seemed dazed and kept repeating something about the Brewster blood."

What Corinna did, you can do.

More than 100,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved that you can easily and quickly learn, through the Woman's Institute, in your own home, during spare time, to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats for yourself, your family, and others, at less than half their usual cost.

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The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with the very simplest stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceed by logical steps until you can design and completely make even the most elaborate coats and suits.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that has brought to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE  
Dept. 39-W, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery  
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



# The Postscript.

IT DID seem in July that the poor old Postscript might close one eye and get a moment's rest, after having been on the keen jump for all these years, spanking the authors and putting the magazine to rights, July being a month to encourage rest, what with the heat and all; so that's just what we did, closed one eye and relaxed for a moment, and what was the result? The result, children, was that several dozen readers of The Postscript had to take pen in hand and write to say that things can never be quite the same between us again. Where formerly there was perfect trust there is now the little rift within the lute. We went to sleep at the wrong time.



## What Happened

THIS is what made the trouble: In the story "A Little Matter of Business," the handsome hero, near the beginning of the story, says, "I was born in India." Near the middle of the story the author says, "So they brought him back to the Manor House, where he was born," the same being in England. "You missed it!" cry the letter writers. "We read The Postscript twice and couldn't find it," say others, to the last unwilling to admit that The Postscript had to take anything but infallible. Yes, we missed it; even if you should read the page three times you won't find it. It isn't there. "How," say others, "do you explain a man being born in two places as widely separated as England and India?" We don't explain it; we can't. The only possible hope of an explanation that we can think of is the Better Babies Bureau. You might write to this department and see if it can throw any light on the situation. The worst of it is that we read the story carefully. Why, that's where we found "I was an awful ass."

But not all of our correspondents have registered loss of faith. Here's one coming to our rescue on fruit trimmings for hats, which proved too much for us recently. Says the lady:

An apple a frock  
Gives the public a knock;  
An orange a hat  
Knocks the public quite flat;  
A cherry a gown  
Keeps the poor public down.

Another correspondent writes to say that somebody in the pattern department has been trying to fool us. It's all along of that tie-on tunic which we spoke of so warmly in the June Postscript. "They're trying to put one over on you, poor old Postscript," writes the kind lady. "You know how it is with hush when it breaks into good society and calls itself croquettes," she goes on. "Well, that tie-on tunic is nothing in the world but an old-fashioned apron trying to break into good society." She adds that her grandmother wore a tie-on tunic, checked gingham, sometimes over a white one, and when a caller thumped on the door she just took off the gingham tunic and there was the white one. Well, we hate to think that the pattern people would deceive the poor, trusting Postscript, but it certainly does look that way.



## Clothes—Wearable

THIS is Miss Gould's month to make a fuss about wearable clothes. "That's the best compliment that I can pay them," the headline says Miss Gould says, though she doesn't say just that in her article down below. Miss Gould calls on everybody to stand with her for wearable clothes, and you may be sure The Postscript is responding among the first.

"Sensible, but not dubby," says Miss Gould, which seems quite the proper idea. Naturally one would not care to look dubby. Miss Gould offers some substantial prizes for the dress you like to wear, and among the judges we notice Neysa McMein, Norma Talmadge, and Harry Collins. These people are not dubby—Harry Collins is noted for his chic trousers—and they will see that no dubby dress gets a prize. In one of the fashion articles it says you should have a scarf for warmth, of course, "but for chic a hundred times more so." These clothes are going to be wearable—yes—but chicah

many times more so. They will wear a long time, but they will chic much longer.

Everybody is going to be glad to find so many new fabrics and colors to help make things chiefly wearable. Among the former there are Mousseyne, Moussetyne and Mochatex, with jacquard effects right and left. These and others come in all sorts of nice colors such as Canard, Afterglow, Zanzibar, Brick-rose and other chic shades.

But there is another thing on which The Postscript is going to stand by Miss Gould harder than on clothes that may be worn. Miss Gould is speaking of bouffant skirts, and she hopes they are "not the forerunner of the unwearable crinoline." For six years The Postscript has been backing Miss Gould against this crinoline stuff, and it's never yet gained an inch. Charley Kemp wouldn't like crinoline at all.

We are glad to meet a new fabric called Cachemireine, made of "fine cashmere yarn." We often wonder if Kalykeau is worn any more.

The pattern people don't say a word about it, but they seem to have closed their Springfield office, and now you get patterns from the New York office alone. This is all right, though we think they ought not to act so secret about it. Perhaps they thought nobody would find it out, but though the Postscript may not notice when a man has birthplaces scattered all over the world, you can't fool it on where the patterns come from. Or on how they go on—over the head, some of them. Or not the patterns, either; you don't wear patterns. Though apparently a paper pattern, the seams put together with a bit of paste, would have been just the thing to please Charley Kemp.



## The Woman's Home Companion

### Synopsis of Previous Stanzas

Our Stories, yes, the well-told kind;  
Our Fashions, not a what behind.  
Our Cooking, all things good to eat;  
Our Covers, comforting to meet.  
Our Gardens, telling what to grow;  
Our House Plans, all you need to know.  
Our Picture Section, made with care—  
Yes, everything from everywhere.  
And even these things are not all,  
For there's the P. S., we recall!

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, we seriously need to state,  
Does not forget the household with notions up-to-date;  
It tells you how to fix things, and paint the kitchen floor,  
And how to face the crisis when knobs fall off a door.  
The way to make shades roll up, to stop a boiler leak,  
To still a window's rattle, and cure a hinge's squeak.  
In fact, it stands right by you with how to make and mend—  
Yes, love, that's also helpful—The Postscript at the end!

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, its handicraft seems best,  
It tells in simple language and then you do the rest.  
A screen, a lamp shade, basket—why, here is how it's done!  
It's all so plain and simple you find it really fun.  
With better ways to do things that other folks have found  
And pass along to help you and ease the daily round.  
More household aid and comfort it never fails to lend—  
You little flatterer!—Still—The Postscript's at the end!



## The Fashions for September

THIS is a great month for fashions. You see them everywhere you look. Miss Gould finds the coat dress the thing for early autumn. But it doesn't quite do alone. "Supplemented by a chic hat and augmented by a clever fur" it puts one in a distinctive class. We like that clever fur. But is

it enough? We think the costume should be aggrandized by a quick-witted shoe.

Miss Gould is ably supported by the Paris cable from Mrs. McKenna-Friend. She tells all concerning the latest tailors. We like the eleven ladies who have just come out of the envelope at the head of the page. Reading from left to right, the diffident number two seems to be having trouble with her feet, and number five, poor thing, has broken her ankle; but number nine is safe from any such accident, since she can do simply anything with her feet.

The fall and winter number of "The Fashions" is announced. Time was when The Postscript beat around the bush and pretended it was not going to say a poetic word about it, but that time is past. Nothing can stop us:

Oh, ho, here's another "The Fashions!"—  
It's a year since we wrote the first rhyme,  
All fluted with fricasseed passions,  
The product of tune and of time.  
And in March—yes, in March—don't remember,  
Dear reader?—  
We decked out another for springtime.  
In liting thus-wise we're the leader—  
It's always our singtime!

But the booklet is worthy our singing.  
With its furbelowed fashions—all early;  
Its masterful manner of bringing  
The latest for woman and girlie.  
What's coming for autumn—for Christmas—for  
snowtime,  
You'll find in "The Fashions"—don't doubt it.  
Indeed, ma'am, we'll say this is no time  
To struggle without it!



## Fiction and Other Things

THE GIRLS" goes on, and we can't think that anyone is going to lose interest in it. Perhaps The Postscript is wrong, but it seems to us that it's the best long story the COMPANION has printed for some time. Ben Gartz comes in and looks around, and it begins to appear as if Ben were in wrong and had better look around for the door marked "Exit," though you never can tell. The young poet comes in, and gets on better, though we can't help fearing that life holds some adverse happenings for him. We like the way Miss Ferber says somebody's mind "grasshoppered to another topic."

Then, besides the long story, there are four short ones, including another Lucia story by Mrs. Vorse. We hope nobody is born in two places in any of these stories.

Here seems to be a good place to send those people who write to The Postscript and fail to give their names and addresses. Don't do it. The Postscript won't print your name, but it loves its correspondents, and wants to know who they are; besides, it likes to answer letters, saying, Yes, we missed it, and we don't know how the man was born in India and then brought to the house in which he was born in

England, unless they sent the house from India on a freight steamer; and thank you for saying you think The Postscript is the best page ever printed in any magazine. That's the way we like to write to the people who send letters to The Postscript; but we can't do it if there's no name. And please don't write anonymous letters to other departments of the COMPANION; give the poor editors a chance.

We like the young man who sent the telegram and got the job, though we think he should have combined thrift with enterprise and kept his dispatch down to ten words. There was also a boy who, seeing a sign "Boy Wanted," pulled it down, tucked it under his arm and trudged up the four flights to the office indicated, where he slammed it down in front of the boss. "Here, what're you bringing that sign up for?" demanded the boss. "Cause it ain't true," replied the youth; "I'm the boy."



## Early Autumn Paragraphs

ALICE comes from her Wonderland into two of the stories this month. Rather a joke on Carolyn about the sealing wax! There are some nice dry soba in one of the stories.

There is a diamond engagement ring which is slipped on "the fourth finger of the left hand." Ladies, how about it? In a census of the fingers where do you begin to count? Do the kindergarten children still sing about Mr. Thumbkin? And, if so, is Mr. T. reckoned as a finger? The girls are not wearing their engagement rings on their little fingers, are they?

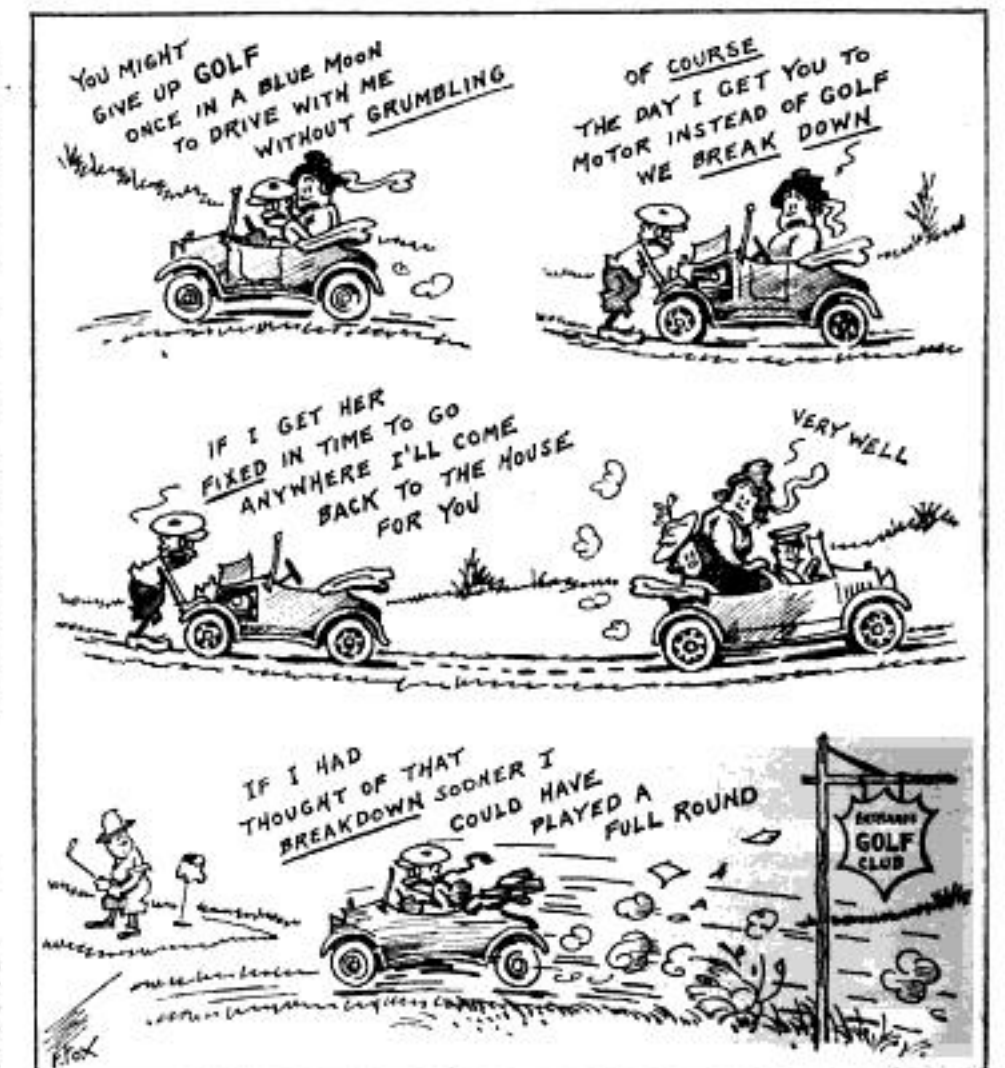
Mr. Johnson, in telling how to get a job, quotes from Charles Lamb as follows: "Neat but not gaudy." When Mr. Johnson applies for a job with The Postscript to verify its quotations we shall not hire him.

We like the cover this month. Also the hollyhocks, and "The Parisian Hat." And we like the piggy pockets, and Grace Tabor's talk about evergreens, and a lot of other things.

Here's the modest "Tower Room" talking about beauty (and what more important subject could it find?), and not saying a word about the fact that it is just passing an anniversary. If the Cooking Department will furnish a cake for the Tower Room, The Postscript will be glad to supply twelve candles for it.

We note that a California stage driver, wishing to emphasize a statement, uses the piratical term "gracious!" Well, some parts of California are still pretty wild, and the men, many of them, lead a rough life, and will, when excited, sometimes employ strong language. But their hearts are usually in the right place. Rough diamonds—rough diamonds.

Raylen Parrott.





# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

October 1921

Twenty Cents

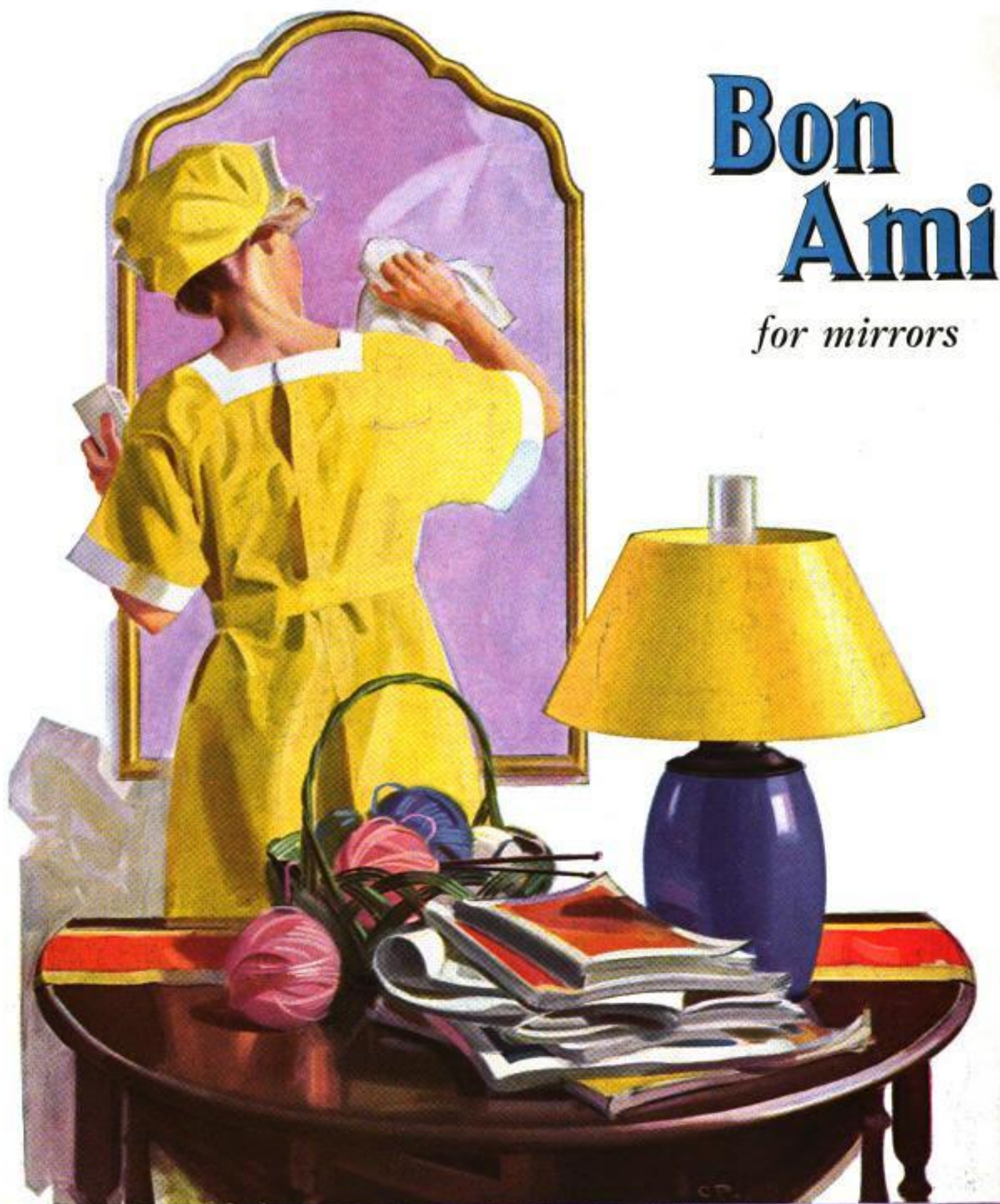


A Portrait of  
Mrs. LYDIA B. DYER

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# Bon Ami

*for mirrors*

"Hasn't  
Scratched  
Yet"



Cake or Powder  
whichever you prefer

Watch how easily Bon Ami and I clean this mirror. A damp cloth and a little Bon Ami are all one needs. When the Bon Ami film has dried—a few brisk rubs with a dry cloth and—presto! every speck of dust and dirt has vanished.

So it is with everything. The magic touch of Bon Ami brightens up windows, brasses, nickel, linoleum and white woodwork.



OCTOBER 1921

## WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO  
 George D. Buckley, President  
 Lee W. Maxwell, Vice President and General Business Manager  
 Thomas H. Beck, Vice President  
 J. E. Miller, Vice President  
 A. D. Mayo, Secretary  
 A. E. Winger, Treasurer

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 10

The Woman's Home Companion is published monthly. The price is 20c a copy; \$2.00 a year. Foreign postage, \$1 extra; Canadian postage, 25c extra. Entered at Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1921, The Crowell Publishing Company, United States and Great Britain.

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## Coming Next Month

## November Stories

**P**LENTY of good short stories are planned for the big Thanksgiving number. Here are some of them, briefly described:

*A mystery story:* "The Wedding Dress," by Anna McClure Sholl, is told in the words of "Mrs. Bradley, the dressmaker-by-the-day," whose story, "The Girdle," in another issue of the COMPANION, proved her to be a remarkably astute amateur detective.

*A love story:* "There's No Such Thing as Chance" is by Dorothea Brande. The scene is laid in Chicago. The heroine does her best to be scheming and worldly, but the golden touch of romance undoes all her plans.

*A married-life story:* "The Horoscope," by Eliza Calvert Hall, author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," tells of the discouragement of a hard-working farm woman and the magic change in her fortunes that came from the stars.

*A movie story:* "Sincerely—by Request" is by Fannie Kilbourne. She longed passionately for a picture of her screen hero, with a certain very particular inscription. And she discovered some amazing secrets about the way of a movie man with a maid!

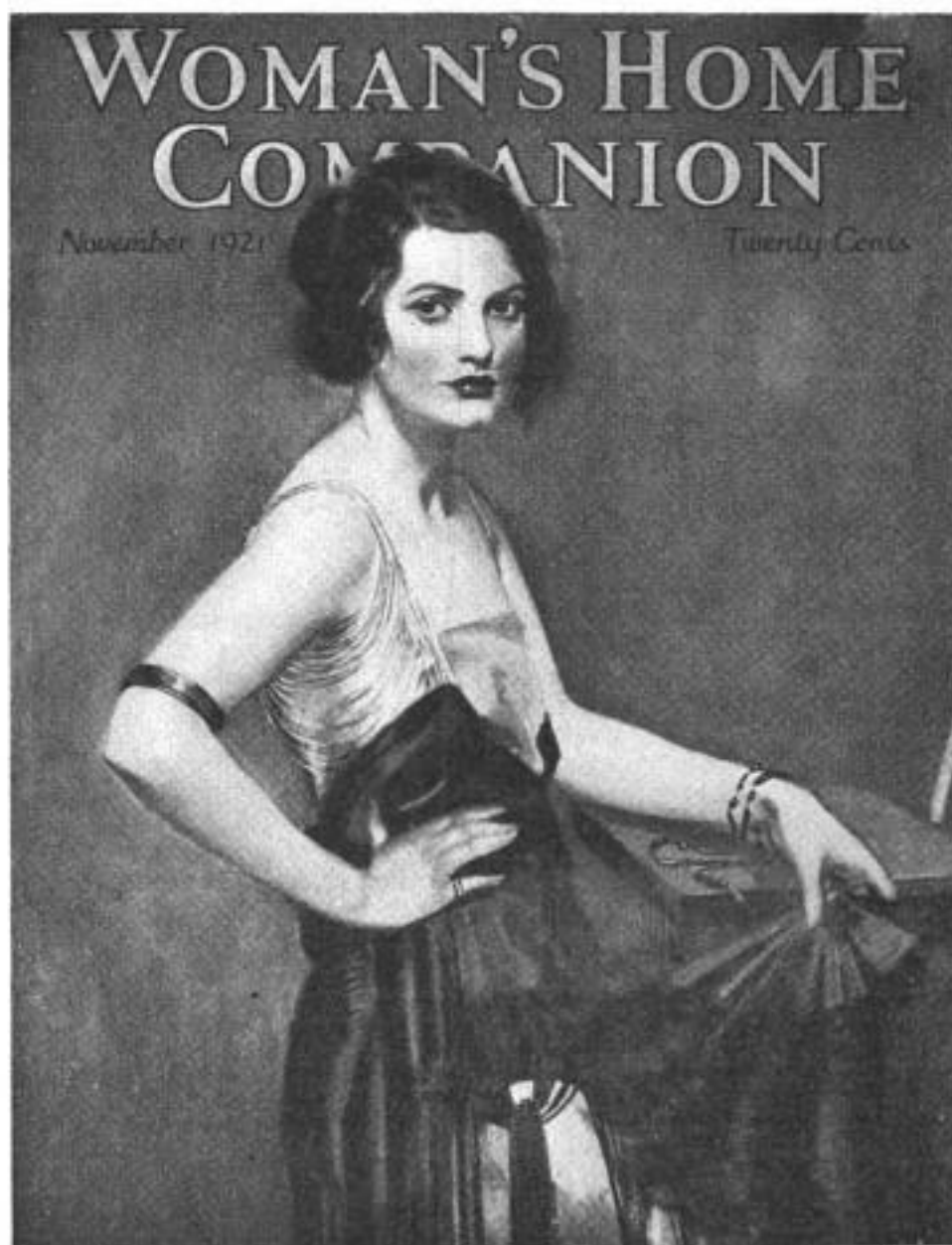
*A Wild-West story:* "Border Stuff," by Edwin C. Dickenson. A thrilling tale, with a daring rescue, a real hero, and a fair heroine, to say nothing of bronchos, Indians, Mexicans, and a very energetic flivver.

*A humorous story:* "Three Men and a Maid," by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. If you like good, clean, honest fun, if you liked "A Damsel in Distress" and "The Little Warrior," don't fail to read this novel. It begins in this present issue. November will have another long instalment, and the story will be finished in December.

Among the special articles will be two of special interest to all our readers.

"Of What Use Are the Federal Departments to You?" by Marjorie Shuler, is an interesting analysis of the Government at Washington as it touches the lives of the average family.

*Preaching to Capacity*, by Frederick L. Collins, presents the church problem from an entirely new angle—that of the motion picture exhibition. And perhaps here is a thought or two that may profit the movie man as well!



One of Neysa McMein's most stunning covers is shown in miniature above. This black-and-white reproduction gives little idea of the striking beauty and brilliancy of the pastel as it will appear in all the colors of the original

## This Month's Cover

**I**F YOU will turn back to the front cover you will see the reproduction of an interesting pastel portrait of Mrs. Lydig Hoyt by Neysa McMein. This is of special timely interest because Mrs. Hoyt, a leader in New York's most exclusive social set, is just making her debut on the screen as Mrs. Truesdale in "The Wonderful Thing." Miss Norma Talmadge discovered the screen possibilities of this charming and talented young woman, who, having achieved success in amateur theatricals, now confesses that she has always secretly cherished an ambition to enter the professional ranks. The first showing of "The Wonderful Thing," in which Miss Talmadge plays the leading rôle, will be given for the benefit of a charity at the home of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt in the early autumn. "If I prove successful," declares Mrs. Hoyt, "I am going to have a big section of picture-making in my program for years to come; but, of course, it is up to me to succeed before anything else."

## Holiday Handicraft

**T**HE November and December numbers will be fascinatingly full of it, and every bit is a Christmas present possibility.

Do you, or would you, like to dabble in paints? There'll be softly glowing parchment shades, artistically decorated, for candles and electric lamps and sconces; there'll be some of those smart little flat basket bags splashed with gay fruit and flower patterns; and there'll be a stunning painted tray and book ends.

Did you ever do any block printing? A page of the quaintest little book-plates and Christmas cards with directions about cutting your own wood blocks—only they aren't made of wood after all—will be a November feature.

Does basketry wearing appeal to you? Woven of reed and raffia, in simple and unusual shapes, these trays, flower holders, and useful baskets will delight you, and they're all easy on the eyesight in the making.

"Just Vanities" and "Really Useful" are two pages to pore over when you're scrambling about for Christmas present ideas—things for the business girl, the housekeeper, the butterfly, will all be there.

Embroidery and crochet. Of course there'll be some of Helen Marvin's famous knitting and crochet pages, and as for embroidery—this regular COMPANION department will have a noticeable gift slant in November and December.

Baby's Christmas will be especially paged, and there'll be toys to make for little brother and sister, and nice

funny things to hang on the tree, and jolly original ways to do up the presents in cases and packages.

And oh! the flower-making page and the Oriental page and the taffeta page!

Besides handmade gifts there'll be a whole page of beautiful straight-from-the-shops-to-you novelties. If you happen to run a tearoom and gift shop, you'll appreciate them; or, if you're a stay-at-home, you'll be glad of this especially selected set of suggestions. Even in the Cooking Department the Christmas gift spirit has entered, for there you'll find Miss Bradley's ideas of kitchen helps as Christmas gifts.

To help you with holiday entertaining there are Christmas party refreshments and Sunday-night supper raids, and some holiday possibilities in cooking just a plain "fowl"—all by Miss Bradley.

**Important Notice:** The Table of Contents for this number will be found on page 112



# EDITORIAL

## The Voice of the People

**W**HEN President Harding called a World Conference on the limitation of armament, a wave of thanksgiving swept over the country. Thousands of women looked at their children and their grandchildren through a mist of happy tears. Other women, who had been appealing to the Chief Executive of the Nation and its law-makers to take steps toward world disarmament, changed their pleas to letters of congratulation and appreciation. There was a general feeling that at last the voice of the people had been heard in Washington.

The voice of the people, powerful enough to coalesce the vague desire of a war-weary world into a conference on disarmament, is strong enough for other things likewise. Nearer at hand than the proposed conference is the welfare program endorsed by President Harding in his first Message to Congress and supported by practically every organization of women in the country.

The Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infant Welfare Bill, and the various educational measures, including the Fess Home Economics Bill, had not been passed as this magazine went to press. They still cry out for our urgent attention. The question of disarmament is now in the hands of the world powers, with world sentiment fighting for it. You have done your part toward bringing about this result. You can do the same for the Federal welfare measures, which will mean better opportunities for your children and for their children after them. These bills are at this writing still being bandied about by committees and unprogressive politicians in Washington.

If you believe in them, urge your friends and neighbors to read them. Talk about them at church and club gatherings. Then direct a thoroughly organized flood of local sentiment toward your representatives in Washington. It is going to take work, and more work, to get these welfare measures past unprogressive, narrow-minded committees and law-makers. If you want more information about the bills write to Mrs. Richardson, director of the COMPANION'S Good Citizenship Bureau, and she will send you full details.

The movement against disarmament is now, for the time being, out of our hands and in the hands of Mr. Harding's world conference. The bills that will better conditions in American homes and schools are distinctly in our hands, and will be passed if we make our wishes known to Congress.

## More Ivy Plants for Gold Star Mothers

**I**N JULY there was printed on this page a paragraph telling of how Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip had, just after the signing of the Armistice, found a struggling ivy vine amid the desolation of the Argonne battlefield in France. The paragraph went on to relate how she managed to bring part of the vine home; of how it had grown most luxuriantly, and that there were then some hundreds of little rooted ivy plants, one of which Mrs. Vanderlip would be glad to send to any mother who had lost a son in the war. Up to August 1st more than four hundred mothers had asked for these little plants, and been supplied. There were letters from every state in the Union.

A reading of these letters has been a most touching experience, and has brought a realization of the consequences of war which the dispatches from the front never did. Just what to call the little ivies seemed often puzzling, and the request might be for a sprig, plant, cutting, slip, bud, set, sprout, start, root, or shoot; but what matter?—it was to "Plant on my dear boy's grave;" or, "With the hope that it will climb up to the window of the little room where my baby slept so few years ago. He was seventeen when he enlisted."

Perhaps there is no one thing in the letters more noticeable than the youth of those who have gone: "My boy was eighteen," the mother writes, or "twenty," or "twenty-two"—there can be no quarrel with the use of the word "boy." There is another term often used which tells this even more simply:

"My child;" or, "He was our only child;" and, "He seemed so young to me, not yet nineteen, killed in action, October, 1918." And the brave attempt, old as sorrow itself—which is the oldest thing in the world—somehow to connect everything with the one who is gone: "I think this piece, perhaps, may have come from the vine my boy may have seen there in the Argonne the morning he was killed."

The young ivy plants seem to have been good travelers. "It was hardly wilted" came from as far away as Mississippi. "The sprout seems to be doing fine," writes another. And this, breathing enthusiasm and true optimism: "It is growing nicely; had another leaf before a week." And here is a bit of truth: "I am sure it will respond to affection. Flowers and plants know the touch of love quite as well as humans."

A pleasant thought cropping out in many letters is well expressed by one mother when she says: "And when the ivy grows I will give slips to other Gold Star mothers, the same as you have done." In the meantime, Mrs. Vanderlip, whose "thoughtfulness, sweetness, and kindness" is mentioned in almost every letter, has more baby ivy plants and she will gladly send them to those mothers who ask.

Write to Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, Scarborough-on-Hudson, New York, if you want one, giving, please, in every case, the boy's name, regiment and number, and the mother's full name and address.

## College and the Writer

**A**N idea occasionally gets struck off like a new coin, becomes a part of the general mental currency in circulation, and is handed out with the other small change whenever the occasion offers. One such worn copper is the idea that a college education is the worst possible process for the creative imagination, the theory being that it grinds down its victims until they are as alike as peas in a pod, with all the little bumps and hollows of originality smoothed away.

The thinker who floated that issue did not take into account the fact that if those four most important years are not spent in college, they are going to be spent somewhere else, living at home or working for a living being the usual alternatives; and that the home and the job will do just what college does—change the youth into the adult and so put out the magic lights of childhood. Take any chance group of a dozen children: the sum of their combined imaginations would keep a fiction writer going all his days. Out of a childhood peopled with imaginary playmates, so rich in fancies that it remains a family legend, can emerge a citizen of unblemished stodginess. And it is precisely the power to survive these years of transition that marks the artist's palette from the rainbow of the child.

This is not to insist that everyone should go to college. I should be inclined to feed a talent and starve a genius—to give talent the multitudinous experiences and opportunities of college life, knowing that talent must experience before it can express; and to carry off a flaming genius to the wilderness, believing that by suffering and longing it would find the way to its inner self, where the treasure lay. But genius like that is so rare that we scarcely plan for it, while for the gifted young person education means only enrichment.

To my own work as a writer, the four years spent at Vassar made both a direct and an indirect contribution. The direct was, of course, the living in and with the affairs of the mind, being held to them at a time when brimming vitality would so gayly have thrown them over. The indirect good lay in the peaceful stream of lecture which, flowing over one's head, had a magic power of setting the fancy at work. In no other manner of life would one have been held still and silent for long sunny hours, with a hypnotic voice to liberate the imagination, as music calls out song. The delicious, minute labor of a class poem or an ode to a room-mate was priceless training for a literary future, and I owe to certain distinguished lecturers—especially the one on Bible History, who gave no examinations—something vastly more precious than the wise words that I never heard.

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.



# So far as we know there is no other corset service like this anywhere in the world

*This is our first announcement to the readers of the Woman's Home Companion of a service which has benefited hundreds of thousands of American women, and which has the enthusiastic support of thousands of physicians and surgeons. May we ask you to read every word carefully?*

**Y**EARS ago it was the fashion to make the figure fit the corset. No matter what the natural proportions of your figure were, you had to be tortured into "stays" in which the tightest possible lacing confined your waist to the smallest possible size.

Then came the corset that provided a "style" for each kind of figure—tall, short, stout, thin, etc.

♦ ♦

This system was an improvement over the old torture method—but it fell far short of perfection because it missed the vital point of the style and comfort problem. This vital point is that, although all corsets of a given "model" are *exactly alike*, no two figures that will wear these corsets are exactly alike.

Now these slight differences in figures are not usually defects—they are simply differences. But, unfortunately, they are made to appear as defects because the corset, being made over *standardized* lines, was not really designed for you alone and cannot express the *individuality* of your figure.

The Spencer Designing System, on the other hand, is based on the idea that each woman's figure should express her personality in the prevailing style—and not a standardized personality.

So far as we know we are the only corset makers in the world who create a special design for each separate client—to correct where necessary—to dis-

play good lines—to give comfort and support. This is why Spencer Corsets are never sold in stores and are not made in "styles" for various figures.

The Spencer Corsetiere calls at your

made to your measurements—every line, every stay in it is planned to produce a definite effect. From the moment you first put it on, you experience entire comfort and often a marked improvement in general health, as well as the satisfying knowledge that your figure and style are right.

Our work in creating corsets for individuals was so successful in improving the carriage and thus giving better health, as well as better style, that it attracted the attention of physicians who saw the change in their patients. As a result they sent us other patients and now about ten thousand physicians prescribe Spencer Corsets for their patients.

♦ ♦

A Spencer Corset also means great economy for two reasons:

1. It is designed *after* you order it, therefore it is six to eight months later in style than any other corset you can buy.

2. It is guaranteed to hold its original shape until worn out—therefore your outer clothing holds its style and shape and lasts longer.

These are strong claims. But you can prove every one of them to your own satisfaction by asking any woman of your acquaintance who has ever had a Spencer Corset designed for her—or by asking the Spencer Corsetiere in your locality to call and explain the Spencer designing system further to you.



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*Never sold in stores* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

home and takes complete measurements, which she sends with an accurate description of your figure, to our designers. With your corset you receive a \$1,000 bond guaranteeing that *every measurement and the description of your figure have been used in designing and making the corset.*

But your Spencer Corset is not merely

**W**E shall be glad to hear from well-bred, capable, earnest women who desire to represent us. Those whose applications we accept will be given free training in the Spencer System of Corsetry. Spencer Corsetry is a profitable occupation in which you have the satisfaction of rendering service.

**T**HE designers in our Medical Department have an education equivalent to the course in dissection of a medical school of the first class. We have patented supports and supporting corsets for hernia, maternity, support after surgical operations, 'ptosis,' sacro-iliac sprain, etc.

Spencer Corsets are made by The Berger Brothers Company, 145 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut. If you do not find their representative in your telephone book under the listing "Spencer Corsetiere," write direct to the company for the address.



# What Every Employer Wants

*"What he does expect, what he does not expect, and what is sure to come true"  
—for the girl who wants to make good*

**T**HE girl on the sunny side of work gets the job. For to be on the sunny side of work is to be technically efficient, interested in the job, adaptable, responsible. It includes ability to advance and grow.

Of first importance to the girl who intends to succeed is the question of what the employer wants. Yet many a girl has slipped to an uninteresting defeat because she did not, or would not, recognize this.

Employers ask for many curious things; but in the end they all want the same qualities, and those are few. They may phrase it as "pep" or "a knowledge of social usages," "an easy flow of speech," "ability to keep her mouth closed," "high character," or "tact." One employer calls for "maturity and dignity," another demands the quality he describes as "heady."

All these varying terms come down to the primary thing which every employer wants and must have—a girl who knows her business. As a rule the employer is not conducting a school, a training class, or a home for incompetents, but a business which demands technical proficiency, and he must have the girl whom William Hawley Smith used to describe as educated, because she was "on her job."

The board of directors which engages the head resident of a settlement, the physician who employs a laboratory assistant, and the employment manager who takes on a new telephone girl, all ask and expect that this new employee will be able to deliver the goods. You engage a physician on the belief that he will know how to prescribe for your ailments. If you hire a chauffeur the supposition is that he knows the difference between the carburetor and the steering gear, and the man who employs a new woman worker expects her to know her business.

## The Three R's Are Still Important

**SOMETIMES** a young person is employed in a sort of apprenticeship job, and then the test is not what she can do to-day but what she may be able to do to-morrow. The shrewdest employers, in interviewing candidates, always have one eye on the present and the other on the future. But even the untrained employee engaged for future values must be able to do the thing that she is expected to do at the outset. She must have a certain amount of technical proficiency. In the eye of the employer technical proficiency means really two things: First of all, it means a thorough knowledge of the exact profession, science, or business for which the candidate is engaged, and second, it means a knowledge of English, spelling, and arithmetic.

Only a short time ago, a very brilliant woman, head of a large social service organization said to me:

"I want a girl to do some filing and record keeping, really to lay the foundations for a statistical department, but she must know the alphabet and how to add. The girl who tried to hold down the job is leaving because she could never be depended on to add a column of figures and get the same answer twice in succession, and because the letters she should have filed under M were always under N, and chaos resulted."

Probably most employers, in mentioning minor but essential qualifications, ask for a knowledge of English before anything else.

The next quality which the employer wants is responsibility. By this he does not mean merely the cut and dried attributes of punctuality, honesty, being on the job mentally, and other virtues which one rather takes for granted, but he means besides this something much more colorful. He wants a person who can be allowed to go her own way, and can be depended upon to come out at the close of the day having held up her end of the business. He means someone who has what he sometimes calls "intelligent cooperation," for the average good employer to-day would much rather you worked with him than for him.

The responsible person is of course discreet, does not discuss her employer's affairs with every friend over the luncheon table; she has loyalty and integrity—those

By HELEN M. BENNETT  
ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

things go without saying. But most of all she must be willing to take the responsibility of her own job.

What the employer wants in a head of a department is someone absolutely responsible for the work placed before her, who will meet her own problems, and handle them herself, without taking up the time of the employer. This applies to the smallest as well as to the largest positions. If, for instance, a girl is put in charge of a mailing-room, she is expected to be responsible for that room, to meet and settle its troubles and quandaries. Every job offers its departure from the regular run of the day's events, and the ability to meet and handle these new situations is essential.

## How High Can You Grow?

**T**HE third attribute in importance is the ability to grow. Young men are chosen very largely with a view to their future worth; and girls, more often than they realize, are picked for this same quality. "In my plant," said one man, "a girl can go just as far as she wants to. There are no limits to the kind of job I will give her if she will make good."

It is the settled policy of many organizations, both commercial, scientific, social and religious, to fill their more important positions with employees who have come up through the organization routine. It is thought to be good policy to promote employees—good both for the employee and also for the plant. Now, in such an organization there is not much place for the mechanical worker who counts the hours till the close of day and who measures the delights of her job by the money she can save

"Will either one even head a department?"

"Probably not," he said, and then added after a moment's thought, "and, after all, that is the measure of real ability—the power to go on."

Courageous and honest employers sometimes state openly that they want employees who will take criticism, a quality that is part of the ability to grow. One employer suggested that the person who would advance was the one who was not afraid to say that she didn't know, because the time and effort of everyone were saved when the new employee was willing to admit ignorance.

## Doretailing Into Place

**T**HE adaptable girl, according to the boss's definition, is not the jack-of-all-trades; she is not the girl who can write advertisements to-day, a news story to-morrow, and the great American drama the next day; she is not one who can be transferred from the stenographers to the bookkeepers, to the library, to the filing-room and back again, without missing a stroke, wasting a minute, or making a mistake. But the adaptable girl comes in with the purpose of fitting herself into his organization, or conforming to the plans and principles which he has evolved for his business. She has a sort of mental agility and suppleness that make it possible for her to fit into the machinery of the place where she has cast her lot. She does not sacrifice convictions, but she can give up habits. The adaptable person is usually the cooperative one, because she finds it possible to fit herself in with other ways, habits, and opinions.

Only two other qualifications are left in the employer's list, and one of these he lists as "interest in her job." The employer who asks that the candidates whom he interviews shall be "keen," "bright," "alert," "snappy," means that he wants people interested in their jobs. The successful head of an organization always has a keen interest, a youthful enthusiasm, for the work, and finds it very difficult to carry out his ideas successfully when assisted by people who work for nothing but wages,

for only the hours they are employed, and who have not enough concern or interest in their employer's affairs ever to have a constructive idea or to make a suggestion.

Last of all there is a shining jewel in the crown of the perfect employee that is hard to define, but easy to recognize. The employer has this unclassified attribute in mind when he asks that the candidate must be "attractive or personable," or when he pleads for someone with "poise," or "tact," or for someone who is "wide awake" and "meets people well."

This additional quality is sometimes a matter of that elusive attraction which we call charm; or it may be manner and clothes; in many cases it is an unflagging and never-failing tact. Frequently, it is a high order of mental ability or unusual proficiency in work. And often it is fine health and vigor, and the charm of looks that accompany them. But always this thing of which he is proud is some quality which is not necessarily identical with any of the others which he demands.

## Health Goes Without Saying

**I** HAVE purposely omitted from the list of the employers' demands the question of health, because almost all firms and almost all individual employers take that now as a matter of course. The sickly girl, even with the best intentions in the world, finds it difficult to be responsible, because of

absenteeism. She is not adaptable, as a rule. Her lack of health precludes any real interest in anything, and her ability to advance and to grow with the plant is seriously affected by lack of energy and vigor.

Like the figure in the old wood cut, "'Tis she!" cries the employer, "this perfect person—the girl who is healthy and enamored of her work, who knows how to do it, and who fits into my organization, who carries her end of the load and comes up at the end of the day without whining, who will go to the top of something and let no one stop her, and who will make every other employer on the street envy me—the girl on the sunny side of work."



*The perfect employee is hard to define, but easy to recognize*

to get away from it. Heads of such organizations must necessarily choose people who have the ability to advance.

The head of a large organization who had heard two of his assistants criticized in a kindly way rose to their defense. "They are very capable girls," he said, "they do their work excellently. I have no fault to find with them," and then he catalogued all their readily accessible virtues.

"Wait a moment," said the friendly critic; "will either one of those girls ever rise to fill a large position in your firm?"

"Well, no," he admitted.



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## Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.







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# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Gertrude B. Lane, Editor

Volume 48

October, 1921

Number 10

## Three Men and a Maid

A NOVEL By

PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED by J. SIMONT

Complete in Three Parts

### PART I

**T**HROUGH the curtained windows of the furnished apartment which Mrs. Horace Hignett had rented for her stay in New York, rays of golden sunlight peeped in like the foremost spies of some advancing army. It was a fine summer morning. The hands of the Dutch clock in the hall pointed to thirteen minutes past nine; those of the ormolu clock in the sitting-room to eleven minutes past ten; those of the carriage clock on the bookshelf to fourteen minutes to six. In other words it was exactly eight; and Mrs. Hignett acknowledged the fact by moving her head on the pillow, opening her eyes, and sitting up in bed. She always woke at eight precisely.

Was this Mrs. Hignett, the Mrs. Hignett, the world-famous writer on theosophy, the noted author of "The Spreading Light," "What of the Morrow," and all the rest of that well-known series? I'm glad you asked me. Yes, she was. She had come over to America on a lecturing tour.

The year 1920, it will be remembered, was a trying one for the inhabitants of the United States. Every boat that arrived from England brought a fresh swarm of British lecturers to the country. Novelists, poets, scientists, philosophers, and plain, ordinary bores; some herd instinct seemed to affect them all simultaneously. It was like one of those great race movements of the Middle Ages. Men and women of widely differing views on religion, art, politics, and almost every other subject: on this one point the intellectuals of Great Britain were single-minded—that there was easy money to be picked up on the lecture platforms of America, and that they might just as well grab it as the next person.

Mrs. Hignett had come over with the first batch of immigrants; for, spiritual as her writings were, there was a solid streak of business sense in this woman, and she meant to get hers while the getting was good. She was half way across the Atlantic with a complete itinerary booked before ninety per cent of the poets and philosophers had finished sorting out their clean collars and getting their photographs taken for the passport.

She had not left England without a pang, for departure had involved sacrifices. More than anything else in the world she loved her charming home, Windles, in the county of Hampshire, for so many years the seat of the Hignett family. Windles was as the breath of life to her. Its shady walks, its silver lake, its noble elms, the old gray stone of its walls—these were bound up with her

very being. She felt that she belonged to Windles, and Windles to her. Unfortunately, as a matter of cold, legal accuracy, it did not. She did but hold it in trust for her son, Eustace, until such time as he should marry and take possession of it himself. There were times when the thought of Eustace marrying and bringing a strange woman to Windles chilled Mrs. Hignett to her very marrow. Happily, her firm policy of keeping her son permanently under her eye at home, and never permitting him to have speech with a female below the age of fifty, had averted the peril up till now.

Eustace had accompanied his mother to America. It was his faint snores which she could hear in the adjoining room, as, having bathed and dressed, she went down the hall to where breakfast awaited her. She smiled tolerantly. She had never desired to convert her son to her own early rising habits, for, apart from not allowing him to call his soul his own, she was an indulgent mother. Eustace would get up at half-past nine, long after she had finished breakfast, read her mail, and started her duties for the day.

Breakfast was on the table in the sitting-room, a modest meal of rolls, cereal, and imitation coffee. Beside the pot containing this hell-brew was a little pile of letters. Mrs. Hignett opened them as she ate. Among them there was a letter from her brother Mallaby—Sir Mallaby Marlowe, the eminent London lawyer—saying that his son Sam, of whom she had never approved, would be in New York shortly, passing through on his way back to England, and hoping that she would see something of him.

She had just risen from the table when there was a sound of voices in the hall, and presently the domestic staff, a gaunt Irish lady of advanced years, entered the room.

"Ma'am, there was a gentleman."

Mrs. Hignett was annoyed. Her mornings were sacred.

"Didn't you tell him I was not to be disturbed?"

"I did not. I loosed him into the parlor." The staff remained for a moment in melancholy silence, then resumed. "He says he's your nephew. His name's Marlowe."

Mrs. Hignett experienced no diminution of her annoyance. She had not seen her nephew Sam for ten years and would have been willing to extend the period. She remembered him as an untidy small boy who, once or twice, during his school holidays, had disturbed the cloistral peace of Windles with his beastly presence.

However, blood being thicker than water, and all that sort of thing, she supposed she would have to give him five minutes. She went into the sitting-room and found there a young man who looked more or less like all other young men, though perhaps rather fitter than most.

"Hallo, Aunt Adeline!" he said awkwardly.

"Well, Samuel!" said Mrs. Hignett.

There was a pause. Mrs. Hignett, who was not fond of young men and disliked having her mornings broken into, was thinking that he had not improved in the slightest degree since their last meeting; and Sam, who imagined that he had long since grown to man's estate and put off childish things, was embarrassed to discover that his aunt still affected him as of old. That is to say, she made him feel as if he had omitted to shave, and, in addition to that, had swallowed some drug which had caused him to swell unpleasantly, particularly about the hands and feet.

"Jolly morning," said Sam perseveringly.

"So I imagine. I have not yet been out."

"Thought I'd look in and see how you were."

"That was very kind of you. The morning is my busy time, but . . . yes, that was very kind of you!"

There was another pause.

"How do you like America?" said Sam.

"I dislike it exceedingly."

"Yes? Well, of course some people do. I like it myself," said Sam. "I've had a wonderful time. Everybody's treated me like a rich uncle. I've been in Detroit, you know, and they practically gave me the city, and asked me if I'd like another to take home in my pocket. Never saw anything like it! I might have been the missing heir! I think America's the greatest invention on record."

"And what brought you to America?" said Mrs. Hignett, unmoved by this rhapsody.

"Oh, I came over to play golf. In a tournament, you know."

"Surely at your age," said Mrs. Hignett disapprovingly, "you could be better occupied. Do you spend your whole time playing golf?"

"Oh no! I hunt a bit and shoot a bit, and I swim a good lot, and I still play football occasionally."

"I wonder your father does not insist on your doing some useful work."





"He is beginning to harp on the subject rather. I suppose I shall take a stab at it sooner or later. Father says I ought to get married, too."

"He is perfectly right."

"I suppose old Eustace will be getting hitched up one of these days?" said Sam.

Mrs. Hignett started violently. "What makes you say that?"

"Oh, well, he's a romantic sort of fellow. Writes poetry and all that."

"There is no likelihood at all of Eustace marrying. He is of a shy and retiring temperament and sees few women. He is almost a recluse."

Sam was aware of this, and had frequently regretted it. He had always been fond of his cousin in that half-amused and rather patronizing way in which men of thews and sinews are fond of the weaker brethren who run more to pallor and intellect; and he had always felt that if Eustace had not had to retire to Windles to spend his life with a woman whom, from his earliest years, he had always considered the Empress of the Wash-outs, much might have been made of him. Both at school and at Oxford, Eustace had been—if not a sport—at least a decidedly cheery old bean. Sam remembered Eustace at school breaking glass globes with a slipper in a positively rollicking manner. He remembered him at Oxford playing up to him manfully at the piano on the occasion when he had done that imitation of Frank Tinney which had been such a hit at the Trinity smoker. Yes, Eustace had had the makings of a pretty sound egg, and it was too bad that he had allowed his mother to coop him up down in the country miles away from anywhere.

"Eustace is returning to England on Saturday," said Mrs. Hignett. She spoke a little wistfully. She had not been parted from her son since he had come down from Oxford; and she would have liked to keep him with her till the end of her lecturing tour. That, however, was out of the question. It was imperative that, while she was away, he should be at Windles. Nothing would have induced her to leave the place at the mercy of servants who might trample over the flower beds, scratch the polished floors, and forget to cover up the canary at night. "He sails on the 'Atlantic'."

"That's splendid," said Sam. "I'm sailing on the 'Atlantic' myself. I'll go down to the office and see if we can't have a stateroom together. But where is he going to live when he gets to England?"

"Where is he going to live? Why, at Windles, of course. Where else?"

"But I thought you were letting Windles for the summer?"

Mrs. Hignett stared.

"Letting Windles!" She spoke as one might address a lunatic. "What put that extraordinary idea into your head?"

It seemed to Sam that his aunt spoke somewhat vehemently, even snappishly, in correcting what was a perfectly natural mistake. He could not know that the subject of letting Windles for the summer was one which had long since begun to infuriate Mrs. Hignett. People had certainly asked her to let Windles. In fact, people had pestered her. There was a rich fat man, an American named Bennett, whom she had met, just before sailing, at her brother's house in London. Invited down to Windles for the day, Mr. Bennett had fallen in love with the place and had begged her to name her own price. Not content with this, he had pursued her with his pleadings by means of wireless telegraph while she was on the ocean, and had not given up the struggle even when she reached New York. She had not been in America two days when there had arrived a Mr. Mortimer, bosom friend of Mr. Bennett, carrying on the matter where the other had left off. For a whole week Mr. Mortimer had tried to induce her to reconsider her decision, and had only stopped because he had had to leave for England himself to join his friend.

"Nothing will induce me ever to let Windles," she said with finality, and rose significantly. Sam, perceiving that the audience was at an end—and glad of it—also got up.

"Well, I think I'll be going down and seeing about that stateroom," he said.

"Certainly. I am a little busy just now, preparing notes for my next lecture."

"Of course, yes. Mustn't interrupt you. I suppose you're having a great time, gassing away—I mean—Well, good-by!"

"Good-by!"

Mrs. Hignett, frowning, had hardly succeeded in concentrating herself, when the door opened to admit the daughter of Erin once more.

"Ma'am, there was a gentleman."

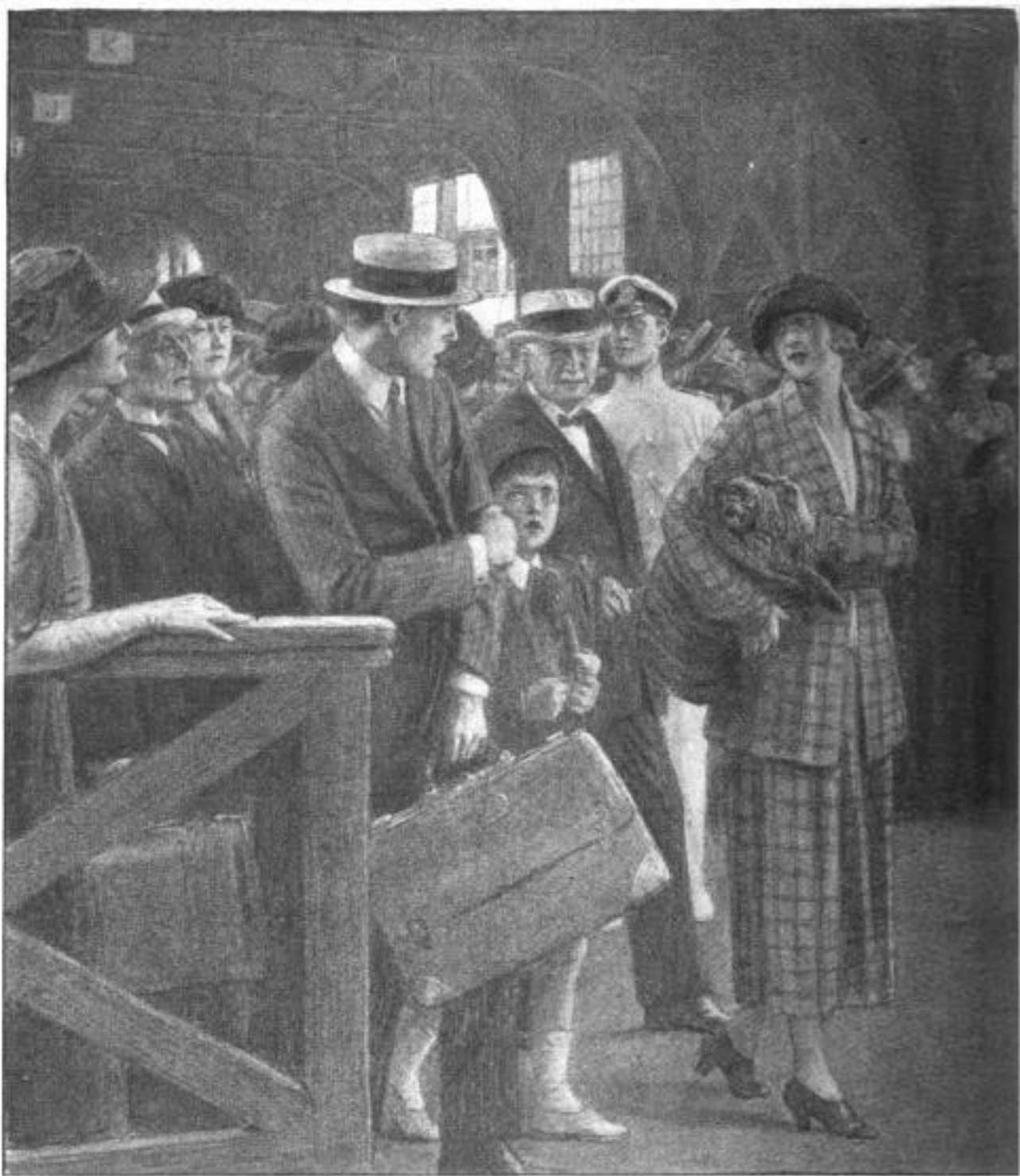
"This is intolerable!" cried Mrs. Hignett. "Is he a reporter from one of the newspapers?"

"He is not. He has spots and a tall-shaped hat. His name is Bream Mortimer."

Mrs. Hignett went into the dining-room in a state of cold fury, determined to squash the Mortimer family, once and for all.

"Good morning, Mr. Mortimer."

Bream Mortimer was tall and thin. He had small bright eyes and a sharply curving nose. He looked much more like a parrot than most parrots do. It gave strangers a momentary shock of surprise when they saw Bream Mortimer in restaurants eating roast beef. They had the feeling that he would have preferred sunflower seeds.



After all, an impulsive girl might bite a man in the arm in the

"Morning, Mrs. Hignett," said Bream Mortimer. "Please sit down."

Bream Mortimer sat down. He looked as though he would rather have hopped onto a perch, but he sat down. He glanced about the room with gleaming, excited eyes.

"Mrs. Hignett, I must have a word with you alone!"

"You are having a word with me alone."

"I hardly know how to begin."

"Then let me help you. It is quite impossible. I will never consent."

Bream Mortimer started.

"Then you have heard!"

"I have heard about nothing else since I met Mr. Bennett in London. Mr. Bennett talked about nothing else. Your father talked about nothing else. And now," cried Mrs. Hignett fiercely, "you come and try to reopen the subject. Once and for all, nothing will alter my decision. No money will induce me to let my house."

"But I didn't come about that!"

"Then will you kindly tell me why you have come?"

Bream Mortimer looked embarrassed. He wriggled a little, and moved his arms as if he were trying to flap them.

"You know," he said, "I'm not a man who butts into other people's affairs—" He stopped.

"No?" said Mrs. Hignett.

Bream began again.

"I'm not a man who—"

Mrs. Hignett was never a very patient woman.

"Let us take all your negative qualities for granted," she said curtly. "I have no doubt that there are many things which you do not do. Let us confine ourselves to issues of definite importance. What is it, if you have no objection to concentrating your attention on that for a moment, that you wish to see me about?"

"This marriage."

"What marriage?"

"Your son's marriage."

"My son is not married."

"No, but he's going to be. At eleven o'clock this morning at the Little Church Round the Corner!"

Mrs. Hignett stared. Then she spoke coldly:

"Are you mad?"

"Well, I'm not any too well pleased, I'm bound to say," admitted Mr. Mortimer. "You see, darn it all, I'm in love with the girl myself!"

"Who is this girl my misguided son wishes to marry?" "I don't know that I'd call him misguided," said Mr. Mortimer, as one desiring to be fair. "I think he's a right smart picker! She's such a corking girl, you know. We were children together and I've loved her for years. Ten years at least. But you know how it is—somehow one never seems to get in line for a proposal. I thought I saw an opening in the summer of nineteen-twelve, but it blew over. I'm not one of these smooth, dashing guys, you see, with a great line of talk. I'm not—"

"If you will kindly," said Mrs. Hignett impatiently, "postpone this essay in psychoanalysis to some future occasion I shall be greatly obliged. I am waiting to hear the name of the girl my son wishes to marry."

"Haven't I told you?" said Mr. Mortimer, surprised.

"What is her name?"

"Bennett."

"Bennett? Wilhelmina Bennett? The daughter of Mr. Rufus Bennett? The red-haired girl I met at lunch one day at your father's house?"

"That's it. I think you ought to stop the thing."

"I intend to. The marriage would be unsuitable in every way. Miss Bennett and my son do not vibrate on the same plane."

"That's right. I've noticed it myself."

"I am much obliged to you for coming and telling me of this. I shall take immediate steps."

"That's good! But what's the procedure? How are you going to form a flying wedge and buck center? It's getting late. She'll be waiting at the church at eleven. With bells on," said Mr. Mortimer.

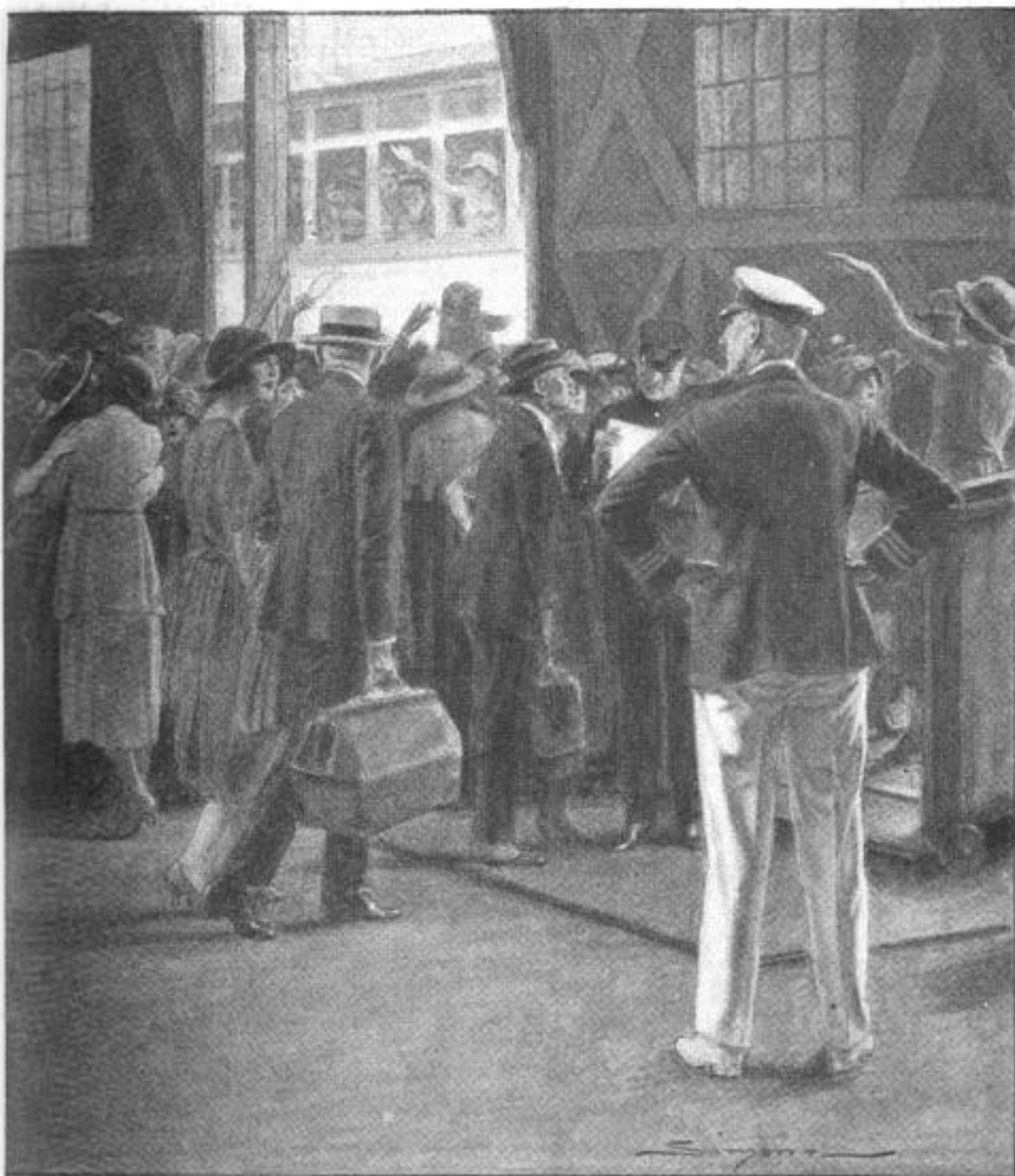
"Eustace will not be there."

Bream Mortimer hopped down from his chair.

"Well, you've taken a weight off my mind. I feel I can rely on you. So I'll say good-by."

"Good-by."





excitement of the moment, and still have a sweet, womanly nature

"I mean really good-by. I'm sailing for England on Saturday on the 'Atlantic'."

"Indeed? My son will be your fellow traveler."

Bream Mortimer looked somewhat apprehensive.

"You won't tell him that I was the one who spilled the beans?"

"I beg your pardon."

"You won't tell him that I crabbed his act—gave the thing away—gummed the game?"

"I shall not mention your chivalrous intervention."

"Chivalrous?" said Bream Mortimer doubtfully. "I don't know that I'd call it absolutely chivalrous. Of course, all's fair in love and war. Well, I'm glad you're going to keep my share in the business under your hat. It might have been awkward meeting him on board."

"You are not likely to meet Eustace on board. He is a very indifferent sailor, and spends most of his time in his cabin."

"That's good! Saves a lot of awkwardness. Well, good-by."

"Good-by. When you reach England remember me to your father."

"He won't have forgotten you," said Bream Mortimer confidently. He did not see how it was humanly possible for anyone to forget this woman. She was like a celebrated chewing gum. The taste lingered.

Mrs. Hignett was a woman of instant and decisive action. Even while her late visitor was speaking, schemes had begun to form in her mind like bubbles rising to the surface of a rushing river. By the time the door had closed behind Bream Mortimer she had at her disposal no fewer than seven, all good. It took her but a moment to select the best and simplest. She tiptoed softly to her son's room. Rhythmic snores greeted her listening ears. She opened the door and went noiselessly in.

THE White Star liner 'Atlantic' lay at her pier with steam up and gangway down ready for her trip to Southampton. The hour of departure was near, and there was a good deal of mixed activity going on. Men,

women, boxes, rugs, dogs, flowers and baskets of fruit were flowing on board in a steady stream.

The usual drove of citizens had come to see the travelers off. There were men on the passenger list who were being seen off by fathers, by mothers, by sisters, by cousins, and by aunts. In the steerage there was an elderly Jewish lady who was being seen off by exactly thirty-seven of her late neighbors in Rivington Street. And two men in the second cabin were being seen off by detectives, surely the crowning compliment a great nation can bestow. The cavernous customs sheds were congested with friends and relatives, and Sam Marlowe, heading for the gangplank, was able to make progress only by employing all the muscle and energy which nature had bestowed upon him, and which, during the twenty-five years of his life, he had developed by athletic exercise. However, after some minutes of silent endeavor, now driving his shoulder into the midriff of some obstructing male, now courteously lifting some stout female off her feet, he had succeeded in struggling to within a few yards of his goal, when suddenly a sharp pain shot through his left arm and he spun round with a cry.

It seemed to Sam that he had been bitten, and this puzzled him, for New York crowds, though they may shove and jostle, rarely bite.

He found himself face to face with an extraordinarily pretty girl.

She was a red-haired girl, with the beautiful ivory skin which goes with red hair. Her eyes, though they were under the shadow of her hat, and he could not be certain, he diagnosed as green, or maybe blue, or possibly gray. Not that it mattered, for he had a catholic taste in feminine eyes. Her figure was trim, and she wore one of those dresses of which a man can say no more than that they look pretty well all right.

Nature abhors a vacuum. Samuel Marlowe was a susceptible young man, and for many a long month his heart had been lying empty, all swept and garnished, with "Welcome" on the mat. This girl seemed to rush in and fill it. She was not the prettiest girl he had ever

seen. She was the third prettiest. He had an orderly mind, one capable of classifying and docketing girls. But there was a subtle something about her, a sort of how-shall-one-put-it, which he had never encountered before. He swallowed convulsively. At last, he told himself, he was in love, really in love, and at first sight, too, which made it all the more impressive.

But she had bitten him in the arm. That was hardly the right spirit. That, he felt, constituted an obstacle. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cried.

Well, of course if she regretted her rash act. . . . After all, an impulsive girl might bite a man in the arm in the excitement of the moment, and still have a sweet, womanly nature.

"The crowd seems to make Pinky-Boodles so nervous."

Sam might have remained mystified; but at this juncture there proceeded from a bundle of rugs in the neighborhood of the girl's lower ribs a sharp yapping sound, of such a caliber as to be plainly audible over the confused noise of Mamies who were telling Sadies to be sure and write, of Bills who were instructing Dicks to look up old Joe in Paris and give him their best, and of all the fruit boys, candy boys, magazine boys, American flag boys, and telegraph boys who were honking their wares on every side.

"I hope he didn't hurt you much. You're the third person he's bitten to-day." She kissed the animal in a loving and congratulatory way on the tip of his black nose. "Not counting bell boys, of course," she added. And then she was swept from him in the crowd, and he was left thinking of all the things he might have said—all those graceful, witty, ingratiating things which just make a bit of difference on these occasions.

He had said nothing. Not a sound, exclusive of the first sharp yowl of pain, had proceeded from him. He had just goggled. A rotten exhibition! Perhaps he would never see this girl again. She looked the sort of girl who comes to see friends off and doesn't sail herself. And what memory of him would she retain? She would mix him up with the time when she went to visit the deaf-and-dumb hospital.

Sam reached the gangplank, showed his ticket, and made his way through the crowd of passengers, passengers' friends, stewards, junior officers, and sailors who infested the deck. He proceeded down the main companionway, through a rich smell of indiarubber and mixed pickles, as far as the dining-saloon; then turned down the narrow passage leading to his stateroom.

Staterooms on ocean liners are curious things. When you see them on the chart in the passenger office, with the gentlemanly clerk drawing rings round them in pencil, they seem so vast that you get the impression that, after stowing away all your trunks, you will have room left over to do a bit of entertaining—possibly an informal dance or something. When you go on board you find that the place has shrunk to the dimensions of an undersized cupboard. And then, about the second day out, it suddenly expands again.

Sam, balancing himself on the narrow projecting ledge which the chart in the passenger office had grandiloquently described as a lounge, began to feel the depression which marks the second phase. He almost wished now that he had not been so energetic in having his room changed in order to enjoy the company of his cousin Eustace. It was going to be a tight fit. Eustace's bag was already in the cabin, and it seemed to take up the entire fairway. Still, after all, Eustace was a good sort, and would be a cheerful companion. And Sam realized that if that girl with the red hair was not a passenger on the boat he was going to have need of diverting society.

A footstep sounded in the passage outside. The door opened.

"Hullo, Eustace!" said Sam.

Eustace Hignett nodded listlessly, sat down on his bag and emitted a deep sigh. He was a small, fragile-looking young man, with a pale, intellectual face. Dark hair fell in a sweep over his forehead.

"Hullo!" he said, in a hollow voice.

Sam regarded him blankly. He had not seen him for some years, but, going by his recollections of him at the university, he had expected something cheerier than this. In fact, he had rather been relying on Eustace to be the life and soul of the party. The man sitting on the bag before him could hardly have filled that rôle at a gathering of Russian novelists.

"What on earth's the matter?" said Sam.

"The matter?" Eustace Hignett laughed mirthlessly. "Oh, nothing. Nothing much. Nothing to signify. Only, my heart's broken." He eyed with considerable malignity the bottle of water in the rack above his head, a harmless object provided by the White Star Company for clients who might desire to clean their teeth during the voyage.

"If you would care to hear the story?" he said.

"Go ahead."

"Soon after I arrived in America, I met a girl—"

"Talking of girls," said Marlowe with enthusiasm, "I've just seen the only one in the world that really amounts to anything. It was like this: I was shoving my way—"

"Shall I tell you my story, or will you tell me yours?"

"Oh, sorry! Go ahead."

Eustace Hignett scowled at the printed notice on the wall informing occupants of the stateroom that the name of their steward was J. B. Midgeley.

"She was an extraordinarily pretty girl."

"So was mine! I give you my honest word I never in all my life saw such—"



"Of course, if you would prefer that I postpone my narrative?" said Eustace coldly.

"Oh, sorry! Carry on. What was her name?"

"Wilhelmina Bennett. She was an extraordinarily pretty girl and highly intelligent. I read her all my poems, and she appreciated them immensely. She enjoyed my singing. My conversation appeared to interest her. She admired my—"

"I see. You made a hit. Now get on with the rest of the story."

"Don't bustle me," said Eustace querulously.

"Well, you know the voyage only takes eight days."

"I've forgotten where I was."

"You were saying what a devil of a chap she thought you. What happened? I suppose, when you actually came to propose, you found she was engaged to some other Johnny?"

"Not at all! I asked her to be my wife, and she consented. We both agreed that a quiet wedding was what we wanted—she thought her father might stop the thing if he knew, and I was dashed sure my mother would—so we decided to get married without telling anybody. By now," said Eustace, with a morose glance at the porthole, "I ought to have been on my honeymoon. Everything was settled. I had the license and the parson's fee. I had been breaking in a new tie for the wedding."

"And then you quarreled?"

"Nothing of the kind. I wish you would stop trying to tell me the story. I'm telling you. What happened was this: Somehow—I can't make out how—Mother found out. And then, of course, it was all over. She stopped the thing."

Sam was indignant. He thoroughly disliked his aunt Adeline, and his cousin's meek subservience to her revolted him.

"Stopped it? I suppose she said, 'Now, Eustace, you mustn't!' And you said, 'Very well, Mother!' and scratched the fixture."

"She didn't say a word. She never has said a word. As far as that goes, she might never have heard anything about the marriage."

"Then, how do you mean she stopped it?"

"She pinched my trousers!" Eustace groaned. "All of them! The whole bally lot! She gets up long before I do, and she must have come into my room and cleaned it out while I was asleep. When I woke up and started to dress I couldn't find a solitary pair of bags anywhere in the whole place. I looked everywhere. Finally, I went into the sitting-room where she was writing letters and asked if she had happened to see any anywhere. She said she had sent them all to be pressed. She said she knew I never went out in the mornings—I don't as a rule—and they would be back by lunch time. A fat lot of use that was! I had to be at the church at eleven! Well, I told her I had a most important engagement with a man at eleven, and she wanted to know what it was and I tried to think of something; but it sounded pretty feeble and she said I had better telephone to the man and put it off. I did it, too. Rang up the first number in the book and told some fellow I had never seen in my life that I couldn't meet him! He was pretty peeved, judg-

ing from what he said about my being on the wrong line. And Mother listening all the time, and I knowing that she knew—something told me that she knew—and she knowing that I knew she knew—I tell you it was awful!"

"And the girl?"

"She broke off the engagement. Apparently, she waited at the church from eleven till one-thirty and then began to get impatient. She wouldn't see me when I called in the afternoon, but I got a letter from her saying that what had happened was all for the best, as she had been thinking it over and had come to the conclusion that she had made a mistake. She said something about my not being as dynamic as she had thought I was."

"Did you explain about the trousers?"

"Yes. It seemed to make things worse. She said that she could forgive a man anything except being ridiculous."

"I think you're well out of it," said Sam judicially. "She can't have been much of a girl."

"I feel that now. But it doesn't alter the fact that my life is ruined. I have become a woman-hater. 'Who was't betrayed the Capitol?' A woman. Who lost Marc Antony the world? A woman. Who was the cause of a long ten years' war and laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman! Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!"

Sam tried to put in a word, but Eustace stopped him: "If you have anything bitter and derogatory to say about women, say it, and I will listen eagerly. But if you merely wish to gibber about the ornamental exterior of some dashed girl you have been fool enough to get attracted by, go and tell it to the captain or the ship's cat, or J. B. Midgeley. Do try to realize that I am a soul in torment! I think I shall take to drink."

"Talking of that," said Sam, "I suppose they open the bar directly we pass the three-mile limit. How about a small one?"

Eustace shook his head gloomily.

"Do you suppose I pass my time on board ship in gadding about and feasting? Directly the vessel begins to move, I go to bed and stay there. As a matter of fact, I think it would be wisest to go to bed now. Don't let me keep you if you want to go on deck."

"It looks to me," said Sam, "as if I had been mistaken in thinking that you were going to be a ray of sunshine on the voyage."

"Ray of sunshine!" said Eustace Hignett, pulling a pair of mauve pajamas out of the kit-bag. "I'm going to be a volcano!"

SAM left the stateroom and headed for the companion. He wanted to get on deck and ascertain if that girl was still on board. About now the sheep would be separating from the goats: the passengers would be on deck and their friends returning to the shore. A slight tremor in the boards on which he trod told him that this separation must have already taken place. The ship was moving. Was she on board or was she not? He reached the top of the stairs and passed out onto the crowded deck. And, as he did so, a scream, followed by confused shouting, came from the rail nearest the shore.

He perceived that the rail was black with people hanging over it. They were all looking into the water.

Samuel Marlowe was not one of those who pass aloofly by when there is excitement toward. If a horse fell down in the street, he was always among those present, and he was never too busy to stop and stare at a blank window on which were inscribed the words "Watch this space!" To dash to the rail and shove a fat man in a tweed cap to one side was with him the work of a moment. He had thus an excellent view of what was going on, a view which he improved the next instant by climbing up and kneeling on the rail.

There was a man in the water, a man whose upper section, the only one visible, was clad in a blue jersey. He wore a derby hat, and from time to time, as he battled with the waves, he would put up a hand and adjust this more firmly on his head. A dressy swimmer.

Scarcely had he taken in this spectacle when Marlowe became aware of the girl he had met on the dock. She was standing a few feet away, leaning out over the rail with wide eyes and parted lips. Like everybody else, she was staring into the water.

As Sam looked at her the thought crossed his mind that here was a wonderful chance of making the most tremendous impression on this girl. What would she not think of a man who, reckless of his own safety, dived in and went boldly to the rescue? And there were men, no doubt, who would be chumps enough to do it, he thought, as he prepared to shift back to a position of greater safety.

At this moment, the fat man in the tweed cap, incensed at having been jostled out of the front row, made his charge. He had but been crouching, the better to spring. Now he sprang. His full weight took Sam squarely in the spine. There was an instant in which that young man hung, as it were, between sea and sky; then he shot down over the rail to join the man in the blue jersey, who had just discovered that his hat was not on straight and had paused to adjust it once more with a few skillful touches of the fingers.

IN THE brief interval of time which Marlowe had spent in the stateroom, chatting with Eustace about the latter's bruised soul, some rather curious things had been happening above. Not extraordinary, perhaps, but curious. These must now be related. A story, if it is to grip the reader should, I am aware, go always forward. It should march. It should leap from crag to crag like the chamois of the Alps. If there is one thing I hate, it is a novel which gets you interested in the hero in chapter one and then cuts back in chapter two to tell you all about his grandfather. Nevertheless, at this point we must go back a space. We must return to the moment when, having deposited her Pekinese dog in her stateroom, the girl with the red hair came out again on deck. This happened just about the time when Eustace Hignett was beginning his narrative.

By now the bustle which precedes the departure of an ocean liner was at its height. Hoarse voices were crying, "All for the shore!" The girl went to the rail and gazed earnestly at the shore. She had the air of one who was waiting for someone to appear.

There was a rattle as the gangplank moved in-board and was deposited on the deck. The girl uttered a little cry of dismay. Then suddenly her face brightened, and she began to wave her arm to attract the attention of an elderly man with a red face, made redder by exertion, who had just forced his way to the edge of the dock and was peering up at the passenger-lined rail.

The boat had now begun to move slowly out of its slip, backing into the river. Ropes had been cast off, and an ever-widening strip of water appeared between the vessel and the shore. It was now that the man on the dock sighted the girl. She gesticulated at him. He gesticulated at her. She appeared helpless and baffled, but he showed himself a person of resource, of the stuff of which great generals are made.

The man on the dock took from his pocket a pleasantly rotund wad of currency bills. He produced a handkerchief, swiftly tied up the bills in it, backed to give himself room, and then, with all the strength of his arm, he hurled the bills in the direction of the deck. The action was greeted by cheers from a warm-hearted populace. Your New York crowd loves a liberal provider.

One says that the man hurled the bills in the direction of the deck, and that was exactly what he did. But the years had robbed his pitching arm of the limber strength which, forty summers back, had made him the terror of opposing boys' baseball teams. He still retained a fair control, but he lacked steam. The handkerchief with its precious contents shot in a graceful arc toward the deck, fell short by a good six feet and dropped into the water, where it unfolded like a lily, sending twenty-dollar bills, ten-dollar bills, five-dollar bills, and an assortment of ones floating over the wavelets. The cheers of the citizenry charged to cries of horror. The girl uttered a plaintive shriek. The boat moved on.

It was at this moment that Mr. Oscar Swenson, one of the thriftiest souls who ever came out of Sweden, perceived that the chance of a lifetime had arrived for adding substantially to his little savings. By profession he was one of those men who eke out a precarious livelihood by rowing dreamily about the waterfront in skiffs. He was doing so now; and, as he sat meditatively in his skiff, having done his best to give the liner a good send-off by paddling round in circles, the pleading face of a twenty-dollar bill peered up at him. Mr. Swenson was not the man to resist the appeal. He uttered a sharp bark of



"What other poets did she like besides you?" "Tennyson principally," said Eustace Hignett, with a reminiscent quiver in his voice



ecstasy, pressed his derby hat firmly upon his brow and dived in. A moment later he had risen to the surface and was gathering up money with both hands.

He was still busy with this congenial task when a tremendous splash at his side sent him under again; and, rising for a second time, he observed with not a little chagrin that he had been joined by a young man in a blue flannel suit with an invisible stripe.

"Svensk!" exclaimed Mr. Swenson, or whatever it is that natives of Sweden exclaim in moments of justifiable annoyance. He resented the advent of this newcomer. He had been getting along fine and had had the situation well in hand. To him Sam Marlowe represented competition, and Mr. Swenson desired no competitors in his treasure-seeking enterprise. He travels, thought Mr. Swenson, the fastest who travels alone.

Sam Marlowe had a touch of the philosopher in him. He had the ability to adapt himself to circumstances. It had been no part of his plans to come whizzing down off the rail into this singularly souplike water which tasted in equal parts of oil and dead rats; but, now that he was here, he was prepared to make the best of the situation. Swimming, it happened, was one of the things he did best, and somewhere among his belongings at home was a tarnished pewter cup which he had won at school in the "Saving Life" competition. He knew exactly what to do. You get behind the victim and grab him firmly under his arms, and then you start swimming on your back. A moment later, the astonished Mr. Swenson, who, being practically amphibious, had not anticipated that anyone would have the cool impertinence to try and save him from drowning, found himself seized from behind and towed vigorously away from a ten-dollar bill which he had almost succeeded in grasping. The spiritual agony caused by this assault rendered him mercifully dumb; though, even had he contrived to utter the rich Swedish oaths which occurred to him, his remarks could scarcely have been heard, for the crowd on the dock was cheering as one man. They had often paid good money to see far less gripping sights in the movies. They roared applause. The liner, meanwhile, continued to move stodgily out into midriver.

The only drawback to these life-saving competitions at school, considered from the standpoint of fitting the competitors for the problems of after-life, is that the object saved on such occasions is a leather dummy, and of all things in this world a leather dummy is perhaps the most placid and phlegmatic. It differs in many respects from an emotional Swedish gentleman, six feet high and constructed throughout of steel and indiarubber, who is being lugged away from cash which he has been regarding in the light of a legacy.

Mr. Swenson began immediately to struggle with all the violence at his disposal. His large, hairy hands came out of the water and swung hopefully in the direction where he assumed his assailant's face to be.

Sam was not unprepared for this display. His researches in the art of life-saving had taught him that your drowning man frequently struggled against his best interests. In which case, cruel to be kind, one simply stunned the blighter. He decided to stun Mr. Swenson, though, if he had known that gentleman more intimately and had been aware that he had the reputation of possessing the thickest head on the waterfront he would have realized the magnitude of the task. Sam, ignorant of this, attempted to do the job with clenched fist, which he brought down as smartly as possible on the crown of the other's derby hat.

It was the worst thing he could have done. Mr. Swenson thought highly of his hat, and this brutal attack upon it confirmed his gloomiest apprehensions. Now, thoroughly convinced that the only thing to do was to sell his life dearly, he wrenched himself round, seized his



"You're the dearest girl I ever met, and you can bet I'll never forget." He stopped.  
"I'm not trying to make it rhyme," he said apologetically

assailant by the neck, twined his arms about his middle, and accompanied him below the surface.

By the time he had swallowed his first pint and was beginning his second, Sam was reluctantly compelled to come to the conclusion that this was the end. The thought irritated him unspeakably. This, he felt, was just the silly, contrary way things always happened. Why should it be he who was perishing like this? Why not Eustace Hignett? Now, there was a fellow whom this sort of thing would just have suited. Broken-hearted Eustace Hignett would have looked on all this as a merciful release.

He paused in his reflections to try to disentangle the more prominent of Mr. Swenson's limbs from about him. By this time he was sure that he had never met anyone he disliked so intensely as Mr. Swenson—not even his aunt Adeline. The man was a human octopus. Sam could count seven distinct legs twined round him and at least as many arms. It seemed to him that he was being done to death in his prime by a solid platoon of Swedes. He put his whole soul into one last effort . . . something seemed to give . . . he was free. Pausing only to try to kick Mr. Swenson in the face, Sam shot to the surface. Something hard and sharp prodded him in the head. Then something caught the collar of his coat; and, finally, spouting like a whale, he found himself dragged upward and over the side of a boat.

The time which Sam had spent with Mr. Swenson below the surface had been brief, but it had been long enough to enable the whole floating population of the North River to converge on the scene in scows, skiffs, launches, tugs, and other vessels. The fact that the water in that vicinity was crested with currency had not escaped the notice of these navigators and they had gone to it as one man. First in the race came the tug 'Reuben S. Watson,' the skipper of which, following a famous precedent, had taken his little daughter to bear him company. It was to this fact that Marlowe really owed his rescue. Women have often a vein of sentiment in them,

where men can see only the hard business side of a situation; and it was the skipper's daughter who insisted that the family boathook, then in use as a harpoon for spearing dollar bills, should be devoted to the less profitable but humane end of extricating the young man from a watery grave.

Accordingly, Sam found himself sitting on the deck of the tug engaged in the complicated process of restoring his faculties to the normal. In a sort of dream he perceived Mr. Swenson rise to the surface some feet away, adjust his derby hat, and, after one long look of dislike in his direction, swim off rapidly to intercept a five which was floating under the stern of a nearby skiff.

Sam sat on the deck and panted. He played on the boards like a public fountain. At the back of his mind there was a flickering thought that he wanted to do something, a vague feeling that he had some sort of an appointment which he must keep; but he was unable to think what it was.

"Well, aineher wet!" said a voice.

The skipper's daughter was standing beside him, looking down commiseratingly. Of the rest of the family all he could see was the broad blue seats of their trousers as they leaned hopefully over the side in the quest for wealth.

"Yessir! You sure are wet! Gee! I never seen anyone so wet! I seen wet guys, but I never seen anyone so wet as you. Yessir, you're certainly wet!"

"It's the water," said Sam.

"Wotcha do it for?" asked the girl. "Wotcha do a Brodie for off'n that ship?"

Sam uttered a sharp cry. He had remembered.

"Where is she?"

"Where's who?"

"The liner."

"She's off down the river, I guess. Wotcha expect her to do? She's gotta get over to the other side, ain't she?"

Sam sprang to his feet and looked wildly about him:

"I must get back. Isn't there any way of getting back?"

"Well, you could catch up with her at quarantine out in the bay. She'll stop to let the pilot off."

"Can you take me to quarantine?"

The girl glanced doubtfully at the seat of the nearest pair of trousers.

"Well, we could," she said. "But Pa's kind of set in his ways, and right now he's fishing for dollar bills with the boathook. He's apt to get sorta mad if he's interrupted."

"I'll give him fifty dollars if he'll put me on board."

"Pa! Commere! Wantcha!"

The trousers did not even quiver. But this girl was a girl of decision. There was some nautical implement resting in a rack convenient to her hand. It was long, solid, and constructed of one of the harder forms of wood. Deftly extracting this from its place she smote her in-offensive parent on the only visible portion of him. He turned sharply, exhibiting a red bearded face.

"Pa, this gen'man wants to be took aboard the boat at quarantine. He'll give you fifty berries."

The wrath died out of the skipper's face like the slow turning down of a lamp. The fishing had been poor, and so far he had managed to secure only a single two-dollar bill.

"Fifty berries!"

"Fifty seeds!" the girl assured him.

Twenty minutes later Sam was climbing up the side of the liner as it lay towering over the tug like a mountain. His clothes hung about him clammy. He squelched as he walked.

A kindly-looking old gentleman who was smoking a cigar by the rail regarded him with open eyes.

"My dear sir, you're very wet," he said.

Sam passed him with a cold face and hurried through the door leading to the companionway.

"Good lord, sir! You're very wet!" said a steward in the doorway of the dining-saloon. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



# The Spring of Eternal Youth

*The third story in the "It Happened in Orchard Street" series*

By BRUCE BARTON: Illustrated by JOHN RAE

REMEMBER once reading about an ancient mariner named Ponce de Leon, whose wife kept saying to him, "Ponce, I believe you are getting fat," and, "Ponce, I saw another gray hair in your head this morning," and, "Ponce, you never used to complain about bringing in the wood when we were first married." Until finally it got on the old fellow's nerves, and he decided to see if something could not be done about it.

There was a tradition in those days that somewhere, in Florida, a fountain of eternal youth bubbled up. Doubtless the tradition was started by the advertising manager of one of the Palm Beach Hotels, but poor old Ponce did not know that. In high faith he set out to find the fountain of eternal youth in Florida, and died disappointed, of course.

For the fountain is on Orchard Street, in the pasture that lies between the white house where Doc Hammond lived for many years, and the brown house that is still spoken of as the Minnie Perkins place. Only we don't call it a fountain; we call it, merely, a spring. It was half on Doc's land and half on Minnie's, and over that spring they passed bitter looks back and forth for years and years.

But I'm always starting at the wrong end. The proper way to tell a story is to begin when the characters are little, and let the story grow along up with them naturally. So we will go back a little.

Old residents in our town still tell that Minnie Perkins was the most beautiful young woman that we ever produced. Her folks wandered in from no one knew where and bought the old brown house from Silas Bosworth for five hundred dollars down and the rest on mortgages. Her mother was a quiet little person with a wistful look that seemed to be saying, "I've been looking and looking into the future for better days until my eyes are old and tired." Minnie's father, known up and down the countryside as "Appy Halfred," because of his English accent and his big, hearty laugh, was one of the most lovable, irresponsible chaps that ever lived. He would do anything in the world for anybody, and was so busy at it that he did little or nothing for Minnie and her ma. At that Minnie worshiped him, and the morning when she woke up to find that he was gone, and Horace Calkins at the other end of town woke up to find his wife, Emma, was gone, also, she. . . . but there, I'm ahead of myself again.

Rumor had it that Halfred was connected in some way, legal or illegal, with an English duke; but I never gave much belief to that. I've noticed that the same rumor gets attached to most ne'er-do-wells with English accents and they seem to encourage it quietly. But, nobility or no nobility, "Halfred" was good company. He could play the fiddle like a streak, and he was a wonderful speaker, always pointing out what ought to be done to make the town better. Broad-shouldered, with a high forehead and wavy hair, and a pointed beard that he kept very neat, he would stride into the post office and ask for his mail, bowing right and left graciously, like some great person mingling with his faithful supporters. Most of his letters were just circulars, but he made a great point of that:

"My name's gone out," he would say impressively, holding the letters up where everyone could see. "From Chicago and Cincinnati, and Louisville, they send me printed letters."

Minnie was Halfred's only child, as Bill (who became Doc later) was the only child of the Hammonds, whose place ran alongside Halfred's as I have already explained. From the time they were knee high to grasshoppers the boy and girl were together always. They gathered chestnuts in the woods; they walked back and forth to school side by side; and later, when they were old enough to go to dances, they were as inseparable as Damon and Pythias or David and Goliath, or any of those other ancient heroes and heroines. Sometimes Minnie took the little fiddle that Halfred had bought for her, and sat on a table beside him at the town dances, fiddling away like a good fellow and looking up at her dad, so proud. But more often, as she got older, she left the fiddle behind, and just danced with Bill, and now and then with the other boys. Everyone assumed that, of course, they



THIS is the story of Orchard Street, which wanders out of a country village, and makes its winding way through the woods and over the hills. It is also the story of the world. For if you will watch any street for twenty-five years, as I have watched Orchard Street, you will see repeated on that street all of the comedies and tragedies, all the various combinations of relationship that have taken place among men and women since the race began.



Boys have grown up to fame on Orchard Street; and boys have grown up to be hanged. Girls have married fairy princes; and girls have married ne'er-do-wells. Romance and high intrigue have made their home upon our street. We had a murder once that shook the state; and back in the pasture behind one little house we can show you still the spring of eternal youth.

would get married, living side by side, and being the prettiest dancers that ever two-stepped across a floor.

After high school Bill went away to medical college, and Minnie stayed at home, giving music lessons, and just waiting for Bill, so people said. "The town can't keep that pair," they remarked. "Bill is going to be one of the best doctors in this country, now you mark my words, and there won't be no handsomer doctor's wife than our little Minnie." So we planned it all out, cheerful and right, little knowing that Fate in the shape of dark-eyed Emma Calkins, and a girl in Boston

whose name we don't know even now, was already fixing to wreck our whole pretty plan.

How long the affair between Halfred and Emma Calkins had been going on we never knew. The news fell on us like a thunderbolt and was talked about off and on for years. Horace Calkins was a thin-lipped, bloodless sort of young fellow who looked as if he never ate quite enough to keep him really healthy, on account of thinking how high all food stuffs cost. His father left him fifty thousand dollars; and the only part of it he ever spent was the few hundred with which he made the splurge that got him Emma for his wife.

She came from Springfield, as pretty as a brook running over bright pebbles, and just about as chattery and as shallow. If marriages are made in heaven, it was easy enough to see that some angel must have been off at a ball game that particular afternoon; and that no luck would come of that union, Horace having clamped the lid down tight on all expenditures over twenty-five cents on the day after saying, "With all my worldly goods," etc.

To Emma's foolish little heart "Halfred," with his English accent, and his way of making a woman feel that he had turned his back on all the glories of the old world just for her, was a hero out of the story books. And she fed his selfish egotism with smiles and soulful looks. So, as I have said, we woke up one morning to find that Halfred and his fiddle were gone, and Emma, with all her pretty wedding clothes—a couple of foolish babes wandering into the woods. And the dark, silent woods closed behind them.

Well, it was meat and drink for our gossip-hungry little town, as you can well imagine. Horace took it like a brave Christian martyr, bearing his cross uncomplainingly, and figuring out to himself, no doubt, just how much less it would cost him to live. Later on he entered divorce proceedings quietly; and still later married one of the Fisher girls, a serviceable girl with thick ankles, who could fetch and carry like a man.

But Horace was, of course, the least interesting angle of the triangle, or whatever you may call it. The big question was How would Ma Perkins stand it, and how about Minnie, that had worshiped her dad like he was something special sent down from heaven, and no more of the same kind to be had. Sooner or later the whole town found one excuse or another to walk by the Perkins house, and one or two bolder old ladies poked right in, but they didn't get very far. Ma Perkins's lips were sealed tight; she let it be understood pretty straight that she didn't expect any sympathy or want any, and that she and Minnie were amply able to look after themselves. Minnie, too, held her head high, and said nothing; but the light had gone out of her. She never smiled any more, and walking from house to house to give her music lessons, she hardly nodded to those that spoke to her, seeming to say: "If you dare to refer to my father I will strike you dead with a look."

That was the first act in the tragedy of Minnie, and the second followed right soon after it, when Bill got back to town for his summer vacation. Actually, no one knew any more about the details of the quarrel between Bill and Minnie than we had known about the love-making between Halfred and Emma; but there were a dozen stories, each told by someone who claimed to have got it from someone that got it straight from headquarters. Piecing all the stories together, it was probably something like this:

Minnie was over at the Hammond house talking with Bill, and looking over his college mementoes. And somewhere, down among the programs of football games that he had saved, and his class pictures and all the rest, she came across the photograph of a girl marked "To dear old Bill with love from Madeline." Some say she found letters, too, but as to that I have no information, nor have those who claim to know all about it, for that matter. It was all guesswork.

Who Madeline was, where she came from, and what her last name might be, is as much a mystery to us now as it was then. Some claimed she was a rich girl in Boston that Bill had got engaged to, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]





THAT was the summer Jean and Murray came home from their respective colleges inoculated with the theory of living their own lives. The third evening of vacation they explained it patiently to Father and Mother, who proved appallingly ignorant on the subject.

"It's like this," Jean elucidated at the dinner table: "Take the case of Ailsa Hodges. She's one of the most marvelous girls in our class. You remember her, surely, Mother—I've written reams about her all winter?"

"Oh, is that her name?" exclaimed mother, suddenly enlightened. "I made her out to be Selma Hughes. Dear, if you only would learn to write a little more leg—"

"She's a perfect wonder," Jean waved aside this irrelevant topic. "The talent and personality that girl's got—"

"By the divine law of compensation, she's entitled to it," murmured Murray to the very pretty girl next him. "Great Maud, but I've an aching memory of a dance with that dame at your Prom! Pity her personality can't express itself more in her feet."

Sociological problems were temporarily abandoned while Jean and the two young ladies visiting her annihilated the carping critic in a confused chorus of reproach. "It's because you aren't capable of appreciating." . . . "If that isn't just like a man to judge!" . . . "If you'd really talk to her once!" rose disjointedly above the babel.

"In our college," Jean ended scathingly the refutation, "we should be ashamed to judge a person by no higher standard than looks and dancing. She is a truly marvelous girl." She addressed Father and Mother with cold dignity. "But the poor child comes from some little squeedunk place up in Minnesota—"

"Where God grant she remain!" ejaculated Murray piously, obviously to demonstrate to the public that he was not a man to admit defeat.

"Father!" Jean with a heightened color and compressed lips dragged her reluctant parent into the mêlée. "You don't mean to say you're going to sit there and let Murray insult my friends!"

Father, thus challenged, and with no means of escape, mounted heroically with lagging steps the lecture platform. For Father, renowned throughout a regiment for courage, facing any number of business crises with quiet, unshaken poise, was an admitted craven when it came to administering the mildest of rebukes to his children. It was only in the most poignant moments that Mother could count upon his support, and then only after relentless goading and prodding on her part. This time, however, he rose magnificently to the occasion.

"If I were you," Father, looking like a convicted criminal, suggested to his eldest son, "I wouldn't speak that way of my sister's friend."

"All right," Murray subsided. Somehow, when Father *did* say anything, much to their own surprise the children were apt to acquiesce in his suggestions.

"As it happens," Jean continued, her voice very glacial, "she has to stay there this summer—that's the cruel part of it. She's had the most marvelous invitation to Hawaii for the entire vacation, with the most wonderful friends, and her mother goes and insists, instead, that the poor dear stay at home in that dreadful little town, where there's nothing to develop her, nothing to make her grow, just poke around all the time with herself and an old grandmother. She's an only child, and her mother says, when they've been without her all winter, they can't spare her summers, too, says her grandmother's counted too much on her home-coming. Did you ever hear of anything so selfish? People used to think, I know, in your day," Jean's pitying glance relegated her parents to companionship with Noah upon the deep, "that to immolate one's self like that was a noble thing to do. But that sacrifice idea's been proved all wrong! The way you can help the world best is to develop your own personality every way you can, then, naturally, you have so much more to give the world. Now, if Ailsa had that trip to Hawaii, think how much richer her life would be—she'd have so much more to give her family in the first place—"

"But if she's never there to give it!" Mother suggested somewhat tartly. "And perhaps her poor grandmother—she's old, you say—won't be there next summer to get the benefit of it. Don't you think your friend should take that into consideration?"

"But that's one of the chief points to be considered, Mrs. Henderson," Katherine Hilliard took up the theme.

## Their Own Lives

By JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

ILLUSTRATED By FRANCES ROGERS



*There was a swirl of gay cloaks, a chorus of merry recrimination—  
"Ten hours to dress, and this is all you can show for it!"*

Jean evidently needed reinforcing, and it was too much to expect of Sally Rogers, heavily handicapped by dimples, violet eyes, and a baby voice, to expound fittingly an intellectual theme. "Just think of the injustice Ailsa is doing her mother and grandmother by staying," Miss Hilliard pointed out. "In the old days people thought only of the person who was making the sacrifice. But take, for instance, a man's giving up college, we'll say, to support some mother or sister instead of developing himself to the full. It sounds noble; but when you think how much more he would have had to give the world all his life afterward—"

"You needn't try to hide behind the depleted fowl, Father," sang out the irrepressible Larry to Father's extreme confusion. "Come out and take your punishment like a man. You know very well that's what you did."

"But of course there are exceptions to every rule," Miss Hilliard, her serene poise undisturbed, reassured sweetly her flushed and embarrassed host. "And of course one has to admire the splendid motives behind those sacrifices. They just didn't use to realize the wrong done to Society—"

"It always works out some way, Mother, and a way that's better for Society in the end, you can bank on that," Jean added. The plates were being cleared for dessert, and she put out her hand tentatively to Father

with a little smile. His closed over it. Murray was now condescending to add his voice to the discussion. "It's not that I am defending Miss Hodges, be it firmly understood," he averred. "That girl ought to be on her knees in gratitude that even a mother and a grandmother want her; and of course it was all right for Father to act as he did," he condoned an erring parent. "But that sacrifice idea is sure a flivver now. An individual has to live his own life these days. We weren't put into this world just to be sons and daughters and brothers and sisters. One has to think first of Society."

"Boys, where are you going?" Mother interrupted this stream of eloquence to address hastily the unostentatiously departing twins.

"We are going forth to lead our own lives," Larry informed her dramatically from the doorway, balancing himself by the aid of Jerry's shoulder in a flying Mercury attitude. "We are going to do a little developing this evening, Mother dear, where nor how we know not as yet; but rest assured of one thing, your lives shall be richer and brighter to-morrow morn at the breakfast table for what we have seen and done this eve."

"And, Mother," Jerry added beseechingly, "we cannot develop fittingly—not to our fullest extent—if we have to be in by half past ten."

"I do think, Mother, you ought to squelch those kids," Murray told her bitterly. "They're too darned fresh to live." Outraged dignity forbade his remounting the rostrum after this hilarious interruption. "I am now going to call upon Mr. Henry Ransom, of New York City, to sum up the argument," he announced instead, oracularly. "People, you wouldn't think it, I admit, to look at him, but, say, that bird's got a brain like an amphitheatre."

The dark, silent, rather awkward-looking boy at Mother's right showed unexpected poise at this pitiless publicity. "I believe in the theory, all right," he said quietly. "But when it comes to practicing it—well," he ended with something of an effort, "I only know I'd be mighty proud of a father that acted as your father did."

Father and Mother stared dazedly at one another across the long, deserted table. There had been the usual hasty exodus at the end of the meal to dress for a dance. Father's face still wore the pleased flush Henry Ransom's spontaneous tribute had called forth.

"I do believe," declared Mother, still overcome by this phenomenon, "that is the very first compliment I have ever heard one of Jean's or Murray's friends give an older person. I don't mean, of course, the polite, stereotyped things they say when they come and go, but like that—from the heart."

UP-STAIRS was reigning the usual pandemonium and chaos preliminary to every evening's entertainment. As usual, there were doors banging open and shut, violent scurrings up and down the hall, frantic S O S's constantly being shrieked out to Mother. Murray had lost his studs, and darkly suspected the opportunely absent Larry of pillaging a favorite shirt. The laundress hadn't brought up Sally's gown—oh, yes, she had—after Mother had made two trips to the laundry; it was hanging in the closet. The flowers Murray had ordered for Sally hadn't come—would Mother telephone that florist they'd better be there in fifteen minutes if he wanted to be alive to-morrow. At the last moment Jean's dress must be shorter—would Mother run a tuck in it for her? Mother, to whom system and order were the very breath of life, for a hectic hour sewed, ran errands, searched through drawers and closets for missing raiment, and in between wrestled desperately with a lethargic Central.

"Aren't you ready yet to be fastened up, girls?" she admonished at stated intervals her dilatory charges. "The machine's been at the door a long time now, and the boys are getting impatient."

"If there's one word in Mother's vocabulary I'd like to eliminate," groaned Jean, distractedly getting into her gown wrong side before, "it's that hideous phrase, 'Do hurry!'"

"You remember what Ailsa told her mother," suggested Miss Hilliard, taking her hair down serenely for the third time. "She said to her, 'Mother, the next time you tell me to hurry, I'm going to sit right down and read!' And she did!"

"What would you do if I said that to you, Mother?" laughed Jean.

"I think I should let you be late to your engagements,"



answered Mother very quietly. Meekness was not one of Mother's virtues.

"The thing I mind most," Sally told them, "is after I've spent hours and hours on my hair and it looks just right, to have Mother say to me, 'Mercy, child, do go fix your hair! It looks as if you'd never touched it!' and then try to poke it back behind my ears!"

"What I find most trying," Katherine Hilliard announced, "is having Mother plant herself in my room and watch me all the time I'm dressing. That just makes me wild."

Mother sat very still upon the couch. She had just finished snapping Sally into a cloud of violet tulle, Jean into a crisp white organdie. ("Oh, Mother, I do look so ridiculously young in this silly organdie," Jean had murmured. "Why won't you let me wear grown-up things like the other girls?") With some difficulty Miss Hilliard's Juno-like proportions had been forced into a sophisticated yellow satin, much too old for any college girl, Mother decided disapprovingly. But, tired and nervous as she was and thoroughly exasperated at the delay, Mother could not help enjoying the pretty sight. At Katherine Hilliard's words, to her own inexpressible horror, she felt hot, unexpected tears spring to her eyes. After all she had done for them, to grudge her even that simple pleasure!

She got up and knelt down before Jean, examining carefully with bent head the tuck she had just made. "If they should see me cry!" she told herself in a panic. "And I can't leave this moment! I won't be ordered out of a room in my own house by that insolent girl."

Five minutes later, Mother, very composed, very bright-eyed, asked Jean if she had remembered to give her message to Mrs. Atkins. "No? Then I must telephone at once. I won't wait to see you go." She kissed Jean, gave a smiling nod to Miss Hilliard and a light parting caress to Sally's curly head. "I won't touch the cherished ears," she promised gayly. "They're a triumph. No one would ever dimly suspect you had one."

From the shelter of the telephone alcove she watched them finally descend the stairs, after many violent toots from the machine and impassioned appeals from restive escorts. There was a swirl of gay cloaks, a chorus of merry recrimination, a merited chastisement of Murray's gallant "Ye gods! Ten hours to dress, and this is all you can show for it!"

She was still thinking it over when Father, coming in search of her, found her trying to force a passage through the chaos of the guest-room.

"Can't one of the maids do that?" Father asked her anxiously. "Ought we to have another to help out?"

"We can't afford to keep just a lady's maid," Mother demurred. "And no other servant would be willing, these days, to keep the girls' clothes in order and to clear up after them at night."

"Can't they pick up their own things?" Father suggested helplessly.

"They!" Mother withered him with a glance. She surveyed wearily the heterogeneous garments scattered about the room. "It would certainly simplify existence for me," she remarked caustically, "if I could believe in this live-your-own-life foolishness, the children were advocating to-night."

A sudden startled thought leaped into her mind with the words. It was not, however, until the following evening that she was galvanized into action.

Father had been very busy reading the paper. Mother, darning stockings and observing all things, noticed that in fifteen minutes he had not turned a sheet. She made a mental reservation of the fact.

"Did that deal with Thornton fall through, after all?" she asked him.

Father looked up from the column he had just reread for the third time.

"No. I haven't heard from him to-day. But I think that's going along all right," he reassured her.

"Did you finally get hold of Murray to call on Colonel Grey?" she tried again. Father hesitated for a moment. Then:

"Yes, we went," said Father very briefly, and Mother knew she had tracked the lion to its lair.

Father's confession came out then piecemeal, in much the same disjointed fashion in which the twins were wont to confide in her.

Murray had finally consented to go with him. "It was the third time I'd asked him since he came home. I hated like everything to keep at the boy, but the colonel's going away, and the old fellow had set his heart so on giving him his sword. You know how ridiculously grateful he's always been to me because I've happened to be able to befriend him once or twice. He's always been especially interested in Murray and wanted so much to do something for him—poor as Job's turkey, you

know—that's the reason he was so pleased when he hit upon that idea of the sword. He thought it would mean so much to Murray. I did, too, or I should never have taken him."

The story stopped suddenly. Father was silent a long time.

"He didn't seem . . . appreciative?" Mother prompted gently.

"He made us both look a pair of sentimental old idiots," Father answered, trying bravely for a laugh. "The boy didn't want to go in the first place, had another engagement, and was in a hurry to keep it. Of course, it's natural he should want to see his own friends first, I appreciate that; but—well—he had no more interest in that sword or what the colonel and I mean to each other—" Father got up and spent some time working with the electric fan. "Oh, well, it's no use expecting young people to be interested in antiquities." Father tried to dismiss the matter with his usual philosophy.

Mother's philosophy was frankly not equal to the strain. "I am going to do it," she declared passionately to herself. "I am going to do it!"

She was careful, however, to wait several days before imparting her inspiration to Father, that he might in no way connect it with the visit to Colonel Grey. As it was, there were almost insurmountable difficulties in persuading him to her point of view.

"Why, they're our guests," Father reminded her, aghast at any such breach of hospitality. "We couldn't treat them like that!"

"And Murray and Jean are our children," Mother returned, deciding hastily that a Roman matron attitude would prove her best weapon. "The law of parenthood is higher than any law of hospitality. Are we doing our best for our children when we are making them every day more selfish and inconsiderate? You know very well we could talk to them forever, and it wouldn't have any effect. And, providentially, next week the twins will be in camp. It's the very time to try it!"

"As for the hospitality side of it," she continued, as Father still remained impregnable intrenched behind that argument. "We'll try it for only three weeks. As for Sally, I know I can make it all right with her afterward. Wasn't her mother my own roommate at college? I'm going to write Sara this very night, and unless a leopard can change its spots, she'll be deeply disappointed she isn't here to help me. As for that Katherine Hilliard, one reason I want to try this is that I'm hoping to drive her home. I consider her the most demoralizing influence Jean could possibly have. Jean can explain to her next fall that her mother has a perverted sense of humor, and was playing a practical joke. And as for



"He thought it would mean so much to Murray. I did, too, or I should never have taken him"

that dear Henry Ransom"—Mother's eyes filled with tears—"I'll get down on my knees to him, if necessary, after it's over and implore him to spend the rest of the summer with us, and let me make it up to him. His parents are divorced, Murray says, and neither of them wants him. He's never known what a real home is, poor boy. He's really the only stumbling block."

"You know me," Father pointed out to her despairingly, when one by one she had demolished his other defenses. "Can you in your wildest moments see me carrying out a scheme like that successfully?"

"I am only asking your word of honor that you will go through it to the best of your ability. I am the star in this drama. You are merely the leading man, and a very poor one, I fully realize," Mother assured him frankly.

She reviewed the weaknesses of the attacking party: "You are cursed with an abnormally honest face; you have no dramatic talent, and you can't bear to make anyone uncomfortable, least of all your own family. You will just have to keep reminding yourself every moment that it is because you love them that you are doing this. And do promise me, won't you," the star and stage manager besought him, "to try not to look before the children as you do now—as if you were on your way to the gallows. Be gay and debonair, and act as if you were enjoying yourself."

But Father, goaded too far, burst into open revolt at this, and would bind himself with no rash promises as to blitheness of expression.

THESE simple words inaugurated a new era for the dazed offspring of the House of Henderson. It began with a mild earthquake the next morning, when the last sleepy-eyed girl had trailed down to a half-past-ten-o'clock breakfast. Mother, for once, was not on hand to welcome them and to coax cook into giving them waffles. She had disappeared; what could be borne with much less equanimity, she had taken the car with her.

"I can't understand," Jean remarked blankly to Murray. "It seems so inconsiderate of Mother. She knew that tennis tournament was on at the Country Club to-day."

"Seeing you children, and listening to all these new theories of yours has made Father and me realize we must brush up to keep pace with them," was Mother's decidedly inadequate explanation that evening.

She and Father were in evening dress, and evidently on their way out to dine. "Have a good time at the dance, dears," she waved them a bright farewell. "Murray, did I tell you you'd have to make some other arrangement about getting the girls to the dance this evening? Father and I are taking the car."

"It's rather late to do anything now," Murray told her with some stiffness.

"There are always taxis," Mother reassured him with amazing unconcern. "Goodness knows, you ought to be able to afford them out of your allowance."

"Now," Mother told her partner in crime as they swept up the driveway after quite a successfully gay tête-à-tête dinner at the Club, "we ought by rights to raid the pantry the way the children always do—but I've decided it would be a more Spencerian punishment for them to do it themselves, and then I don't intend to be up early enough in the morning to see that the catastrophe is remedied before breakfast!"

They tasted the first fruits of victory that very night, when Jean halted amazed before her parents' persistently dark and silent room. No matter how late the hour, Mother had never yet failed to be on hand to glean every detail of her triumphs.

"Mother," she broke out finally, when several discreet coughs had proved unavailing, "you aren't sick, are you?"

"No, dear," Mother's voice was the perfection of sleepy placidity. "Why?"

"It's only—Mother, did you know Mina hasn't touched the girls' or my room-to-night. They're perfect sights."

"Mina never does that, dear, you know. We couldn't ask her to. I generally do it myself; but I was so sleepy to-night when I came home I didn't bother about it."

"Oh!" Jean digested this in silence for a moment. "Don't you want to hear about the dance, Mother?" she ended, a deeper note of amazement in the fresh young voice.

"Not to-night I believe, dear," she managed to achieve. "You must tell me all about it in the morning."

After that, shock followed shock in rapid succession. Father and Mother light-heartedly cast themselves into as seething a whirlpool of gaiety as that in which their children revolved, and flitted in and out of the house with the same careless inconsequence of hours and meals. No longer did the family schedule time itself in rigid accordance with Jean's and Murray's

dates; Father's and Mother's impudently took the prior claim. Mother was quite as apt to be late for breakfast these days as her daughter, and rushed off afterward in the same tempestuous fashion to a morning Bridge or Current Events Club. The domestic machinery, of which the younger members had never before been conscious, moved now in strange hitches and jerks. Cook, indeed, was restrained from leaving only after a long and intimate conversation with Mother, from which she and Mina emerged in gales of laughter.

At the same time, all parental objections, even on the most mooted topics, mysteriously evaporated. Equally mysterious was the result that this unlooked-for liberty had not quite the spice one would have naturally anticipated. Often had Jean longed [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



# Woman's Place in Politics

An Interview with  
**ALICE M. ROBERTSON**  
The only Woman Representative in Congress

By  
**MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL**



*Miss Robertson was born in Oklahoma when it was still a part of Indian Territory. She was one of the first women educated at Elmira College, New York, was the first stenographer and the first teacher of domestic science in her part of the country, and the first woman in the United States to be put in charge of a first-class post office. In recent years she has managed a farm just outside Muskogee, Oklahoma, and, inside the town, Oklahoma's most popular cafeteria, where, during the war, no soldier was ever charged for a meal*

shoulder and, with only a little Indian boy to help me, I went into the snowy forest and got wood. I didn't like to do it. I didn't think it was work for women to do. But it was my duty—the nearest one.

"Even though some of us once regarded politics as I regarded my wood-cutting expedition, it is now our duty to go into the political forest and help clear it up, *working with the men*. I have no patience with the all-woman political organization. It is simply a product of jealousy, and jealousy is a product of fear.

"AMERICAN women should go into politics, but they should do it through the medium of the parties. Here, again, let each woman begin with what is nearest to her. Let her register with the party of her choice and begin work with the district, the ward, the precinct, or the village or community, where she lives and knows the conditions. It is an excellent idea for the women of each community to organize political study clubs, and thus familiarize themselves with problems and methods.

"An army, to be effective, must be formed into divisions, battalions, regiments, companies, platoons, squads. A political party is organized similarly, and no woman should be ashamed to be a private in it, functioning directly through the squad to which she is assigned. We need privates, millions of them, to do the work of the State. We cannot have a party organization like the proverbial South American army—all gold-lace generals.

"There should, however, be some women officers—and there will be, particularly for community administration. Somebody asked me if I thought women should ask men for offices. I think women should take offices—and who's going to stop them, provided they are fitted to serve? Naturally, they should begin with the less important posts, and advance according to their training and capabilities.

"ONE thing the American woman must not do—she must not under-estimate the power of the individual vote. Men have done that. Good men have stayed out of politics, giving as the reason, 'They are so crooked, my vote won't count for anything.' Women must not make a similar mistake. If their political effect is to be beneficial, they must be less indifferent than they have shown themselves so far. They have no right to criticize, so long as they stand to one side and refuse to try to make things better.

"In politics and public affairs, each woman must try to stand on a basis of solid fact. Women are too temperamental—I am, myself. Facts are difficult things to get, to arrange, to comprehend. But they must be obtained and digested, if one is to decide any question intelligently on its merits. The woman citizen's quest for facts should be untiring, and she should resist the easy appeal to the emotions which is the stock in trade of propagandists.

"Do you believe in babies?" demands one such group, for example. "Then vote for this bill!"

"It is not as simple as all that!"

"Women in politics must not be afraid of unpopularity. They must do what they think is right, not what they think will please people. The fashion, nowadays, is to ask of a certain course of action such questions as, 'Is it profitable—or unprofitable?' 'Is it agreeable—or disagreeable?' 'Is it 'the thing'—or not 'the thing'?' Yet there is only one important question: 'Is it right—or is it wrong?'"

That is the issue on which women should make their fight. They should expect to meet criticism. Sometimes they will be defeated, temporarily. Then they should show themselves good losers. For even if right does lose a battle, now and then, it wins the war."

As a good citizen, "Miss Alice" is now interested in woman's place in politics. As a good woman, she has been interested all her life in woman's place in the home. At various periods, she practically adopted a number of girls, both Indian and white, and she takes a motherly pride in the fact that all are happily married.

"THE most wonderful place in the world is a home," she said, "but it should be a home in which the doors and windows are open, not shut. If a woman ever were isolated there, she is so no longer. The good-roads movement is reaching even to the smallest communities. The United States mail goes to the most remote farm. The woman on the farm, in the village, should never feel that she is remote from life, that the big work in the world is being done by others. Her life, her work, are just as big as she chooses to make herself. In fact, I think that, other things being equal, the woman in the small place is the one with most influence. A sumac bush set in the middle of the prairie looks like a tall tree.

"You remember what Lincoln said of the common people? that the Lord must have loved them, since He made so many of them. I think of that, when I think of the women of America's farms and home towns. They are the custodians of all that we mean by Americanism. They are pioneers, or daughters and granddaughters of pioneers. In the cities, too, there are wise, good women. But how many of our greatest men have come from big cities, or homes of wealth? How many have sprung from small, poor homes, of which some good woman was the soul? How many of the great men of to-morrow are being brought up in such homes to-day? Not long ago I was looking up the ancestry of our presidents, and I found that, with the exception of Woodrow Wilson, every one was a descendant of pioneer stock.

The pioneer woman was not afraid of poverty, or hard work, or many little ones. She labored so earnestly helping others to bear pain that she had little time to dwell on her own aches and woes.

"In politics, as well as in the home, women of to-day need the pioneer virtues: courage, industry, self-forgetfulness, loyalty, honesty, strength, housewifery, neighborliness, love of country, of children, of God."

"MISS Alice's" blue eyes closed a little wearily. She says that a congresswoman doesn't get enough sleep. We had talked long, and I knew it was time to go. But I wanted one more word, for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to carry to the Honorable Alice M. Robertson's real constituency—all American women.

"There is something so many of us have lost, which you either have found or never lost at all," I said. "You are busy and tired, but you are not nervously restless. You have the gentleness of women of a quieter day. What is the secret? How can the modern women, overwrought by her new responsibilities and the whirl of life, regain the old poise and serenity?"

"By resolving not to fret. By praying," she answered softly. "There is a text that I have carried with me for years: 'The joy of the Lord is your strength.' The woman who really feels that in her heart will not be restless. She will not worry about things that she cannot help, or about what is to come. She will not be forever dissatisfied with what she has and eager to fly to something else. She will do, as well as she can, the nearest duty. She can do nothing more. There is an old prayer which, though it is heathen, is very beautiful—'Ask of the gods tranquillity.' Perhaps that is something, in this tempestuous age, which women forget to ask for themselves, and for want of which they suffer."



# The Neglected Years from Two to Six

## How mothers can solve the problem of the under-weight pre-school child

**T**HE age from two to six is the most neglected period in the life of the child. The knowledge of infant feeding and hygiene has become so widespread that children in all circumstances of life now receive intelligent care during infancy. There is the trained nurse to advise and instruct the mother at the time of birth, and the specialist to be consulted either at the clinic or in private practice. This special care represents the greatest advance of recent years in the science of medicine, and it is reflected in a steadily diminishing infant death rate. Even in so large a city as New York, the work has been so thoroughly established that infant mortality is lower there than in the rest of the state. This same close attention to the health of the child is needed throughout his entire growing period.

### The Beginning of Bad Habits

**F**OLLOWING infancy, however, meager feeding is gradually discontinued, and there is a tendency to break away from the program so carefully planned for every hour of the day. By the time the child is two or three years old he is usually allowed to choose his own food, both as to kind and quantity, and his activities are regulated by his whim or the convenience of older members of the family. As a consequence, faulty food and health habits are formed, with resulting injury to health. Too little attention at this time is paid to the matter of sleep. Physical defects are often neglected, in the belief that the child will outgrow them, or that he is too young to be operated upon.

Yet these are critical years in the matter of health, as a glance at the mortality statistics will show. Ninety per cent of the cases of measles and whooping cough occur under the age of five, as well as more than ninety-five per cent of the deaths caused by these diseases. Almost the same is true of diphtheria and scarlet fever. Over fifty thousand children succumb to these diseases each year in America, and seventy per cent of them die before they reach the age of five. *One fourth of all deaths occur before the end of the fifth year, or six times as many as in the next ten years of life.* The greater part of this high mortality is due to lessened resistance, caused by poor nutrition, so that the child readily succumbs to these afflictions or to complications that could have been avoided by proper attention to his physical condition.

Moreover, it is not merely the actual death rate of this period that is to be seriously considered, but the complications and after-effects in those who survive the diseases of childhood. In the case-histories of children treated for malnutrition, the source of this condition is traced over and over again to an attack of measles or whooping cough. Other diseases to which the pre-school child is subject are otitis, tonsillitis, bronchitis, and pneumonia. Since the malnourished child is especially susceptible to these and other infections, it is particularly important to guard against under-weight during the years when contagious disease is most prevalent. These infections with their complications not only lower the resistance of the child, but retard his growth in both weight and height.

### The Five Chief Causes of Malnutrition

**I**N CONSIDERING the five chief causes of malnutrition as they affect the pre-school child, the prevalence of physical defects is nearly as great among children between two and six years old as in any other age group. This is a fact of great significance, as is also the high percentage of naso-pharyngeal obstruction, which is the most frequent single cause of malnutrition. Although the tonsils do not usually become diseased before the age of five, adenoid tissue is more liable to cause obstruction while the nasal cavities are small. This mechanical interference with breathing leads to congestion in the naso-pharynx, which is another step toward infection. Many young children have almost constant naso-pharyngitis—the so-called “colds.” It is of the greatest importance that such obstruction be removed before the sinuses are largely involved, or before the child becomes infected with any of the contagious diseases.

It is to be remembered that the position, as well as the size and amount of adenoid tissue, is of importance in causing obstruction. On this account the removal of a small adenoid may give as great relief as the removal of a larger mass of diseased tissue located on the side walls of the pharynx.

In a study made of the physical defects found in six hundred and two children, about one third were six years of age and under. This pre-school group showed practically the same average number of defects of all kinds as appeared in the children of school age, while the average of obstructions to breathing was even larger than that

By WILLIAM R. P. EMERSON, M.D.

### Bring Your Child Up to Normal Weight

The following printed material is available for readers of the COMPANION whose children are under weight:

1. Reprints of previous articles: "Is Your Child Under Weight?" "The Climb to the Normal Weight Line," "Your Child's Food Habits," "The Habit of Health," "Does Your Child Get Tired?" "The Value of Happiness," "But My Child Won't Eat," "Common Sense versus Magic," "The Over-Weight Child," "Every Child Over the Top," "Summer is Growing Time," "Camping Out at Home," "Malnutrition in Grown-ups," "How to Keep Fit at Forty," "A Bottle of Medicine and a Sad Heart," "Letters Mothers Write Me," "Going It Alone," "My New Boss—Myself," "Every Child Free to Gain," "The Weight Chart Campaign." These will be sent for 3 cents each, 60 cents for the set.
  2. Weight Record and Form for History and Physical Examination 35 cents
  3. Table of 100-Calorie Portions of Food 3 cents
  4. Special leaflet on Worms, Constipation, and Bedwetting 3 cents
  5. Pamphlet on "Nutrition Clinics and Classes, Their Organization and Conduct" 10 cents
  6. Pamphlet on "How to Organize and Operate a Nutrition Clinic" 8 cents
  7. Directions for a Homemade Shower Bath 3 cents
  8. Practical Mental Tests for Growing Children 10 cents
- Institutions and communities may obtain special rates for quantities.  
Address: Doctor Emerson's Clinic for Delicate Children, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

danger to growth and development than at a later period. This is the age when the child is especially imaginative, and when he responds quickly to every new association. The responsiveness of childhood is so attractive that it leads to over-stimulation on the part of older members of the family, who delight in exhibiting the child's growing ability. Visitors, and even the chance passer-by, manifest an interest in his acts and sayings, to which he naturally responds with his best endeavors. At no age is there greater risk of both nervous and physical over-fatigue than during these early years of rapidly expanding observation and experience.

Children from the age of two to six are especially prone to form faulty food and health habits, a largely contributing cause of malnutrition. This is caused by the lack of a fixed routine, and by the inadequate training and supervision usually given at this period. Irregular eating is permitted, and the child is given sweets and other food at any hour of the day in order to please him or to keep him occupied. Some accidental experience at this time may lead to an aversion for certain necessary foods, which increases his susceptibility to rickets and other deficiency diseases.

While the child is becoming accustomed to new foods it is of the utmost importance that milk and cereals should not be omitted from the diet. This is perhaps the most serious dietary danger to which the pre-school child is subject.

### Use of Drugs

**I**T IS generally recognized that as little medicine as possible should be given during infancy; but there is an increased tendency to use laxatives and other drugs as a short cut after the age of two, instead of taking the trouble to train the child in proper health habits.

The convenience and pleasure of adults frequently lead to late hours for the child who is too young to be left at home alone, or who is afraid to go to bed without the companionship of an older person. Too often, a tired child is allowed to fall asleep on a couch in the living room, or is carried out to an evening entertainment, without any consideration of the possible injury to his health and growth.

The excitement of Sundays and holidays, which are often occasions also for over-indulgence in rich and sweet foods, is almost invariably reflected in the child's weight.

The effect of these various errors in diet and hygiene may pass unnoticed for a considerable time, because the regular weighing which has been part of the infant's routine is no longer considered necessary. The nutrition class, therefore, meets an urgent need of both the pre-school child and his mother, and this is the time when the nutrition program can be applied with the greatest immediate benefit and the most far-reaching effect.

Although the class meetings may not always appeal to the child of this age to the same degree that they do to the older boy and girl, there is nevertheless sufficient interest in the weight chart and the stars to hold his attention. Since growth is relatively greater during the years from two to six, the actual gain in pounds is small, and therefore the chart can be made more graphic if the scale is doubled by allowing two squares for each pound of gain.

In the case of mothers, the opportunity for getting results through their cooperation is greater than at any other period. The younger the child, the greater is the maternal solicitude for his welfare. It is not lack of interest, but lack of knowledge on the part of mothers that has made these early years a period of neglect. They have had in the past the aid of the milk station and the infant clinic, and the nutrition class is welcomed as a further opportunity for health education. The weight chart is a link with their earlier experience in considering weight the standard of the child's condition. Even parents of foreign birth who have difficulty with the English language can follow the weight line with understanding, and know whether the child is making progress toward his normal standard.

No child should be admitted even to the kindergarten until every effort has been made to bring him up to normal weight. This can best be accomplished through the nutrition class for the pre-school child, and his weight chart is the best evidence as to when he is ready to take up the full school program.

Where the malnourished child is not given such care during the pre-school period, the added strain of school life makes it increasingly difficult to regain the ground lost, and he risks the danger of falling further and further below his normal standard of growth and health. The almost even percentage of malnutrition found up through the various school grades indicates that this retardation in growth tends to continue, and that such children may remain stunted throughout their lives.

## Will You Help Doctor Emerson?

**D**OCTOR EMERSON is anxious to get definite facts from "Companion" readers whose children have been helped with the aid of his articles. The information requested here is always readily obtained in Doctor Emerson's work with schools, clinics, hospitals, etc., as careful records are kept by each nutrition worker. But in cases where the individual parent has worked independently with her child few records have come in. Yet such records would be particularly valuable to Doctor Emerson, and would help him to help other mothers. He would, therefore, appreciate it if you would fill out this blank and mail it to him. If you do not wish to cut your magazine, write the information on a sheet of paper.

Address: Dr. William R. P. Emerson,  
Woman's Home Companion, New York City, N. Y.

Street address need not be filled in, merely town and state

Name .....

Address .....

Height..... Age.....

Weight when method was first tried .....

Date when method was first tried .....

Pounds gained..... in..... weeks

Please note any further particulars—difficulties, special features, etc.



# The Greenhorn

By EMMA MAURITZ LARSON  
ILLUSTRATED by OSCAR SCHMIDT

WHEN Torger Amundsen wrote his first letter from the Oregon fruit valley to his Hildagarde, waiting in far-away Norway, he could frankly say that his few days there had given him but little opportunity to come to know the neighbors, and the fat letter could be filled with glowing accounts of the orchards and gardens cupped in by porcelain-tinted mountains. Later it was not so easy to write.

Torger had pushed his way westward from New York, stopping for months at a time in the great cities that stood on the inland waterways, wherever his fresh young strength and the hand skilled in his father's boat works at the fjord would bring him the high wages he was eager for. Thus he had added to the inheritance money enough for the little farm of fruit and chickens that had caught the dreams of both himself and little Garde. A country home in America, and, if it might be, not too far from the sea and the mountains, that was his goal. He did not mind the grimy, homeless year and more he spent in crossing the states to find it.

It was Garde who fretted lovingly in her exquisite penmanship that her Torger, the big blond favorite of all the folks, young and old, in the old sea town, should be lonely and unfriended in crowded, dirty Cleveland and Chicago.

"It sounds very fine, the money you are making to add to the inheritance, but it troubles me that you should be lonely for even a few months and have no chance to make new friends. Hurry quickly to the Western country and find our home place and the neighbors that will be family folks to you until I come running over the sea. All the friends in our good town will be hard to leave, but I would fly from them so rudely as to say not even a good-by if it were the only way to get to you. And next year I will be free, and I will come, and you will have ready for me in America a few new friends of the old folks like Uncle and Auntie, and of the children like little Dagmar with her curls of gold, and of the young people, who may even like our old songs and stories when I can make them over into English."

With this warm, urgent message of little Garde's still carried in his pocket, though it was now some months old, it was not easy for Torger to write from Paradise Valley after that first letter.

He had picked up in his months in America, with the usual readiness of the Northland immigrants, a knowledge of English that met all his business needs. That it did not satisfy him in any sense was due both to the proud Norse spirit that had come down from his ship-building forefathers and to his overwhelming conviction that the man who would claim Garde Holm ought to be as learned as the pastor, as fine in manners as the count, and as rich and clever as the Americans.

He reached out eagerly for new words and phrases in his contact with the men of the valley, buying the lumber for his bungalow, the berry bushes for his garden, and learning from them the proper way to treat the fruit trees already started on his acres. He added daily to the careful hoarding of American words, laying them up for little Garde.

He worked alone all day long at the bungalow, beginning at sunrise. When it was no longer possible to see to drive a nail true in the walls that were fast enclosing the big living-room and the cupboarded kitchen and the sunny west bedroom, he turned his long legs out to wander up and down the valley roads that were almost like village streets, so neighborly close were the bungalows, each on its five or eight acres. He went out to find for Garde the friends she had such utter faith in his finding.

Groups of young people sauntered along in the mild evening coolness, chatting, laughing, singing. If he crossed their paths there were nods or American "Hellos," but they never drew Torger into the group. Sometimes he followed behind them for a time for the mere warmth of human closeness.

Once, when they were singing on the steps of the town hall under a summer moon, he dropped down on the outskirts of the group and joined in on "America." His full, rich tones startled them. But he did not sing on the next song; "America" was the only one he knew in the new tongue. He sat on for a while feeling warmly of the valley at last, while the shrill voices of the girls and the strenuous barking of the boys raced through "I Hate

to Get up in the Morning" and "Bingo Was His Name." When the group broke up into couples Torger started back to the shell of a house that was fast growing weather-tight and fit for living. His heart was light when he thought that this was a great matter to tell Garde.

A lagging couple trailed his steps. Their voices carried clearly on the night air, and they were conscious only of themselves.

"Gee," said the boy's voice, "but that Norsk has some

laid to her shame that he was not so polished as the learned men of Norway or as these Americans. Perhaps she would better marry the university professor who had wooed her so formally but sincerely in the university town. She would have high position and be able to stay near her friends. Torger would not hold her to her promise, or think her aught but wise if she decided not to come to him in America.

He went doggedly about his work during the weeks before the reply could come to this letter. Even the wonder of the fresh early morning in this lovely valley, and the delight of the sun dropping down behind pearly-tinted mountains failed to stir him.

The day his letter came his heart beat with such tremendous beats that it was hard to slit the envelope and take out her wonderful ardent, scolding letter, a letter written in strange dear streaks by a cross little girl and a saucy maiden and an inexpressibly tender woman. He hampered like mad at the little house all day. It seemed as though he would finish it by nightfall, and then reach across the great sea with his long arms and snatch his own little girl. He whistled and whistled, and then stopped to laugh aloud to himself at the thought that he was outwitting America, for he could get out of his heart all the love songs without an accent.

A child passing on the road set him to thinking of Dagmar. He must begin at once with all his wiles of boat-making and his skill in fashioning doll cradles to win little friends for Garde.

And he would go out on the road again at night and be more genial himself. He was probably mistaken about these neighbors, who were so slow to take him in and who had never invited him into their homes as the hospitable townsmen at home would ask any stranger, nor even asked him to the public meetings like the Community Club. Very likely they had thought he did not care about such matters. He would go now, anyhow. He would go to the next meeting of the club, like a Norse gentleman, in his black suit and stiff white shirt, as his countrymen always went to meetings of discussion and literature.

All the valley came to the Community Club. Sometimes the men provided a speaker on fruit-raising or cooperative marketing, sometimes the young people sang or gave crude little plays, the actors giggling as frankly as the audience. But always, no matter what the plan for the evening, there was joyousness and comradeship among these Americans. Now Torger would be of it, forcing himself in as no one of his countrymen would, except for his lady's sake.

The room was crowded. The school-teacher read a paper on Glacier Park, and compared the mountains with the famed ones of Switzerland. At talk of mountains, and the lantern slides vividly picturing them, Torger's eyes dreamed and shone beneath his fine, upstanding blond hair. Beside him sat a tall young man from whom he had bought berry bushes. Seely had been tremendously busy every time they had met, representing as he did a nursery house besides running his own ranch. But he had always been friendly and enthusiastic about all the Western country and particularly their valley. Now, in this new atmosphere, he seemed suddenly like one of the true neighbors Garde had been so sure of.

"They are very fine, those American mountains," Torger said with a sigh, when the stereopticon had showed its last slide and the room was again light, "but they have no sea running between them, yumping halfway up the sides as in Norway. The fjords are more beautiful still."

Seely was interested. "Of course," he said, "I've always heard that. And you're from Norway yourself, aren't you?"

"Over here not two years yet," smiled Torger.

Seely jumped to his feet. "We've got someone here, folks, who has seen with his own eyes some of the grandest scenery of Europe. We ought to have him tell us



*As that last word came out a titter ran along the back benches where the young people sat*

voice! But did you get his accent? It'd make angels weep—with joy!"

A girl's soft laugh answered. It was Della Martin, the neighbor on the left, small, black-haired, lively. The first time Torger had seen her he had picked her out as the friend who could make Garde's first homesick days in the new land easy and happy.

"What could you expect from such a big gawky greenhorn?" laughed Della. "You ought to hear him say 'yacket' and 'Yanuary' and 'Paradise Walley.' It's simply killing! We all call him the 'Greenhorn.'"

Torger went blindly along under the shadow of the trees, so that the moonlight might not pick out his great green length on the road that had such a new and terrible publicity. He dropped to his cot without undressing. He must think out the bitter truth. "She was always high above me; but she thought me a gentleman in Norway, and that over here I would be soon a real American, respected by all. I have no right to bring her far away



something about it. Mr. Chairman, this is Mr. Amundsen, one of our new neighbors."

The chairman was genial. "Glad to have you talk, Mr. Amundsen. Take all the time you want."

Garde seemed suddenly at Torger's very elbow. This was the thing that would be life and joy to her, a double opportunity, since he could tell these American neighbors about his own beautiful rocky homeland. He plunged in ardently, with picturesque English flavored ruggedly with his lifelong tongue that seemed to fit the story he was telling of wild fjords, and rough seas, stout little boats and sea heroes, bitter winters and long, day-lighted summers.

The fire and color and heart in the strange address held all the room captive for a quarter of an hour. Then the boy came suddenly back to this American valley. He flushed a bit, half stopped, and then looking around on the neighborly faces he said very slowly, his very depth of feeling exaggerating his strong Northern accent, "It is grand there in Norway; but I think it is best to be here, right here in this Paradise Valley."

As that last word came out a titter ran along the back benches where the young people sat, and quite audibly after it an echo, "walley, walley."

The Greenhorn turned, white to the lips, and walked straight out into the night.

A score of startled hands tried to hold him. Older voices protested, censuring the young folks, women spoke in hushed excitement full of pity. But when they found they could not hold him, the Community Club turned to its games and food and soon forgot the white-faced boy.

Only young Seely followed his headlong flight and saw the hopelessness that drowned all life out of Torger's face. Even he did not understand that the cruel, thoughtless insult had struck beyond the big man's body to a little, delicate-mannered, high-spirited lady; that a great fear had come to Torger that he could not bring his tender, trusting, friend-craving little mate to meet such monstrous humiliation.

"Hold on there, Amundsen. Wait for me," pleaded Seely. "You've got to understand that it will never happen again. You held them spellbound by your story of Norway."

"There never will be another chance for it to happen again," Torger said sternly.

"Our American young folks are sometimes thoughtless; but they are not hard. They'll yet be the best friends you have in the world, if you'll only forgive them . . . forgive us . . . this time."

They walked for hours, circling the valley roads. Seely felt that he could not leave the bruised boy. After an hour's silence, striding side by side, the only word he could get was the quiet comment: "If you had come newly to my country of Norway and had honored us by telling us of your own land in our strange new tongue, no matter how badly you spoke it, we would have said: 'How well he speaks our language after being here such a short time.'"

"By George!" Seely exclaimed, "that's true. I never thought of it that way. I bet it never comes to most of us Americans that way. All you folks from over there learn to speak our irregular language a lot faster than we could ever pick up yours. We'd be dubs at it. . . . But if you'll give us another chance, Amundsen, the folks of Paradise Valley will show you what we think of a man who comes over and makes good in every way, as you have. . . . Oh, I hope you'll stay among us, and—"

"There is nothing else to do," Torger said simply. "My land here, my house, they have taken all the inheritance money, and the savings, too." He hesitated as though he longed to say more, give some hint of his dream for the little home; but suddenly the raw wound of the evening stung him unbearably: "Good-night," he said. Even when he added, by force of habit, his boyhood's parting phrase, "Thank you for your good company on the road," there was no life or hope in his face or voice.

No doubt the valley would have redeemed itself after that; but overnight, a night of pain and bewilderment and decision, the Norsk boy had changed his way of living. In the dawn he had decided: "There must be no chance that anyone should ever laugh at my little Garde. She will take the language easily. But she will have only me to take it from at first. It is for me to get English perfectly. I must sell everything in the garden at once and go to school. I must start with the babies. I will work at night in the city for money to keep a good sum for little Garde; but most of all I will study, study."

It was not an easy thing to do. He marched into the valley school that first morning with the air of a king, and said he had come to learn the speaking and reading and writing of English. He would begin at the very beginning and learn it all. So they gave him a chair in the primary room. He did not seem to be even aware of the rest of his class, Tommy and Gracie and Eunice, all aged seven, and looking only a quarter of his height. He studied with a white intensity that took him through a grade in a month. He heard and saw nothing but the direct words that the teacher spoke to him or the task she set him on his tablet.

In the old days, a quarter-hour like the recess time would have meant the chance to romp with eager-eyed little boys or to tell wondrous Northland tales to crowding little girls. Now the children might have been wooden images.

At noon he hurried home for his chores, caring for his great flock of chickens that was to surprise Garde, who was joyously boasting that when she should come he could add chickens to his little ranch. Directly after the school hours, he turned his long stride to make the four miles across country to the electric line that ran into the city. What he did there was long a puzzle to the Valley, but they knew that he never came back until the wee hours before dawn, and that then he slept heavily for a few short hours before another day of the intense schooling.

The only glint of human warmth that crept into his soul during those winter months, when even Seely's persistent efforts failed to find his valley door unlocked, was



*She turned her eyes to the sea, so that no one might see, and pity her*

from the strange Oriental soul of his night employer. From six o'clock until two the next morning Torger's hours were spent as a waiter in a Chop Suey House, the only job that would leave him time for his schooling and a little sleep, and would at the same time lay up some treasure of silver for Garde. And when his great news came unexpectedly soon, it was only to Mr. Chang that he could let out even a hint of the purpose of his errand East.

"I am starting to New York to-morrow. I shall not be back for several weeks. I am to be married there to a lady from my old home. I have a home ready for her in the country near here. When we come back I shall want always to be with her, to take care of her, so I shall not come back here to work. I have a little ranch with fruit and chickens, and I can keep busy with building and cabinet work. You have been very kind to me, Mr. Chang."

"Oh, dat's allee light, allee light," grinned the Oriental. "Vely happye laadee get Mistel Tolgel. Allee good American soon."

In the valley Torger made short work of getting someone to look after his chickens and to do the first spraying of the fruit trees in the event that he did not get back within the expected two weeks and a half. The sting of his mortification was still so strong upon his heart that he did not say where he was going, or why, to any neighbor.

He bought his first ticket only to Chicago, intending to stop there for a day or two with an old seafaring friend of his father's who was now captaining a freighter on the lakes. But the captain was starting that same evening for Buffalo, so Torger came back alone from the crowded wharf through the bustling traffic of lower town, his head still full of memories stirred to new life by his old friend's chat.

He was hurrying to the station after seeing the captain's boat weigh anchor, when the thing happened. It was not an uncommon thing. Every day's sheet of a great city's daily carries a like item—an automobile crash with several injured, one seriously. This time it was a pedestrian who suffered most, a young man carrying in his pocket the address of an Oregon fruit valley. The hospital wired West at once.

Paradise Valley was touched. "He was such a nice, hard-working boy," everyone said, "and he seemed so kind of eager and happy, with all his shyness, until that dreadful night at the Community Club. We'd have made that up to him a thousand times if he had let us, and maybe he wouldn't have been too proud to forgive us if we could only have got together. But he was so busy afterward with that sudden fit of schooling and working in town nights at something or other."

They wired back to Chicago to take the best possible care of the Norwegian boy, who hadn't any kin that they knew of, and if it was necessary they'd send Mr. Seely East to bring him home when he was able to travel. They didn't know where he was going, or on what errand, or they'd be glad to attend to that, too, for him.

Twice in those first weeks Torger came back briefly to the real world of responsibility. A quick flash of pain and unrest shot through him; there was something he should be doing for Garde. But that was as far as the thought got.

"I wish we could relieve him from whatever is on his mind," said the doctor. "His strong body would come back quick enough if it had the chance; but his nearest neighbors don't know what he was traveling East for. We can't do much more for him until his mind clears of itself."

The precious days slipped by. To one little immigrant girl, waiting at Ellis Island for her big blond boy with the voice of the musical sea and the smile that was as dearly welcome as Northern sunshine, those days were like great, heavy stones building a prison for her. Twenty-one of those stones would seal the prison door and shut her out of America. If Torger did not come to marry her in three weeks she must go back to Norway, so the officials said.

A strange new fear took possession of her. Once he had written her that he would not hold her to her promise if she wished to change her mind and marry the professor at the university. Perhaps now, he had changed his mind, and would marry some American girl.

Her ready Norse pride fought hard with her love after this evil idea came, and she parted at last reluctantly with the city address Torger had given her, so that the Government might wire West and find out what detained the young man. "For the past six months I have written him here," she said.

So the wire went, asking if Torger Amundsen would not start East at once to meet his bride in New York. The answer that came back was signed Chang Yu, but in unmistakable English it affirmed, "Torger Amundsen left for New York three weeks ago. Left no address."

After that there was nothing that the Government could do, though sympathy pulled strongly at both matrons and officials for the proud little girl from Norway. The stones of that final third week dropped into place one by one. The prison was complete. Dry-eyed, with delicate head erect, Hildagarde Holm walked onto the steamship that was to take her back to Norway.

The terrible, quiet pain of a lost dream was in her eyes, a dream of a big, gentle-faced boy in a low-roofed home in a valley cupped in by opalescent peaks of mountains. But she turned her eyes to the sea, so that no one might see, and pity her.

Back in the orderly, efficient life of the big hospital Torger came at last to himself, and his own doctor sent the message with all urgency, "Hold Hildagarde Holm. Torger Amundsen injured. Will send friends for Miss Holm."

Seely had appeared by this time from the valley, and he offered to run down to New York at once and take Garde to his own sister's there. But before he could start, the word came back that the girl's ship had sailed forty-eight hours earlier.

"Have cabled her immediate return on landing on other side," the Government replied.

"We must just wait now?" questioned Torger. "We cannot save her heart from breaking on the sea. You do not know my Garde, Mr. Seely. She is proud. If she does not understand, why should she return to me?"

That was where the valley paid its debt. "Gee!" said its spokesman, Seely. "Did you think we'd lie down on the job just as we got started out? No, siree, sir! While that telegram from the Government was still hot, I wire-lessly Miss Holm where you were and why. And I chuckled in a grand old welcome from the valley, too. She's to wireless back." Seely grinned through his flush.

Twenty-four hours later Seely stood beside the bed while Torger opened the envelope with the great message. A blinding brilliance of happiness swept over the Norsk boy's rugged face, like the midsummer sun on his own roughly carved birthland, as he handed to Seely the brief message: "My heart there already."



# The Bread Caster

By ROBERT McBLAIR

ILLUSTRATED by JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS



YOU'LL promise not to be hurt, won't you Andrew dear, at what I am going to say?" Andrew Brandon's lover's heart jumped with fear, but a quick look into her steady deep-brown eyes reassured him.

"Of course, honey. But what in the world—"

She came close and took hold of the lapels of his coat:

"Andrew, you know Father."

"I confess to having a dodging acquaintance," Andrew grinned.

"Now, don't be silly. This is serious. Father says—it isn't me talking, it's Father—that I shouldn't be engaged to you until—until you've made good. Now, wait!" She pulled him close again as he drew away sharply. "He thought you had a good thing at that other company and when you—when you left there—"

"Got fired, you mean."

"Well, got fired then." She shook him. "When you did, and he knew the reason, well, you know Father."

"What I don't know is how a man with his hard-shelled philosophy could have a daughter so sweet and lovely."

"Now, Andrew, I'm not going to stand for your criticizing my father; besides, I'm not sweet."

"You are the sweetest person in all the world." He put his arms about her straight, slim figure, and held her close.

"Well, I'm not lovely, anyhow."

"You are not only lovely to look at, you have lovely thoughts and a lovely soul."

Conversation languished.

"Well," he said presently, his face against her mass of chestnut hair, "What are we going to do? Shall we be lovers once but strangers now?"

"That's where the hard part comes, dear. Father and I had a session last night. He said he has practically secured you the position as assistant to the sales manager of the Band Saw Lumber Company."

"Yes, I am on the way to his office now. Have an appointment for ten o'clock."

"Andrew, he doesn't want me to see you again, or write you, for four months; till you have had time to make good on this new job. And if you don't make good, he—he wants to call it off entirely."

"Suffering marsupials!" Andrew groaned. "And what does the kind man expect me to do for light and beauty while I'm trying?"

"Darling," pleaded Joan, "you will make good, won't you? You know how Father is. But I love him, and I couldn't marry without his consent."

"Joan darling, I promise you faithfully to make good," Andrew grinned; "if I don't get fired first."

He held her at an arm's length. In the light from the hall window her long-lashed dark eyes, lovely color, and red, sensitive mouth brought home to him anew her beauty.

"Do you love me?" he demanded almost fiercely.

"Oh, Andrew!"

He caught her hands and pressed them to his lips; picked up his hat, opened the door and ran down the terraced steps. He had climbed into his roadster before he heard her voice and looked up to where, slim and attractive she stood in the sunshine of the flower-bordered stone porch.

"Don't be late, Andrew. You have just time to get there by ten o'clock. You know Father," she laughed.

He waved a hand, stepped on the starter, and in a few minutes was out of sight of her suburban home and on the road to the city, trailing a big red touring car that seemed bent upon breaking the speed limit.

He had gone perhaps three miles when the red car, which had got far in the lead, slowed down and stopped. The driver jumped out, examined the tires, and with feverish haste began jacking up a rear wheel. Andrew drew up alongside.

"In trouble?" he asked cheerfully.

"Say," exclaimed the man, "I'll give you twenty dollars if you'll change that front tire while I'm changing this rear one. Two punctures, and I've got an extremely important business engagement."

"Well, never mind the twenty dollars," said Andrew as he extracted his jack from his tool box. "We all get in trouble occasionally."

"Darn!" exclaimed the florid-faced, gray-haired

owner of the red car after he had changed the rear tire.

"I've only got one spare!"

"Well," said Andrew, "I have some patches in my kit. If you'll help me get this tire off the rim—By George! It was a nail you got in this one!"

The tire stuck to the rim, and thirty minutes had passed before they finally put the repaired and inflated front tire in place. The florid gentleman produced a card from somewhere beneath his linen duster and thrust it in Andrew's hand.

"You saved my life. If I can ever be of any service, don't fail—"

The rest of it was lost in the slamming of the red car's door and the starting of the motor.

"Holy mackerel!" Andrew murmured as he looked at his watch. "Half an hour late! The old boy's pale blue eyes will be turning a Nile green with rage."

He didn't lose any time the rest of the way, and within fifteen minutes his broad shoulders had swung through the bank lobby and he was opening the frosted-glass door

marked in gold paint, "Horace Hamilton, President."

Mr. Hamilton took out a large gold watch. He was a cold proposition, with a circle of white hair about his lean skull, and wispy white side whiskers framing an unforgiving mouth and chin.

"Half an hour late! Is that your idea of business?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hamilton, but I couldn't help it. I passed a man who had two punctures, and—"

"Do you mean to tell me you kept me waiting half an hour while you helped a man with a puncture?"

"He was in a big hurry, and—"

The rest of Andrew's sentence was lost in the scraping of Mr. Hamilton's chair as he got angrily to his feet and cupped his bald dome in a derby hat. Andrew followed him through the lobby and along the street to the offices of the Band Saw Lumber Company.

They were admitted promptly to the presence of Mr. Donald Mackintosh, president, a red-cheeked, middle-aged man, with features like an Indian chief and a shrewd bright blue eye.

"Mr. Mackintosh," said the banker, "this is Andrew Brandon, the young man I was telling you about. He has a brain, I believe, and might do for your assistant sales manager. He won't be able to hold a more responsible position, however, till he learns a sense of proportion."

Mr. Mackintosh's business required heavy borrowings at Mr. Hamilton's bank. Therefore his expression tactfully mirrored Mr. Hamilton's disapproval as he turned a bodkinlike glance on Andrew.

"Lack of proportion?" he queried.

"He was discharged by the Acme Lumber Company because he seemed more interested in their customers' welfare than in the firm's."

"The customer was a friend of mine," interrupted Andrew angrily, "and I merely gave him some information that he was entitled to about some lumber he had bought from us. The sales manager had been lying to



She came close and took hold of the lapels of his coat: "Andrew, you know Father!"



him, and this tipped the sales manager's hand. That's the real reason I was fired."

"What I should have pointed out," interposed Mr. Hamilton, "is that Brandon's mistakes are of judgment rather than of intention. For instance, he was half an hour late for this appointment because he stopped to fix a man's tire."

Mr. Hamilton had promised Joan he would get Andrew this position, and he intended to carry out his agreement. But he had not promised to introduce him favorably.

"I will take you on," said Mr. Mackintosh without enthusiasm, "because my—ah—esteemed and respected friend Mr. Hamilton recommends it, and I need a man."

"And I hope that you will stick to business," added Mr. Hamilton; "and if you must do favors see that you get paid for them. That's what business is. That, also, is what life is. Friendship, love, all human relations are based on a fair exchange." Mr. Hamilton waxed oratorical.

"Quite," agreed Mr. Mackintosh. "Quite."

Andrew had not been long enough out of college to learn that the average business executive expects his employees to swallow his philosophical remarks as readily as his business decisions.

"You gentlemen, then, disagree with Him who said: 'Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you a hundred-fold,'" he flung out.

Mr. Hamilton, who was an elder in the Baptist church, looked properly shocked.

"I consider that remark in very bad taste and entirely foreign to a business discussion," he replied. But Mr. Mackintosh had a Scotchman's enthusiasm for theological argument.

"What He didn't point out," said Mr. Mackintosh, "is that when the bread returned on the waters, it would be wet and soggy."

He looked triumphantly at Mr. Hamilton, who scratched his chin dubiously, but nodded his head.

"The rule of life is that you can't get something for nothing," added Mr. Hamilton. "By the same token, it is foolish to give something for nothing. When you are doing something for money you are a part of the world's economic machinery. You are helping the wheels to turn."

"We will expect you at eight-thirty to-morrow morning, Brandon," put in Mr. Mackintosh by way of forestalling any argument in rebuttal. "And remember, don't be a bread-caster."

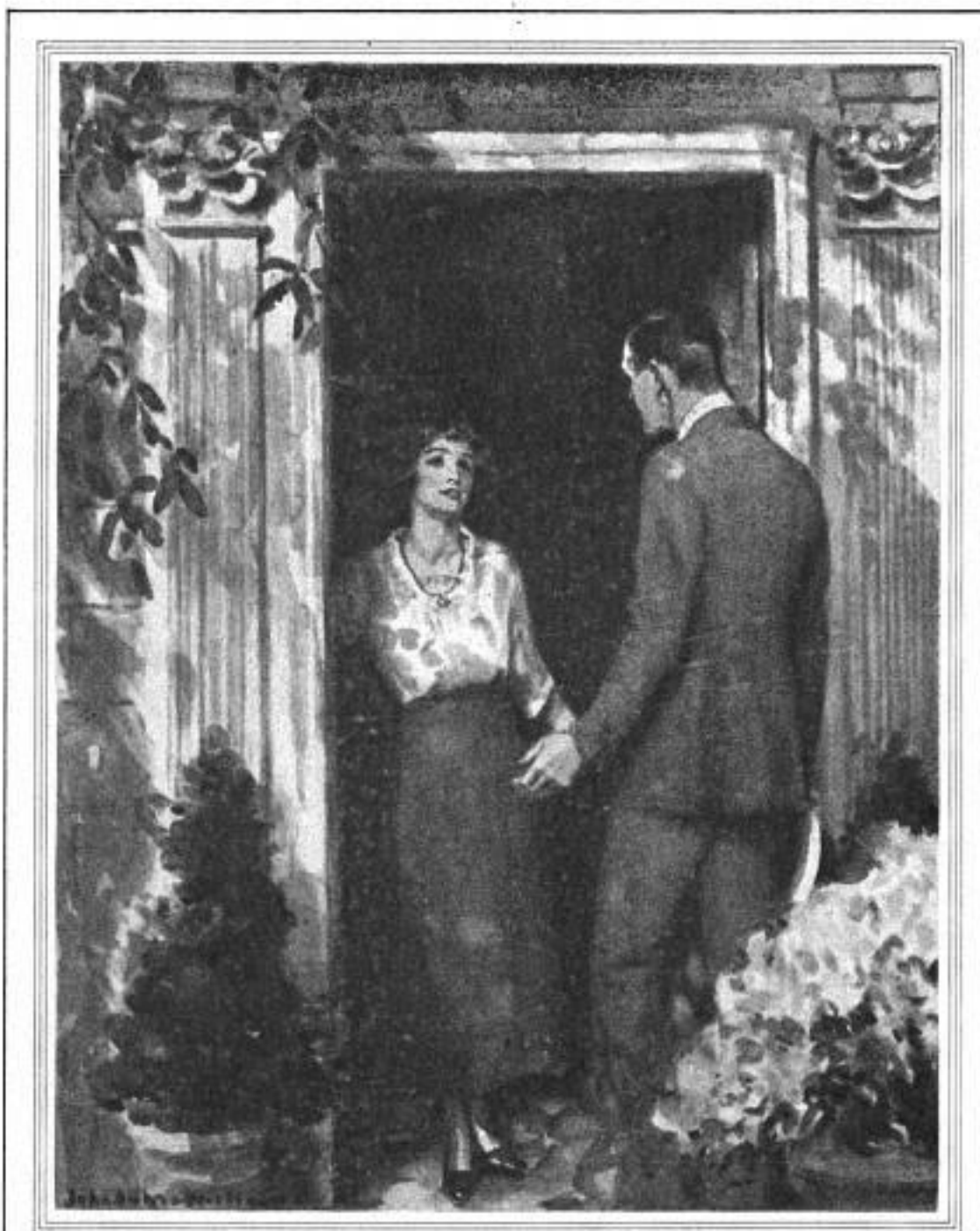
Andrew bowed and withdrew.

He hadn't been in the office very many days before he began to see that things were not going right. Everybody seemed to hate everybody else. This lack of cooperation had seriously slowed up the whole organization. Andrew felt that with proper team work his own job was not necessary; but that Mr. Mackintosh had added another man to the force to make the work lighter all round and try to stem the tide of dissatisfaction. But matters were not helped by Mr. Mackintosh's own outbursts of temper, directed first against one and then another, as he endeavored to place the blame for the increasing figure that each month showed on the wrong side of the profit and loss account. Mr. Mackintosh was badly worried. The bank was closely scanning his financial statement each month, and latterly Mr. Horace Hamilton had begun to make remarks about the necessity "in these times" of curtailing credits "even to old customers."

The lumber buyer, Murphy, was the first one to diagnose the situation. Andrew hadn't been very busy with his own work, so he had helped Murphy, because there was something about the red-haired, freckled Irishman that appealed to him. It was late and they were alone in the office.

"It's the cold-bloodedness of the two bosses, that's what it is," said Murphy. "Simpson, the sales manager, has an idea that the way to get results out of salesmen is to drive 'em with threats. Does a threat make a man get up on his hind legs and work his head off with joy in his heart? It does not."

"And Mackintosh backs him up in it. Mackintosh has made a success of his business up to now. And why? Because he had a fellow in the job of sales manager who



"My," he cried with hungry eyes, "do you know it's been a thousand years since I saw you?"

had a heart in his chest, instead of a cash register. But that guy quit. Got frozen out, I guess. And this one—

Murphy banged on the desk in disgust.

"Why, look at these letters!"

He went over to the filing cabinet and took out some folders of correspondence.

"Read that. And that. And that!"

They were letters from three of their best salesmen. The tenor of them was: "I am doing my best. If that doesn't satisfy you, get someone else. I'll gladly quit. I'm sick of your eternal criticism."

"What is the result of that kind of a policy?" inquired Murphy with heat. "Why, the salesmen, naturally, whenever they can, try to put one over, just to get even. They figure that if they sell a car calling for a mixture of stock that couldn't be found at any mill in the country, they've got the sales manager in wrong. Even I, myself," added Murphy confidentially, "don't try to buy that kind of car as low as I could. I like to see a hard-boiled guy get stung."

Murphy put on his coat and hat, and sighed.

"I've got to come back to-night and figure up those invoices."

"I'll do them for you," volunteered Andrew. "I can't see my girl to-night, and time hangs heavy."

"Will you?" beamed Murphy. "Say, if you will, I'll do anything for you. Honest. You see"—he lowered his voice and blushed—"there's another guy likes my girl, and when I have to do so much night work—"

"I get you," Andrew laughed. "Well, invite me to the wedding, and we'll call it square!"

About ten o'clock one night later in the week Andrew came up to the office to put the finishing touches on Murphy's invoices. He had noticed from the street that the rooms were lighted, but he was unprepared for what he saw when he opened the door.

Simpson, the cold-blooded sales manager, was lying over the desk with his head on his arm. Andrew sat down beside him and little by little the story came out.

It was one of the tragedies that so often lie beneath the surface of business unremarked, but which frequently

determine whether a business shall rise or fall. Simpson had eloped with the daughter of a wealthy Minneapolis manufacturer. Her health gave way. The illness had been very expensive; she needed for recovery advantages of environment and attention that Simpson could not afford; and they were both too proud to make their circumstances known to the indignant parent.

The next evening at eight, Andrew, with his arms full of roses, called at the Simpsons' flat on the third floor of a rather cheerful apartment house.

"I had typhoid at Brest," he explained, with an apologetic grin to piquant little Mrs. Simpson. "and I know that flowers and fever go together fine."

"They certainly do," said Mrs. Simpson, with a sudden mist in her eyes as she buried her face in the fragrant petals.

Andrew saw a good deal of the Simpsons during the following month, and by explaining to some of the other men Simpson's situation, he saw a better feeling grow up.

He was surprised when one afternoon Mr. Mackintosh requested him to stay after five o'clock for a private interview.

"Brandon," said the owner of the business, "Simpson's leaving us. Going back to Minneapolis and work for his father-in-law, I believe. The old man wants his daughter near him." Mr. Mackintosh paused and pursed his lips.

"Well," he continued, "that leaves me needing a sales manager. Frankly, I wouldn't have picked you for the job after what Mr. Hamilton told me. But now, with the market advancing, the good men are already engaged at good salaries. And Simpson gave you a very strong recommendation; in fact he made quite a point of seeing that you got the place. Murphy, too, says you're the man for the job—insists on it. So I am willing to follow their recommendation and try you out."

"Well, Mr. Mackintosh," Brandon stammered, "I certainly appreciate—"

"Don't thank me," cut in Mr. Mackintosh crisply. "I'm trying you out purely for selfish motives."

"Very well," said Andrew; "I'll make good for my own benefit."

"That's the way to talk," said Mr. Mackintosh. "That's business. And there's another angle to the matter. I've got to go up to Canada at once in a law suit over an estate. I may be gone several weeks, and this means I must leave everything to you—the banking as well as the selling. Do you realize the responsibility?"

"I do, Mr. Mackintosh; and I will try to show you you haven't made a mistake."

As he drove home that evening, Andrew did a tall amount of thinking.

"Horace Hamilton is either going to have the most successful son-in-law he ever saw," he said to himself. "or—or— Well, anyhow, this is my chance."

And the thinking that he did was shown in what he said to the bookkeeper the next morning.

"Jones," he explained, "instead of getting a man in my place when I move up to sales manager, I am going to add ten per cent to the salary of everyone in the office, and ten per cent to the commissions of the three buyers Murphy has on the road."

Jones's shriveled face brightened. "We'll certainly appreciate it, Mr. Brandon. Things are pretty high nowadays."

"You're right, Jones. Ask Mr. Murphy to come in, will you?"

Murphy came in, smiling.

"Say, Mr. Mackintosh must have had brain fever to think of raising our salaries this way."

"It is my idea, Murphy."

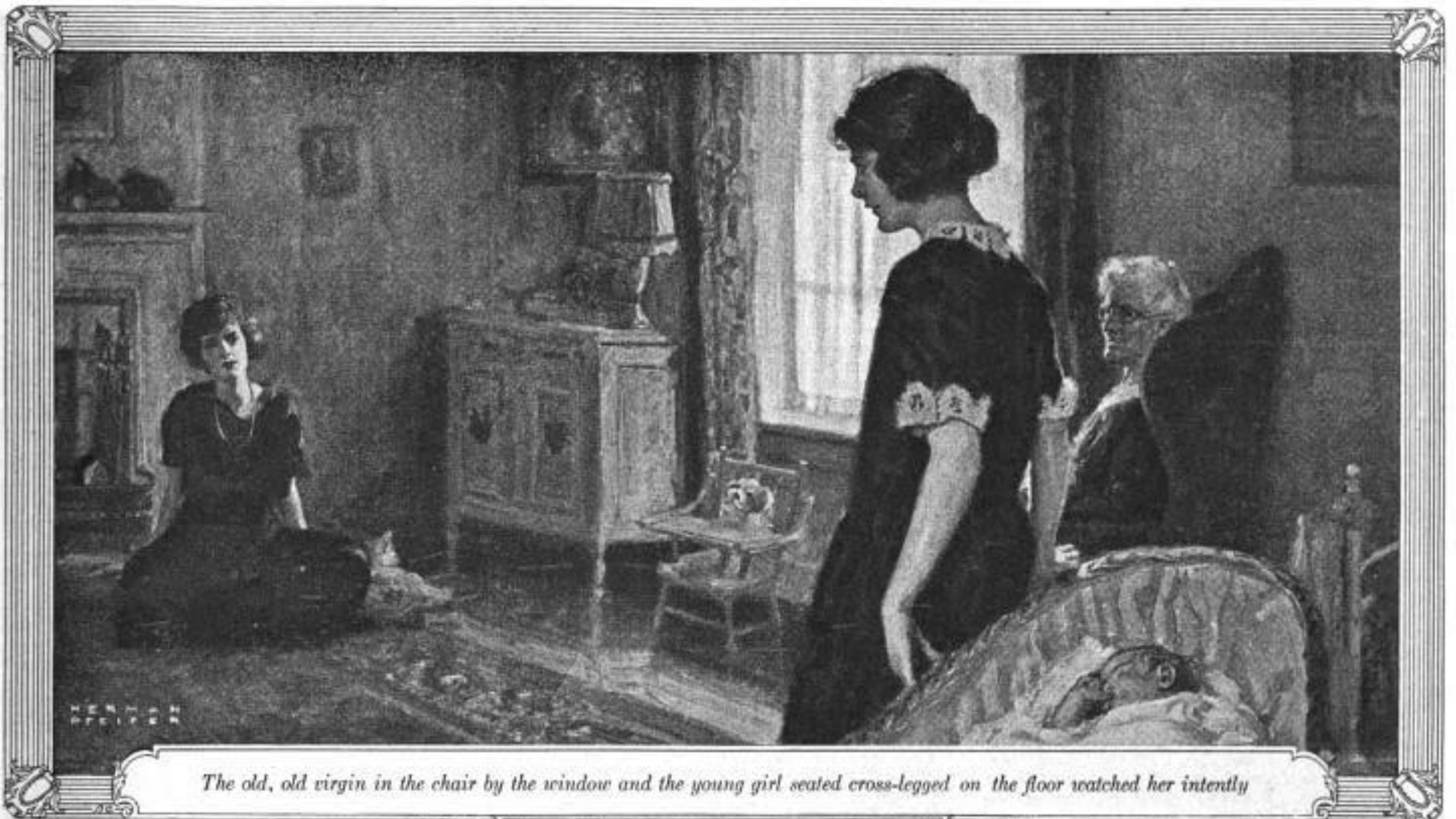
"You mean you are doing this on your own hook?"

"Yes."

"Whew! I don't want to be around when he comes back and hears about it."

"You haven't heard half of it yet. I am going to wire all the salesmen to-day that their commissions will be increased ten per cent. Then, instead of writing them letters once every two weeks, cussing them for not making more sales, I am going to write them twice a week, and send each of them a night telegram every Friday, cheering them on. It will get [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]





*The old, old virgin in the chair by the window and the young girl seated cross-legged on the floor watched her intently*

THE Paysons and the Kemps, together with the rest of the world, were to be tossed about now like straws in a storm. But Mrs. Carrie Payson, reading the paper next morning in the dining-room window, after breakfast, was the dispassionately interested spectator. Though this was a manless household, it received its morning and evening paper regularly. You saw Mrs. Payson in that. She had no patience with women who did not read the newspapers. Sometimes when Belle said, "What wedding?" or "What murder?" or "What sale?" Mrs. Payson would exclaim, "For heaven's sake, don't you read the papers? How do you expect to know what's going on!"

Mrs. Payson knew what was going on. She knew the price of coal, and the whereabouts of the Cingalese troops, and the closing Steel quotations, and whether duvetyn was going to be good this winter, and how much the Claffin estate amounted to, and why the DeWitts dropped their divorce proceedings. More than this, she read aloud extracts from these items and commented thereon. To one who preferred to get the first-page news first-hand it was a maddening practice.

"I see they predict a coal famine. I don't know what we'll do in this house. If I didn't know I'd practically have to give it away, I'd sell and move into a flat out south. . . . They're going to wear those capes again next winter. I should think they'd freeze in 'em. Though I remember we used to wear them altogether—dolmans, we called them. I see your friend Winnie Stepler has gone to France for her paper. Woman of her age! I should think she'd stay home. . . . H'm! Ben Gartz is captain of the Manufacturing Jewelers' Liberty Loan committee. . . . What time did you come in last night, Lottie? I didn't hear you." Aunt Charlotte, breakfasting across the table, looked up.

Lottie poured herself another cup of coffee. She was drinking a great deal of coffee lately, using it frankly as a stimulant. "About midnight."

"Did you have a nice time?"

"Interesting," Lottie said, gravely. She sensed that her mother was listening intently behind the newspaper. "Did you mean what you said about wanting to sell the house and moving into a flat out south?"

Mrs. Payson's spectacles showed, half-moons, above the paper's horizon. "I might. Hulda's going to marry that man. He doesn't want to go to war. They say you can't get a girl now for less than fifteen dollars a week. Fifteen! Well! I see myself! And now this coal shortage—and a four-story house. Still, we'd need a pretty big apartment."

Lottie made her tone casual. "You ought to marry off Jeannette—and me."

She knew that Ben Gartz leaped from a position of doubt to one of hope in her mother's mind. Mrs. Payson turned a page of the paper, elaborately careless. "I'd

## The Girls

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED by HERMAN PFEIFFER

### PART III

move out of this barn fast enough if there was only Charlotte and me to keep it up for."

"Why, Mama, you talk as if you had it all planned out! You know perfectly well you couldn't get along without me."

"Oh, couldn't I! I'd like to know why not! Jeannette thinks more of my comfort this minute than you do. I'd manage to live without you, very well."

"Do you really mean that, Mama?"

At her tone Mrs. Payson stopped, one hand outstretched toward the pantry door. "That I could get along without you? I certainly—"

"That if I hadn't been here to run the electric and take you to market and shopping when you or Aunt Charlotte needed clothes, or hats or corsets—you wouldn't have missed me? All these years?"

"I'd have got along. So would your Aunt Charlotte. Nobody's so important that the world can't get along without them. I'd have managed."

"I suppose you would," Lottie said, dully. "I suppose you would."

Her mother passed into the kitchen. Aunt Charlotte across the table, reached for the mangled newspaper and began to smooth it out, sheet by sheet and to fold it painstakingly into its original creasings. At the apprehensive look in her eyes Lottie smiled reassuringly, got up and came round to her. She patted the shriveled cheek. "Don't look so disappointed in your maiden niece, Charlotte Thrift. She isn't as desperate as that. Don't think it."

"Well, just for a minute—" there was relief in her voice—"I thought . . . But you've got some plan in your head?"

"Yes."

"Don't let anybody stop you then, whatever it is. Don't let anybody stop you. It's your last chance, Lottie."

THEN for three weeks the household went about its business. Lottie sewed at the Red Cross shop; Aunt Charlotte knitted; Mrs. Payson talked Liberty bonds,

managed her household, protested at the increased cost of living, berated Belle for what she termed her extravagance, quizzed Henry about his business at the Friday night family dinner. At the end of the month Hulda left to marry her unmartial Oscar. Though she and Mrs. Payson had carried on guerrilla warfare for years, Hulda, packing her trunk, wept into the crochet-edged trousseau and declared that Mrs. Payson had been, of all mistresses, the kindest. Mrs. Payson, on her part, facing the prospect of breaking in a pert new incompetent at a weekly wage far beyond that of the departing and highly capable Hulda, forgave her everything, including her weakness for coffee. She even plied her with a farewell cup of that black brew as Hulda, dressed for departure, sat waiting red-eyed in the kitchen for the drayman.

With the advent of a new maid, Jeannette began to take her meals with the family. Somehow the kitchen was no longer the place for Jeannette. She had acquired a pretty manner, along with a certain comeliness of feature and figure. It had been a sudden blossoming. Here were the bright-eyed assurance, the little upward quirk at the corners of the mouth, the preening and flutterings of the duckling who is transformed miraculously into a swan. Jeannette had a "boy friend." Jeannette had invitations for every night in the week (censored by Mrs. Payson). Jeannette went to the War Camp Community dances on Saturday nights at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, and was magically transformed from a wall-flower into a rose.

At these carefully supervised Community affairs Jeannette danced with boys from Texas and boys from Massachusetts; boys from Arizona and Kansas and Ohio and Washington. But though she danced with them all with indefatigable patience and good-humor, it was Nebraska's step that perfectly matched her own after the first few weeks, and it was Nebraska who took her home at a gallop in order not to overstay his shore leave. Nebraska was an embryo ensign. He talked of the sea as only a boy can who has known but the waves of the wheat rippling before the wind across miles of inland prairie. When Lottie suggested that Jeannette invite Nebraska to dinner on Sunday, Mrs. Payson, surprisingly enough, agreed. They made conversation.

"And where is your home?"

"I'm from Nebraska, ma'am."

"How do you like Chicago?"

"I like it fine." A quick glance at Jeannette. "Everybody here is certainly grand."

Jeannette and Aunt Charlotte were great friends. Aunt Charlotte's room had, for Jeannette, something of the attraction of a museum. In it were all those treasures accumulated by a lonely woman throughout almost half a century of living in one house. Ribbons, flowers, buttons, photographs, scraps of lace, old hats; mounds of unused handkerchiefs, and bottles of perfumes, and boxes of time-yellowed writing paper representing the birthdays



and Christmases of years; old candy boxes; newspaper clippings; baby pictures of Lottie, Belle, Charley; family albums. There was always a bag of candy of the more durable sort—hard peppermints, or fruit drops. And, treasured of all, the patchwork silk quilt.

To-day, as Lottie passed Aunt Charlotte's room just before dinner she saw her sitting by the window with the silk quilt in her lap. Of late it had been packed away in one of the room's treasure boxes and brought out only for purposes of shaking and dusting.

Lottie entered and stood over Aunt Charlotte as she sat there in her chair by the window looking out on the ornate old houses across the way. "I haven't seen it in years." She passed her fingers over the shining surface of silk and satin. Frayed squares and triangles marred many of the blocks now. A glistening butterfly still shone in yellow silk in one corner; a spider wove an endless web in another. Time had mellowed the vivid orange and purple and scarlet and pink, until now the whole had the vague softness and subdued gleam of an ancient Persian carpet or an old cathedral window.

Aunt Charlotte looked down at it. One tremulous finger traced the pattern of wheels and circles and blocks. "I always thought I'd give it to the first one of the family that married. But Belle—of course not, in that grand apartment. For a while I thought Charley and that young lad—I'd have liked to tell them how I came to make it. The boy would have liked to hear it. Jesse Dick. He'd have understood. But he's gone to war again. Jesse Dick has gone to war again. Oh, dear! Why didn't Charlotte marry him before he went?"

"She's wandering a little," Lottie thought, with a pang. "After all, she's very old. We haven't realized." Aloud she said, smiling. "And how about me, Charlotte Thrift? You're forgetting your old niece entirely."

"No. I haven't forgotten you, Lottie. I think I got it out because of you to-day. A curious feeling. Something's going to happen. I've lived a long time, Lottie. Nearly seventy-eight years. Old maids usually don't live that long. Did you know that? Short-lived, they are—unmarried women. Here I am, nearing seventy-eight. And every now and then I get the feeling—that unsettled feeling as if something might still happen in my life. I don't know. It's like listening for a bell to ring. Something's going to happen."

Lottie looked at her strangely, almost fearfully. She stooped, suddenly, and gathered Aunt Charlotte and the silk quilt into her arms. "Oh, Aunt Charlotte! Aunt Charlotte! I've done something terrible. I'm scared. I'm—"

"Lot-tie!" from the foot of the stairs. "Lottie! What's the matter with you and Aunt Charlotte! Dinner's waiting."

"You don't say!" Aunt Charlotte stood up, facing Lottie, suddenly alert, vitalized. "You don't say!" Something about the commonplaceness of her expression of approval seemed to restore Lottie's balance. "Don't let her scare you. They always try, and if you're weak you give in. But don't you. Don't you!" A sudden suspicion: "It isn't that pink fat man!"

"Ben? No. It's—it's something I never thought I'd—"

"What's it matter? Only, don't give in." She propelled her almost fiercely ahead of her to the stairway and down to the dining-room. It was as though she feared Lottie would change her mind if they paused on the way. All through dinner Aunt Charlotte glowed and beamed upon her. Occasionally she shook her head vehemently to convey encouragement to the silent Lottie.

Jeannette was full of plans for the evening: "If we

don't start early we won't get there in time for the first show, and then we'll have to stand and wait. They say it's a wonderful picture. The man who takes the part of the Kaiser looks exactly like him." Evidently she and Mrs. Payson were going Hunning among the films.

They had eaten their dessert. In another moment they would leave the table. Lottie sat back in her chair and gave a little indrawn gasp, like a swimmer who plunges into icy water.

"I had my first inoculation to-day, and my vaccination."

"Vaccination?" Mrs. Payson had caught this one familiar word and now held it dully, awaiting an explanation.

"I'm going to France two weeks from to-day," said Lottie. She braced herself, one hand clutching her napkin tight, as if that would sustain her.

But there was no storm. Not yet. Mrs. Carrie Payson's will refused to accept the message that her ears had flashed to her brain.

"Don't be silly, Lottie," she said.

Lottie leaned forward. "Mama, don't you understand? I'm going to France. I'm going in two weeks. I've signed. It's all arranged. I'm going. In two weeks."

"Oh, golly!" cried Jeannette, "how perfectly grand!" Aunt Charlotte's hand was weaving nervous palsied circles on the tablecloth, round and round. She champed her teeth as always when she was terribly excited. But Mrs. Payson sat suddenly waxen and yellow. You saw odd lines etched in her face that had not been there a moment before. She stared at Lottie.

The red surged up into Mrs. Payson's face. "Well, you're not going, that's all. You're not going."

"Yes, I am, Mama," Lottie said then, quietly.

"And I say you won't. France! What for! What for!"

Aunt Charlotte stood up, her face working, her head shaking. She pointed a lean aspen finger at her sister. "Carrie Thrift, don't you stand in the way of her going. Don't you! Don't you!"

Even then Mrs. Payson's middle-class horror of being overheard by the servant in the kitchen triumphed over her anger. "Come on into the sitting-room. I'm not going to have that girl listening."

They marched into the sitting-room in silence.

IN THE two weeks that followed Mrs. Payson never once relaxed her opposition. Yet she insisted on accompanying Lottie throughout the orgy of shopping that followed—scouring the stores for such commonplace articles as woolen stockings, woolen underwear, heavy shoes, bed socks, soap, hot-water bag, candles, sugar, pins, needles. Sometimes her mother barely spoke to Lottie for hours. Yet, strangely enough, Lottie had twice heard her say to a sympathetic clerk when she did not know Lottie was listening: "Yes, they are for my daughter who's going to France. . . . Yes, it is hard; but we've got to do our share." There had even been a ring of pride in her voice.

She and Charley had had one brief honest moment together. "I wanted to go, too," Charley had said. "I do still. But I'm not going. I want to see Jesse. I want him so much that sometimes I find myself doing things that I thought only women in novels did. Stretching out my arms to him in the dark. . . . The girls of my sort who are going are going for the excitement of it—for the trip, you might almost say. Oh, I know a lot of women, thousands, are moved by the finest kind of patriotism. But—Well, for example, that pretty Olive

Banning who's in our advertising department. She's going. She says all the men are over there."

The night before leaving, Lottie Payson suffered that agony of self-reproach and terror which unaccustomed travelers feel who are leaving all that is dear and safe and familiar.

She sat up in bed. Suddenly she swung her legs over the side of the bed, thrust her feet into slippers and stole down the hall to her mother's room. The room was dark, quite. From within the room came a sleeper's breathing, deep, full, regular. Her mother was asleep. Her mother was asleep! The knowledge hurt her, angered her.

She turned back to her room, past Aunt Charlotte's room. "Lottie! Is that you?"

"Yes. I—I couldn't sleep. I—"

"I should think not. Come here to Auntie."

Lottie huddled at the side of the bed. "I can't go, Aunt Charlotte. I can't go."

"Fiddlesticks! That's the middle-of-the-night talking. Wait till you've had a cup of coffee at eight to-morrow morning, and see how you feel about going."

Lottie went back to bed feeling reassured, almost light-hearted. Next morning at breakfast her mother said, "I didn't close my eyes all night."

They made a good-sized group at the station. Her mother, Aunt Charlotte, Jeannette, Belle, Henry, Charley, of course. Then, all The Girls. And Emma Barton was there. Winnie Steppier was in France for her syndicate of papers, sending back stories about the Kansas and Nebraska and Wyoming lads in Paris—the best stories of her career. And Ben Gartz was at the station. He was there in spats, and a check suit, and what is known as a trench coat, with a belt and full skirt; and a little green soft hat with a tiny scarlet feather stuck in the band, toward the back. He had regained some of his former weight, and though he was dapper and spruce he looked plump and pink-jowled and prime. Surprisingly young, too. It was said that quite outside the flourishing wrist-watch business he had just made a little fortune in War Steel. He joked with Charley. "You little rascal!" Lottie heard him say; and Charley had laughed and looked arch. When he came over to Lottie his admiring eyes were still on Charley's slim young figure. "That little niece of yours is a card! She's a wonder, that kid." Ben and The Girls had brought books, candy, flowers, magazines. Ben had taken the name of the New York hotel at which she was to stop overnight. She saw, in anticipation, more books, flowers, candy. She wished he wouldn't. Lottie wished that the train would start. How old Henry looked. What a dear he was. Fine. Too fine and good.

The train gave a tremendous jerk. She stood on the car steps, looking down on them. They, on the platform, waved hands, handkerchiefs, their faces upturned to her.

"Cable the minute you land."

"If you see Vernon Hatch, tell him—"

"Stationed at Nancy, I think—or maybe it's Soissons."

"Woolen stockings when you get—"

"Good-by! . . . By!"

THE family thought that Ben Gartz was being heavily attentive. A man who paid court to a woman through her family was an attentive man. But after the first few weeks following Lottie's departure it was unmistakably plain that his attentions were concentrating on the Kemp branch of the family rather than on the Payson. The first box of candy sent to Charley, for example, came a week after Lottie's sailing. It was one of those



The weight of his silence struck her. Charley looked up as though he had spoken her name



large satin, brocade, lace and gold affairs. You have seen them in the two-dollar-a-pound shops, and have wondered who might be so fatuous or so rich or so much in love as to buy them. Charley, coming from work on a cool autumn day found a great square package on the dressing-table in her bedroom. Her letters and packages and telephone calls always were placed there, ready for her home-coming.

"Any mail?" she said to-day. Her quick eye had seen there was none. And yet she so wanted some—one letter in particular—that she asked, hopefully. Mail, to Charley, meant, these days, one of those thin envelopes with a strip pasted over one end to show where the censor had opened it. Then she had seen the box. It was an unavoidable box, holding, as it did, five pounds of most intricate sweets. In these self-sacrificing days candy was one of the things you had learned to forego. Therefore, "Thorpe's!" exclaimed Charley, removing the wrappers. "Who do you suppose?—Oh, my goodness! It looks like a parlor davenport, or a dressy coffin. Why, it's from that Ben Gartz! Well! Lotta can't say I'm not keeping the home fires burning."

She meant to write Ben a note of thanks. She even started one, addressed one of her great square stiff art-paper envelopes in her dashing hand. But something called her away, and she never finished it. He called at the house a week later, after dinner—just dropped in as he was driving by—and mentioned it delicately.

"Oh, Miss Charley, I sent you a little—I wondered if you got it—"

Then she was honestly ashamed. "Oh, Mr. Gartz, what a pig you must think me! I started a note to you. Really—" She even ran back to her room and returned with the envelope and the sheet of paper on which she had written his name, and the date. He said he was going to keep the piece of paper, and tucked it into his left-hand vest pocket with a soulful look.

Things had come to a bad pass with Henry Kemp. It was no longer necessary for him to say that business was not going. Business, for him, was gone. Importing was as dead as war and U-boats could make it. His house, together with many less flourishing and important ones, had closed for lack of goods. It had been wiped out so completely that there remained of it nothing to tell the tale except the exquisite collection of Venetian glass, and Bohemian liqueur sets, and French enamel opera glasses and toilet-table pieces, and Hungarian china and embroidery which Belle had acquired during the years in which her husband had dealt in these precious things. Sometimes you saw Henry looking at them—picking up a fine old piece of French china or Italian glass from the buffet or dresser and turning it over to scan its familiar stamp. He knew them as an expert knows diamonds. His eye could detect any flaw in glaze or color.

NOW, at fifty, Henry Kemp, for years a successful merchant and importer, was looking about for an opening. He would get something. The young men were being drawn away by the hundreds of thousands. He had been offered a position which would require his traveling for six months in the year. He had no illusions about it. It was a bitter pill for Henry Kemp. He could not yet force himself to swallow it.

His day stretched, empty, before him, but he made himself busy. Each morning he rose at the hour to which his business had accustomed him for years. He bathed and shaved and dressed carefully, as usual. He breakfasted and glanced at the paper, doing both with the little air of hurry that had meant the car waiting outside, or the 8:45 I. C. train to catch. For twenty-five years he had gone down-town daily at a certain time, his face alight with the eager, alert expression which meant the anticipation of a heavy mail and a day crowded with orders. He still followed out this program. But the eager look was absent. His springy step was suddenly heavy, lagging. Belle sometimes wondered where he went—how he filled his day.

In fairness to Belle Kemp it must be said that she did not nag him, or reproach him, or bewail her lot, or moan.

Ben Gartz got into the way of sending tickets to the Kemps. Tickets for concerts, tickets for war benefits, for the theatre. "I wonder if you wouldn't like to use these? I can't go, and I thought—"

When Mrs. Payson heard of these things, as she inevitably did, she looked a little aggrieved. "He's been here once since Lottie left—just once. I can't blame him. Lottie treated him like a dog. If ever there was an attentive man. But what's he come to your house so much for?"

"Oh, he and Henry—" Belle said, lamely.

Aunt Charlotte spoke up from the silence which now enveloped her more and more. "I suppose there's nothing Henry needs just now more than candy and roses and theatre tickets, and one thing and another."

Following these attentions—rather, breaking into the midst of them as they came, thick and fast—the Kemps had Ben Gartz in to dinner. They had had few dinner guests of late. Belle made a very special effort and the dinner was delicious, a thing to tempt Ben's restaurant-jaded appetite. The meat sauce was smooth, rich, zesty; the dressing for the salad properly piquant, but suave; the sweet just light enough to satisfy without cloying.

After dinner he and Henry talked business.

"Well now, Kemp, you hold on for a while longer, will you? There may be something pretty big breaking for you."

"How do you mean, breaking for me?"

"I don't want to say, right now. But I mean—well, I mean in our business. We knew we had a big thing, but we didn't know what we really had. Why, it's colossal. There's only me—and Beck and Diblee. Beck's getting pretty old. He's a pioneer among the jewelry manufacturers. Crowding seventy, Beck is. Diblee's all right, but he doesn't do for the trade. He hasn't got the trick of mixing. He wears those eyeglasses with a black ribbon, you know, and talks about the East, where he came from, and they get sore, the wholesalers do. . . . Got any capital, Henry? Not that we need capital, y'understand. Lord no! What we need is brains and business experience and a mixer. I've got all three but, say, I can't be everywhere."

As if by magic Henry Kemp's face filled out, became firm where it had sagged, glowed where it had been sallow with the jaundice of discouragement.

"Why, say, Ben—look here—you don't mean—"

"I don't mean anything, Kemp. Not yet. And perhaps I oughtn't to have said anything. Of course old Beck and Diblee've got to be considered. But I think I could swing it—if I pushed hard enough."

Ben made a bet with Charley. He seemed so certainly on the losing side that Charley said, "But I won't bet on that. I'm sure of it. You haven't a sporting chance."

"Oh, haven't I! That's what everybody thinks before the other fellow wins. I'm just as sure as you are. I'm so sure that I'll bet you a pair of gloves to a set of dice. What size do you wear? Understand, I'm only asking to observe the formalities, that's all. I'm safe." He laughed a fat chuckling laugh.

SHE won the bet. He sent her half a dozen pairs of finest French glacé gloves. Charley fingered them, thoughtfully. There was nothing pleased about her expression. She was not a fool, Charley. But she told herself she was, pooh-pooh'd the idea that was growing in her mind. But now, steadily, when Ben Gartz called at the house, telephoned, wrote, sent flowers or candy, she was out; did not answer; ignored the gifts. He found out that she and her mother had arranged to meet at a tea room for lunch during Charley's noon hour one day, intercepted them, carried them off almost bodily to the Blackstone. There, in the rich splendor of the rose-and-cream dining-room looking out upon the boulevard and the lake beyond, he was in his element. A table by the window—the center window. "Well, Maurice, what have you got out of season, h'm? . . . Lobster? Japanese persimmons? Artichokes? Corn on the cob?" He remembered that Charley had once said she adored Lobster Thermidor as the Blackstone chef prepared it. "But none of your little crab-sized lobsters now, Maurice! This young lady may be a baby vamp, but she doesn't want your little measly baby lobster, remember. A good big one. And hot. And plenty of sauce. . . . Now then, Mrs. Kemp. How about you?"

Charley ate two bites of the big succulent crustacean, and left the rest disdainfully as a reproach and a punishment for him. She talked little, and then of Lottie. Her manner was frigid, remote, baffling. A baby vamp—she, Charley Kemp! who loathed cheapness, and bobbed hair, and wriggling ways, and the whole new breed of her contemporaries who were of the hard-drinking, stairway kissing, country-club spooning, class. She thought of Jesse, looked out across the broad avenue to the great blue expanse of lake as though it were in reality the ocean that lay between them, and left her sweet untouched on her plate.

Mrs. Kemp did not speak to Charley of Ben Gartz's insistent attentions. Probably she did not even admit to herself the meaning of them, at first. But there is no doubt that she began, perhaps unconsciously, a process of slow poisoning.

"They all say this will go on for years. There won't be a young man left in the world—nor a middle-aged man, for that matter. Nothing but old men and children. Look at France, and Poland, and Germany! I don't know what the women are going to do."

"Do?" queried Charley maliciously; she knew perfectly well what her mother meant.

"Do for husbands. Girls must marry, you know."

"I don't see the necessity," said Charley coolly. (Charley, who stretched out her arms in the dark.)

ONE day, in mid-winter, Henry Kemp came home looking more lined and careworn than usual. It was five o'clock. His wife was in their bedroom. He always whistled an inquiring note or two when he let himself in at the front door. It was a little conjugal call that meant, "Are you home?"

To-night he whistled as usual. You almost felt the effort he made to pucker his lips for the sound that used to be so blithe. He came into their bedroom. Belle was standing before the mirror doing something to her hair. She smiled at him in the mirror: "You're home early."

He came over to her, put his arm about her and kissed her rather roughly. He was still in love with his somewhat selfish wife, was Henry Kemp. And this kiss was a strange mixture of passion, of fear, and defiance and protest against the cruel circumstance that was lashing him now.

"Belle, we'll have to get out of here."

"Out of—how do you mean?"

"Our lease is up in May. We'd have to go then, anyway. But I was talking to a fellow to-day—Leech, of the David, Anderson Company. They've made a pile in war contracts. His wife's looking for an apartment

about this size and neighborhood. They'd take it off our hands—the lease, I mean."

"Now? You mean now?"

"Yes. We could take something smaller. We—we'll have to, Belle."

SHE threw a terrified glance around the room. It was a glance that encompassed everything, as though she were seeing it all for the first time. It was the look one gives a cherished thing that is about to be snatched away. A luxurious room, with its silken bedcovers, and rosy hangings. The room of a fastidious, luxury-loving woman.

Terror lay in her eyes as they turned from their contemplation to the man who stood before her. "Oh, Henry, can't we hold out just for a while? This war can't last much longer. Everybody says it'll be over soon—the spring, perhaps—" She who had just spoken to Charley of its endlessness.

"It's no use, Belle. No one knows how long it'll last. I hate to give it up. But we've got to, that's all. We might as well face it."

"How about Ben Gartz? He promised to take you into the business—that wonderful business."

"He didn't promise. He sort of hinted. He didn't mean any harm. He's a big talker, Ben."

"But he meant it. I know he did. I know he did." A sudden thought came to her. "How long has it been since he talked to you about—since he last mentioned it to you?"

"Oh, it's been three weeks, anyway."

She calculated quickly. It was three weeks since the Blackstone luncheon, when Charley had been so rude to him. She tucked this away in the back of her mind, fenced for time. "Couldn't we sub-let? I'd even be willing to rent it furnished, to reliable people."

"Furnished? What good would that do. Where would we live?"

She had thought of that, too. "We could go to Mother's to live for a while. There's loads of room. We could have the whole third floor, for that matter, until this blows over. Lots of families—"

But at that his jaws came together, and the lower one jutted out a little in the line she had seen so seldom and yet knew so well. It meant thus far and no farther.

"No, Belle. I may be broke, but I'm not that broke—yet. I'll provide a home for my family. Maybe it won't be quite what we're used to; but it'll be of my own providing. When I let you go back to your mother's to live, you can know I'm licked, beaten, done. But not until then, understand."

She understood.

"Well, dear, we'll just have to do the best we can. When do you have to give Leech your answer?"

"Within the week, I should say. Yes."

She smiled up at him, brightly. She patted his lean cheek with her soft, cool, scented hand. "Well, you never can tell. Something may happen." She left him to shave and dress.

He thought, "What a child she is. Women are."

She thought, "He's like a child. All men are. . . . Well, I've got to manage this."

THERE were two telephone connections in that big apartment—one in the front hall, another in the dining-room at the rear. She went down the hall, closed the dining-room door carefully, called Ben Gartz's office number in a low, tense voice. It was not yet five-thirty. He might still be there. He must be, she told herself.

He was. His tone, when he heard her name, was rather sulky. But she had ways. "We haven't seen a thing of you. Forgotten your old friends since you've made all that horrid money. . . . Talking of you only yesterday. . . . Who? Charley. . . . Why not come up for dinner to-night. Just a plain family meal, but there was a rather special deep-dish pie."

He would come. You could hear that it was against his better judgment. But he would come. When she had hung up the receiver, she sat for a minute, breathing fast, as if she had been running a close race. Then she went into the kitchen and began feverish preparations. Half way, she stopped suddenly, went back into the dining-room, picked up the receiver and gave her own telephone number, hung up quickly, opened the door that led from the dining-room to the long hall, and let the telephone bell ring three times before she answered it.

The maid opened the swinging door that led to the kitchen, but Belle shook her head. "Never mind. I'll answer it." She said "Hello," then hung up again, once the buzzing had ceased. Then, carefully, she carried on a brief conversation with someone who was not there—someone who evidently wanted to come to see them all; and wouldn't he like to run in to dinner. She went to the hall door and called: "Henry! Oh, Henry!"

A mumble from the direction of the bathroom meant that he was handicapped by shaving lather.

"I just wanted to tell you. That was Ben Gartz who just called up. He wanted to come up, so I asked him to dinner. Is that all right?"

"S'all right with me."

Grapefruit. Olives. A can of mushrooms to be opened. For over half an hour she worked furiously. At six Charley came home.

Her bedroom was down the long hall half way between the living-room and dining-room. Her mother was already there, waiting. "Any mail? . . . How pretty you look, Mother! Your cheeks are [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



# Good Citizenship Bureau

Conducted by  
ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON



DO YOU need a better community spirit in your town, among your neighbors?

Do you realize what your community would gain by having a live civic organization of broad-minded, enthusiastic women?

Then read the story of the Woman's City Club of Chicago.

Eleven years ago, a business man said to a public-spirited Chicago woman: "I wish you women would form some kind of club to fight our civic evils. The men have tried, and failed. Perhaps you can do something!"

Two hundred women met, and decided that they could, and would, do something for the civic life of Chicago. A civic club it was born, and such it has remained to this day. It does not organize departments to study literature, art, history, or music. It studies Chicago and its civic needs.

From two hundred charter members, the club has grown to nearly five thousand earnest, intelligent women, all working along nonpartisan lines for the good of Chicago.

And what is their record?

The club has beautiful rooms overlooking Lake Michigan, where its members can come to read, rest, and entertain guests in its pleasant dining-room, where a self-service luncheon can be had at moderate price. It has a library, where members can read up on civic and political problems, and committee-rooms, where other members can hold special meetings to discuss these problems. The annual dues are three dollars, and membership is open to any woman who desires to use it as one means of expressing her interest in the municipal life of the city and its surroundings. A democratic organization!

Its activities include education for citizenship and direct concern with the business administration of the city. For example, the club cooperated in the "Every Woman at the Polls" campaign of the last election; secured hundreds of names for the petition for the "Fifty Ward Law"; published the "Illinois Voters' Handbook," used by the Illinois League of Women Voters and other organizations in teaching citizenship; organized citizenship classes both in the club and in ward, suburban and Americanization groups; published a play, "An Hour at the Polls," based on voting laws of the state; issued a remarkable chart showing direct connections between the home and city government; organized a city-wide play festival; held meetings to study candidates preceding county and city elections; supplied speakers on civic subjects for other organizations; cooperated with the state building, zoning and housing committees, backed concerts given by the Civic Orchestra in the high schools, and held a textile exhibit in connection with the Food and Markets Committee.

The club has three salaried workers: A civic director, who keeps the club informed on all city and county affairs, attending meetings of city council and county committees; an assistant civic director, who has charge of the club rooms and the office; and a ward secretary, who organizes ward and suburban branches and reports on their work to the club.

Six hostesses alternate in serving at the information desk from ten to four daily each business day.

The Tuesday Morning Citizenship Class, conducted by Mrs. Annie Sargent Bemis, has been so popular that this year it ran straight through June and July. The club also conducts a "questions and answers" department in the "Sunday Herald-Examiner," through which it receives a large number of letters each week from Chicago voters.

Thousands of our readers visit Chicago every year. The next time you are in that wonderful city, we hope you will call at the club rooms, 16 North Wabash Avenue, and see how these women work. Any one of the charming hostesses on duty will give inspiring information and explain the display of literature, charts and bulletins.

Readers who cannot enjoy this privilege, but who are interested in the plans and achievements of the Woman's City Club of Chicago, can secure more detailed information by writing Mrs. Maud R. Turlay, 16 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

## Results of Summer Work

FOR two weeks during July, the Chautauqua Institution, the Chautauqua Women's Club, and the National League of Women Voters cooperated in conducting the first School of Political Education ever held at this historic resort. The stately Hall of Philosophy furnished an

ideal setting. Miss Emily R. Knuebuhl, educational director, Minnesota League of Women Voters, conducted the practical classwork, question boxes, quizzes, and examinations. Two hundred students registered and the average attendance at class lectures was twice that number. The director of the Good Citizenship Bureau, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, had the honor of addressing two thousand Chautauqua students on "What Magazines can do for Education in Citizenship."

THE New York League of Women Voters held a very important meeting at the summer home of Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, president, at Scarborough, to discuss the new program of Government Efficiency, inaugurated at the National Convention in Cleveland. Among the topics discussed were:

"County Government," Mr. W. H. Dodds, National Municipal League; "Relations of County Government to Public Health," Homer Folks, Red Cross; "Relation of County Government to Education," Miss Mabel Carney, Teachers' College; "Commission Form, City Manager Plan, Nonpartisan City Government," Professor A. R. Hatton, National Municipal League; "Home Rule for Cities," Hon. Henry Curran, President Borough of Manhattan, New York City; "Equal Representation of Women in the Political Parties: How it Was Won and How it Has Worked in New Jersey," Mrs. Lewis S. Thompson; "Making Government Responsive to the Wishes of the People," Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Here was a picnic strictly up to date, from which every guest carried home a message to her voting neighbors!

SIMMONS COLLEGE, Boston, held its first course in citizenship in connection with its summer school this year. The lectures, designed especially for women voters, were delivered by Mrs. Ida Porter Boyer.



Mrs. Henry W. Cheney, president of the Illinois League of Women Voters, and little Miss Cheney, who rises to remark that her mother was a good home-maker long before she decided to help her city and state keep house



Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, president of the Woman's City Club of Chicago, one of the biggest local factors for community good

The University of Louisville, Kentucky, held its first summer school in citizenship this year.

## Items of Interest

PREPARING to participate in the first state election and central assembly since they acquired the ballot, the Maryland League of Women Voters held a unique legislative convention this summer. After outlining a legislative program, the convention prepared a questionnaire covering measures of particular interest to women. This questionnaire has been sent to every candidate for the legislature. The answers, filed at the league headquarters, 14 West Franklin Street in Baltimore, are available to all women voters, and will be used to check up the legislators as they vote, while the general assembly is in session.

The Massachusetts League of Women Voters will hold a bazar in Boston during November, under the direction of the Ways and Means Committee. The proceeds will be turned into the twenty-thousand-dollar budget needed to carry on the league's program for the current year; but it is also expected that members coming from all over the state to attend the bazar will forge new ties and find many common interests along civic and political lines.

Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke College, is the new Chairman of American Citizenship, Massachusetts League of Women Voters.

Again Oregon women have proved that they can get what they want when they want it. This time it was the Woman Jury Bill, a measure which had been repeatedly defeated. When the Oregon League of Women Voters asked the state legislature to refer it to the people, the legislators thought this a great joke. Many had been advised by their wives that if they voted for the measure, they needn't come home. But immediately the resolution to refer it to the people had passed, league women got busy, educated the voters, and so the Woman Jury Law went through with a rush.

Under its new president, Mrs. J. R. Hagan, the Alabama State League of Women Voters is planning a campaign of interest to every mother, and every voter in the state; it plans to cooperate with Doctor Abercrombie, state superintendent of instruction, in amplifying, visualizing and making more practical the study of civics in the public schools throughout the state.

If you are interested in the Sheppard-Towner Bill for Maternity and Infant Care, commonly known as the "Baby Bill," you may be greatly troubled by the attacks of its opponents, led by the National Association Opposed to Women Suffrage. If you cannot answer the arguments advanced against it, we will be glad to help you. S. Josephine Baker, M. D., director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City, has prepared a very interesting statement: "What the Bill Is and What It Is Not." We will send this to any reader on receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

How is your club work in civics citizenship or political education coming on? Need any help in planning programs, preparing papers or conducting quizzes?

Then write to the Good Citizenship Bureau. We are here to help.

## Could You Use Five Dollars? Or Three, Or Two?

You can earn it by writing one letter.

This summer, universities and colleges had the largest summer classes in their history. Many of our readers attended these summer schools. We want to know whether they feel repaid for the investment of time and money. So, for the best letter on

### "How My Experience at Summer School is Helping Me"

we will send a check for five dollars. Three for the second best letter, and two for the third.

If you are being helped in your home, in your job, or as a citizen, by your summer studies, tell us how. The shorter your letter, the better.

No letter of more than five hundred words will be read.

Send your letter flat or folded. No rolled letters will be read.

Contest closes November 1st.

Address your letter to

SUMMER-SCHOOL CONTEST

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

881 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

See "At Your Service" Page 47





I'm the best little planner I know,  
Just bubbling with hustle and go.  
With Campbell's for dinner  
My table's a winner—  
Why, even our neighbors say so!



## Back of every housekeeper

Bringing dainty, delicious, health-giving food to her table every day. Cutting down the work in the kitchen and reducing the household expenses. Making it so much easier to plan the meals and obtain the tempting variety which is the life of appetite. You have only to order Campbell's Soups and begin to enjoy these big helps right now.

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

Notice how eagerly everybody welcomes it! Made from the rich tonic juices and fruity parts of luscious tomatoes, with creamery butter, pure granulated sugar and other tasty ingredients, daintily spiced, this is undoubtedly the most popular soup in the world.

#### Delightful Cream of Tomato

An easy way to bring added variety and attractiveness to your table is to serve Campbell's as a Cream of Tomato. Follow the simple directions on the can. You will find it a big reward for so little trouble!

21 kinds

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# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



# Some Things You Can Do

## For the sick soldier—and some things you should not do



ANY lover of the sea knows the joy of the incoming tide. The lifting of the heart when the wind begins to freshen, the waves to ripple and hurry, and at last the breakers to roll in with their glorious crash! But what of the outgoing tide? That means only a withdrawal of action, quietness, induces only lethargy.

When our soldiers went to France not a community but felt its duty toward them. In every church and schoolhouse women rolled bandages; no hamlet was too small for its little railway canteen with its comforting coffee and sandwiches. In cities women drove ambulances, and lucky girls went to France. The tide was rushing in.

When the wounded men began to come home, what a glorious wave of enthusiasm welcomed them! How we shook out our flags, and made speeches, how we crowded to the hospitals and wept over the maimed and blinded boys, and with what devotion we vowed them lifelong remembrance. And we meant it all. For months, perhaps for a full year or more, everybody was interested in these wounded soldiers, and gave entertainments for them, visited them, took them flowers, and gave their services as volunteer workers for them. And then slowly . . . slowly . . . slowly . . . the tide ebbed.

There is scarcely a large city to-day without its hospital for the wounded, either in the city itself, or in the vicinity, and there are many in the country, some even in remote places. There are still thousands of men in these hospitals, some who have been ill ever since they were first wounded, now three years ago, and many others who came home with what seemed slight injuries, who were discharged after only a few weeks or months in the hospital, and are back again; and, perhaps worst of all, many, very many, who are suffering from tuberculosis from the poisonous gas used in the war.

The operations still go on to-day, exactly as they did two years, three years ago. The bones injured by shrapnel continue to die, and must be removed; a man often has had ten, fifteen, operations and now must undergo amputation of his leg or arm; some have "trench feet," many have rheumatism and heart disease from exposure and overexertion; some lie in casts with broken backs and fractured skulls.

If only the number of these men were growing less, it would be an easier thing for the community to face the facts; but the Government tells us that the contrary is true, that the number of those in the hospitals will increase steadily. To-day more than a thousand soldiers return each month, and will continue to return in possibly larger numbers for eight or ten years yet. Convalescent homes are being established, new hospitals built, old ones reopened, as the necessity is forced upon us. Yet how few of us realize this! How little we realize the sadness of the men who, home from the war, and settled down, now have to begin all over again: Back in the hospital once more, the old ability to bear what seemed only a temporary trouble has to become the grim endurance of uncertainty.

### Have We Forgotten Our Job?

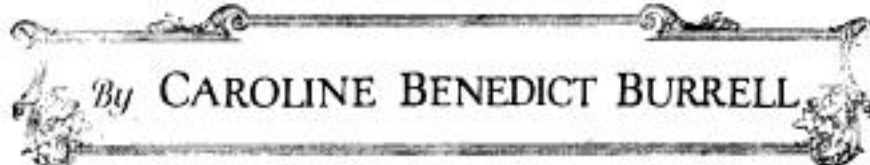
THAT job of ours, the job of the individual and of the community, which we women assumed so gladly three years ago, what have we done with it? Shifted it to others' shoulders? Forgotten it?

The work for the wounded and sick men to-day is on much the same lines as when they first came home. True, after the Armistice, rolling of bandages, canteen work and driving of ambulances died out. These things were no longer needed. But hospital work has remained the same. Volunteer ward workers still give their services daily, and the Red Cross has offices to help men get their compensation, arrange for vocational training, and all other needs. The military aspect of the work has changed, however, and hospitals bear the title of Public Health, rather than the numbers used in war times.

This job of helping the sick and wounded soldiers is one that any woman can have a share in, wherever she lives, and however busy or inexperienced, for the avenues of help are numberless.

The woman on a farm may write to the Red Cross and say that she will send regularly once a week to the nearest hospital or convalescent home so many fresh eggs, or so much cream; or she may send without such a promise, if that is easier for her: honey, preserves and jellies, little pillows made from her own farm feathers; all these things will be welcome.

Or, the woman on a farm may do something perhaps better still; she may go herself with credentials to the Red Cross and explain that she can take one or two soldiers, and give them a month of plain, cheerful farm life. How many country boys who have been in a city



By CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL

hospital for months would love such a change as that would be!

The woman in a village can visit the nearest hospital and find there some special boy who needs what she can give him. Human nature being what it is, she will probably want an attractive fellow, one with a record of heroism, one who is good-looking and well-mannered, and all that. But if she is the right sort of woman she will choose, instead of this delightful boy, one who is thin, tired, foreign perhaps, with little that attracts her but his need. This boy she can take driving in summer time; she can invite him to her home, going for him and taking him back; she can make him so welcome to whatever she has that he will begin to grow better with every visit. That's a worth-while job for anyone with a real desire to do her bit.

### If You Live in a Boarding House

THE single woman of middle age who lives alone and thinks she is not fitted to do anything for soldiers may have an unexpected gift to take them. She may play chess, or checkers; there are always some sick men who love these games and have no opportunity to play them. Or, she may speak some foreign language, which will give her the warmest sort of welcome from many an Italian or Polish boy when she comes, to let him talk to her in the home tongue.

Sometimes a woman has the gift of reading aloud, and the sense to know what to read; the two by no means go together. Such a woman can find all she can do in a hospital for the boys with eye trouble or for those in casts, or even boys who are simply bored, lying still.

Too many of those who wish to read to the sick soldiers, however, have some favorite line of their own. "I am a professional reader," said an attractive woman one visiting day; "I will recite for you." So she gave a selection from Browning, a few verses from Swinburne, a bit of prose from a nature writer on nest-building, and closed with a part of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. She could not understand why she was not asked to repeat her visit to the ward. Boys do not wish to hear anything sad, or sentimental; no love scenes are acceptable, however good; they seldom care for history or biography; not often for poetry. They love, however stories of adventure, or mystery, anything to "pass the time," as they say. Stevenson is good, and Conan Doyle, and such poetry as Kipling's "Gunga Din," and the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." One who is going to read to soldiers must give them not what she likes but what they like.

The woman who is too busy to do more than one thing for the boys can do a great service by sending in as regularly as possible, a jar of strong, nourishing soup. This should go to the head nurse, who will see that only the very neediest boys get it. Recently a soldier was so exhausted after a severe operation that all that kept him alive was a daily gift of such soup. He refused all other food, and took this only because the nurse assured him that Mrs. Blank, whom he knew, had sent it, and would be hurt if he did not take it; he did not want to eat it, but he did; and he pulled through.

Women who have automobiles can always do a kindness by lending them to the hospital one or two afternoons a week, even if they cannot go themselves with the patients; but of course a drive with somebody who is interesting and interested counts for more.

### Take Him to the Movies

THEN there are all the entertainments which city women, and city men as well, can invite boys to attend: concerts, theatres, moving pictures, lectures, fitting the form of amusement to the individual boy. And there is the family meal; that means much to one who has not been in a home for months—many months, perhaps; anybody can take a convalescent boy home to a cozy dinner and let him put his lame leg up on the sofa and talk, and smoke, and get away from the ward atmosphere for a time.

There are plenty of girls who can entertain in a hospital, and they can bring their men friends with them to help: vaudeville sketches, amateur theatricals, fancy dancing, minstrel shows, popular concerts in which the audience is invited to join in the choruses, all these are excellent.

A busy man who sang in a church choir on Sundays sometimes gave the utmost pleasure to the men who were bed patients by coming to a hospital and singing in the

corridors on each floor, so all could hear. And no one who ever heard Christmas carols sung in the dusk of the evening by a city choir outside the wards, can ever forget the loveliness of that service.

There is a line of paid work which is invaluable in a hospital, that of occupational therapy, teaching the patients to do all sorts of hand work: wood carving, basket making, bead work and leather work.

This work is done by young women; it requires a regular course of instruction, but it is worth while taking it, for the value of the lessons is infinite. It not only shortens long hours, but it takes the mind of the sick man off his troubles and pains and helps him get well. Women who are clever at getting up sales can help these men sell the wood carving and bead work they have made in the hospital.

One is often asked what a volunteer worker does in a hospital, and that is a question not so easily answered, for she does much that is never scheduled. First of all, she must be a strong, capable woman, of good common sense and judgment, discreet, tactful, spontaneously cheerful, with a sense of humor which never wears out. She must give at least three days a week to her job, coming promptly each morning. She carries the hospital Red Cross supplies to each patient, giving him letter paper, tobacco, a tooth brush, or a handkerchief, or a sweater, or whatever he needs. Then she writes letters for him if he is not able to write for himself, tells him anything he wishes to know—from how to get his compensation to how to answer a love letter, and in general keeps in touch with his home, his money difficulties, his health, his future. She is, in brief, his friend. The service given by the volunteer worker is not an easy one, but it is the most delightful that can be rendered. The close acquaintance with the individual boy, the affection one grows to feel for him, the dear affection she receives from him, the gratitude given so abundantly for so little—this is the best reward one could ask.

### Cookies Are Better Than Cake

THE hospital visitor is one who is both welcomed and dreaded by the authorities; what stories could be told of well-meaning, unwise, sympathetic, amusing visitors! Why the American soldier is supposed constantly to crave chocolate layer-cake and homemade fudge is something no one knows; but almost all visitors accept it as a fact that he does and supply his wants with appalling lavishness. Why do they not remember what well boys like—spicy, crisp cookies, and freshly popped corn, and nut meats, and stuffed dates, and oranges, and raisin cake? And why, why, do they not remember that not all sick boys may have goodies at all? One visitor recently was discovered handing out one hundred little mince pies in the hospital wards where many boys were very ill. "Have you asked the nurse about temperatures?" inquired a worker. "Oh, no! I am giving to all alike!" said the visitor complacently.

But the recklessness of visitors is not confined to food; they give sympathy in the same fashion, and sympathy is something the average soldier dreads and resents. "Don't you call me a poor thing!" muttered a boy with a cast on his leg and a head in bandages, looking aggrieved. Another just coming out of ether, submitted to having his forehead stroked one entire afternoon, too weak to express his feelings. "Who was that fool?" inquired his neighbor later on. "I never saw her before, and I hope to heaven I'll never see her again," said the sufferer, pulling the blankets over his head to shut out the jeers of the other boys in the ward.

Such visits do a boy no good. Instead, he wants to be cheered up with the caller's interest, with a good story, something to eat, something worth-while to think about when she has gone. An amount of tact almost more than human, and a fund of genuine gaiety are both necessary in a hospital visitor who wants to be popular with the men. They do not ask for sentiment, they want friendship.

The job of caring for the sick and wounded soldiers to-day calls for the seeing eye and the understanding heart. Because a worker is cheerful never means she does not feel deeply the pain, the disappointment, the sorrow of things as they are. But she sees the other side as well, the marvelous patience of the men, their courage, their unselfishness, their dignity. The great work laid on this generation is one not to be borne by us lightly and indifferently, but with a steadfast determination to lift, as far as may be, the heavy burdens borne so cheerfully by the boys in the hospitals. How they receive what one tries to do for them—with such touching gratitude as bring tears when one remembers! War is not all "hell." War has its heavenly side, too.

When the war was on any man in uniform was interesting to any woman. But read Mrs. Burrell's account of how different it is now. In the November issue.



# That sweet clean-clothes smell Certain with FELS-NAPTHA!



An interesting feature of Fels-Naptha is its deodorizing quality. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha does its work, vanishes completely and leaves that delightful clean-clothes smell.



## *Fels-Naptha for Washing-machines*

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## FREE

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And white! Their brightness is astonishing!

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than naptha. Together, the soap and the *real* naptha do better work than either one alone can do. The original Fels-Naptha process of combining good soap and *real* naptha has never been duplicated or successfully imitated.

The *real* naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the dirt and makes it let go, so that only a light rub on extremely soiled places is occasionally necessary. Then a good rinse—and clothes are so fresh, so sweet, so white you are amazed at the ease with which you get perfect cleanliness!

Order Fels-Naptha—the *real* naptha soap—of your grocer. Put it to the test today!

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# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# Do You Take *this* Man?

By LILLIAN SPENCER HALLOCK

ILLUSTRATED by GEORGE WRIGHT

MANY a discussion has waxed hot over the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, and it is indeed fitting and proper that the truth-loving and independent lady who cannot bend her neck to a subordinating yoke should discuss it from every angle before binding herself with those words; but as a wife, a daughter, and a sister, I have often thought that a far more dangerous trap for the unwary lies concealed in the words "in sickness." In sickness—not wasting and serious illnesses, of course, but colds, headaches, lumbago, sore throat, and all the minor ailments—there lies the sure test of affection, of patience, of obedience, we might say the definite and positive proof of every single virtue that goes to make human nature great.

Why could not the preacher simply ask:

"Do you, N—, take this man in sickness to be your lawful wedded husband?"

Isn't that sufficient?

The bride cannot answer lightly or inconsiderately when that solemn question is put to her, if she has ever beheld her father, brothers, or uncles suffering from the toothache; nor can she escape any of the proper responsibilities if she does answer in the affirmative. She must then love her husband; she must obey him; she must cleave only unto him; in short, she must fully live up to her side of the bargain.

Surely and inevitably she will be put to the test, and one good spell of lumbago will prove her undoing if she has answered insincerely. Can she bend over John's lame back, rubbing for hours together? Can she smooth and straighten his pillow? Can she call up his office intermittently all day long? Can she wag up and down the stairs four hundred and eighty-seven times between seven o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night? If she can, those persons who may have said before her marriage, "Mary is not in love with John at all; she loves his money and the home he can give her"—those persons must now hold their tongues in silence, or say, "I find that I was mistaken and that Mary has a real affection for John, after all."

Which of us has not childhood recollections of slamming the front door, only to have it opened quickly behind us, with Mother's tired voice saying:

"Why can't you remember, my dear, that your father has a headache? Can't you play quietly? You and Sarah take your things off the porch and play under the apple tree."

We do not stop to debate, but pick up our traps in a hurry and move off a discreet distance and well out of earshot of Father's bedroom.

But how about Mother's headache? Who keeps the house dark and the children quiet when her head is splitting? Father must have his supper on time, so that he can go to the civic meeting in the evening. The easiest way is for nobody to know anything about her aching head.

Recently a member of my family went to bed at night with a slight cold. Next morning his greeting to me was:

"I feel terrible this morning."

"Do you, dear?" I asked, too sympathetically, perhaps, for a fearful reply was forthcoming:

"Yes, I do, and, what's more, I raved in delirium all night."

"Oh, impossible, you haven't any fever this morning and I'd surely have heard you if you were delirious, sleeping right by your side."

"Well, I can't help what you heard. I was delirious just the same."

After which discussion he went down-stairs and ate his usual hearty breakfast. When he came home in the evening he did not mention the delirium. I, also, refrained. I know him so well; his ailments are always serious; almost always he chooses those with a fatal termination; yet he never has had a single dangerous illness in his whole life.

The other day a friend gave us a basket filled with the most delicious pink meadow mushrooms, which we ate with the greatest relish. Two days later John came home to inform me that he was positive he was the victim of toadstool poisoning.

"Get that book on mushrooms in the other room and read me the symptoms. I have pains in my throat and my back aches awfully."

I got the book and read:

"Very shortly after eating the fungi (from one to six hours, depending upon the amount eaten), the victim exhibits excessive salivation, perspiration, flow of tears,

nausea. The pulse is irregular and respiration accelerated. Giddiness and confusion of ideas are also present."

I said, "Those symptoms don't seem to tally very well, do they?—with the possible exception of the last two."

"No," he replied, "they don't. I guess that isn't what is wrong with me, but something is the matter all right. You might try the vibrator on my back and get me some hot lemonade if you will."

For once in his life he had ground for complaint, as he actually developed a mild case of tonsillitis. Oh, the nightmare of those four days in bed! The thousand errands I ran for him, the endless rubbings I gave him, the friends I called on the telephone!

Now, I contend that this is an accurate picture of the male of the human species as known to members of his own immediate family. I know that the gentlemen are

therefore, believe that the daring Roman was appealed to slightly by the spectacular, and that, suffering from an attack of quinsy, he bawled as loudly as any other gentleman at his wife to fetch his cold compress a little more speedily?

Man is the greatest bundle of contradictions that the universe contains. He is afraid of small pain, yet he can inflict it with pleasure; he can endure the sight of it, nay, more, he even enjoys beholding it. The savage loves to fight, and the more blood he sheds in doing it, the better he is pleased. Civilized man usually outgrows in early youth his love of that personal combat which leaves its participants with broken skulls and bloody noses; but he will flock in droves with his brothers for miles to see two burly physical specimens stand and cuff each other at a prize-fight. He will train cocks to fight to the death, and who among us has not seen the village loafers gather round to witness two dogs fly at each other's throats, no protesting hand being raised to separate the belligerents?

No one will deny that these physical cowards love fighting for its own sake. I once heard a feminist lecture. She said she tried to bring up this point with her students—that the love of fighting is an inherent quality of the male but not of the female. One voice was raised in defense of the men. The teacher advanced her arguments to no purpose. Finally, she said:

"Let us suppose this: suppose that there are two adjoining fields, through one of which you must pass. You may make your own choice. In the north field is pastured a cow; in the south field is a bull. Which field will you choose to pass through?"

She proceeded with her proposition undisturbed.

I suppose it might seem from my statements that matrimony means nothing to me but life with a delicate and whimpering individual who likes to hurt everything else but himself, to loll in luxurious comfort. Not so, for every man is a Dr. Jekyll in health and a Mr. Hyde in sickness, and, thank heaven, it is possible for the Dr. Jekylls to be with us most of the time. That agreeable Dr. Jekyll is the man who brings home flowers without hints from anybody, on anniversary days; he is the one who takes the children riding on Sundays; he is the one who eats the burnt pot-roast with no unfavorable comments whatever, and does a hundred other dear and endearing small things.

Indeed, to our complaints of his behavior in illness, he might well ask indignantly:

"Why do you marry us? You women must find us pretty attractive in spite of all you are saying."

If we are wise, we will decide that this is the exact moment to put the potatoes on to boil, and we will leave the room as promptly as possible. Concealing our agitation behind a barricade of pots and pans we ask ourselves the question: "Why do we marry these creatures?" The majority of us are not ready to admit that we have made a terrible mistake and that life with John is all wrong. Certainly, he praised that miserable warmed-over pudding we served last evening; he displayed no temper over the enormous grocery bill the first of the month; not a week ago he was telling us that we were working too hard and that we needed a good vacation. We have no argument—we can only rattle the pots and pans a little louder and say, "John is the best old fellow in the world, and life would be worth nothing to me without him. The strange part of it is that he is brave enough down-town. He is only a baby when he is at home with me."

Is it not possible that we have added our share to the inherent weakness of his nature in making him unreasonable and selfish in sickness? Have we never found a pleasure in taking up-stairs to the recumbent John a fresh and dainty custard on its little tray? Have we never found satisfaction in our necessity to his comfort? Can it be that we are just a trifle unreasonable to balk when he calls on us for that very comfort which we have made indispensable to him? If we must admit that we are at all to blame, I believe it is easiest to lay it to that old mothering instinct planted in the breast of every woman who ever lived on this earth. She must soothe and rub and dispense comfort—all the better if she sacrifices herself in doing it. She has always done it.

He has had it at the hands of his mother, he sees his wife give it to his children. He cannot cease feeling that it is his due when he needs it. It is part of the great scheme of things, and the blushing bride will speedily learn that every man ever born expects to be gathered to his reward at least once every season; but that in spite of the ravages of disease, she may reasonably look forward to spending a good many happy, healthy years in his society.



Many a discussion has waxed hot over the word "obey."



"Do you, N—, take this man in sickness to be your lawful wedded husband?"

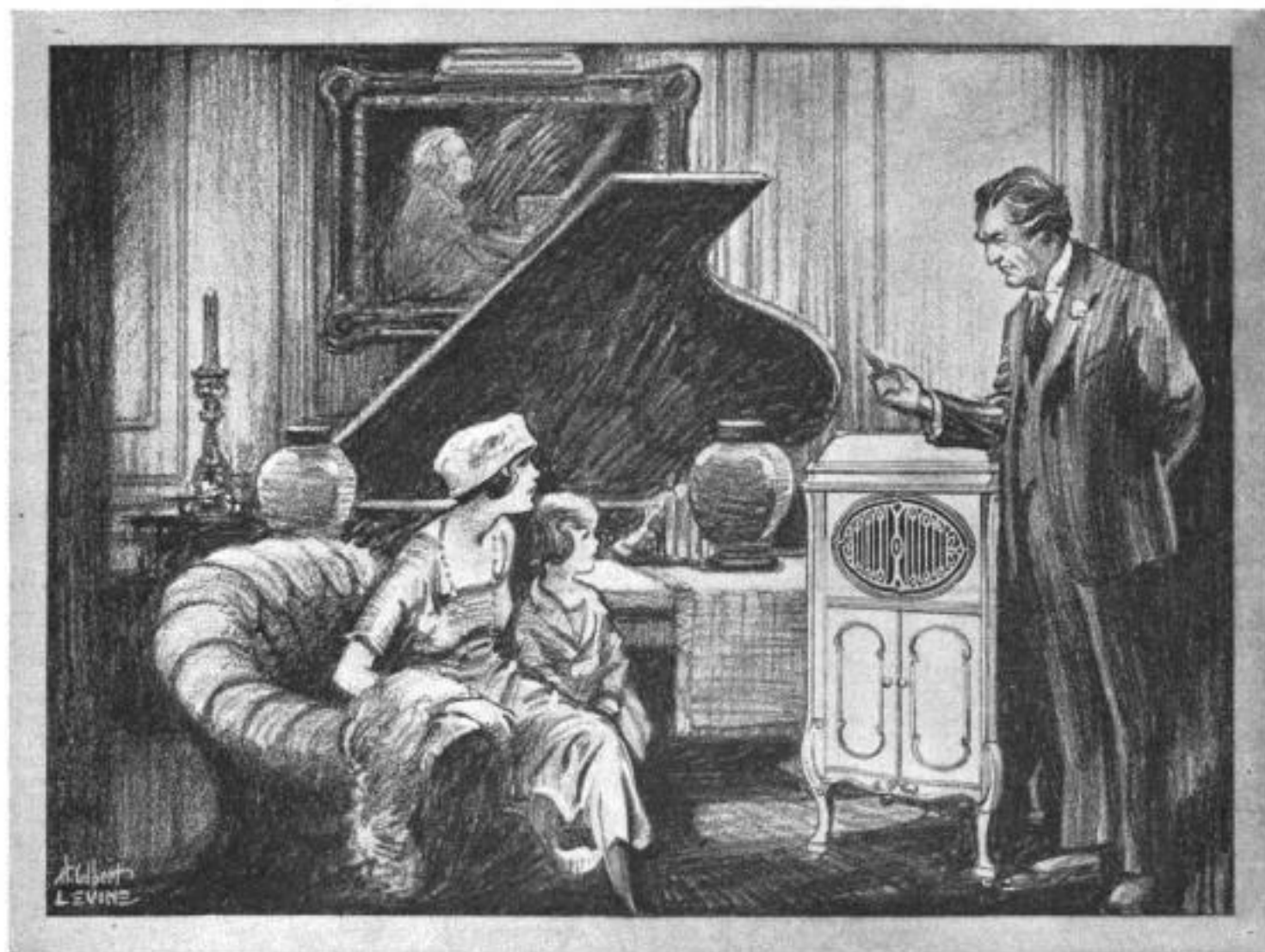
indignantly protesting, and I know also that history records the case of the daring Roman, who, undaunted by the threats and taunts of his enemies, thrust his hand into the fire and held it there unflinchingly until it was burned to a crisp. Again there is that courageous Spartan boy who allowed the fox to gnaw out his vitals without one whimper of pain; we might also add to the list the young hero of Haarlem who held his finger in the hole in the dike for many long weary hours until he was almost insensible from misery and cold.

These feats have rendered their heroes famous in song and story. But as a rule men have written the history of the ages, and if these acts of courage were being performed every day by all men it would hardly be worth the historian's time to record them. May we not,



We found pleasure in taking up-stairs to the recumbent John a dainty custard





# A Serious Purchase, Mothers

## Say Highest Musical Authorities

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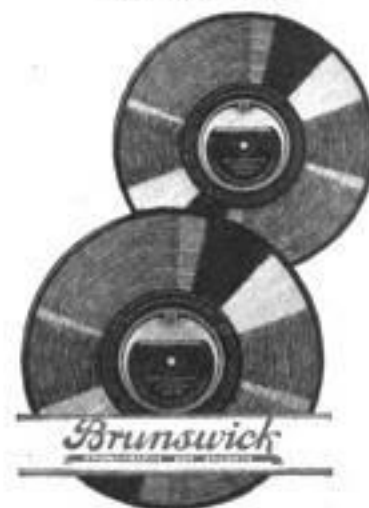
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# Good Looks

*Reminiscences of some figures I have known*

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD

**H**AVE you met Mrs. Huddled-up? Do you know Miss Thin-as-a-match? They're friends of mine. And I have a passing acquaintance with Miss Droopy Fall-to-pieces and Miss Skinny Flat-chest, as well as Mesdames: Crane-neck, Bulge-where-she-shouldn't, Stick-out-in-the-back, Mere-bundle of clothes, and Fat-all-over.

These are but a few types of the anxious many whom I meet at every turn of the way. Each has her own pathetic tale. Each longs for distinction. Each wants a new figure.

Mrs. Bulge-where-she-shouldn't is way up at the head of the procession and most insistent on telling me all her troubles first. She wants to be straight and lithe. She wants to look like a sylph. Above all, she wants to accommodate herself to the straight, modish one-piece dress. "And how can I?" she groans. "Just look at my hips. Just gaze at their curves. I know I bulge other places, but it's my hips that give the supreme bulge. You should see me in my new fall one-piece dress, which is so smart and hangs so straight. Why, I look for all the world like a big, roomy tent! Surely, it's disheartening. And because I bulge, and then bulge some more, the new flare silhouette isn't for me, either. As far as I can see, there never was a fashion designed for my shape. Can't you help me to change it, Miss Gould?"

Of course, I can. First of all, you've gone a long way toward helping yourself, because you know what the trouble is. There's nothing like knowing yourself as you are—knowing the very worst. You really have to, before you can get back some of the best. It's your too prominent hips that are the trouble. They are the big detriment to your looking well in the straight-hanging dress. Well, I say, don't have them. Roll them off. Exercise them away—and wear the right corset. There are corrective corsets to-day that really remodel the figure and give it proper poise and symmetry of line. I don't mean that the mere wearing of one of these new symmetry-giving corsets, Mrs. Bulge-where-you-shouldn't, will give you a figure of normal slenderness. But I do mean that the corset, in time, plus exercise and correct poise, will take away your bulges and give you, if not a slender figure, a symmetrical one. You can wear the one-piece dress then, and if you want to keep on wearing it, I'd advise your writing to me for the exercise to reduce the hips. I know of a soap, too, that has a special way of its own of reducing fatness. And there is a harmless fluid that I understand makes slender any part to which it is applied. Why not see how it acts on bulging hips?

"But what about me?" says Miss Droopy Fall-to-pieces. "No one admires me. I don't look well in anything I wear. I don't seem to have any backbone at all." Yes, you have, but you probably haven't trained it right. Have you taught it to hold up your figure? Have you taught it to be reliable? You know, if your spine isn't strong and if the muscles of your back are puny and weak, you can't keep your torso and head erect. Let's just talk it over. Are your shoulders rounded? Do you slouch? Do you poke your abdomen out and crane your neck forward? Dear Miss Droopy Fall-to-pieces, I'm afraid you do. Well, turn over a new leaf. Mend your ways. You really must if you want to appear attractive. Correct carriage, you know, is closely linked with good looks. Learn the knack of holding your figure the way it should be held. It's very easy. Draw your chest up as high as you can. As you do this your shoulders will fall back where they belong. Now draw your abdomen in and let the weight of your body be thrown forward on the balls of the feet. Hold your figure this way and you have correct poise.

There are many aids to help you to stand as you should. Deep-breathing exercises perhaps help the most. To begin with, you can't deep-breathe with your shoulders drooping, so you have to throw them back and make them straight. The best way to take the deep-breathing exercises is—stand erect. Raise up slowly on your tip-toes, bringing your arms up from the sides as far as your shoulders. While you do this, inhale slowly. When you are as high as you can get on your toes, begin to exhale slowly, letting your body and your arms come down to their normal positions. You really should fill the lungs with air in this way at least ten times a day. Do this exercise before an open window if you can't do it outdoors. Of course, if you are a confirmed slumper and sagger, get after your will power. Make that work.



developing treatment. You must combine the massage with exercise, to get the best result. Try the following exercise ten times each day, and see what happens to the hollows: Stand erect, chest up high. Bring the hands out to the shoulder level, palms facing forward. Swing the arms backward and at the same time bend forward from the waist, bringing the head back so that it rests easily at the back of your neck.

And here's a comforting thought for you: It is a basic truth that it is easier to build up than to trim down. You, Miss Thin-as-a-match are a frame; Mrs. Fat-all-over is an obstacle. Bear in mind that often the woman who worries because she is thin is thin because she worries. Miss Skinny Flat-chest, Mrs. Stick-out-in-the-back, Mrs. Bulge-where-you-shouldn't, and all the rest of you, have you ever thought of arranging your coiffure with an eye to improving your figure? Or, at least, lessening your figure defects? Some coiffures throw the whole angle of the body out of line. If you have big hips and a broad short face, be careful not to arrange your coiffure too tight or too high. Such an arrangement might make your face look thinner, but it will bring your hips into prominence. Your head will look like an acorn, and the eye of the passer-by will be attracted to your big hips. Don't arrange your hair sitting down. Balance your coiffure to your whole figure.

Stick to moderation. It's a pretty good system to use, whether you are building your coiffure or starting out to reconstruct your figure.

Grace Margaret Gould has sets of exercises for the too thin and the too fat woman. She will be glad to send these or to answer any personal questions. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Grace Margaret Gould, Good Looks Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Keep in mind that many women have won a reputation for good looks merely because they have known how to carry themselves. Make up your mind that you are going to have a dignified carriage, and yet one that is graceful and easy. Every time you feel your shoulders slumping into their old, tired-looking, familiar sag, just say to yourself, "Brace up," and then—brace. Push your shoulders back just as far as they will go, and then hold them there. Oftentimes a gymnasium wand placed across the back and tautly held there by the arms will hold the shoulders in place. But if you have slumped for years, take heart. Try one of the new corrective shoulder braces, and see what happens to your slouching figure. I've been examining a shoulder brace that's quite different from any I have seen before. It's absolutely comfortable to wear. It washes, is as light as a feather, and yet is very strong. It's the cut that does it, plus the firm, heavy belt of webbing. There is no lacing. "Don't forget about me, Miss Gould," says Miss Thin-as-a-match. "I need more help than anyone. I have such hollows in my neck. My arms are like pipe stems, my throat is long and thin, and my shoulders droop."

I was afraid you didn't carry yourself right, Miss Thin-as-a-match. And do you know that drooping shoulders make you look thinner than you really are? And a poor carriage brings into prominence the hollows in your neck, too. First and foremost, straighten up. Then, why have hollows? There are ever so many things you can do to round out the contour of your neck. Correct poise, as I've just said, helps and so does deep breathing. Then, there's a cream to use, a most satisfactory one, because it actually feeds the poorly nourished sunken tissues under the skin. You really ought to use it for ten minutes night and morning, and of course you should use it in a special way. Work the cream in well and don't overlook the hollows. But this is only part of the neck-

*These are but a few types of the anxious many whom I meet at every turn of the way*





"A Skin You Love to Touch," by Graham Coates

## You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

**I**F YOUR skin is not just what you want it to be—if it lacks freshness and charm—do not let this fact discourage you.

Remember—every day your skin is changing. Every day old skin dies and new takes its place. This is your opportunity!

By giving this new skin the special treatment suited to its needs, you can gain the clear, smooth, attractive complexion you long for.

*Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?*

**S**KINS differ widely—and each type of skin should have the special treatment that meets its special needs. Treatments for all the different types of skin

are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and learn from this booklet just the right treatment for your skin. Begin using it tonight.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your toilet to keep your skin in the best possible condition. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

*"Your treatment for one week"*

**S**END 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; and samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 210 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 210 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.







IN the heart of New Orleans, sharing the rich romance of the city itself, stands quaint Antoine's Restaurant. Antonio Roberts, a famous Spanish-French creole, is the chef, and for 60 years he has attracted thousands to Antoine's Restaurant through his rare skill. He has created delicious dishes for many celebrated men and women of America and Europe.

And now you may enjoy one of his dishes in your own home. His new Dromedary Cocoanut recipe is published here.



## For those who appreciate flavor

GROCERS complain that many women select food merely by looking for size and weight—and overlook flavor. They seem to forget that food, besides satisfying hunger, should be enjoyed.

The ability to select finely flavored food is surprisingly rare.

But it does exist. It is found more and more in every community of America among women with a certain nicety of judgment in the selection of what they eat and drink which is characteristic of refined appetites.

It was for these women who place fine flavor ahead of size or weight that Dromedary Cocoanut was made.

It is not just cocoanut—it is Dromedary.

Sweet with the captive sunshine of the Tropics; fresh soft shreds, juicy and tender, with a food value that makes it both meat and dessert, Dromedary Cocoanut adds a crowning touch to salads and pies, to cakes, muffins and bread.

It comes in the "ever-sealed" package with the tight fitting cover that keeps it fresh to the last shred.

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### Cantaloupe Surprise à l'Antoine

Cut 2 medium sized cantaloupes in halves and remove seeds. Mix 1 cup white meat of a chicken, cut in cubes, ½ cup sliced mushrooms, 2 finely cut truffles, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Place in centers of cantaloupes. Spread Dromedary Cocoanut over the top and bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve immediately. This makes 4 servings.

SEND for the Dromedary booklet that gives eighty-four ways to surprise and please the most exacting family. It tells how DROMEDARY COCOANUT, DROMEDARY TAPIoca and DROMEDARY DATES can bring to the commonest dishes a touch of tropical elegance. Address Department C.



# Dromedary Cocoanut

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TAPIoca that is ready in an instant;  
COCOANUT that keeps fresh to the  
last shred; GOLDEN DATES from the  
Garden of Eden



## Better Babies' Figures

*Always follow the lines laid down by Miss Gould*

THE Better Baby above, who is Walter Allan Fowler, of Montana, aged three and a half months, has fully determined not to grow up into one of those Bulge-where-he-(or she-) shouldn't persons described by Miss Gould. (See page 30). Already, with much enthusiasm, he's taking the advised exercises to roll his hips away.



BETTY LOUISE JOHNSON, above, does not yet feel the need of those filling-out measures that Miss Gould recommends for terrible hollows in the neck of Miss Thin-as-a-match. Betty Louise is a product of Kansas.

BACKBONE—plenty of it, held perpendicular—that's the secret, says Miss Gould, of not being a Miss Droopy-fall-to-pieces, and certainly there's no slouch at one year about erect little Barbara Thornton Rockwell, above.



WHILE Madame Fat-all-over, as Miss Gould points out, suffers a thousand trials and tribulations, it is entirely different to be Baby-fat-all-over, like LeRoy Mason Lody, Jr., a well-developed six-months-old Californian, at the left.

## The Better Babies Bureau

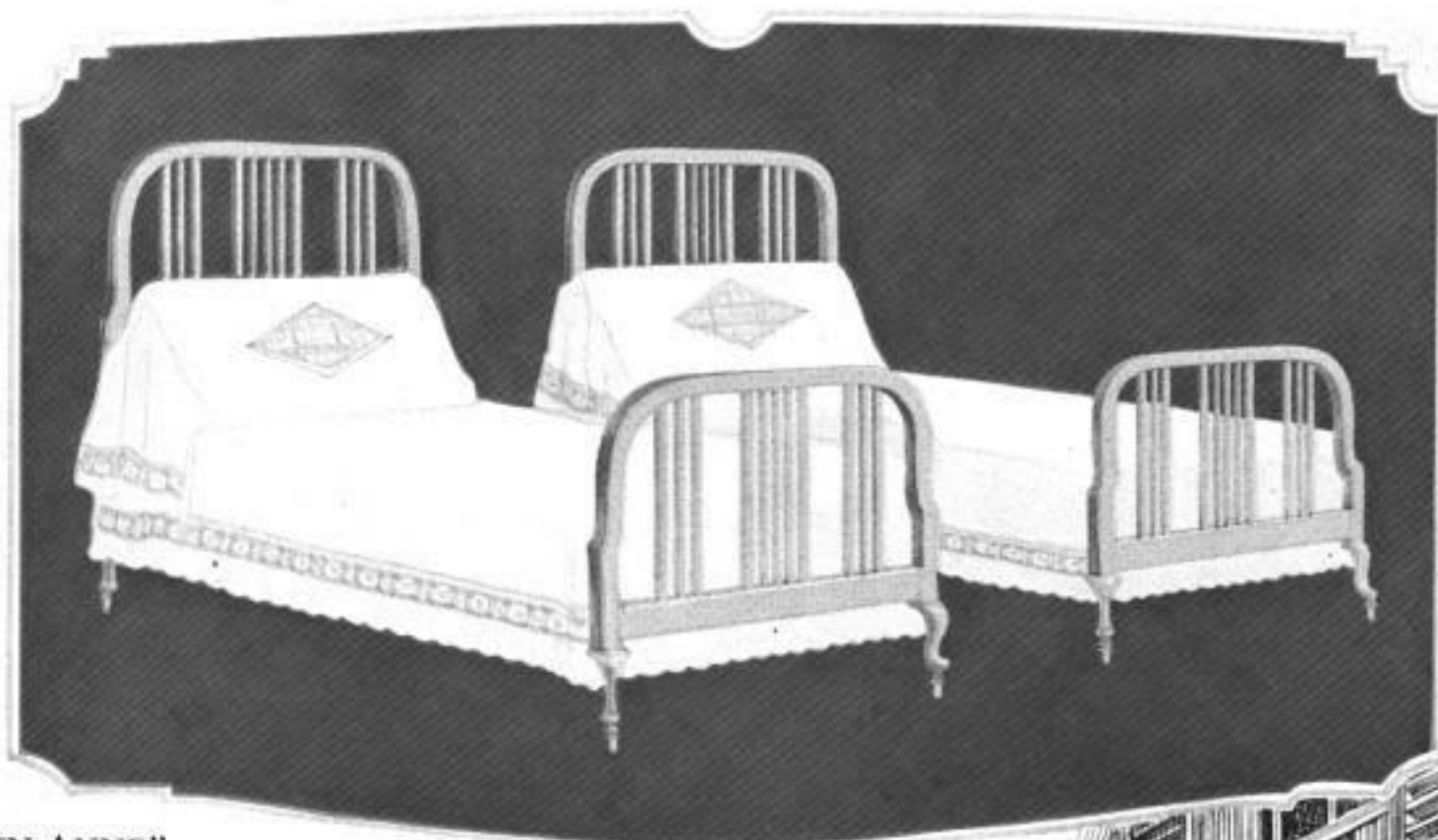
THE EXPECTANT MOTHERS' CIRCLE: Any woman eligible, whether she is a subscriber to the COMPANION or not, may become a member, receiving each month a letter of advice on the care of herself and the preparation for her baby. Several practical little pamphlet circulars showing designs for maternity dresses and a common-sense layette are some of the helps sent with the letters. No matter at what period you enter, everything from the first month will be sent. No mention of the Better Babies Bureau is made on the envelopes in which the material is mailed. Enclose a self-addressed envelope with Fifty Cents in stamps, for postage, and state what month you expect your baby.

THE MOTHERS' CLUB: Every mother of young children is eligible and need not be a subscriber to the COMPANION to join. Pamphlets, together with monthly letters of instruction on the care and feeding of babies under one year of age (covering such subjects as colic, constipation, weaning, teething, etc.), will be sent to any mother who sends Fifty Cents in stamps and states the age of her baby. There are also leaflets giving diet lists, and other helps for babies from one year of age to three years. This literature is all included in the Mothers' Club's monthly service, but if the letters are not desired the additional literature will be sent for Ten Cents. A self-addressed stamped envelope will bring a prompt reply to every inquiry. Address BETTER BABIES BUREAU, or Mrs. Caroline French Benton, Counselor, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

HOW do you plan to tell your friends about the new baby? The "Companion" has a cunning announcement folder—stork and baby on the cover and a clever verse inside. The

price of each folder with envelope is five cents. In ordering, address Baby Announcements, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.





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Design 1992—in Twin Pair

## Look for the name "Simmons"

A HOUSEWIFE wouldn't let the family sleep another night on their old-style, out-worn Beds if she once realized how much better rest they ought to be getting.

New beds, by all means,—*Simmons Beds*—the one name that means actually *Built for Sleep*.

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For every room shared by two persons, be sure to have *Twin Beds*—that fine, healthful principle of a separate bed for each sleeper. One does not disturb the other, or communicate colds or other infections.

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He will show you the beautiful "Period Designs," wrought in the smooth *Square Steel Tubing*. This one is the "QUEEN ANNE." Your choice of Ivory White and Decorative Colors.—And note the *pressed steel Corner Locks* that keep these beds firm and noiseless.

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*Built for Sleep*





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# From Mother Goose to Ivanhoe

How to help the children form good reading habits

By

JESSIE I. CARPENTER

IF I WERE the matron of an orphan asylum I should start the babies on Mother Goose just to give them that much mothering. Mother Goose is preeminently the first step, the fundamental structure, of a child's literary education. Mother Goose stands in the same relation to the opening child mind that small toys stand to the groping, fluttering, little hands—a new experience, something which catches his fancy and holds his attention, preparing his mind for other engaging activities.

A baby a year and a half old will listen delightedly to the rhythm and jingle of Mother Goose rhymes, while he could not possibly find any food for amusement in what some mothers might consider a more sensible combination of words and sentences. To him it is music and story, a delightful composition of words which he is beginning to understand and associate with some object he knows. And while it is all fun and play for him, it is at the same time a sure means of mental growth and development.

To be sure, there comes a time when Mother Goose is outgrown; he may enjoy Mother Goose until he is six years old, but he will be ready for a great variety of other and older material long before that.

If you have access to a good public library the problem of the children's reading is simply to know what to choose. But many mothers who live in the country must supplement the few books that they are likely to have by watching for suitable material in the current periodicals, and collecting it in a form for ready reference. Fortunately, young children love to hear their favorite stories over and over again.

## Mental Gymnastics for the Five-Year-Old

A GREAT variety of the most captivating poems of every possible description for children have been collected by Kate Douglas Wiggin in a book which she calls the "Poetry Ring." "The Story Hour," by the same author, is a collection of short stories much used in kindergarten work, and very useful to the mother of small children.

Books of poems especially for children are Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child Garden of Verse," Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood," The Brownie Stories as told by Palmer Cox will interest children who have had some previous acquaintance with poetry in general, and have learned to appreciate it. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is surprisingly well adapted to the minds of children of rather tender years, provided they have had some preparation for it in the way of more strictly juvenile literature.

Personally I should never have thought of "Hiawatha" as being at all interesting to babies, had it not been for an incident which occurred in our home. Our younger sister was rehearsing a selection from "Hiawatha" which she was preparing for a school recitation, when we were considerably amazed to hear the five-year-old son of the house repeating the lines softly to himself. He had memorized them while we had been going over them with her, and we found that he knew almost the entire selection which was the part called "Hiawatha's Childhood." In a short time, with a little assistance, he could repeat it perfectly, and his expression was so entirely natural that we knew he understood it as well as anyone else. He was so pleased with this part of the tale that he wanted to hear more. I demurred at first, thinking that much of it would be beyond him. But he was so persistent in wanting to hear it that I began at the first line in the book, and read a few pages every day until we finished the entire poem. He invariably listened with rapt attention, and always wanted more.

About this time a friend offered me a set of charming little books which certainly fulfill

their mission of entertaining small people. These were "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," "Squirrel Nutkin," and "The Tale of Benjamin Bunny," all of which were so pleasing that we read everything we could find by this author, Beatrix Potter.

"Nights with Uncle Remus" will keep the children happy for weeks, and even months, at a stretch. Having once become acquainted with Joel Chandler Harris through his Uncle Remus stories, you are eager to read every story bearing his name. There is much the same feeling in regard to Albert Bigelow Paine and Howard Pyle; the former for his "Hollow Tree and Deep Woods," and the latter for his "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood" and "King Arthur and His Knights." The two last-named books are rich in humor as well as in historical interest, and the stories are so whimsically told as to captivate the fancy of both old and young.

The boy or girl of ten who has not been introduced to Kipling's "Jungle Books" and "Just So Stories" has not had all the good times to which he or she is entitled; and the mother who has not read these stories with her children is missing some of her most splendid opportunities for enjoyment. "Two Little Savages," by Ernest Thompson Seton, besides being an intensely interesting tale of two boys in the woods, gives a great deal of valuable information in woodcraft, campcraft, and Indian lore.

Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," Kingsley's "Greek Heroes" and "The Water Babies," "Alice in Wonderland," "Seven Little Sisters," and "The Wonder Book" were among our early achievements, and the children accepted them with real interest; but when "Swiss Family Robinson" appeared in our midst we read it twice in succession, and when the children began to read for themselves they read it twice again.

"Robinson Crusoe" seems to be the logical successor to "Swiss Family Robinson," and parts of it are just as intensely interesting; but my idea would be to leave out about two thirds of the text and arrive at a point where there's "something doing." I shall no doubt be severely criticised for such a statement, but I have the courage of my convictions, and I have observed that young people are not interested in page-long paragraphs of moralizing.

## You Mustn't Miss These

STEVENSON'S "Treasure Island," Kipling's "Captains Courageous," and Poe's "The Gold Bug," on the other hand, permit of no pruning. No reader, old or young, will be willing to miss a single word of these stories. Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper," Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Dickens's "Christmas Carol," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Van Dyke's "The Other Wise

Man," Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and Mary Mapes Dodge's "Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates" may be read by the family circle, for there is no boundary line here between age and youth.

"Cudjo's Cave," by Trowbridge, combines the best qualities of Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," with a more rapid action and less ponderous style, which recommends it to young readers, although it should not take the place of these works, particularly "The Last of the Mohicans" and "The Pioneers."

## The Picturesque Bible People

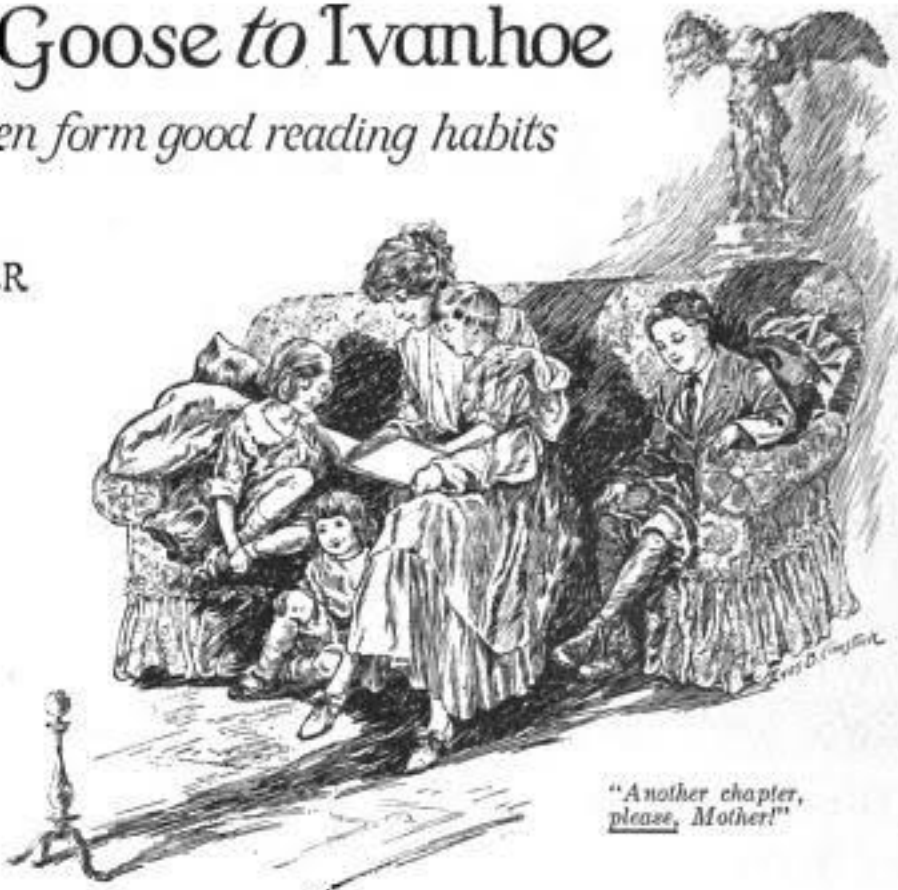
ONE of the most interesting, helpful, and altogether satisfying books that the children and I read together was a book of Bible Stories by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut. This constituted a large part of our Sunday reading for a considerable period, and was accepted with marked enjoyment, the children always asking for another and another chapter, so that we usually read from four to six chapters during the story hour.

The Bible is the supreme example of the classic in literature. It is quite generally conceded by the foremost educators of our day that no person's education can be complete without some knowledge of it. Much of the original text is suited to the minds of children. Stories of the Bible which especially appeal to them are those which tell about David and Goliath, Moses and his adventures with the Egyptians, and the trials and triumphs of his people in the Wilderness; the story of David, of Daniel, and of Joseph and his coat of many colors. The story of Jesus may be appreciated by children.

Many of the books that we want our children to read are expensive, and therefore beyond the reach of the family of small means unless there is access to a public library.

By a system of exchange a group of mothers may not only enlarge the scope of the children's reading, and be truly helpful to one another, but they may contribute to the welfare of the community at the same time. Children should be trained in the proper care of books—borrowed ones particularly.

Many books from the world's best literature are published in what is known as the "Riverside Literature Series," having paper or linen covers. The price makes it possible for almost any family to own such as are most desired. The list of paper-bound classics includes "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Snowbound," "The Barefoot Boy"—in fact, all of Longfellow's and Whittier's poems, Shakespeare's plays, the works of Edgar Allan Poe, including "The Gold Bug," Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."



## Mothers:—

YOU'LL swallow hard as your boy sets out for his first job—bravely, alone. How you'll ache to follow him, to coach him what to say; to help him over the rough places!



## Your boy's first job!

SUDDENLY—your boy is turned loose on the world! You have known all along that the time must come! But—the reality, the anxiousness of it all! And, he must go it by himself! It's better so. He has his own way to make. What are you doing, now, to make this great moment easier for your boy?

You are engaged in making a MAN. See that he gets, now, every help to start him off right. Get him THE AMERICAN BOY magazine. Call to your assistance men who know boys—better than you, perhaps. These men have made a life study of boys and boy problems.

You can't begin too young to supply your boy live reading that gives him just this mental training. For twenty-two years THE AMERICAN BOY has been helping millions of real American boys, through stories and pictures that delight and entertain; that boys read eagerly and voluntarily; that suggest the way to "do" and "think" for themselves, without obviously preaching, teaching or advising.

As a supplement to his home, his school, his other boy activities, THE AMERICAN BOY will develop your boy for a strong, successful, useful manhood. Use the coupon NOW! He wants THE AMERICAN BOY. Just ask and find out how much he really craves it. Give your newsdealer a standing order so you will get your copy each month without fail.

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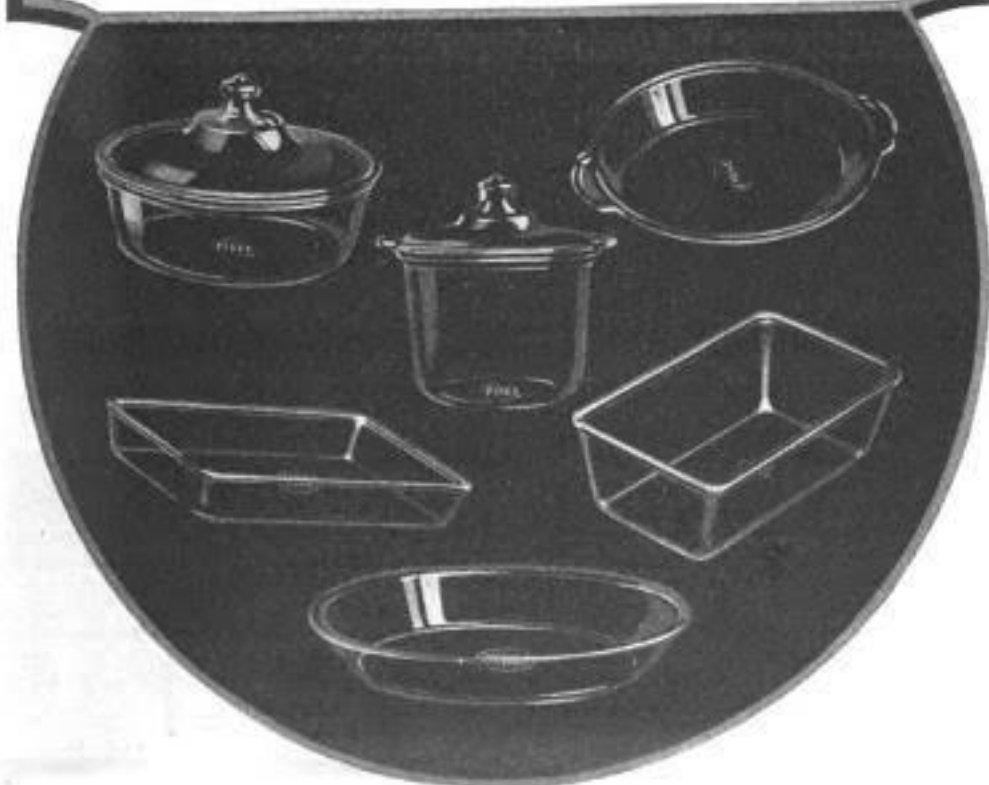
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## Refreshments for Thirty

Both simple and elaborate

By ALICE BRADLEY  
Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

### Green Turkish Paste

1/4 ounce agar-agar  
1 1/2 cups boiling water  
2 cups sugar  
1/2 cup corn sirup  
3 drops oil of peppermint

1/2 cup warm water  
Green color paste

Put agar-agar into saucepan with boiling water and set one side. Put sugar and corn sirup into another saucepan. Pour warm water over agar-agar, stir until it reaches the boiling point, remove from fire, stir until dissolved, and strain over sugar. Stir and cook mixture to 220° Fahrenheit. Add peppermint and enough color paste to make mixture green. Pour into bread pans three fourths of an inch thick. When firm cut in three-fourths-inch squares and roll in confectioner's sugar. This recipe makes about seventy-two pieces.

THE dishes served in the late afternoon or evening are to promote sociability rather than to supply nourishment and should therefore be light and dainty, attractive to look at, pleasing in flavor, and served in small portions. In order that no hostess need feel embarrassed when her turn comes, the dishes should not be expensive nor such as require too much time in their preparation.

One club of about thirty members has found it expedient to own thirty ten-cent trays. One is set up in the kitchen for each person with the silver, napkin and entables, and when passed it gives every lady a place for her cup and saucer and plate. In such a club the number of courses should be limited to two, but much variety can be secured by the different hostesses.

### Orange Biscuits

4 cups bread flour 1/2 cup shortening  
3 tablespoons baking powder 1 1/4 cups milk  
1 teaspoon salt 48 lumps demitasse sugar  
1 orange

Stir together flour, baking powder and salt, cut in shortening with a knife and add milk to make a soft dough. Roll one-half inch thick, cut out with small round cutter and place close together on a greased tin sheet. Dip lumps of sugar one at a time into orange juice and push down into each biscuit. Grate orange rind over the biscuits and bake in hot oven. This recipe should make about four dozen orange biscuits.

### Katy's Toasted Raisin Bread

3 cups milk 3/4 cup butter substitute  
1 1/4 tablespoons salt 1 1/2 tablespoons cinnamon  
1 yeast cake 1 1/2 teaspoons mace  
1/2 cup lukewarm water 1 package raisins  
Flour 1 cup currants  
2 cups brown sugar 1 cup nut meats  
2 eggs

SCALD milk. When lukewarm add salt and yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water. Add five cups flour, beat thoroughly and let rise until it begins to sink in the center. Add brown sugar, butter substitute, eggs well beaten, three cups flour sifted with cinnamon and mace, mix well and add raisins, and currants and nut meats if desired.

Add sufficient flour to make a soft dough. Let rise until light, shape in three loaves, let rise again, and bake in moderate oven fifty minutes. After twenty - four hours remove crusts, cut in thin slices and in finger - shaped pieces. Brush with melted butter and toast in the oven until crisp and delicately brown.

### Butterscotch Biscuits

MAKE dough as for orange biscuits. Roll thin, spread with two-thirds cup butter, creamed and mixed with one and one-half cups brown sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll, cut off pieces one inch thick, put in greased muffin pans, and bake fifteen minutes. This should make about three dozen biscuits.

### Maple Nut Biscuits

MAKE like Butterscotch Biscuits, using maple sugar instead of brown sugar, and sprinkle with chopped nuts before rolling up the dough and baking.



IF YOU haven't a punch bowl, don't feel bad, since now it's the fashion to serve punch direct from the pantry. For a small party you can use the new punch or lemonade pitcher with a cover. It comes in white and amber crackle glass, and makes the beverage within seem most delectable. The glasses that match it are in a new little vase shape with a flat base. The small flaring tumblers are good form, too, and for lemonade the larger-handled beakers on a round glass standard are quite à la mode. The little low-handled punch glasses are still perfectly good form to use.

### Crystallized Mint Leaves

Wipe leaves, remove from stem, and brush over each leaf with the stiffly beaten white of one egg; then dip into granulated sugar flavored with oil of spearmint. Place closely together on a cake rack covered with





Tiny sandwiches, cakes, candies and salted nuts in their slender-stemmed compots are passed to you from the large table arranged in buffet fashion

## When You're Club Hostess

### For afternoon or evening

Illustrations

By

HELEN THURLOW

paraffin paper that is sprinkled generously with sugar. Set in a slow oven or over a radiator and let stand until dry. If the leaves are not thoroughly coated with sugar the process may be repeated. Rose petals may be prepared in the same way, using a few drops of rose to flavor the sugar instead of spearmint.

#### Eclairs Filled With Salad

ONE dozen eclairs shaped four inches long and three-fourths inch wide can be made from one-fourth cup shortening, one-half cup boiling water, one-half cup flour and two eggs. Increase the recipe as needed. Bake, cool, split, line with a lettuce leaf. Fill each eclair with one sardine, free from skin and bone, mixed with one-third hard-cooked egg, chopped, and two tablespoons mayonnaise dressing.

#### Chocolate Indians

2 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup butter  
1/2 cup cocoa  
1/2 cup nut meats  
1/2 cup flour  
Salt  
Cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

BEAT eggs with sugar, add butter, melted, cocoa sifted with flour and few grains each salt and cinnamon, add nut meats cut in small pieces, and vanilla. Bake twenty minutes in moderate oven in a pan about ten and one-half inches by seven inches.

#### Grape Juice Punch

Juice 3 lemons  
Juice 2 oranges  
1 pint water  
1 pint ginger ale  
1 cup sugar  
1 pint grape juice

TO JUICE of lemons and oranges, add water, ginger ale, sugar and grape juice. This is sufficient for twenty-eight punch glasses.

#### Cocoa Ice Cream

1/2 cup cocoa  
Few grains salt  
1 cup sugar  
1 tablespoon corn-starch  
2 cups scalded milk  
2 cups cream 2 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup raspberry or strawberry sirup

Mix dry ingredients in order given. Add scalded milk, and cook over boiling water twenty minutes. Pour over eggs

well beaten. Add cream beaten stiff, vanilla, and fruit sirup. Freeze and serve with whipped cream. This may be packed and frozen without stirring. The recipe should be sufficient to serve twelve persons.

#### Caramel Pecan Balls

1 cup white sugar  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup white corn sirup  
1/2 cup heavy cream  
1 teaspoon vanilla, lemon, or almond extract  
1/2 cup butter

Put all the ingredients, except the flavoring, in a saucepan, stir until mixed, bring to boiling point, stir constantly back and forth, and boil like caramels to a firm ball. Remove from fire, add flavoring, pour into a buttered pan, and when cool shape into small balls, cover with fondant, and press whole pecan nuts onto the outside of each ball.

#### Chicken and Clam Bouillon

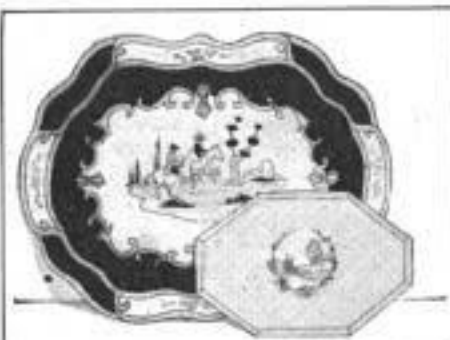
1 peck clams  
1 quart cold water  
Chicken stock  
1 pint cream  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup pimientos

Scrub clams with brush, put in kettle with cold water, cover and cook until shells open. Strain liquor through double cheesecloth. Add enough well-seasoned chicken stock to make five quarts. Season to taste and serve in cups with cream beaten stiff mixed with salt and pimientos rubbed through a sieve. This recipe will serve thirty.

#### Jellied Fruit Salad

2 1/2 cup sirup from canned fruit  
2 tablespoons gelatin  
2 tablespoons cold water  
2 tablespoons sugar  
Few grains salt  
1/4 cup lemon juice  
1 cup ginger ale  
1 cup canned fruit  
2 tablespoons Canton ginger  
Mayonnaise dressing  
Whipped cream

HEAT fruit sirup to boiling point, add gelatin soaked in cold water, sugar, and salt. When cool add lemon juice and ginger ale. When beginning to set, stir in canned fruit cut in small pieces and Canton ginger. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



PLEASE pass the punch on one of these new trays that look so old. They are quaint painted tin, like the ones in Grandmother's attic, with a landscape or a bright bouquet of flowers in the center. For cakes and bonbons they're using both tall and short-stemmed compots of glass, plain or colored. Table candlesticks, single and double-branched ones are of glass with little colored glass posy ornaments. The accessories for the table above were sketched in a smart Fifth Avenue shop, and information about where to obtain them will be sent on receipt of a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

"Here's a meal  
already cooked"



# HEINZ Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

THINK of getting such a delightful meal—  
in a can! Nothing to do but heat and serve. Everybody knows what a good dish spaghetti is when it is rightly cooked. And every woman knows that it is a task to cook spaghetti rightly. First, the materials have to be right. And then the cooking has to be done just so.

Heinz makes the dry spaghetti. Then cooks it—after the recipe of a celebrated Italian chef. The Tomato Sauce, for which Heinz is famous, is used—and a special cheese with just the right flavor.

That's HEINZ Spaghetti—as it comes to your table. Just heat and eat.

Some of the

57

Vinegars  
Baked Beans  
Apple Butter  
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada





HERE is a suggestion for the children's lunch box, an appetizing and nourishing meal. The purity and wholesomeness of Premier has made it the favorite flavoring with thousands of boys and girls everywhere.

Try it with your children, on egg sandwiches. Chop hard boiled eggs fine and moisten well with Premier Salad Dressing. Spread between buttered slices of bread and your children's sandwiches are ready.

## Make Your Children Smile at Lunch Time

THEY open the lunch box and find the same simple sandwiches that have made up school lunches since the world began.

They taste one grudgingly; their tongues encounter the rich flavor of piquant Premier—that's when they smile.

With Premier Salad Dressing you can transform a simple meal into a delightful surprise.

Send for a copy of the book "Salads, Suppers, Picnics." It tells you how to solve the Sunday night supper problem, the children's lunch problem, and shows you how to give a delicious flavor to even the most ordinary dish.

It is free to you in appreciation of your cordial good-will which has helped to make Premier the largest selling salad dressing in the world.

# Premier Salad Dressing

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO. • Department 2B • NEW YORK



## The Good Old Coal Stove

By ALICE BRADLEY

Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

OUR sympathies are with the youngster who is willing to "take out the ashes" and "bring up the coal," because he likes to get "a real breakfast" in the morning.

MAYBE you live in a jolly "story-book" family, where the mother says to the little lad who is learning to be a good American, "Come, son, and take out the ashes." We hear volumes about labor-saving devices for the modern housekeeper, including kerosene, gas and electric cooking stoves, until the good old coal stove is in danger of appearing as out of date in the kitchen as trailing skirts; but it is not yet ready for the discard.

The advantages of gas, kerosene, or electricity should not for a minute be underestimated. It is convenient to have one of these quick-lighting stoves in every kitchen, coal stove or not. But the coal range has points that endear it to many of us. It is comfortable, leisurely, friendly, reliable, and most generous in the amount of work it will do if you treat it well.

One fire in the ordinary kitchen coal range, allowing one and one-half to two loads of coal per day, will heat six kettles at a time, water for all household purposes and the "flats" for the family ironing, warm the kitchen in cold weather, and bake, boil and stew almost any amount of food.

It is instinctive to make as much use as possible of the constantly burning coal fire. Therefore, perhaps, the family whose meals are prepared on a coal fire stands a better chance of getting an abundance of well-cooked food than the family where every gas or electric burner that is lighted is watched and counted. Our sympathies are with the youngster who is willing to "take out the ashes" and "bring up the coal," because he likes to get "a real breakfast" in the morning, a good dinner at noon and a hearty supper at night.

EACH type of coal stove has its individual characteristics; consequently, it is wise to be on pleasant terms of intimacy with your own range. The dampers, drafts, and ash box should be investigated and understood. The quickest way of coaxing a bright new fire should be one of the housekeeper's gems of artistic accomplishment. You should know how small an amount of coal will keep a low fire running, how much is required to keep it overnight, how much is needed to give baking heat in the oven, and whether or not to add coal just before the oven is to be used. This last depends on the degree of heat desired in the oven. When coal is put in, it cools both the oven and the top of the stove, and time must be allowed for it to heat up again.

Rules for baking by gas and electricity may be timed by hours and minutes, and thermometers (of the right kind) may be relied upon. Oven thermometers for coal ranges are of assistance, too, but must be used with judgment. A good rule for baking in a coal stove is to make sure, before anything goes into the oven, that the ash box is comparatively empty, drafts right, and that there is a proper amount of fuel in the fire box.

A hot fire cannot be

achieved without fuel, but the coal never needs to come any higher than the top of the oven. If there is plenty of heat continuously circulating around an oven, the food in it will have to bake.

For moderate heat, there should be a good fire in the fire box and all drafts should be closed.

If a slow oven is desired, cold air drafts should be opened for a few minutes before whatever is to be baked is put in, and then closed so that the heat will keep uniform.

IT NEED take only a short time, and possibly a few failures, for a woman to learn how the fire looks in the fire box when her oven is hot or cool, and how the heat of her oven feels when it is really hot enough for baking-powder biscuits, or only hot enough for loaves of bread, or slow enough not to curdle a baked custard.

All roasts want a very hot oven at first. Plenty of coal must be put on and all drafts opened for some time before the meat is put in. Ovens vary in the time taken to become hot; some respond in an hour, others take less time, or even more. When the meat goes in, close the drafts so that by the time the meat is seared over, the oven will not be so hot.

For baking bread, biscuits, and popovers, prepare the oven in a similar way, allowing a little less heat for bread. In baking small biscuits and popovers, the heat need not be decreased when they are put in the oven. They will usually take all the heat they can get.

For cakes, a moderate oven is best, except when true sponge cakes are baked, and then the oven should be slow.

All egg mixtures, as custards, soufflés and meringues, should be put in a slow oven and baked slowly a long time.

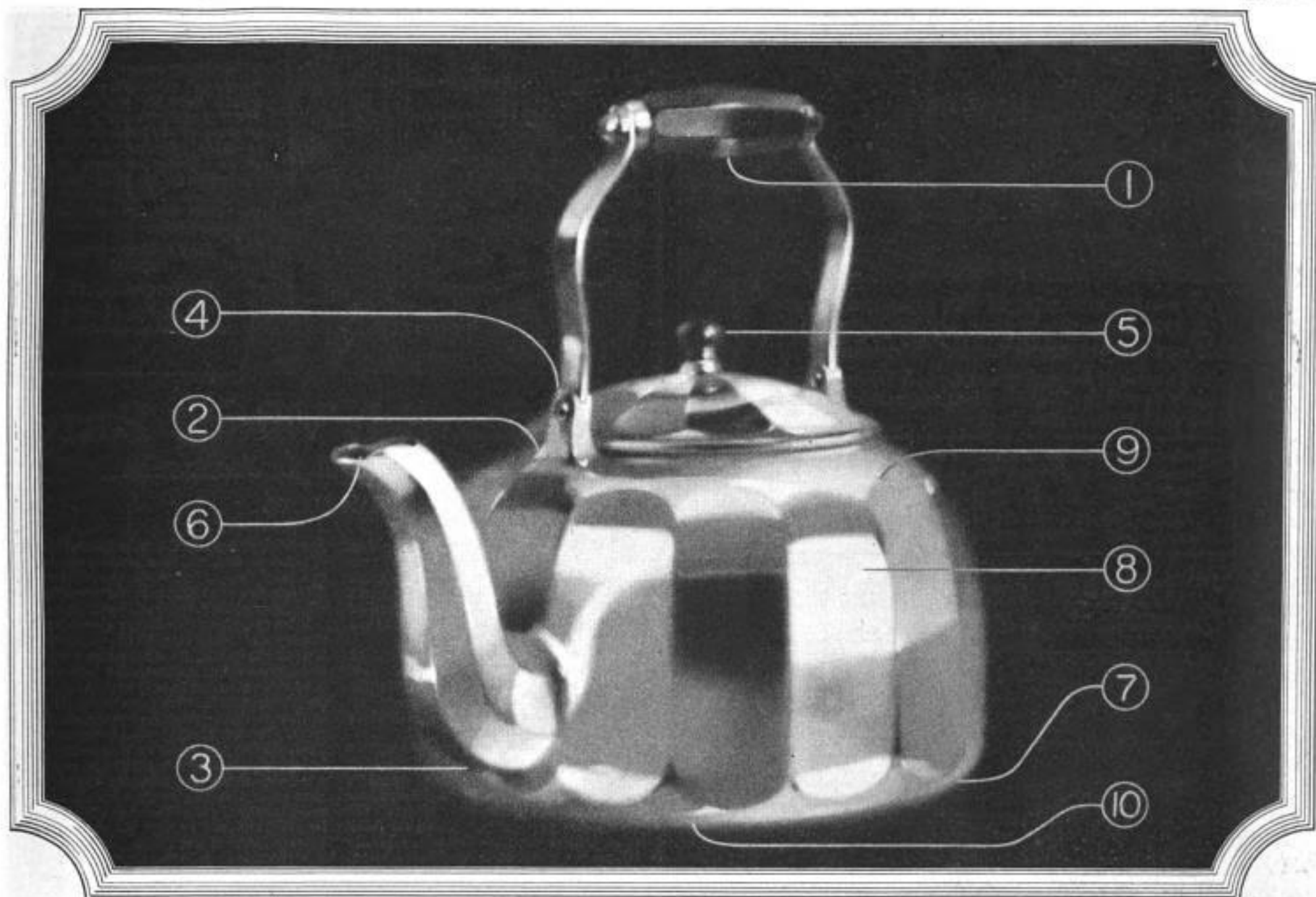
IF YOU wish, you may plan your work so that all the cooking requiring a hot fire is performed at one time. It saves fuel to have the stove hot at only one period during the day. It pays to remember what is to be needed for twenty-four hours, to bake the cookies when the fire is at its height, and to put in the pies while the oven is still very hot, but at such a time as the heat can be considerably reduced. On ironing day, the prolonged heat may be used for the inexpensive cuts of meat that require long, slow cooking and for beans, brown bread, Indian pudding, or casseroles. A roast, vegetables enough for the "next meal" and for salad for the following day, stewed fruit, bread, cake that will stay moist for several

days, cookies that remain crisp if kept in a stone jar; pies that will not become soggy in twenty-four hours; a gelatine dessert, cooked salad dressing, a dark steamed pudding, or a custard to be frozen into ice cream, all these lend themselves to a morning of cooking while the fire is hot, and to waiting on the pantry shelves until they shall be needed at table.

### Juicy Apple Pies

BY the way, here is a suggestion for making good apple pies: Put them first into a very hot oven and keep the oven very hot for twenty minutes, when the pastry becomes so firmly set that the liquid cannot leak out. Then reduce the heat, allowing the pies to bake slowly until the apple is cooked. This will keep in all the juice.





## For Your Most Used Utensil—Mirro

Of all kitchen utensils, the tea kettle is the most used. Not a meal passes but the tea kettle performs its useful service. Look well, then, to its durability, its convenience, its ability to heat water quickly.

If it be your privilege to have a Mirro kitchen—a kitchen of bright, durable utensils of Mirro Aluminum—you may rest assured the Mirro Aluminum Tea Kettle will perform its allotted task dependably.

The Mirro Aluminum Colonial Tea Kettle, with its ten quality features pictured above and described below, is made for a long life of usefulness.

Built into this attractive utensil, as into every Mirro product, is pure aluminum, rolled again and again, in Mirro mills, to give the hard, dense, lasting quality; designed by Mirro craftsmen; made by competent Mirro workers.

And back of every Mirro Aluminum utensil is the guarantee of the world's foremost manufacturer of aluminum ware, with a successful experience extending over nearly thirty years.

Mirro is moderately priced, at leading stores everywhere. Send for the miniature Mirro catalog.

- ① Sure-grip, ebonized, detachable handle which insures comfortable handling and easy pouring.
- ② Handle ears are welded on and therefore can not loosen.
- ③ Spout also welded on—no loosening—no dirt-catching joint.

- ④ Slotted ears permit handle to be shifted to any position, without contact with kettle.
- ⑤ Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob.
- ⑥ Easy-filling, easy-pouring spout.
- ⑦ Unusually wide base—quick heating and fuel saving. Also prevents flame from creeping up around sides.

- ⑧ Famous Mirro finish.
- ⑨ Beautiful Colonial design. Also made in plain round style.
- ⑩ Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every piece. Your guarantee of excellence throughout.



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# MIRRO ALUMINUM

*Reflects Good Housekeeping*



## WALLACE Silver

Sterling & Plate

AS an embodiment of the gracious beauty and correctness that are Wallace ideals this newest pattern is named "Hostess."

It is the spirit of hospitality translated into silver, and it is made so well by Wallace silver craftsmen that it is guaranteed without time limit.

It has become possible for Wallace prices to be materially reduced:

Teaspoons	that were \$ 8.50 per doz., are now \$ 6.50
Dessert Forks	" " 16.50 " " " 12.00
Dinner Forks	" " 17.00 " " " 13.00
Cold Meat Forks	" " 2.25 each, " " 1.75
Berry Spoons	" " 3.50 " " " 2.75

The Wallace Hostess Book tells in text, diagrams and pictures just what every hostess should know. Postpaid for 50c. Address Hostess Department, Box No. 10.

The "Hostess" pattern is matched in hollow ware by the "Sheraton"—both complete services.

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COME down to "The Village" and play one night. We, the villagers, are giving a party of welcome to our would-be friends and associates. Costumes must be appropriate to time and place. Neither dinner coats nor tulle will be admitted.

DANA HALL GYMNASIUM

Wednesday, at 8:30

Ukuleles, smocks, and sandals welcomed.

## A Greenwich Village Party

Just crazy enough for Hallowe'en

By NAN BOUVÉ

IT WAS a party given by our senior class at college, of whom a number were specializing in at least one of the seven arts, and who were going to the city to art schools, to take a course in journalism, or to market their abilities, at the end of the year.

The invitations were crazily printed on stiff, tinted paper, decorated with tiny palettes, brush-filled, realistically and artistically daubed with bright-colored oil paints, or perhaps sporting a sketch of an ink bottle and quill pen.

And when we straggled, one by one, into the "Village"—to the strains of "Rose of Washington Square" which someone strummed on his ukulele—we scarcely recognized our old gymnasium. It had been arranged as much as possible on the order of a genuine south-of-Washington-Square tea room. The electric lights had all been shrouded in lanterns, homemade, of soft red tissue paper, which, pasted to a simple black cardboard frame, gave the prettiest light imaginable. All along the walls stood small tables, in groups of two or three; but it was the walls that caught our attention first. They were decked with erratic posters, each one advertising the particular little group of tables beneath it, in true Greenwich Village tea-room style. "The Puppy-Cat" was announced by a huge charcoal drawing of a kitten of strangely canine aspect, growling fiercely over a bone. A little farther on we entered the domain of "The Pink Parrot."

Most of the girls came in gayly-colored smocks—what mattered it if they were of common or garden variety, as long as the wearer tucked up her hair to appear "hobbed"? Some wore loose Russian blouses of large-figured, multi-colored silk that approached batik-work as far as possible. The boys glided in soft-collared shirts and flowery ties.

We did not discover the actual use of the groups of tables ranged at intervals about the room until after the whole class had arrived, when the mistress of ceremonies—who rather suggested a 1920 Carmen—passed around a box. Rather disappointedly, we each drew out a slip of paper, bearing on one side the name of the "tea room" where that guest belonged and on the other a famous title. In my case it was "The Pink Rabbit" and "Great Expectations;" then, when, after wandering about, I matched up with half a dozen other guests who belonged under the sign of the pink bunny too, we found on each little table seating two, a set of six boxes, marked "subject," "adjective," "verb," "adverb," "adjective," "object." In turn we drew from each box another slip of paper, and were told that in the haunts of

Art we must keep up the esthetic standards of pleasure, and, within a given time, turn in a brief piece of literature, in story form. The epic must be built upon the "situation" given in our blind choice of the six slips.

Mine turned out "Unhappy clown elopes unadvisedly with hangman's daughter." Half of the guests, we discovered, were in the story-writing contest; the rest drew titles of famous poems and were obliged to parody them in limerick form to the extent of four stanzas—which had to contain the gist of the original epic. And at the end of the laughable fest, while we were congratulating ourselves on having drawn as we did, a member of the entertainment committee gave us an encouraging little speech upon our efforts (the wit of the class was chosen for this) and told us that the six shining literary lights of the evening so far could now abandon their particular field for their opponents' field. So the three "poets" turned to fiction, and vice versa.

Our attention was now called to the works of art that were displayed on one wall—a dozen of the "newest things in Futurism." And after duly admiring them, we each accepted a list of titles—typical art-exhibit titles—one of which, the girl in the paint-streaked smock explained, belonged to each masterpiece. They did. We had only to make the choice, and put the number of the picture against the title we selected for it. But until the contest was over it was hard to see that "Mother and Child" applied to a crayon parlor sketch, of the vintage of 1870, of a puppy sportively biting the ears of a shaggy dog, and that "Treasure" was the title, not of a painting of a pirate standing over an iron-bound chest, but of a drawing of a millinery window before which a small girl stood adoringly.

This "Gallery" was composed, as you may gather, of the most erratic of mural decoration, which included everything from the work of the art class to old-fashioned enlarged tinted photographs.

Half the fun at this party consisted in its lack of conventional partyishness. And when the Carmen of the literature lottery took her seat at the piano, we enthusiastically fell into the fox-trot.

It was with a sinking heart that we heard her explain that we must content ourselves with the possibilities of a Village tea room and serve ourselves.

It was with a whoop of delight that the bard of the evening, first in line for refreshments, ladled out for himself and his partner a generous "help" of creamed oysters, piping hot, flanked with cream cheese and nut and minced-ham sandwich. Pumpkin pie, topped with currant jelly, coffee, and salted nuts finished our repast.



### WITCHES THREE

A JOLLY Hallowe'en party, with some original fortunes of the witches' own brew will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Write to Entertainment Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.



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### Just Try It and See!



**J**UST try this wonderful new addition to the Liquid Veneer family and be convinced. Not only will it renew any dusting and polishing mop as it has never been renewed before, and *go twice as far*, but it will likewise clean and polish in a wonderful manner, your piano, furniture, woodwork, hardwood floors and automobiles, by simply applying with a cloth. Prices—30c, 60c, \$1.25, \$2.00 and \$3.50.

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FREE

A valuable book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," will be sent free to those who mail the coupon below.

## The Food-Iron of Raisins May Be Just the Touch

*That brings sturdy strength to children and the bloom of youth to mothers' cheeks*

**NEW!**  
**—Little Sun-Maids**  
*"Between-Meal Raisins"*

In a handy little 5¢ pocket-package! New energy for office workers who, according to efficiency experts, slow down about 3 o'clock each afternoon—5¢.

A little munch-lunch with big nutrition—a luscious bite between meals that everybody needs—5¢.

A natural candy for little folk—to satisfy a normal craving for a healthful sweetmeat—5¢.

An ounce-and-a-half of "pick-me-up" rich in food-iron which brings rosy cheeks.

All for five cents! At all drug, grocery, candy and cigar stores. Try Today.

### Raisin Biscuits

(as illustrated above)

1 cup Sun-Maid Chopped Raisins  
2 cups flour  
½ teaspoon salt  
¾ cup milk  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly, add enough cold milk to hold together, add the raisins and mix. Place dough on floured board, roll or pat with hands until 1 inch thick, then cut with biscuit cutter and brush tops with cold milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.



You want the kiddies to be healthy and to have the foods they like. But some nutritious foods are not attractive to us all.

Use raisins to put the appetite appeal in oatmeal, stewed prunes, boiled rice, whole wheat or bran bread and in other foods that children would be better for.

Raisins are rich in food-iron, an essential to good blood. No rosy cheeks for little folks—or their mothers—where there is deficiency in iron.

You need but a small bit daily. And that amount from raisins may be just the touch that will turn the scales and bring the good looks of good health. There is nothing so attractive as the bloom of youth. Get it for your children. Have it yourself.

### Scores of luscious dishes

Raisins add nutrition—1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. Appearance and flavor add an irresistible charm. And there are several hundred delicious recipes. A new dish for every day—a new food delight.

By making plain foods more attractive you make them easier to serve. So save on bills. Try them. Learn the possibilities of raisins. They are almost indispensable when you know them.

Sun-Maids are made from California's choicest table grapes. Cured in the sun. Packed in sanitary packages in a great, glass-walled, sun-lighted plant.

They are clean, sweet, wholesome American raisins—the kind you know are good. All dealers sell them. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

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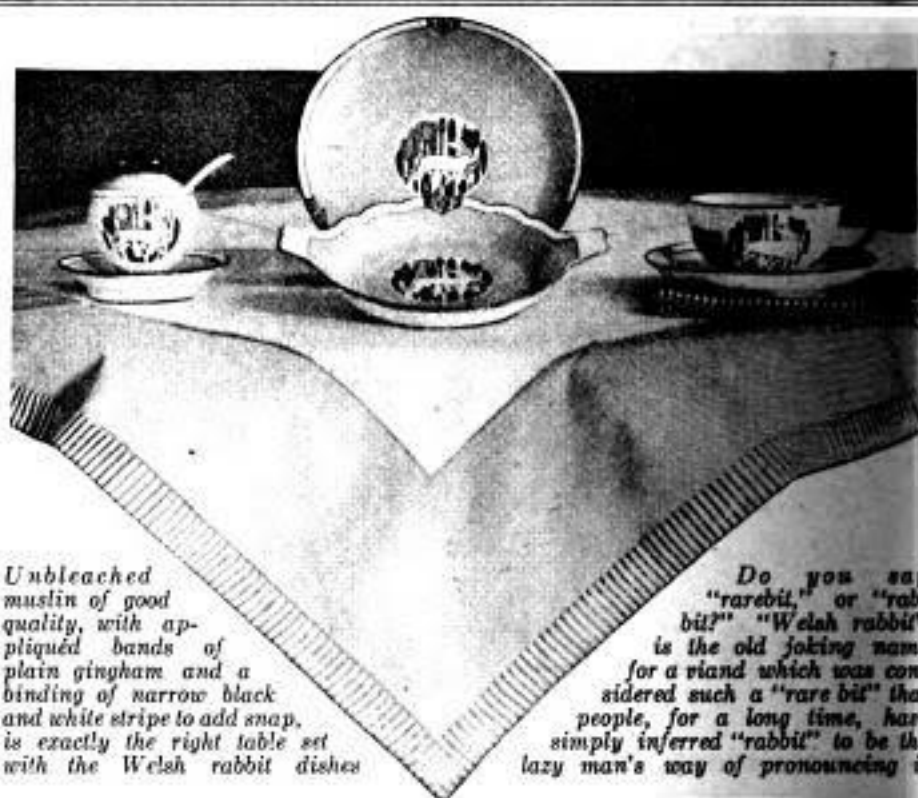
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# SUN-MAID RAISINS



Unbleached muslin of good quality, with appliquéd bands of plain gingham and a binding of narrow black and white stripe to add snap, is exactly the right table set with the Welsh rabbit dishes

Do you say "rarebit," or "rabbit?" "Welsh rabbit" is the old joking name for a viand which was considered such a "rare bit" that people, for a long time, have simply inferred "rabbit" to be the lazy man's way of pronouncing it

## A Welsh Rabbit Set For that jolly eleven o'clock bite

By JETTA EHLERS

THIS design is carried out in flat color, which means no shading and no modeling, the wash of color being smooth and even.

A small square shaver, number four, was used for laying in the design, and a square shaver, number eight, for the tinting. A very fine pen was used for the outlining.

Make a careful copy of the design on tracing paper, and place it exactly in the center of the plate. Fasten this in place with small pieces of adhesive plaster, leaving space enough to slip a piece of impression paper under it. Go over the drawing with an agate tracing point or pointed tool of some kind. This will give you a clear outline of your pattern on the china. This should now be outlined with black paint, as the drawing would otherwise be lost.

There are several good outline mediums to be had, but you are sometimes caught without any, and "miles from a lemon." In that case take out some black paint on a clean piece of glass. Add to this about half as much powdered sugar, and then enough water to grind it well together. It



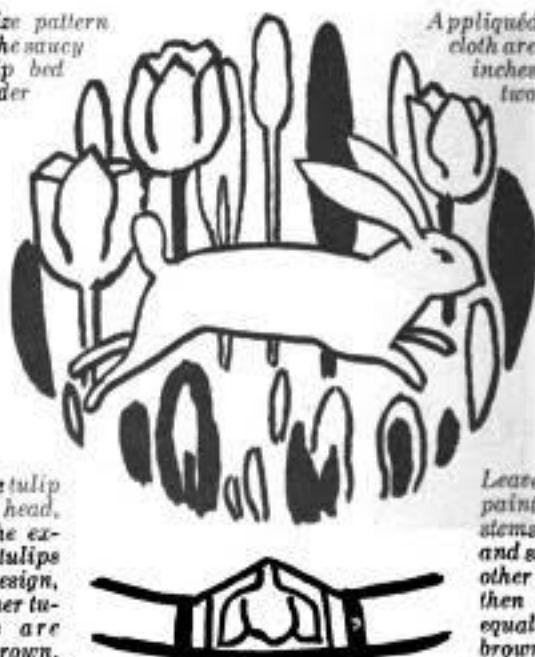
For the fellow who likes his extra hot

should be thin enough to flow freely from the pen, but not so thin as to be watery and gray in color. In outlining, hold the pen as nearly perpendicular as possible, as in this way a much finer line may be made. This mixture of the sugar and water and paint dries very quickly, and may be worked over at once without in any way disturbing the outline.

After tracing the medallions, next gauge the borders and divide the plate, saucer, and base of mustard pot into three sections. Trace and outline the small motifs, and then lay in the color, using the small brush to apply it in a clean, flat, even wash. A bit of cotton on a toothpick may be used to clean off any color which may go over on the background. The tint is painted on, and then padded until it is a soft, even tone, which, for lack of a better term, we will call coffee-and-cream. Test the color before applying it, and if it is too gray add more yellow-brown. A very small margin of white is left around the medallions. With care, the whole thing may be finished in just one firing.

This is the full-size pattern for painting both the saucy rabbit in the tulip bed and the tulip border

Appliquéd bands on lunch cloth are four and a quarter inches wide; on napkins, two inches wide.

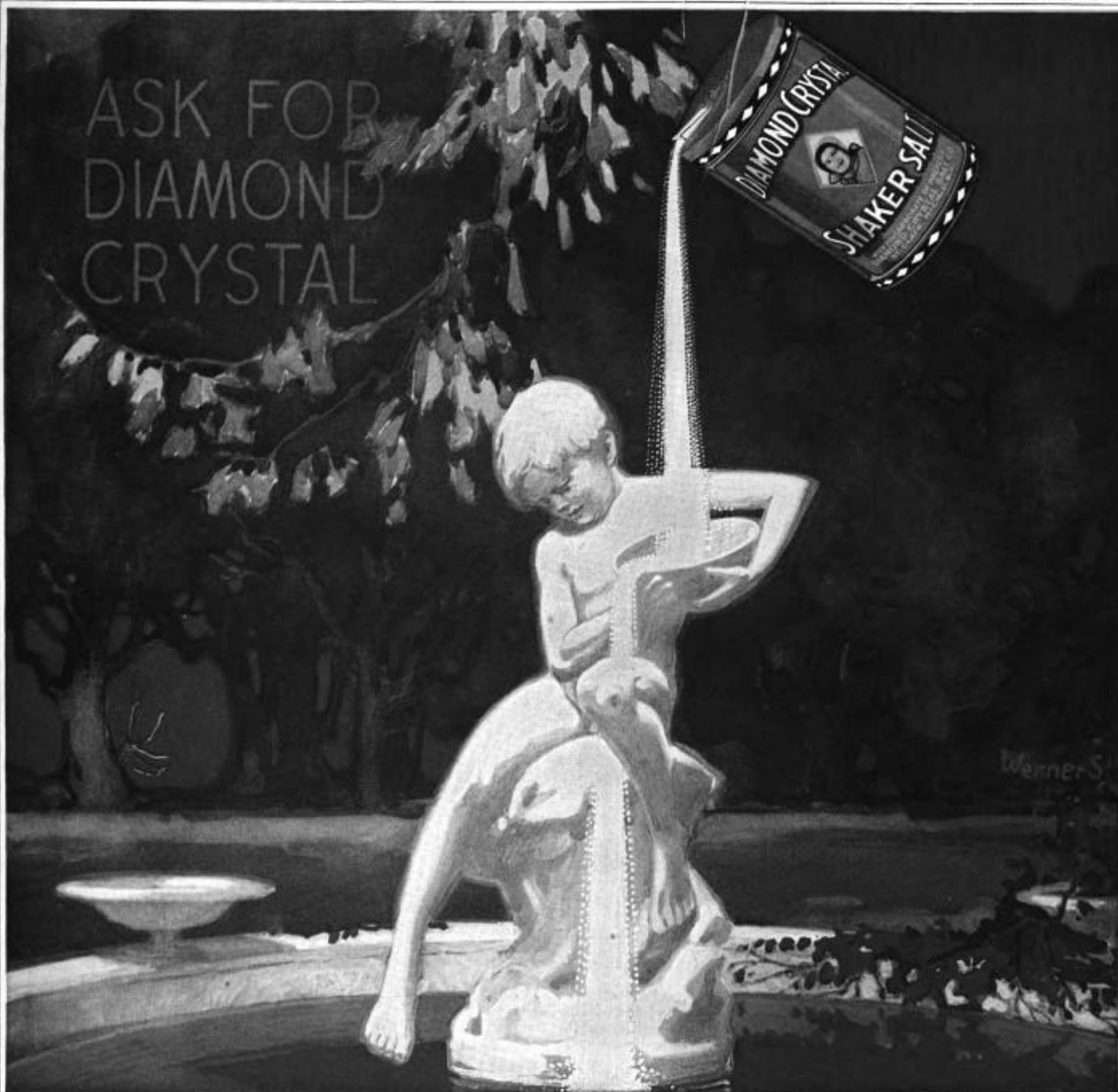


The center bud, the tulip just over bunny's head, and the one at the extreme left, and all tulips in the border design, are yellow-red, other tulips and buds are painted yellow-brown.

Leave the rabbit white, paint dark leaves and stems, edges of leaves and stems black, and all other leaves royal green; then apply tinting of equal parts finishing-brown and yellow-brown



ASK FOR  
DIAMOND  
CRYSTAL



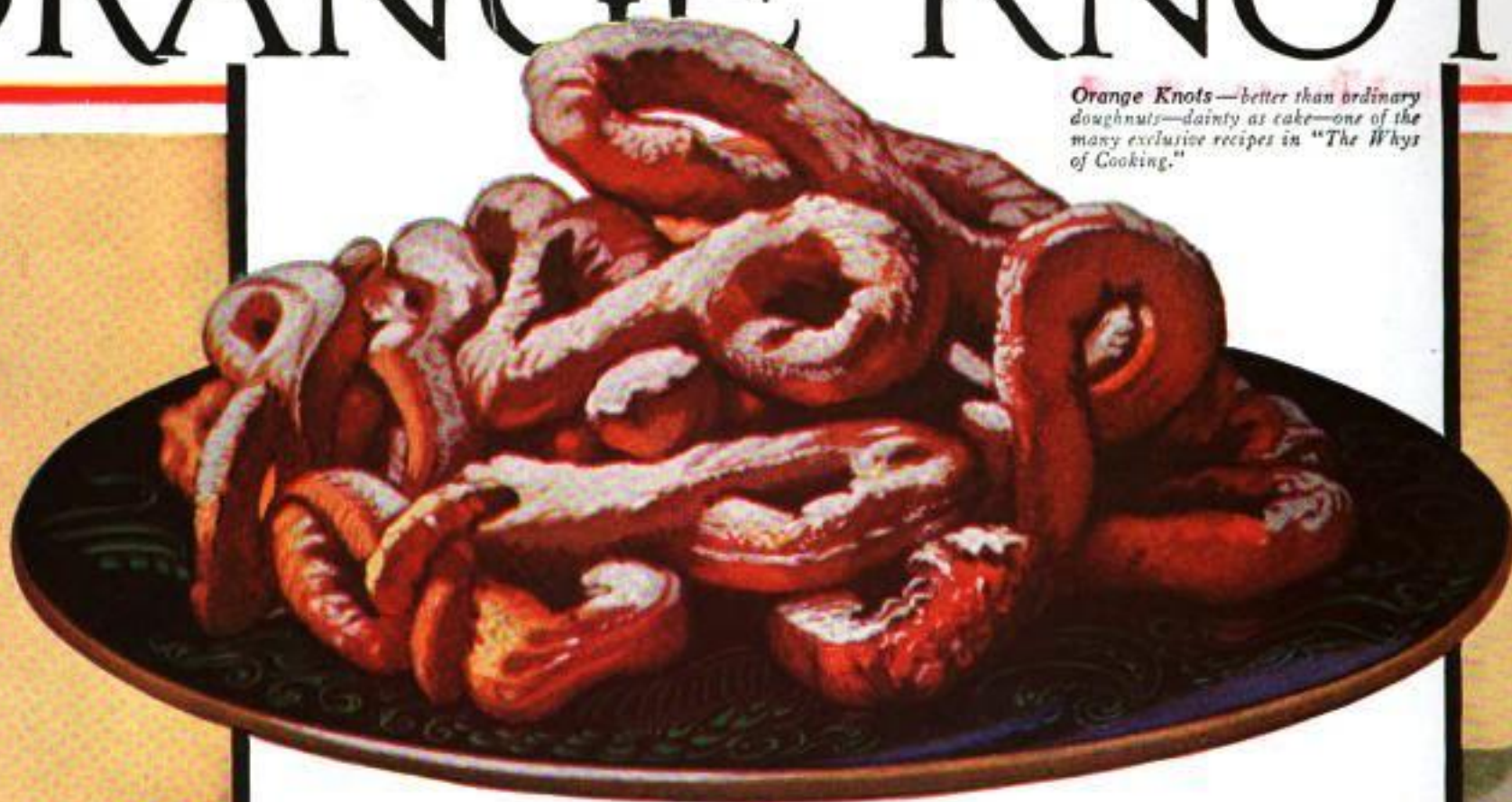
*White as a statue of flawless marble. Pure as the moonbeams that sparkle upon it. Exquisitely fine in texture. That is Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. Always flows freely. Entrances the taste with the delicate flavors it arouses. Sanitary package; easily opened cap. Please ask for*

# **Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt**

Interesting booklet, "One Hundred and One Uses for Salt," on request  
DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., SAINT CLAIR, MICHIGAN  
Since 1887, Makers of DIAMOND CRYSTAL "The Salt that's off Salt"  
In sanitary boxes or sacks—for table and cooking use



# ORANGE KNOTS



*Orange Knots—better than ordinary doughnuts—dainty as cake—one of the many exclusive recipes in "The Ways of Cooking."*

## *Learn to make doughnuts as dainty as cake*

**D**OUGHNUTS need not be tough, tasteless, greasy and indigestible if you mix them properly and fry them the right way in the right kind of fat.

To keep doughnuts from cracking, the dough should be mixed very soft.

To keep the dough from becoming grease-soaked, two things are necessary: The recipe must contain enough egg in proportion to the flour, and the frying fat must impart its heat instantly to the crust. Then egg and fat combine to form a coating that keeps the fat out and the flavor in.

See that the frying kettle contains ample fat so that the heat will not be reduced below proper frying temperature when the cold, raw doughnuts are dropped in. Then the doughnuts will be cooked through. The fat should not smoke at frying heat, because when fat smokes it decomposes and forms an irritating, indigestible substance that is deposited on the food.

So the doughnuts will cook evenly and be fine in texture, turn them frequently after they rise to the top of the fat. They should be drained on soft paper, a process which leaves them as greaseless and dainty as cake, if the right kind of frying fat has been used.

### **ORANGE KNOTS—a new kind of doughnut**

3 tablespoonfuls Crisco	4 cupfuls sifted flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
1 egg and 1 yolk, beaten light	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls cream of tartar
grated rind 1 orange	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful mace	$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk

Cream the Crisco, beat in the sugar, the eggs, orange rind and mace. Sift together the dry ingredients; add the first mixture and the milk and mix to a firm dough. Cut off bits of the dough and roll up, or the fingers into strips the shape and length of a lead pencil, tie in a knot or shape like an 8 and fry in hot Crisco; drain on soft paper, and dredge with confectioners' sugar.

Experienced cooks say that Crisco is the best fat for doughnuts because its qualities make it easy to carry out the above suggestions for perfect frying. Crisco does not smoke at frying heat, yet it gives up its heat instantly, so that the protecting crust is formed at once on the food being cooked. Crisco cooks away so slowly, and can be used so often that you need not hesitate to put plenty in the frying kettle. Finally, it is a dainty, greaseless, tasteless, digestible vegetable product that is used in the most delicate cakes. It does not give doughnuts that "fatty" flavor which so often spoils their taste.

Try a batch of doughnuts fried in Crisco according to these suggestions, and see how really delicious doughnuts can be.

Your grocer sells Crisco, in dirt-proof, wrapped containers, holding one pound or more, net weight. Use it for frying, for pastry, for cakes.

**CRISCO**  
*For Frying—For Shortening  
For Cake Making*

**Which requires the hottest frying fat—doughnuts, croquettes, or French fried potatoes?**

Learn the expert, exact way to test the heat of fat for the particular food you want to fry, from "The Ways of Cooking," the exclusive cook book in which Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School, and editor of America's foremost cookery magazine, discloses the simple methods by which professional cooks prevent "bad luck" in cooking. Over 100 pages of rules, original recipes, cooking time tables, tables of weights and measures, and instructions in correct table setting and serving. Bound in blue and gold; illustrated in colors. Each copy costs us 25c wholesale. You can get one copy for personal use, by sending 10c in stamps to Section E-10, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.





# New Apple Friends

*Introduced from the Northwest*

By PAULINE PARTRIDGE & HESTER CONKLIN



This is little Miss Apple Prune Betty

MANY housewives will welcome suggestions from the famous apple corner of the United States, where the preparation of apples in delicious dishes has developed a character all its own. Apples may be scattered all through the menu, for they combine well with meats and with vegetables, make a desirable addition to a fruit or vegetable salad, and are the basis for many irresistible desserts, as healthful as they are popular.

## Apples Stuffed With Sausage

6 apples  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup blanched almonds  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sausage meat  
Hot water

CORE the apples. Chop the almonds, mix with the sausage and put into centers of apples. Place in a baking dish, surround with hot water, and bake until apples are tender.

## Apples on Pork Chops

6 pork chops 3 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon sage  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt 2 cups hot water  
3 tart apples  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar 1 tablespoon vinegar

SPRINKLE the chops with sage and salt, and brown them in the frying pan. Remove to a shallow baking dish. On each place one half an apple, pared, cored and filled with brown sugar. Into the fat in the frying pan put the flour and salt, and when slightly browned add the water. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, and add vinegar and raisins. Pour over the chops and bake until apples are tender.

## Apples With Bacon

6 thin slices bacon 1 tablespoon brown sugar  
3 tart apples  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soft crumbs

CURL a slice of bacon around the inside of each of six ramekins. Pare and chop the apples, mix with the crumbs and put in centers of ramekins. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon that have been mixed. Bake until apples are tender and crumbs are brown.

## Peppers Stuffed With Apples

6 green peppers  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup raisins  
3 apples  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup crumbs  
boiled ham 3 tablespoons butter

Cut slices from stem ends of peppers, discard seeds, and cook peppers five minutes in boiling salted water. Pare, core, and finely chop the apples; add ham, raisins, and salt and one-half cup of the crumbs. Fill the peppers, sprinkle with remainder of crumbs, dot butter over the tops, and bake forty-five minutes.

## Apple Salad

6 apples  
6 tablespoons sugar  
3 tablespoons chopped dates  
3 tablespoons chopped walnuts  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shredded coconut  
Mayonnaise

PALE and core the apples and steam until tender but not broken. Roll the apples in the coconut. Chop and mix the walnuts and dates, and add sugar. Fill the centers with the mixture and place in a very hot

oven to brown the coconut quickly. Chill, and serve with a spoonful of mayonnaise on each.

## Jellied Apple Salad

1 cup diced apples  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced celery  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped figs 2 tablespoons sugar  
2 tablespoons gelatin  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
2 red pimientos  
Mayonnaise

SOFTEN the gelatin with cold water and dissolve with boiling water, add sugar, salt and lemon, and cool. Cut the pimientos in strips and add, with apples, celery and figs, to the gelatin mixture. Pour into dish and set aside until firm. Serve with mayonnaise.

## Fried Apples and Onions

3 tablespoons fat  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
2 cups sliced onions 3 cups chopped apples  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper 2 tablespoons sugar

MELT the fat in the frying pan, add the onions, pepper and salt, and cook ten minutes, stirring often. Add the apples and sugar and fry until tender and brown.

## Scalloped Apples With Sweet Potatoes

6 small sweet potatoes 2 tablespoons butter  
3 tart apples 6 tablespoons fine crumbs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup molasses 2 tablespoons brown sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup hot water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

BON the potatoes ten minutes, peel and cut in thin slices. Pare, core and thinly slice the apples. Arrange in alternate layers in a greased baking dish. Mix the molasses, water and salt and pour over them. Sprinkle top with crumbs and sugar and dot with pieces of the butter. Bake till apples are tender and crumbs are brown.

## Apple Prune Betty

2 cups sliced apples  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups crumbs  
1 cup stewed prunes  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar 4 tablespoons butter  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup powdered sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup liquid from stewed prunes  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind

ARRANGE apples, prunes and crumbs in layers in a greased baking dish, sprinkling each layer of apples and prunes with sugar and cinnamon that have been mixed. Just before adding the top layer of crumbs pour the liquid and lemon juice over all. Bake until apples are tender, and serve hot with a sauce made as follows: Cream butter gradually, adding sugar which has been sifted. Add lemon rind, pile lightly on a serving dish, and chill.

## California Apple Sauce Gingerbread

$2\frac{1}{4}$  cups flour  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup hot unsweetened apple sauce  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons boiling water  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons ginger 4 tablespoons melted fat  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 cup raisins  
1 cup molasses

MIX and sift the flour, salt, ginger and soda, and add the raisins. Mix the molasses, apple sauce and water, and stir into the dry ingredients. Add fat, beat thoroughly and pour into a shallow greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven thirty to forty minutes.

## Apple Charlotte Russe

1 sponge cake  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup thick unsweetened apple sauce  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1 cup sifted powdered sugar  
1 cup thick cream, whipped  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup blanched almonds



This is Miss Apple Charlotte Russe

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

# ALVIN

*Long-Life Silver Plate Correct for Every Occasion*



THE ATLANTA WOMAN'S CLUB

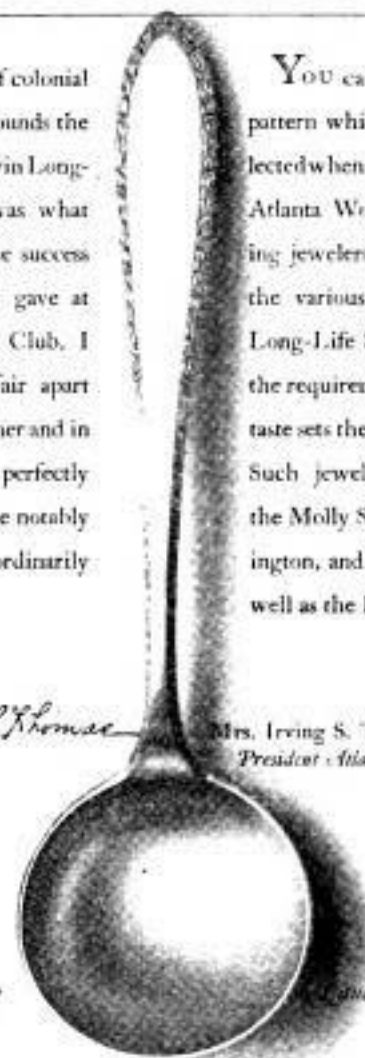
*A favorite institution of southern social leaders, where Mrs. Irving S. Thomas, President of the Club, gave a dinner for which she personally selected the Lancaster pattern in Alvin Long-Life Silver Plate.*

"THE atmosphere of colonial times and customs surrounds the Lancaster pattern in Alvin Long-Life Plate, and this was what contributed most to the success of a dinner I recently gave at the Atlanta Woman's Club. I wished to set this affair apart from the usual club dinner and in this aim I succeeded perfectly by using a silver service notably superior to the ware ordinarily used in most clubs."

YOU can obtain the same pattern which Mrs. Thomas selected when she entertained at the Atlanta Woman's Club. Leading jewelers in your city carry the various patterns in Alvin Long-Life Silver Plate to meet the requirements of those whose taste sets the standard of fashion. Such jewelers will show you the Molly Stark, George Washington, and Victory patterns, as well as the Lancaster pattern.

*Mrs. Irving S. Thomas*

Mrs. Irving S. Thomas  
President Atlanta Woman's Club



Bonillon Spoon

Lancaster Pattern

## ALVIN SILVER COMPANY

20 Maiden Lane, New York

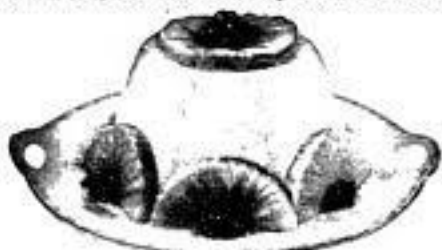
*Makers also of Alvin Sterling Silverware*



# Mrs. Knox's Corner

**"I THINK THIS IS The BEST DESSERT IN THE WORLD"**

THIS recipe was sent in by a woman from California. I have found it easy to make, delightful to the eye, appropriate for any occasion—and delicious for grown-ups as well as children. Try it and see if you, too, do not think it is the best dessert you ever tasted!



## PINEAPPLE BUTTERFLY PARFAIT

3/4 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine 1 cup sugar  
2 cups hot boiled rice 1 cup cream  
1 1/2 cups milk 1 cup cream 1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 cup chopped nut meats 1 teaspoon vanilla

Soak gelatine in milk ten minutes, dissolve in hot rice. Add sugar and salt, when cool fold in cream, beaten stiff. Add nut meats and flavoring. Turn into wet mold; pack in ice and salt. Cut round slices of canned pineapple across center; decorate mold with these before serving, placing curved edges together to imitate butterfly wings. If possible decorate wings with cut cherries and pour pineapple juice over all. White, maple or brown sugar may be used, the latter preferable. Brown rice is delicious and has more nourishment than white.

A Booklet of the "Best Desserts"  
My booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," containing numberless recipes for other best desserts, salads, meat and fish molds, relishes and candies, sent free if you will enclose four cents in stamps for postage, and mention your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX  
**KNOX GELATINE**  
109 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—think of KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavour for the convenience of the busy housewife

# Something Entirely New in Housebuilding

By J. T. TUBBY  
Architect

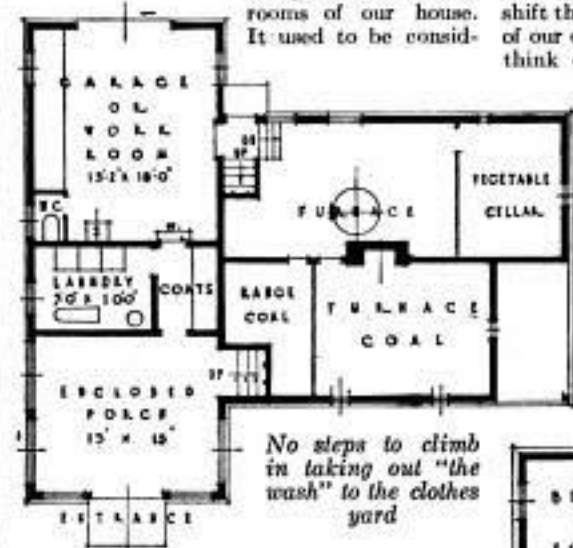
WHEN we look back to the days of the eighties and think of the cost of spruce lumber, the best of it, at twelve dollars a thousand, and contrast that price with the present price of sixty dollars per thousand, we must realize, in some degree, the changes which have been forced upon the design of the home and the character of its construction during the past forty years.

Every one of these changes seems to indicate a desire to get essentials, and to let non-essentials go. Our high ceilings were among the first of these points to be given up. The parlor, library, and reception-room gave way to the living-room with a small entrance hall. Elaborate paneled wainscoting was replaced with simplest Colonial trim. Meanwhile, science has developed more sanitary plumbing designs and arrangements for keeping our houses clean without the use of so much "sheer strength and awkwardness."

In the interest of more convenient living, the bungalow, even though more expensive to build, has competed with the once accepted two- or three-story house.

One of the parts of our houses expensive to build in the two-story house, and even extravagant to build in the bungalow, is the cellar. A study of the usual cellar presents a direct contradiction of purposes. On the one hand, the designer is confronted with a strong desire to keep the house low to the ground for esthetic reasons; on the other, with an equally intense and more practical desire to have a clean, dry, wholesome, airy cellar. Considerations of looks, of drainage, of character of the soil, and the nature of the site throw the decision between these conflicting elements first in one direction and then in the other. But why not separate these unruly units of our plan and let them exist in harmony, side by side?

OBVIOUSLY, this cannot be done by failing to excavate, or to provide a full story, for warmth and dryness, under all the living-rooms and bedrooms of our house. It used to be consid-



No steps to climb in taking out "the wash" to the clothes yard

ered possible to leave part of the house unexcavated. Perhaps the author's experience in having almost every client in whose house this scheme was attempted say, two or three years later, that he wished the whole building had had a full story below it, is significant of how people feel about not having a fully heated story below all their living-rooms.

This, then, is the first part of our program: a full, heated story under all the living-rooms and bedrooms of our building. We must keep our living-room, dining-room, and kitchen all on the same level, for convenience. For convenience, too, as many of our bedrooms as possible should be on the same level. But these two floors do not necessarily need to be on the same level, as in the bungalow, or



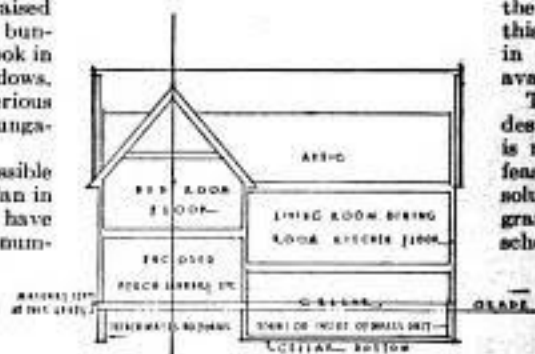
Imagine how charming an entrance to the house this spacious glassed-in porch could be made to be, especially with a vine-covered lattice above it

above one another, as in the two-story house. In fact, the bedrooms gain in privacy by being at a level slightly above the living-rooms. Furthermore, if the bedrooms are raised higher than in the bungalow, no one can look in the bedroom windows, and one of the serious objections to the bungalow is overcome.

Very many possible combinations of plan in two dimensions have been studied. A number of types have been developed, fairly well marked. Many are wonderfully attractive. But let us shift the elements of our design and think of the ar-

range, thick masonry, much excavation, and, worst of all, an unlighted and often neglected portion of the house. If we could raise half of the bungalow, making the cut vertically, all this cubage now wasted in the cellar would be available for our use.

The accompanying design proves that this is not only possible but feasible. The key to the solution of this new program is a different scheme of planning. Let us glance at the cross section. Here a cellar about three feet deep, the minimum necessary for frost (near New York) exists under the living-



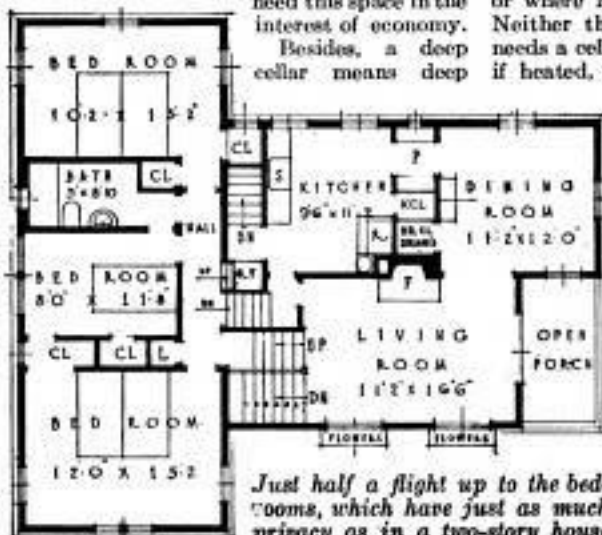
By raising it above the ground level, half the cellar has now become an integral part of the house

range in terms of mass, and not in terms of a flat plan. Immediately, a number of new possibilities appear. A study of the cross section reveals interesting modifications of the usual design.

FROM this point of view let us study the bungalow: Since twice as many rooms are placed on the first floor of the bungalow as on the first floor of the two-story house, it is clear that half of the cellar, at least, under the bungalow, is wasted. We need this space in the interest of economy.

Besides, a deep cellar means deep

room, dining-room, and kitchen. These rooms are all on the same level and all a short flight—to be accurate, seven steps—below the bedrooms; just enough to give privacy to the bedrooms. And, lo, half of our cellar has become useful, since it is now raised above the ground level and can be as well lighted as any room in the house. We must maintain our character of coziness by having the entrance close to the ground. Consequently, an enclosed porch, useful in winter and summer, is clearly indicated at the level of the entrance path. And just back of the entrance, we have plenty of space for a garage, or a place for Father or the boy to work in, or where Mother can start her early plants. Neither the enclosed porch nor the garage needs a cellar below it, and yet each of these, if heated, can form an excellent airy story below the bedrooms.



Just half a flight up to the bedrooms, which have just as much privacy as in a two-story house

THE relation between the usual cellar and the cellar on the new basis is made clear in the isometric drawings (see page 47), showing a comparison of the new scheme with the old. Note how much more masonry the bungalow requires than the scheme suggested. The cellar wall being only two feet eleven inches high, can be cast in concrete in an unbroken form set on the inside of the wall only.

The cellar windows can all be arranged in the frame wall in the upper half of the deep



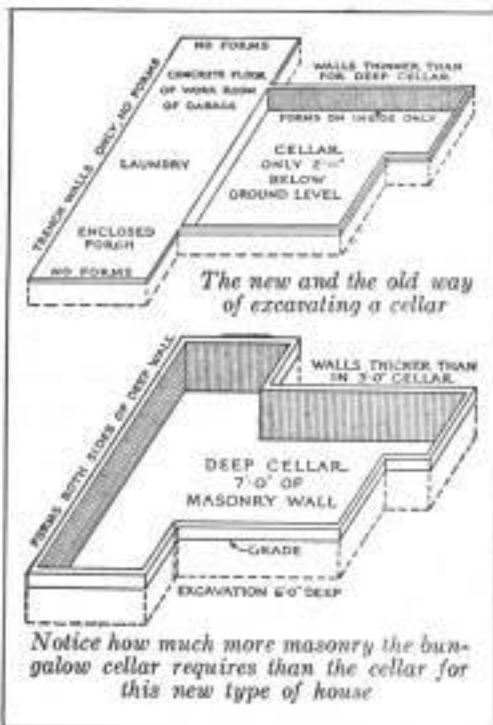
## Something Entirely New in Housebuilding

part of the cellar. The walls may be thinner than the walls for seven-foot cellars. So much for half the cellar; the other half needs only a trench to the depth of frost, with concrete dumped into the trench, preferably at the time the trench is dug. The frame wall can start one foot above the ground, saving the difference in the cost between frame and masonry for three quarters of the cellar. A skilled mason would be required to build only the chimney and to set the finished coat of plastering.

A long discussion with an authority on the physics of the air and ground temperatures confirms the belief that houses of this plan are as readily heated as the usual house with deep cellar. His contention is mainly that a full heated story should exist under all living-rooms.

To prove that there is a very considerable saving in cost in this scheme of planning, a letter from The Quantity Survey Company, Inc., of New York City, whose special business it is to make estimates on buildings, is printed below.

The house illustrated would correspond in its accommodations to the simple two-story house. Note the liberal entrance porch. How pleasant to step out of your car into a coat-room, drop wraps and bundles, and be in your own front hall!



Of all the places in the house, the worst for a laundry, in summer, is the deep cellar, since moisture is added to the one spot where it will not evaporate. In fact, many houses with deep cellars are damp and insanitary all summer. In the house shown, the laundry can go to the clothes-drying yard with-

out any steps to climb. The laundry is dry, well ventilated and above the ground level. On wash days the laundry work will not interfere with the cooking.

No extended comment is necessary in regard to the living-room floor and bedrooms other than to point out that two bedrooms with cross draft and windows on three sides are not usual, and that a bathroom over a laundry, in case of leak or even condensation on the pipes, is better than one over the ceiling of a living-room.

**MORE PLANS:** Alternate floor plans for the house here described, as well as plans for two entirely different developments

(both exterior and interior) of this interesting new type of house, will be sent upon request. Kindly inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Mr. Tubby will also be glad to answer inquiries for further information.

In writing, address "Housebuilding," care WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

### An Authoritative Letter of Approval

DEAR Mr. Tubby: We have examined the model of your new type small house and the plans for same. We were very much impressed with several points of excellence which this design seems to possess:

All of the floors requiring protection are properly insulated with air spaces beneath. The arrangement of the garage makes it very convenient to reach and to heat. The privacy secured through the arrangement of bedrooms seems to us to be very desirable, especially as compared with the ordinary bungalow type of house. There is a minimum of lost cubage in the air spaces below the roofs, although ample space is provided for insulation.

The whole design strikes one as very compact and efficient, and we are sure would impress a housekeeper as a place comparatively easy and convenient to do work in.

As regards the relative cost of construction, there is no question in our minds but that your design would be considerably cheaper than a strictly bungalow type of house having equal accommodations, and would be somewhat cheaper than a two-story house of similar accommodation.

We are very glad to have had an opportunity to see this unique design, which seems to be a decided step in advance of old-time construction.

Yours very truly,

THE QUANTITY SURVEY CO., INC., New York City.  
William G. Smith, Pres.

### "At Your Service"

- "Good Citizenship Made Easy"  
A booklet of practical suggestions. Price, 10 cents.
- Good Citizenship Leaflets  
As follows: (a) "How to Register;" (b) "Primarys, and Why They are Important to You;" (c) "How the President is Elected;" (d) "Nominations;" (e) "Law-Making;" (f) "Taxes and Where They Go." Price, 4 cents each.
- "American Life and Politics in Fiction"  
A list of 58 worth-while novels covering various phases and periods.
- "This Government of Mine"  
A list of 47 best and most entertainingly written books on American history, biography, travel, etc.
- "Put a Two-Cent Stamp to Work"  
A list of institutions in different states which supply help and inspiration to all who are interested in politics and civic betterment.
- "The Good Citizenship Bureau:  
What It Has Done and What It Can Do for You."
- "Your Community and Its Government."
- "Simple Facts About Local Politics"  
This easy text on how cities, towns and counties are governed also contains club programs. Price, 10 cents.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 will be sent on receipt of postage (2 cents for each leaflet).

The Good Citizenship Film, "Women Who Represent Women in Washington," picturing the various committee-women working for the welfare program of legislation now before Congress. Excellent for civic, political, or community clubs. For the privilege of showing this film apply to the Good Citizenship Bureau.

Address Good Citizenship Bureau, Woman's Home Companion, New York City.

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Symphonolas Play All Records. 4 Beautiful Models. Terms 10c to 35c a Day.

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Furnishings they are proud to own, at Factory-to-Family prices and on easy monthly payments but have also become happy owners of those famous musical instruments, Symphonic Pianos, Player Pianos and Symphonolas, which play all makes of phonograph records. They sent a First Cash Payment with order. Now we offer you either Furnishings for the home or one of those charming musical instruments without that first payment. We agree to do more; to ourselves pay this, saving you its full amount, \$3 to \$25. And then 1 to 4 years to pay balance 10c to 35c a day, after 30 days' FREE Trial.



Save 100% or More on the Symphonic Piano or Symphonic Player Piano at our Factory-to-Family Prices.

### 10c TO 35c A DAY After 30 Days' FREE Trial

Seems too good to be true, doesn't it? To furnish a room or two or the whole home. Or to get that much desired musical instrument on 30 days' trial without a First Cash Payment, and to have Larkin Co. pay that itself, \$3 to \$25. And to have a year to four years to pay. But, it's your dream coming true. And then after a whole month's examination and test you begin the convenient monthly payments. At 10c to 35c a day, you'll complete payment scarcely realizing the need! Payment sent monthly. To get every advantage of this unusual offer, send the Coupon below, checking offer interested in. This offer saves you the full First Cash Payment, \$3 to \$25, of our already low Factory-to-Family prices.

### This COUPON Saves Your First Payment—Send TODAY

Larkin Co. Inc.

Desk WHC-1021

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Send me Book describing offer checked. Should I order you agree to pay my First Payment \$3 to \$25 depending on goods selected.

Check offer interested in

☐ Symphonic Piano ☐ Symphonic Player Piano  
☐ Symphonola ☐ Electric Washer ☐ Furnishings

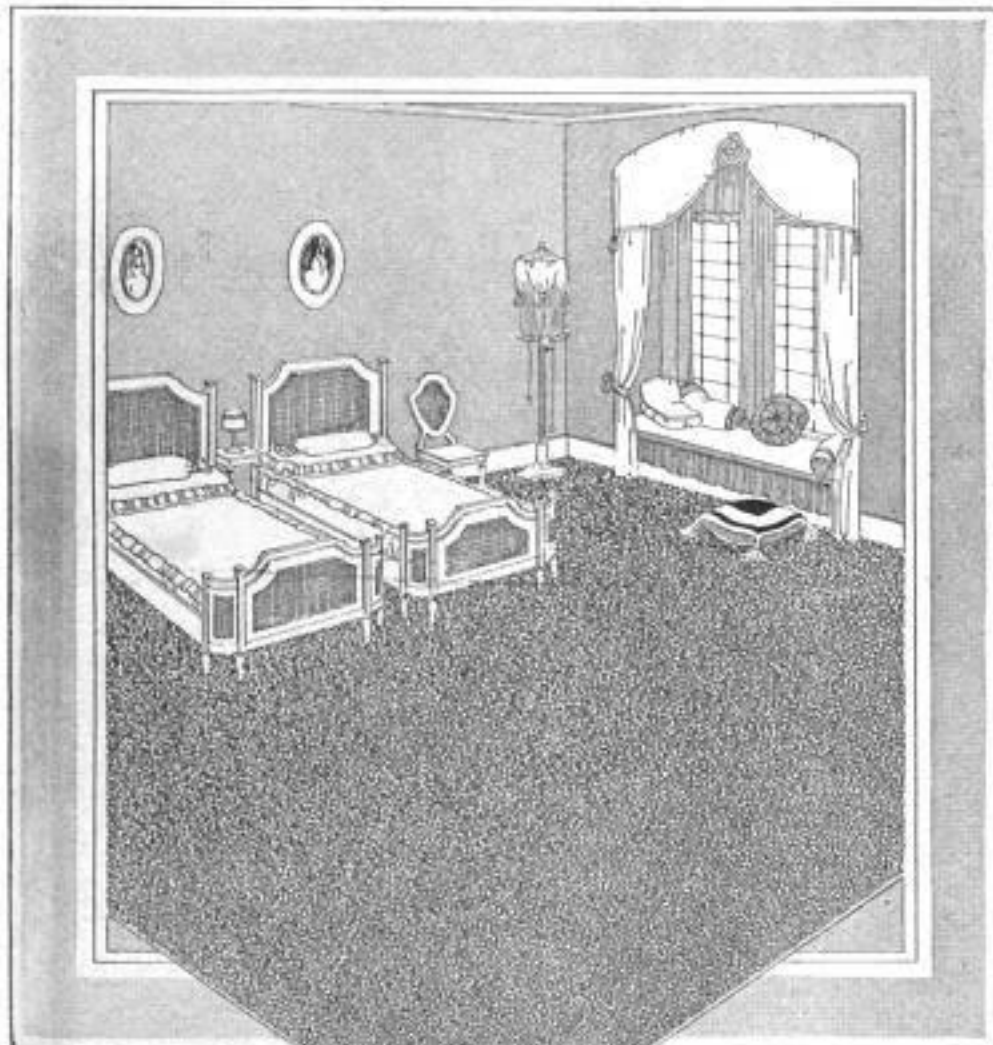
Name .....

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St. or R. D. Address .....

**This Adv.  
SAVES YOU  
\$3 to \$20  
Cash**





## All Linen Bedrooms—Starting with the Floor

THE bedroom is linen's stronghold. Other fabrics, perhaps, for other places—but in the bedroom, linen. Good taste endorses it. Comfort demands it. Economy pays for it—for linen wears like iron.

### Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting

GUARANTEED PURE LINEN

are ready today to put that sturdy wearing quality where you most need it—underfoot. As thick as any rugs you've ever known, they multiply the stamina of linen a thousand-fold.

The richness of their one-tone colors is the gorgeous coloring you've found in linen frocks—the heritage of linen's affinity for toneful colors. Mothproof, of course—and reversible in addition.

Wonderful rugs—unapproached for value at the price—at all good department, furniture and rug stores. Equally desirable for hotels, clubs, theatres and offices that take a pride in their appearance and a sharp account of cost.

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LINEN RUGS  
Registered U. S. Patent Office

*"Rooms of Restful Beauty" a booklet full of real help on interior decoration will be mailed free on request.*

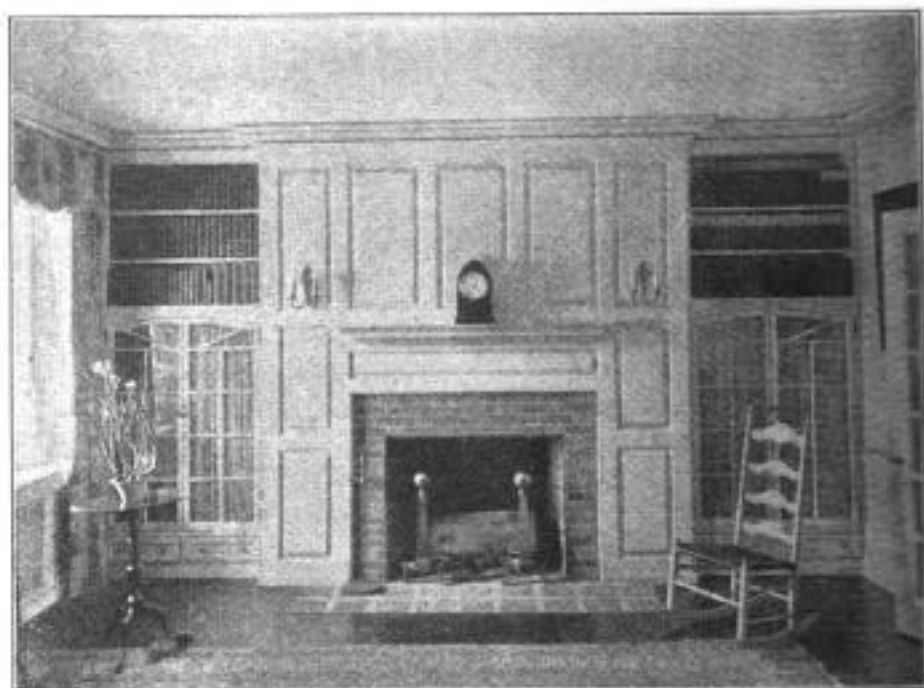
KLEARFLAX LINEN RUG COMPANY  
OF DULUTH, MINNESOTA

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

## The Perfect Rug for Bedrooms



JOHN GRADY, JR., ARCHITECT

## Bookcases, Desks

*Practical and good-looking built-in features*

*Selected and Described*

*by*

CHARLES  
VAUGHN  
BOYD

BOOKS, an open fire, and a glimpse of the out of doors, what could be pleasanter? Let those who wish carp at closed shelves that cause dry rot, or open shelves that leave the books a prey to dust and dampness. It's a free world, and we can take our choice, or even effect a happy compromise, as in the picture. The little drawers under the bookshelves are a good idea, we're sure—excellent for papers, photographs, programs, and pamphlets.

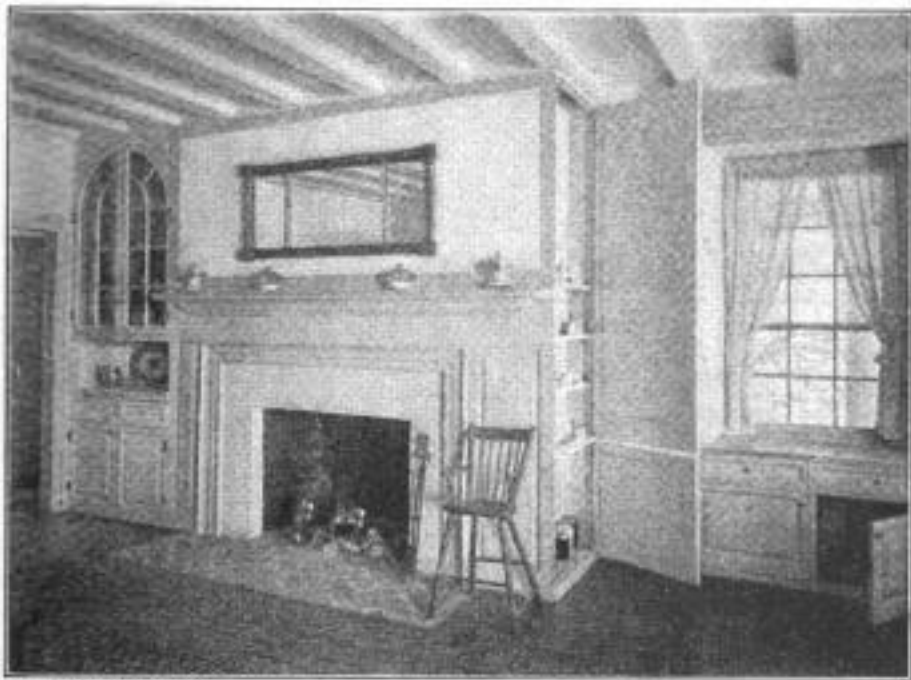
OR A DESK and bookshelves go well together. How often it happens that the conventional desk which has adequate shelf and drawer equipment proves wholly unsuitable to the wall space available for its placement. Therein lies the superiority of the desk which is built in: It is suited alike to the owner's use and to the special space requirements. An unnecessary door opening can be blocked up, and a tall, narrow desk built in the doorway.



A. FLETCHER STREY, ARCHITECT

AGAIN, in the alcove created by the projection of a fireplace, a desk has a pleasant and advantageous place, where it will encroach but slightly on the floor area of a room. As in all built-in furniture, a desk of this type should conform in finish with the finish of the woodwork in the room itself, and should always follow the simplest of lines in its construction.





H. BRIDGEMAN, ARCHITECT

## And Cupboards

*Which can be adapted to any house, old or new*

THE dining-room is, of course, the place for cupboards. Between the chimney and the pantry door may often be found a niche for a china closet, while on the other chimney end, there may be room—it doesn't take much—to tuck in a tea-time cupboard. Under a window, too, there's sometimes space enough for small drawers, where doilies and napkins may be stored, and for still more cupboards convenient for holding the electric toaster, and things of that sort.

IN MANY old dining-rooms, the well-balanced placement of the doors provides an ideal location for a built-in sideboard. Occupying the center of a wall, the sideboard here pictured is flanked by doors whose trim forms a frame that imparts architectural continuity. In other words, the sideboard is "tied" quite definitely to the standing woodwork of the room. A sideboard of this kind should be simple in design, its only ornamental features being essentially utilitarian: hardware of brushed brass and knobs of clear white glass.

HARTIG &amp; HERRICK, ARCHITECTS



JOHN GRAMM, JR., ARCHITECT

WHERE only a narrow doorway in the conventional six-inch wall connects a dining-room with hall or living-

room, double the thickness of the partition, set a wide doorway in the center, with a china closet on either side.

## 1847 ROGERS BROS. SILVERPLATE



### THE *Ambassador* PATTERN

THIS is the newest representative of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It is substantial and dignified, possessing the fine qualities which its name implies. All who love beautiful silverplate will find fresh points of beauty in the graceful lines and attractive decoration of this new pattern. An Ambassador Table Service started now can be completed later, by the addition of other pieces in the same pattern. Every piece has back of it the makers' absolute and unqualified guarantee. Teaspoons, \$4.00 for a half dozen.

See the dignified Ambassador Pattern at your dealer's, and write for folder J-48, illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.



*The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



# HEBE



## Make Rich and Savory Tomato Soup with HEBE

"Use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of HEBE,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water, one level tablespoon flour. Mix flour, HEBE and water and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for two minutes, stirring constantly. Add one can of tomato soup and four tablespoons boiling water. Bring mixture to boil, season and serve."

**Y**OU can't imagine a more delicious and savory soup—and nutritious, too. But this is only one of the variety of rich and good soups you can make with HEBE. Use most any kind of soup, vegetable, celery, lettuce, spinach or asparagus—and HEBE in proportions to suit.

When you have tried HEBE once, you will recognize instantly its goodness and economy for all kinds of cooking and baking—and endless uses will suggest themselves. HEBE adds nutriment to everything cooked with it because it is a nutritious combination of wholesome foods: pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with coconut fat.

**Begin using HEBE today. Order several cans from your grocer and write to us for a free copy of the HEBE book of recipes. Address 4202 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.**

**THE HEBE COMPANY**  
Chicago Seattle



Once a rose evening gown, now a boudoir lamp shade

## Are You the Tenth Woman

*Who capitalizes rags, tags, and velvet gowns?*

By MARGARET O. GOLDSMITH

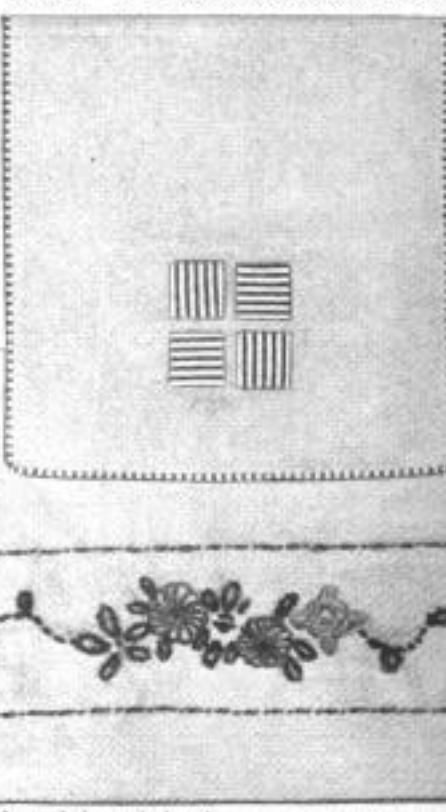
**I**N CHOOSING between a new wardrobe and new house furnishings, nine women out of ten would vote for the new clothes and let the house continue another year in shabby array. But the tenth woman would vote for both. You can be that tenth woman. Just invest your money in a new wardrobe, and invest some time and ingenuity in refurbishing the house out of your old wardrobe.

Have you ever scrutinized your old party dresses from this point of view? Those gowns that are passé in style, goods, and all—the kind that would fetch only a quarter from the ragman, yes, the kind that a poor relative would reject with scornful finality? These have possibilities. Take, for instance, a pale rose satin gown with its queer-cut skirt and lace flounces. The satin can be ripped up, dyed a deeper shade of rose, and converted into pillow covers to brighten up a dull couch corner. The lining can serve again as a lining, this time on a boudoir lamp shade, in fact in the same company, for the lace flounces, cleaned and dipped in coffee, will add



For a bleak wall space was created this hanging of peacock-blue crepe de chine with golden yellow block-printed nightingales. Chinese coins weight the corners

The linen runner below is trimmed with square motifs of black and white striped percale—all salvaged from house dresses



Gay tapestry yarn in lazy-daisy stitch trims a pongee runner made from a passé skirt

just the dainty decorative touch needed in the guest-room. The latest thing in lamp trimmings is a band of chenille at the top with a drooping bow. (See illustration above.)

Perhaps, in going over your stock of past finery, you will come upon a printed georgette blouse worn in places. How about using the good part for candelabra shields? Too bright, you say? But you can always soften a violent color by putting it over its complementary color, that is, the color opposite it in a circle of equal segments of the six standard colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and purple. Thus, the complement of purple is yellow, and the complement of a bluish purple would be a reddish yellow. If you do not need to neutralize with a complementary color or the outer shade of georgette, it is a good plan to line shields with silk in the dominant tone in the room. (Illustrated, page 52.)

Curtains, covers for pillows, and rugs are to a room what gloves, hat, and shoes are to a costume. So when you set about dressing up a room for the season first see what your old clothes can do in the way of providing these accessories. A pongee suit is a veritable treasure in this respect. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]



# Your Child's Health

Ready  
for  
Bed



This picture is on the trade-mark tag attached to every genuine Dr. Denton Garment

TRADE MARK

## Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

### Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

**Every Mother Should Know** that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

*Bleached cotton is COLD*, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

*Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM.* Each fiber is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will *not* absorb water. Perspiration is carried off *on the surface* of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is always *dry and warm*.

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded*. Not an ounce of waste or shoddy is used.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. **The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.**

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape and elasticity.

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

**Dentons are ideal for fresh-air sleeping.**

Dentons are well made in every respect: *elastic, outside seams*, collars double thickness, good buttons, strong buttonholes, facings all stayed.

They have a distinctive, mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil.

*Each size is amply proportioned.*

**Denton quality is maintained rigidly.**

Our prices are always low *in relation to quality* as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

Sizes 0 to 6 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 7 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

**Insist on genuine Dentons.** Our name is on neck hanger and our trade-mark is on tag attached to each garment.

If you cannot get Dr. Denton Garments from your dealer, write us.

Over 3,500 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores Sell Dentons.

**Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,**  
541 MILL STREET, CENTREVILLE, MICHIGAN.



REAR VIEW



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New York's Latest Fall  
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Stick the  
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Stylish  
For  
Collar

Front  
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35 E 70  
\$14.98

All  
Wool  
Tricotine

Very Latest Styles  
Highest Grade of Fine Tailoring  
Wonderful Values

5E75—Just think of getting an  
excellent quality, soft, smooth  
finished, Wool Velour Coat, trim-  
med with a fur collar, for only  
\$14.98. And it is a fashionably-  
made coat, styled right upon the  
minute, and the tailoring is  
faultless throughout. It is de-  
signed on becoming, straight  
lines and displays two box plaits  
in back that are held in place  
with silk stitching. The collar  
is of Connery fur, which is a  
modern short-haired, soft,  
dense and very durable fur,  
deep brown in color. It may  
be worn rolled up, as pic-  
tured, or thrown open across  
shoulders. A narrow, self  
belt defines the high waist-  
line. Two big pockets, trim-  
med with self tabs, buttons  
and silk stitching. Lined to  
hips with serviceable satin-lined Venetian, and sometimes  
about 48 inches in length. Sizes 32 to 40 bust. Also for misses  
and small women, 32 to 38 bust. Colors: Green, brown or  
plaid. Price, \$14.98.

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\$14.98

Smooth  
Finish  
Wool  
Velour

**BELLAS HESS & CO**  
WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.  
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Fill out blank below with your name and address. Cut out on dotted line and mail to us.

BELLAS HESS & CO., New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Please send me your FREE Catalog of New York's Latest Styles.

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
TOWN..... STATE.....



Candelabra shields,  
soft brown in tone

Are You  
the  
Tenth  
Woman?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]



From purple-flowered  
georgette over apricot

especially if it be full skirted. Sash cur-  
tains, pillow covers, and table runners may  
come from it. Dye it, if necessary, and  
add a note of color to make it harmonize  
with the surroundings. Just a narrow  
fringe of blue or rose may be enough for cur-  
tain trimming. In the runner illustrated on  
page 50 the flowers are colored blue,  
orange, fawn, and lavender.

In these days of high-priced linen, culti-  
vate an old linen suit, shrunken and wrin-  
kled as it may be. Out of the skirt you  
can evolve a half-dozen plate doilies and  
from the coat a half-dozen smaller ones. If

the linen happens to be  
colored—green, gray,  
tan and the like—combine it with cretonne to  
reupholster chairs, using the plain fabric as a  
background for panels of the flowered material.  
The colored linen makes charming dresser scarfs  
and chair cushions for bedrooms.

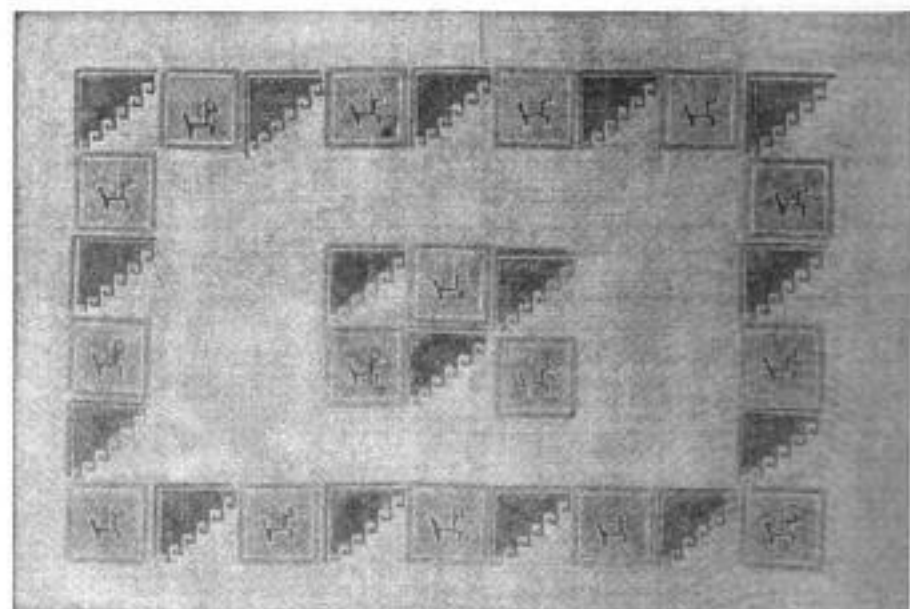
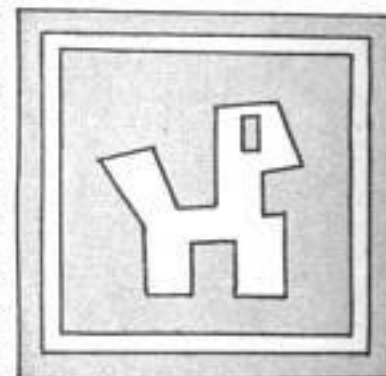
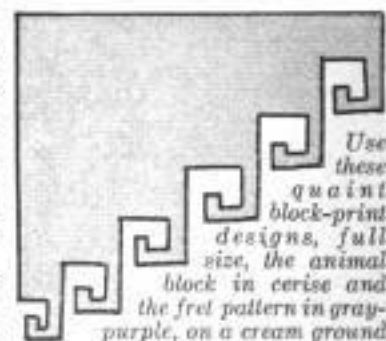
Cast-off velvet gowns  
may seem quite outside  
the realm of house furn-  
ishings, yet, steamed  
and cleansed, a blue or  
brown velvet dress may  
still render service as  
the new top for a low  
stool, or the long cushion  
on the piano bench,  
with gold tassels on the  
corners. From an old  
skirt panel may be fash-  
ioned a long runner for  
the living-room table.  
If worn spots need hid-  
ing, use a block-print  
design down the center  
and across the middle.  
Block-printed velvet  
may sound impossible,  
but the effect is gorgeous. Partially faded  
silks are cleverly disguised by block-print-  
ing a design in oil paints.

It may be, when all is said and done, that  
your refurbished living-room or hallway  
still lacks some one large and satisfying spot  
of color. This is apt to be the case when  
you have large pieces of furniture in a spa-  
cious room and only small pictures on the  
walls. A very pleasing substitute for a  
picture is a block-printed wall hanging of  
crêpe de chine, china silk, rajah or velvet,  
preferably a soft-finished material. Faded  
streaks even add interest to the design.

You may, of course, want to dye the silk  
first if the color is not right for the room.  
In planning the color scheme, consider  
whether the design is to stand out in dark  
values on a light background, or whether it  
is to gleam in light shades, gold, silver, or  
the like, from a dark background. At any  
rate, there should be a distinct contrast of  
light and dark colors between the design  
and the background. Those inexperienced  
in block printing will find it better to keep  
to a single color on a given block, and get  
variety in color by the use of different  
blocks or block arrangements.

To make the block,  
buy a remnant of plain-  
colored linoleum, Grade  
A, and trace on it the  
outline of some simple  
design. Glue the square  
of linoleum with sticky  
glue to a block of wood  
the same size and about  
an inch thick. Take a  
sharp-pointed penknife  
or scalpel knife and cut  
out from the linoleum  
the lines and spaces that  
are not to come in con-  
tact with the paint.  
That will leave in relief  
the part of the design  
that is to print on the  
silk. Thus, in the night-  
ingale design (page 50),  
you cut around the  
birds and the conven-  
tional branches in a  
clean-cut boundary line,  
and then pry off the  
surface of the linoleum  
surrounding these un-  
scathed parts. Hold  
the knife slanting away  
from the part of the de-  
sign that you do not  
wish to cut into by mis-  
take, in case the knife slips. Work on a flat  
board that you will not mind marring. Be  
sure that the cut-out portions of the pat-  
tern are level and well below the surface of  
the standing parts, but not dug out clear to  
the canvas backing of the linoleum.

Pad a bread board with six newspapers,  
and if the fabric you are to print on is thin,  
add, also, a layer of absorbent material,  
such as flannel or table felt. Tack tightly  
and evenly in place the material for the wall  
hanging (after first trying out the block on  
scraps of the same material to get onto the  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 90)



By block-printing, a fascinating pillow can be achieved from any soft  
material, all the better if faded



# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



**B**EECH-NUT Peanut Butter —so rich and smooth and full of flavor. Spread it deep on a slice of bread—delicious! One piece won't be enough—but that's the best part of it; you can eat all you want because Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is *good* for you. Eat it at meal-time—and to kill that between meal hunger too. Youngsters—oldsters—everyone likes it. Comes in vacuum glass jars to keep it pure and fresh. Three sizes, large, medium and small. Keep a supply on hand. Always ready to serve. Needs no preparation.



BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY  
*"Foods of Finest Flavor"*  
Canajoharie, N. Y.



# STEERO BOUILLON CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Patented Oct. 31, 1911

## Do You Eat as Heartily as a Young Boy?

When you see a young boy eat as ravenously as a hungry bear, do you feel a tinge of envy—wishing that you, too, had an appetite like that?

Start your meal right and you will eat as heartily as you would like to; start with something hot, flavorful, appetite-stimulating, and you will eat enthusiastically. Hot Steero bouillon is just the thing to begin a meal with. It gives a relish to luncheon. Its rich, meaty flavor creates that desire for a good, substantial dinner. Use hot Steero bouillon freely; instead of tiring your taste, it gives you an appetite for the rest of your meal. Used in cooking, Steero bouillon cubes make made-over dishes taste better. Try them in scalloped dishes, meat and vegetable sauces, and in scores of other ways.

Put a Steero bouillon cube into a cup and add boiling water. Hot Steero bouillon is made in less than no time. Anybody can make it.

Put Steero bouillon cubes on your order list today—and insist that you get STEERO bouillon cubes. The trade-mark STEERO is on every cube. Look for it.

## Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero bouillon cubes so that you may learn how good hot Steero bouillon tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book, full of practical and delicious recipes—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 264 William St., New York  
Distributors for  
American Kitchen Products Co., New York

"A Cube Makes a Cup"  
"Simply Add Boiling Water"

STEERO BOUILLON CUBES—the trade-mark Steero is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents. Large families, clubs, boarding houses and hotels will find the tins of 50 and 100 more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero bouillon cubes.



RICHARD  
CULTER



# The Tower Room

By

ANNE BRYAN MCCALL

Author of "THE LARGER VISION"

## Are You Adaptable?

**S**O MANY of the problems and difficulties that you girls bring to share with me arise, it seems to me, from a lack of adaptability.

Here is a girl who as a college girl loved the companionship of other girls, and had it in plenty. Then she married and went to live in a town where she knows no one. Moreover, she has now a little child, who takes most of her time; and as her husband's means are slender she is obliged to do most of the housework. "Please don't think, dear Anne McCall," she writes, "that I do not love my husband and baby. I adore them. Yet I'm the loneliest soul you ever knew. Other girls might think this was heaven! a home, a devoted husband, a baby that is the darlingest you ever saw; a garden, a horse even, and a dog and chickens, and plenty of books besides—but there are days when it is unendurable to me, and I think, 'Oh, if only I could see the college, and the teachers, and the girls once more!' What in the world is the matter with me! Won't you tell me?"

### Inadaptability.

Yes; that is clearly the matter, as it is with hundreds of others who write me.

Here is another girl, who was once wealthy and is now poor:

"It was good of you to write me of the 'other riches'—riches of the spirit. I know it's true; but when you've lived for twenty-two years in one way, it is difficult to be transplanted, as it were, and to an entirely different climate and soil. Most plants die when you do that. Sometimes I feel as though I were half dead, too."

Here is still another who has had the reverse experience. Ruined in poverty and the simplest manner of living, this girl has married into a rather wealthy and formal family:

"Most people would think me the most fortunate girl in the world. Well, I'd like them to live in my shoes for a while, and then tell me what they think. I'll bet there were times when Cinderella would have loved to go back to her pots and pans. This life has no heart in it at all. I find myself wanting to shock these people all the time. I can't get on with them. They all seem to me false and insincere, and I'm fearfully unhappy most of the time."

### A Magnificent Power

**A**LL these problems could be solved, or they would probably never have arisen, if these girls had had adaptability; if they had known how to bend to changing circumstance instead of remaining rigid. That is the fault and the mistake, it seems to me, of so many lives, their rigidity. They are not flexible, fluent, adaptable.

I marvel sometimes that we can be so dull; that we can fail to learn to be adaptable; for adaptability is a lesson that life tries to teach us, a hundred times a day as though she herself never, never tired of it.

I walked a little way on the street the other day with a blind man. He was making his way about alone, waiting at curbs for happier people to become aware of him and take him across the street; dependent absolutely on the notice and kindness of others. He was a powerful, simple man without much education. I walked for two blocks with him, and finally saw him safely on a street car that was to take him home; and in that little while, it seemed, I know, to onlookers, that I was helping a helpless man! Helpless indeed! I would be proud to have such powers as he had, such magnificent power of adaptability. For, to the seemingly fearful conditions of his life, he had been able to adapt himself so as to develop strength and dignity and peace and joy.

He told me that he had been blind since he was seventeen; but that, nevertheless, he was one of the happiest men alive. Some woman, it seems, had loved him well enough to share his fate with him. He made baskets, she did sewing. In this way they were able to make a living together.

Such magnificent adaptability as that makes our problems seem for the most part little and trifling enough, does it not? Where we sit inert, and complaining, strong spirits adapt themselves and create out of the conditions you and I call unhappy or hopeless, things beautiful and to be remembered.

Practically, every great and noble life has been a life of magnificent adaptation. Look into the lives of great men and women and examine their early years. How little most of these people seem suited in their childhood to their future fate. But follow the history of their lives, and you will see that all of them loved life and were constantly adapting themselves, day by day, to the demands it made upon them, and the opportunities it offered them.

### Adaptability and Sympathy

**A**DAPTABILITY is not a thing that can be attained at once; it is a thing that grows and develops by tending. And the seed of adaptability is, I think, sympathy; and those who are day by day cultivating sympathy, understanding, are, day by day, becoming more adaptable. The great men of the world—who have most adapted themselves to the world's needs and opportunities—are, in nine cases out of ten, "great-hearts" as well. The adaptable girl is the girl with the willing, loving heart; the girl who is ready and eager to see the rights of other people, willing to yield a point generously; eager to adapt herself to the needs of the moment if she can honorably do so.

Begin in a small way. Try adapting yourself a day at a time—to-day. Try to be willing each morning when you get up to adapt yourself to every emergency or opportunity that the day may offer you. Try every day being a little less positive in your opinions. Say over to yourself, whenever you are discontented or opinionated, "Of course, I may be wrong about this." Instead of fretting over little matters and losing your temper, try to-day to adapt yourself to that event or person who has irritated you; try to use your difficulties instead of rebelling against them.

To the girl who is adaptable, life offers all her manifold riches, and for her one door never closes that another does not open.

Under our feet each day is gold and treasure, but because we have not sufficiently willing and loving and attentive hearts, we do not hear these things calling to us, we hear only the voice of our own opinions, our own narrow-mindedness, our own discontent; and the day goes by dull and profitless. There are immense forces around about us all the while, with which we have only to put ourselves in contact.

The gracious and graceful life, like the gracious and graceful body, is the one that is flexible. Begin to be gracious, generous, willing, yielding in little matters, so that when the need for some larger adaptation comes you will be ready for it; then life, instead of being a series of difficulties and shocks, will become a series of extraordinary opportunities.

The larger matters of adaptation are not always easy, I know that very well; so be sure to let me share them with you when sharing them will make them easier.

Address Anne Bryan McCall, The Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC WASHER



## Works Two Ways—Makes Short Work of Cleaner Washing

**T**HE "Universal" would wash as well as other machines if it had but one movement. It washes doubly quick and doubly well by having *two*. The "Universal" Cylinder reverses every other revolution, combining the washing efficiency of both rotating and oscillating machines.

**M**OTOR and gears enclosed in sturdy steel cabinet. No exposed moving parts to catch the operator's dress or cause physical injury. Two levers control both Washer and Swinging Wringer. Fewer and simpler parts, sturdier construction, trouble-free service for years without number—all these you get in the "Universal" Dual-Action Washer.

Write for Booklet No. 28A and name of "Universal" dealer who will give demonstration and explain easy payment plan.

## Other "UNIVERSAL" Home Needs

Aluminum Percolators	- - -	\$4.50 to \$7.50
Electric Toasters	- - -	\$6.75 to \$8.50
Electric Grills	- - -	\$11.50 to \$15
Electric Waffle Iron	- - -	\$16
Electric Vacuum Cleaner with attachments	-	\$50
Electric Irons	- - -	\$6.75 to \$8.75
Electric Heater (Sunflower Pattern)	-	\$11.50
Electric Heating Pad	- - -	\$10.75
Fond Choppers	- - -	\$2 to \$4
Bread Makers	- - -	\$2.75 to \$4.50
Vacuum Bottles	- - -	\$1.75 to \$7

Write for Booklet No. 28 showing complete "Universal" line.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK  
New Britain, Conn.

# Universalize your Home





Posed by Irene Castle

Photos by Ira L. Hill

## Secure in the beauty of the silken fabric—

*Irene Castle chooses a frock of extreme simplicity*

**T**O wear at semi-formal afternoon functions Irene Castle selected a frock designed by Lucile (Lady Duff Gordon) and distinguished by the beauty of the silk and the simplicity of treatment.

The success of the gown with its unadorned bodice depends upon the superb texture of the Corticelli Satin Crêpe in which it is developed.

From the Spanish influence Lucile borrowed the long silk fringe made of Corticelli Crochet Silk which hangs in double rows from little chiffon aprons at front and back. This influence is seen again in the fringe which falls from the short chiffon sleeves.

If your dealer cannot show you a complete line of Corticelli dress silks, including Satin Crêpe, Canton Crêpe, Charmouses, Satin Patria, Satin Militaire, Taffetas and Poplins, please write us. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 610 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.



Posed by Irene Castle

*Lining satins and taffetas in fascinating Thistleblossom pattern*

Tempted by its beauty, Irene Castle chose for the lining of her evening wrap (shown above), the new Haledon printed Corticelli Thistleblossom Taffeta. This Taffeta comes with backgrounds of clear blue, deep purple, dusky brown, and many other rich colors. Your department store can show it to you in all weights.

*Free booklet of frocks and wraps designed for Irene Castle*

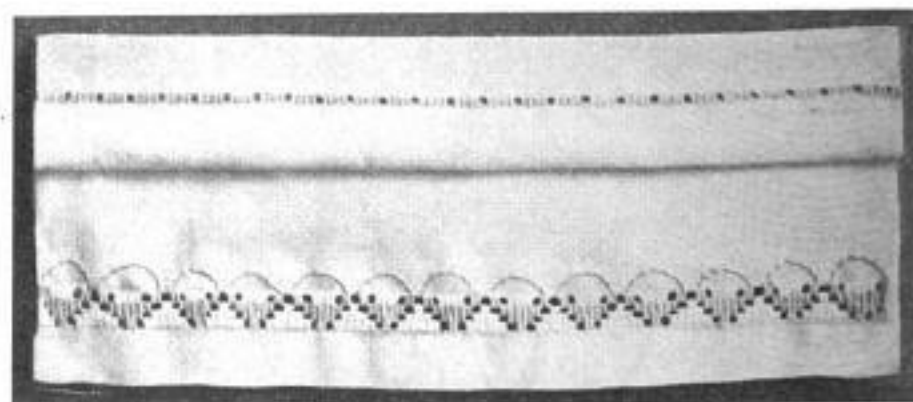
Send for copy of free booklet, printed in colors, of Corticelli Silk frocks and wraps made by Lucile for Irene Castle. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, 610 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.

No Canadian orders accepted.

**CORTICELLI DRESS SILKS**

Also

Pool Silks, Ladies' Silk Hosiery, Yarns and Crochet Cottons



The handles, cleverly darned on, make the baskets bona fide ones in this Swedish weaving border

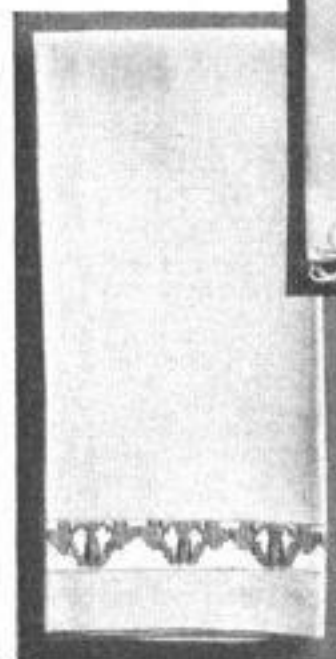
## For Your Best Towels

*Decorative edges that are easy to do*

**SWEDISH** weaving is a distinctive way of trimming a towel, and the work in itself is as fascinating as it is simple. Simple cross-stitch patterns may be used for making designs. The towel at the top of the page has a basket design in lavender and white. The hem is turned but not sewed down till work is finished.

**AN INCH-WIDE** white scallop with a buttonholed leaf and bud worked at the points of the scallops, and a blue line of buttonholing is the decoration of the towel at the left. Work white scalloping first, catching the padding well into the cloth. Work blue row next, then the three-petaled leaf and buds, upper half of which are blue. Cut out the cloth between scallops and blue row.

The other end of the towel has only the buttonholed scallops and the blue line of buttonholing.

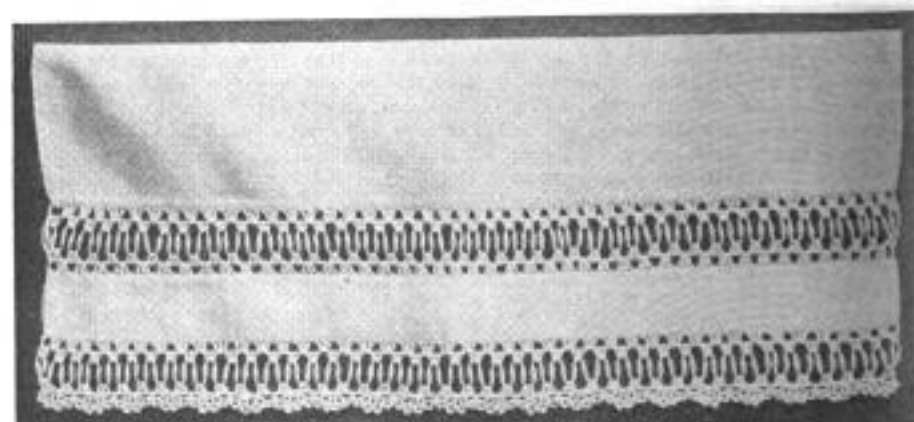


Designs by  
MARY M. FRASER,  
LILLIAN SPENCER,  
and  
MRS. F. W.  
TILLSON

**YELLOW**, green, and white tulips in Swedish weaving make the border at one end of the blue linen towel above. The pattern is almost an inch wide, and in the hemstitching foundation three threads were taken in each stitch. The other end may have a row of double hemstitching as its only decoration. Each hem is made one and one-fourth inches wide.

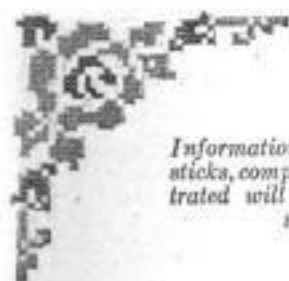
**DIRECTIONS** for making the towel with coronation braid and the two towels with Swedish weaving will be sent on receipt of ten cents. Order CK-172, and address Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

**RED** and blue embroidery in pointed stitch forms the trimming above the two-inch fringe on the linen towel above.



Coronet braid linking simple little rows of crochet makes an effective finish for a towel





Information about obtaining the candlesticks, comport, and artificial fruit illustrated will be sent on receipt of a stamped envelope

Designed by  
EVELYN PARSONS

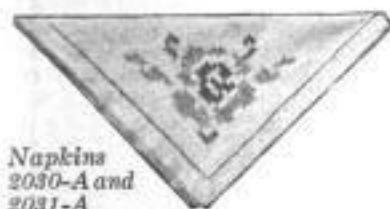
Centerpieces of table sets are cut eighteen inches square; doilies, eighteen by thirteen inches; napkins, seventeen inches square

## HOW TO ORDER:

Give full name and address. Remit by check or money order. Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Mention which material desired if there is a choice. Address Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

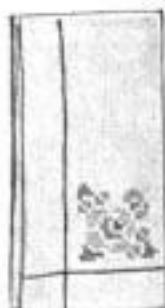
THE gay little table set, 2032-A, is of cream-colored linen with a fruit design darned in red, orange, purple, and green outlined in black. The edge is finished with Italian hemstitching.

Equally distinctive is set 2033-A, which has a spray of flowers—pink, purple, orange, green, and blue—cross-stitched outside a line of black. The edges are finished with tiny hems.



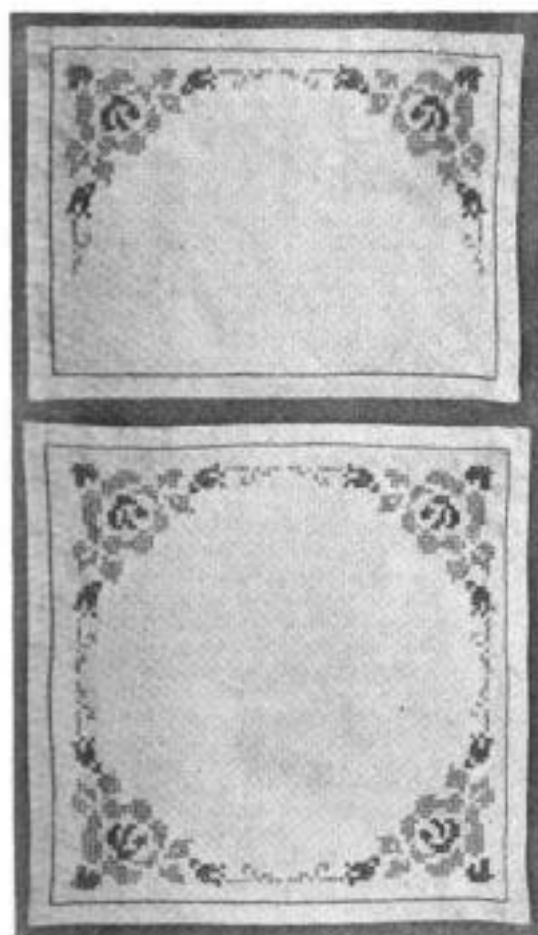
Napkins  
2030-A and  
2031-A

2033-A—Cross-stitch Flower Cluster Set (lower center of page) Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and six doilies (enough for napkins included) \$1.00 Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and four doilies 75 Cents



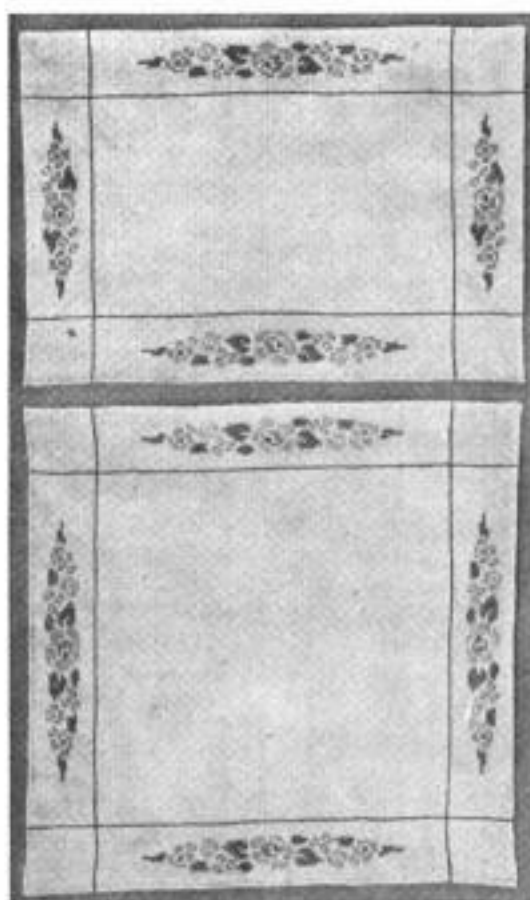
## Color-Fast and Inexpensive

Price List of stamped materials for 2031-A—Blue Rose Set, 2032-A—Fruit Set, and 2033-A—Flower Cluster Set:  
Centerpiece and six doilies stamped on cream-colored linen \$2.35  
Six napkins stamped on cream-colored linen 1.95  
Centerpiece and four doilies stamped on cream linen 1.70  
Four napkins stamped on cream-colored linen 1.35  
Centerpiece and six doilies stamped on white linene 1.15  
Six napkins stamped on white linene 95 Cents  
Centerpiece and four doilies stamped on white linene 85 Cents  
Four napkins stamped on white linene 65 Cents  
Prices given above are for each individual set



2031-A—Blue Rose Cross-stitch Set  
Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and six doilies 70 Cents  
Cotton for centerpiece and six napkins 25 Cents  
Cotton for centerpiece and four doilies 55 Cents  
Cotton for centerpiece and four napkins 20 Cents  
Five-eighths-inch hems couched are in light blue.

For price of stamped materials see center of page

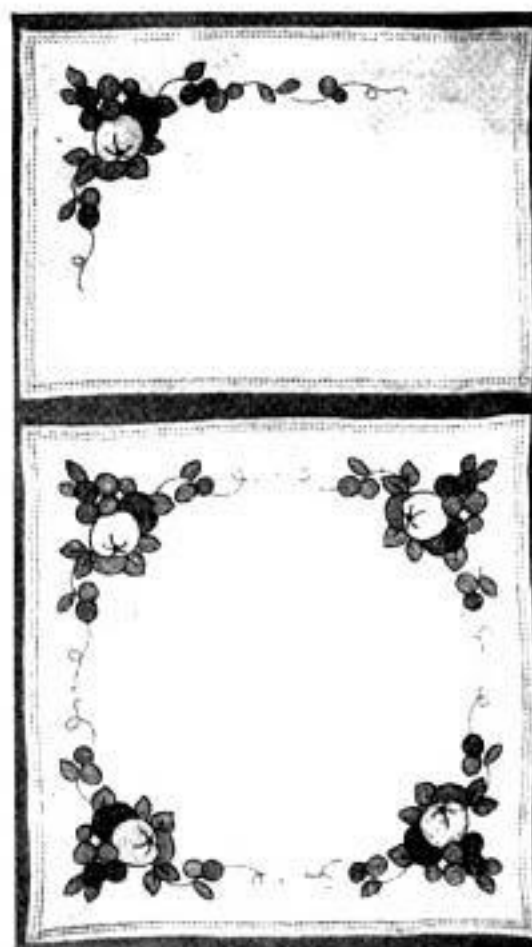


2033-A



In  
two shades  
of blue

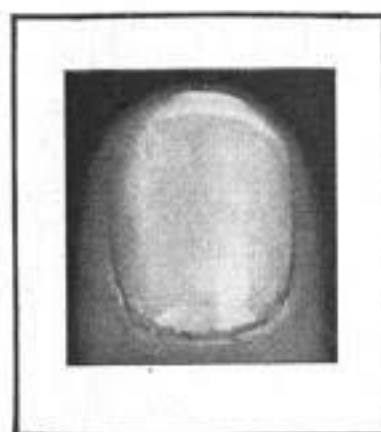
2030-A—Blue Rose luncheon cloth stamped on unbleached muslin 54 inches square \$1.35  
Embroidery cotton 60 Cents  
Six napkins stamped on unbleached muslin 95 Cents  
Cotton for napkins 25 Cents



2032-A—Fruit Set:  
Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and six doilies (enough for napkins included) 95 Cents  
Embroidery cotton for centerpiece and six doilies 75 Cents  
With the cotton are sent directions for Italian hemstitching.

For price of stamped materials see center of page





When you cut the cuticle—a microscope would reveal it frayed and raveled, like a rope that has been hacked with a dull knife.

Mary Nash posed for this photographic study of her lovely hand. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better."



## The wrong and the right way to manicure

**N**O matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through to the living skin. Over these tiny cuts nature quickly builds up a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This makes the nail rim more uneven than before. If you should examine it under the microscope you would see that it was frayed and raveled, like a rope that has been hacked with a dull knife.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and makes hangnails, it must be removed somehow. The safe and easy method is to do it without cutting. With Cutex Cuticle Remover you can remove surplus cuticle quickly, harmlessly.

### Just how to remove the cuticle

Dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover and work around the nail base. Wash the hands; then when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

This has made manicuring so simple that any woman can now keep her own nails always looking lovely.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes, at 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each of the Cutex products comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemist shops in England.

### Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set! Set now only 15c

A sample of the marvelous new polish, that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set, which also contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of everything for six complete manicures—with orange stick and emery board. Send for it today—now only 15 cents—less, actually, than you've been able to get it for before. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 410, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15 CENTS TO-DAY

Northam Warren,  
Dept. 410, 114 West 17th Street,  
New York City.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_



## Profitable Patches

*A modest talent turned to good account*

By BELLE CASE HARRINGTON

**I** DECLARE, Aunt Maggie, the things you mend look prettier than when they were new," exclaimed an enthusiastic young college girl, as she held up a party dress so cleverly treated that no one would ever guess but that the patch was a part of the original trimming.

"I've surely had experience enough," the older woman replied with a sigh; "I've patched and darned until I'm sometimes almost afraid to go out, for fear my clothes will suddenly fall apart like the One Hoss Shay."

"Why don't you mend things for money? You could make heaps, I'm sure."

"Nobody would want to pay for patches."

"Yes, they would; they'd be glad to, if they knew how beautifully you do them. I'm going to appoint myself a committee to solicit work. First you know, you'll be the most popular business woman in town."

This was the beginning of a very successful business which now nets a substantial income, with practically no outlay and no risk.

"Aunt Maggie," who is far too modest to allow her other name to be used, began by charging a small fee for mending the things the college girls brought her.

This was, of course, humdrum work. There were runs in silk hose, rents in petticoats, and zigzag tears, such as only vivacious girls have the power to acquire. Occasionally a beautiful gown or a costly bit of lingerie gave opportunity to show her real skill; and it was not long before the girls began to bring choice bits of mending from their friends at home, and these friends, in turn, told others of her remarkable skill.

After a while, the people in her own town began to wake up to the fact that they had a mending genius in their midst, and "Let's send it to Aunt Maggie" became a universal slogan. One of the big stores in town also employed her to do the expert mending which they had formerly sent away.

All this popularity didn't turn Aunt Maggie's head; neither did it make her indifferent to the more ordinary tasks which came to her. Far from it! This quiet little woman, who had known adversity herself, had a half-dozen friends who needed help, and she promptly set them to work. Mrs. Smith got all the stockings to darn, and the added income almost paid her rent. Poor little Mamie Jones, who hadn't been out of her invalid's chair for ten years, was a wizard with her needle, and she got all the fine linens. Another deserving friend, who had once been a tailoress, did all the heavy garments, and a sprightly little French woman with an eye for color combinations did most of the embroidery.

**A**UNT MAGGIE is an artist in the truest sense, using needles and fabrics and yarns instead of pencils and brushes. Seldom is a patch or darn allowed to show as such, but, when it does, it is done so beautifully that the owner is really proud to display it. In her workroom is kept every shade and every weight of thread and yarn, and when the exact shade or texture cannot be found, threads are drawn from two or three fabrics and blended. In especially fine work human hairs are often used.

During her ten years in this kind of work Aunt Maggie has accumulated a vast assortment of buttons, braids, unusual fabrics, and bits of fine lace and rare embroideries. She frequents remnant sales and after-holiday clearances, when unusual things, not commonly in demand, may be picked up for a trifle. A bit of Chinese embroidery, sold for half a dollar because there is no more like it, may serve capably as a pocket to cover a rent in a twenty-five dollar skirt. A bit of lace, picked up for a song, may make a beautiful inset in a sheer shirtwaist, and look as if it always belonged there.

A glimpse of Aunt Maggie's "spare room," where the restored articles are

spread out, ready to be packed and sent home, is a liberal education, from which many valuable everyday suggestions may be gleaned.

Here is an expensive pair of silk hose; on the first wearing a run traveled almost to the instep. This was carefully drawn together and covered with lines of over-and-over embroidery in self-color, the other stocking being made to correspond.

A fine linen lunch cloth had an ugly tear near one corner; the hole was cut out in the form of a square, and a

piece of filet, with the family initial, set in. A tablecloth with an indelible stain near the center had a circle of plain damask set in, exactly in the center, with heavily embroidered scallops around the line of intersection.

**T**HERE were dresses with all sorts of clever devices to conceal necessary patches: A handsome broadcloth suit had a row of moth holes down the front of the skirt. Groups of buttons, covered with broadcloth of a harmonizing tone, concealed the holes and gave a touch of added style to the whole outfit. A crêpe dress was apparently ruined with ink spots on the front. Under Aunt Maggie's deft supervision, each spot was covered with an embroidered dot, the size of the dots being irregular, governed by the size of the spots.

A silk umbrella had a two-inch tear at the place where the strap was fastened on. The torn place was reinforced with a piece of silk, then an embroidered motif was applied, and enough hand work added to give the effect of hand embroidery, done on purpose. Of course the embroidery was in the same color as the umbrella.

The shop caters also to college boys, and when Aunt Maggie can put new life into a last year's overcoat, or "bring back" a discarded sweater, she is happy.

The question of price was at first a difficult thing to settle. A certain price per hour was finally settled upon. Thirty-five cents per hour was the price for common darning, fifty cents for more particular patching, and seventy-five cents and even one dollar an hour for embroidery and some of the fine lace work. Aunt Maggie, of course, employs her helpers by the day or half day, at a rate of two to four dollars per day, and charges at the rate of one dollar per hour for her own time in planning, matching materials, and so on. The minimum price for a single piece of work is fifty cents, unless it is mending, for which a regular charge is made by the week or month.



"Let's send it to Aunt Maggie," became a universal slogan



# What about Double-Duty Clothes?

"They're wearable," says GRACE MARGARET GOULD



Things are not always what they seem—as this young man discovers anew, when his fair neighbor discloses the lining of her outwardly demure cape

**H**AVE you noticed the clever little ways of her—this quick-witted woman of to-day? Have you ever watched her stretch her household budget? It's magic she plies. Have you ever observed how cleverly she combines her entertainment and her exercise? It's some combination. There's golf and her charity dances, by way of illustration.

Have you ever seen her at a beauty specialist's? Oh, yes, she goes there, and she takes the rest cure along with her beautifying. Pretty clever that!

And what she doesn't do to old Father Time in the way of making each and every hour do double duty is past reckoning.

You see, it's really double duty she manages to get out of everything.

She's keen, versatile, self-sufficient. She is on the job, while mere man, whom we still like, is thinking about getting there. It's because of these characteristics, and the fact that she likes to get the most out of little, that I thought she would be interested in double-duty clothes. Then, they belong in our Wearable Clothes Campaign, too, and fit in with the economic and social conditions of to-day. Women are buying conservatively, and what they buy they expect much of. In fact, many of the most fashionable models this fall have been designed to give double-service wear.

There is the smart little coat dress, out with new sleeves and collar; the sheer overdress displaying odd and fascinating trimming ideas; our old friend, the chemise dress, straighter than ever before, to say nothing of the apron and tunic frocks, that are so changed in trimming and cut that we lose sight of the fact that they're old acquaintances. Now, all these dresses are mounted on an under slip, and it is this slip that is the foundation of the practical double-duty dresses that I want to tell you about. You make it of satin, straight hanging, with a camisole top and shoulder straps. Fasten it under the left arm and have the width at the bottom a yard and five-eighths. Now let me tell you how to build upon it.

But first, just a word about the two new silhouettes which Paris sponsors and which are creeping into the clothes that I see on the Avenue, in the smart restaurants, and at the theatres. Mme. Jenny, who has such a big following among the real Parisiennes, is keen for it. She launched the loose-and-wide-above and narrow-and-straight-below silhouette. It is she who favors the loose blouse, and who first introduced the big, straight, wide sleeves which have had so much to do with changing the silhouette above the waist. Paquin likes this outline, too.

Paul Poiret and Jeanne Lanvin, other French style-creators who sway the fashions, say, "As to bodice, flat and narrow, à la basque; as to skirt, long and full, à la crinoline." There you have it. Which French outline will you follow? Perhaps you won't care to adopt either in its entirety; but I rather think that in selecting your new clothes, you'll be influenced by one or the other. And then I can't forget. There's a third choice, too, fashionable in both Paris and New York. It's the more conservative one, and is not new. It's the straight and

slim silhouette which we are using, with slight variations in the way of higher collars, longer skirts and an added variation, not so slight, in the way of wider, much-trimmed sleeves.

But back to my double-duty clothes. Of course, you'll want a coat dress. Fashion favors it and the average woman likes it. The model illustrated here, I think, is extremely smart, even if it is the third choice in silhouettes. It's not only chic, but it has the added charm of surprise. It's like many a person that you know. They are one way at home and quite another, oh, so decidedly different, when they're not at home. You see this frock on the Avenue, with its high choker collar and long slim lines, and you say, "How severe it is, with its plain tailored air!" You see it at a restaurant or a *matinée* and it's quite another gown. Just unbutton the collar, open the coat and, presto! a dressy frock appears. The collar is convertible. It comes down from its perk straightness and lies flat, showing a facing of white broadcloth traced in black *ciré* ribbon and steel beads. Below the collar are long narrow

revers, also lined with the broadcloth, and decorated like the collar. This double-duty coat dress would look quite its smartest in mohawk moussetyne. But, dear me, perhaps you don't know what I'm talking about. Let me make myself plainer. Moussetyne is a lovely light-weight wool velvet, and mohawk is one of the latest copper shades. But perhaps you would like something a bit plainer for the fabric. Then try any of the new twills. They are all equally smart. A gray-blue is a good, reliable color, with the lining for collar and revers pigeon-gray *crêpe de chine*. You might use metallic braid for the decoration and add here and there a touch of jet. Of course you wear the long coat over the black satin foundation slip, and here's just one other fabric suggestion: Why not have it all satin? It would be very smart indeed. You might use one of the new two-surface satins, one with a *crêpe* back, and let the *crêpe* side act as the trimming.

There is no lessening of the French craze for the all-black gown.

Now take a look at the other dress shown in the illustration. Here we have filminess and softness. This lovely gown, suitable for restaurant dinner wear, or other informal evening occasions, is built on the same foundation as the plain coat dress. It would be quite fascinating all black, using *crêpe*, chiffon, or lace for the over-dress. The trimming would be smart in black *ciré* ribbon and black silk braid. Or, if lace was used, part of the design could be outlined in silver and steel threads. Another idea is to work in a color note for the decoration, for black combined with color is considered distinctly modish. If black *crêpe* or chiffon is used, a good color to introduce is whirlpool. There I go

again. Of course you don't know that that's the new name for a greenish blue. The design could be worked in a narrow galloon or heavy silk floss.

Don't pass by the chemise dress as a back number in planning your double-duty clothes. Accustomed as we are to it, it still is way up toward the front in the autumn style displays. Fringe, by the way, is quite the trimming of the hour, even if no one expected it. It comes variegated, spangled, and a shower of jet. The satin under slip is again brought into use as the foundation of the chemise dress. That is, if there's anything left of it by this time. If you like a chemise model, and want to give it a new look, here is a French idea in the way of trimming: Use fringe, but not in any conventional way. Use it as a side trimming. Let it fall straight down the sides of the frock from the shoulder to below the under slip, and snap it on. Have you ever thought how even a belt may change the look of a dress?

Perhaps of all wraps the cape lends itself most readily to a dual personality. It can be as somber, as unpretentious as you please on one side, say of black duvetyn or navy velvet, but when you throw it back, then let it reveal its gayety. For the lining there are bright printed satins, jacquard pussy willows, and brocaded *crêpes de chine*.

Such a wrap plays its double-duty part well, to say nothing of the surprises it gives the uninitiated. And have you ever thought how much surprise has to do with the charm of dress? It's the unexpected that gives zest to life. Why not to clothes?



A black satin slip is the surest foundation on which you can build a filmy chiffon frock and also a swagger cloth combination street costume



# Six Reasons for the Chemise Dress

*Which, in spite of new rivals every year  
keeps right on being popular*

Drawings by  
HELEN THURLOW



No. 4091—Chemise Dress with  
Folds at Sides. Sizes 34 to 40  
bust. Width of skirt, in size 36,  
one and five-eighths yards. Pat-  
tern, thirty cents. Patterns sent  
first-class mail.

## It Takes So Little Cloth

THERE are more than six reasons why the chemise dress gets more popular every year. But we don't need to prove it, so six is all we are going to talk about. And our first reason—the one that comes closest to our pocketbooks—is the small amount of material. It would give your great-grandmothers a start, wouldn't it, to know that you were getting a dress out of two yards of material? But you can do it. This chemise dress, No. 4091, takes only two yards of fifty-four-inch broadcloth. The folds and cuffs are satin. They take a yard and a quarter of forty-inch material.

## It's Easy to Make

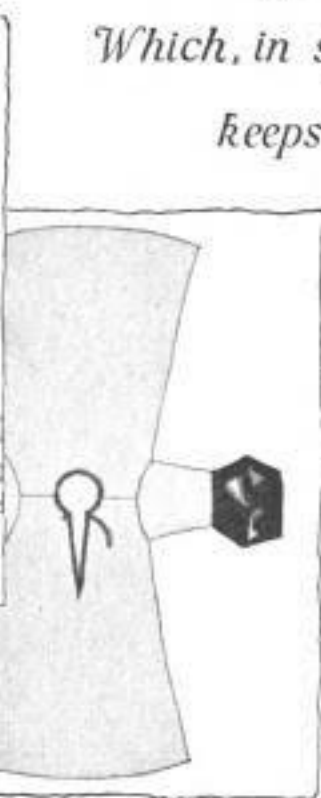
THIS statement holds true of every step, from scissors to final stitch. There are just a few pieces to cut out, and so there are just a few pieces to sew up. The second sketch from the left above, shows you how you can sew in the sleeves and put the cuffs onto the sleeves before the under-arm seams are closed. The neck may also be completely finished while the garment is still flat. A long cry, isn't it, from the days of gores and darts and the well-nigh fatal fitting that clothes used to suffer from?

The chemise dress has made dressmaking possible to almost everybody, instead of to the initiated few who used to claim it as their particular province.

## It's Easy to Put On

THE chemise dress is dealing a death-blow to the proverbial saying about women's slowness in getting dressed. You can't use much time getting into a chemise dress. Just look at this one. It's over the head with it, snap it at the neck and at the vest, adjust the belt—and there you are. You eliminate entirely the terrible old problem of a friendly joining of waist and skirt. There's no more tying of tape, or snapping an elastic around your waist, and pinning your blouse down in a dozen places. No careful pinning up of your skirt, and adjusting of your belt to hide the pins. No more catastrophes because you haven't done all those things. Thanks to the chemise dress!

There is no question about it. The chemise dress is the dress for the business woman—or for any woman who must consider time in her dressing.



This pattern may be  
ordered from Pattern  
Department, Woman's  
Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave.,  
New York City.

## It's Adaptable

YOUR chemise dress may be of gingham—just a little house dress. Or it may be of navy blue twill, as in the illustration, with black satin or moiré folds on the side, and a dainty little modesty of embroidered batiste—an everyday sort of all-round frock. Make it of duvetyn in a warm Malay brown shade, or of one of the beautiful black jacquard satins or crêpes, add frills of fine lace, and you have an elegant costume (see the small picture second from the right above). The style is suitable for anything from calico to velvet, fine silk brocades or embroidered woolens, and its simple lines are particularly adapted to materials of an elegance that needs no decoration.

## It's Easy to Keep in Order

OBVIOUSLY, when there isn't much to a dress there isn't much to get out of order. So the chemise dress wins out here, too. There are no plaits to come out of press, no loose panels and tunics to get rumpled. When it does need cleaning or pressing, you can slip it over the board quite easily, and its straight surface makes the pressing task a light one, as you'll see in the picture above at the right. For a dress that gets hard wear, like an office dress or a school dress, or the homemaker's "around-the-house" dress, there's much to be said for this very simple type of frock.

## It Gives the Youthful Look

AND that's what every woman wants. A straight line, without that old-fashioned gored look—this is the popular silhouette now, and this is the silhouette that the chemise dress gives you. So, why shouldn't it be popular? It is, of course, capable of many variations—that's why it holds its own so well. And one of the most popular ways to vary it right now is with some kind of trimming effect at the sides. No. 4091, shown here in navy blue twill, is smartly relieved by folds of black satin or moiré extending from the lower edge of the skirt to the waist line on each side. The flaring cuffs and the pipings are also of the contrasting material.

"THE FASHIONS" for fall and winter is showing chemise dresses a plenty—plain, and with all sorts of variations. Frocks not only for the youthful but also for those who would like to have the youthful look. If you have not already secured your copy of "The Fashions," you may be interested to send for it and see just what clothes are doing this fall. It's fifteen cents, and it contains a coupon worth ten cents toward any pattern in it. Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



No. 4091



# The Clothes They are Wearing in Paris

Cabled by our Paris Correspondent  
MADAME McKENNA-FRIEND



A soft Rodier woolen joins forces with otter and embroidery in the coat dress above—  
from Lucien Lelong

Sealskin, Premet contends, is the fur to bring out the full beauty of copper-toned Kashadrap



**C**HANGES in fashions come almost imperceptibly, and casual eyes have noted few changes in the one-piece dress. But comparing present fashion sketches with early ones, we note a sure advance in variety of design, beauty, and adaptability, which accounts for the uninterrupted reign of this toilette.

Straight, gathered, three-yard skirts are made of four lengths of different-colored transparencies. Each skirt is two inches shorter than the one below, and the edge of the longest skirt is two inches above the ankle bone. This lovely mass of shifting color is topped by a loosely fitted waist of black velvet or moire.

The fashion of white neck and sleeve finish is established. Elbow sleeves are wide-belled over lace undersleeves or fine plaited white mull, and a three-inch frill to match falls over an inch-and-a-half-wide straight neck band, adjusted to leave the neck free in V-shaped front. Deep, flat, round collars of heavy white lace, bordered inch-wide with white linen, have deep turn-back cuffs to match. Most decorative are the sleeves that hang far over the hands and are wide at the hem. They are often of material and color different from the dress. One-sided openings to waists are fastened only at the top and belt line, to allow charming glimpses of gathered soft white lace.

Black toilettes are prominent, but it's black so transfigured with bright linings, and so adorned with white and colored bead embroidery that the effect is positively gay. A new straight dress of black mat crêpe has a waist of softly twisted folds concealing any opening, with a wide twisted belt finished on each side with great rosettes of colored ribbon. Other black toilettes show frilled Marie Antoinette fichus.

A coat dress of tan-colored Kashaduvetyn with small black satin collar has long flaring sleeves turned widely over to show the black satin lining. The coat closes at one side of the neck and at the low waist line, with two ivory buttons, allowing a glimpse of the black satin dress, which hangs three inches below the coat.

Skirts, wide-plaided in startling designs, and plain short coats with belted fronts and loose straight backs, compose smart tailleurs for the slender. The sleeves have flaring plaid cuffs, and wide plaid collars close the high necks.

One reads of longer skirts, but tailleurs continue the length given last month, and the length of other skirts depends on irregular arrangements of drapings, panels, and sash trains.

A new Rodier weave of thick, soft plush will trim winter tailleurs. Until extreme weather, smart women will have the wide collars of their coats and capes trimmed with great flat flowers of black crêpe or voile, massed closely and edged with monkey fringe.

A new short fur under-skirt, to be worn with a moroccan crêpe tunic, is made of New Zealand rabbit fur, dyed dark taupe. The loose wide fur belt is closed with a large buckle of tarnished silver or cut steel. The neck of the tunic has a small fur collar.

Loose, wide girdles of tarnished gold and silver linked with shell and strangely assorted beads, with long tasseled ends, or fastened under great clasps, are rivaling the wide sashes.

Exclusive women are wearing cords of black silk passed through gold slides and sustaining large pendants of colored stone, or small jeweled watches.

MARGARET McKENNA-FRIEND.

August 20th, 1921.



Jenny serves the youthful mode in navy gabardine, black braid of a coarse, knobby weave, and silvery lamb

Redfern mingles georgette, embroidered satin, and velvet, according to his own wrapped design—below



Antipack



# Half-a-Dozen Wearable Ready Made

Selected by GRACE MARGARET GOULD



No. 1. Hat, \$6.00  
No. 2. Dress, \$24.50

## Hat of Panne and Taffeta

No. 1. Here is a hat to suit almost any occasion and almost any woman, informal enough for everyday street wear; good-looking enough for dress-up. It's made of panne velvet, with plaited taffeta giving a tam effect to the crown. The jaunty trimming bow on the right side is of the panne velvet. The hat comes in brown, taupe, navy, or black. Price, \$6.00.

## Tricotine Dress

No. 2. A charming straight-line frock of tricotine, with inverted plaits giving fullness at the sides. Featuring the newest thing in sleeves—the flare—and a very smart trimming of black gros-grain ribbon put on with fancy black silk chain-stitching. Black or navy. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, \$24.50.

## White Voile Blouse

No. 3. White voile, drawn work effectively used, and bands and edging of lace in filet pattern combine charmingly in this panel front blouse. It's a blouse that proves "wearable" for just about every type of figure, and a blouse that will give you more than your money's worth of good service. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, \$2.00.



No. 3. Voile Blouse, \$2.00

**HOW TO ORDER:** Be sure to state size and color. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails. Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No garment sent C. O. D., or on approval. Miss Gould does not do general shopping. She purchases only the garments shown on this page. Orders for these garments cannot be filled after November 20th.

**ABOUT RETURNED GOODS:** Any purchase not satisfactory may be returned, but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if garments are for exchange or for refunded money. Do not return to the "Woman's Home Companion." Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed.



No. 6. Georgette Over-blouse, \$5.00

If you cannot find these garments in your local shops, Miss Gould will be glad to buy them for you.



No. 4. Brassière, \$2.00  
No. 5. Petticoat, \$1.65

## Diaphragm Brassière

No. 4. A special brassière designed to control that modern tendency to excess flesh over the diaphragm muscle. It fastens in the back and is provided with a double thickness of material over the diaphragm, in front, and inserts of elastic in the back. The material is heavy white linen-finished cloth, and the top of the brassière is edged with narrow lace. It comes in sizes 38 to 50 bust, and the price is \$2.00.

## Cotton Taffeta Petticoat

No. 5. A durable and most attractive petticoat of flowered cotton taffeta with high luster finish. Comes with backgrounds of black, Russian green, copenhagen or Belgian (greenish) blue. Lengths, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 inches. Elastic adjustment at waist. In ordering, please give second color choice. Price, \$1.65.

## Georgette Over-blouse

No. 6. If you want to "dress-up" your winter suit, you'll find most helpful this very decorative tie-back overblouse of georgette with novel trimming of fine cross tucking and Valenciennes lace. Colors, flesh or bisque. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, \$5.00.



# When Wearable Clothes are Hard to Find

*First: When you are young—and stout  
Second: When you are just a bit older*

IT'S easy enough nowadays to get wearable clothes, if you're slim and flat and youthful in your figure. Clothes are made that way, because just now that's the figure that everybody is trying to acquire. Misses' departments are patronized by all ages in search of straight lines or bouffant, youthful effects.

But, alas and alack, we aren't all made that way! Some of us are young, but not slim. And some of us are just a bit older and beginning to show it in our figures. We can't wear misses' effects with the nonchalant air that they need. Wearable clothes for us must be just a little different. They must have the fashionable look, but they must get it cleverly by ruses and devices that the uninitiated won't suspect.

Take, for example, the dress for the young woman who is stout, illustrated below as No. 4087. It has the look of the usual navy twill frock that well-dressed women are wearing this fall. But it's designed especially to make its wearer seem more slender—by means of pointed collar, slashed front, one-piece panel effects back and front, and pointed side tunics. So with coat dress No. 4086. Its long graceful lines lend dignity to the figure of the older woman for whom it is planned.



No. 4087

No. 4086

THE dress for the older woman (No. 4086) is here developed in duvetyn in a dull, grayish blue—an extremely becoming shade, by the way, for a woman whose hair is graying. The softness and rare draping possibilities of duvetyn favor the older woman, too, and suit this design particularly well. Braid, in the shade of the material, is the only trimming.

The younger stout woman will find navy blue twill a most satisfactory material for No. 4087. The collar might very well be piped with black moiré ribbon or the voguish shiny ciré ribbon. Points of the ribbon may also be used to finish the lower edges of the side tunics. The deep center front slash in the waist reveals a dainty modesty of ecru embroidered batiste, and the fronts of the waist are held by a cord and two fancy buttons.

These patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are now sent by first-class mail.

Older woman's dress, No. 4086. Coat Dress. Sizes, 36 to 44 bust. Width of skirt, size 36, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, thirty-five cents.

The stout woman's dress is No. 4087. Straight-hanging Dress with Side Tunics. Sizes, 36 to 48 bust. Width of skirt, size 40, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, thirty-five cents.

Don't put off sending in your order for "The Fashions" for fall and winter. You'll find directions for ordering on page 60.

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No. 4086

No. 4087



## Two Silk Questions

—the question of beauty and the question of wear. Skinner's answers both.

A soft, rich lustre that comes of the use of strictly pure-dye silk—and a wearing quality that has made Skinner's Silks world-famed for 73 years.

**Skinner's**  
**All-Silk Satin**  
(36 inches wide)

In 90 different shades

Lovely pinks for your lingerie—rich, deep shades for afternoon frocks, gay colors for evening or sports wear.

Ask for Skinner's and always "Look for the Name in the Selvage."

**WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS**  
ESTABLISHED 1848

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TAILORED FOR  
*Miss Manhattan*  
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No. 400-M

Decidedly out-of-the-ordinary but moderate in price. Ask for it at your dealer's.

*Miss Manhattan*  
Coats-Suits-Dresses  
Youthful New York Styles

\$25 to \$75

Fashion flits up Fifth Avenue in many guises but never with more sprightly grace and youthfulness than when she's attired in a Miss Manhattan creation.

My own expert designers, my own workrooms, and my own very special ways of knowing style secrets—all are reasons for the distinctively youthful smartness of the coats, suits, and dresses which I identify by my Miss Manhattan label.

Go to the store with which you trade and ask to see the Miss Manhattan creations. If they do not carry them, write me at once, mentioning the store name, and I will mail you a Miss Manhattan Fashion Book, showing actual photographs of the very newest modes worn on Fifth Avenue. Sent gratis.

410 Seventh Ave.  
New York

*Miss Manhattan*

# Smart Hats for Small Purses

Where economy is an object try ribbon trimming

By ISABEL DE NYSE CONOVER



(a)



(b)



(c)



(d)

HOW would you like to have a cherry-red velvet hat trimmed with black taffeta ribbon, like hat (a)? It's a color scheme that's used a lot this year, probably because black suits and black top coats are so fashionable.

It's easy to make a hat of this type, because the crown is finished without stiffening. The top crown is in four sections corded together. (See Figs. 1 and 2.) Join the side crown to the top, as in Fig. 3. Straw braid makes an excellent head band. (See Figs. 4 and 5.) Wire the top of the buckram brim, as in Fig. 6. Where the wire meets, lap it, as in Fig. 7. Stitch the brim facings together. (See Fig. 8.) Turn them right side out, and slip them over the buckram foundation. Tack crown to head band, and then brim to head band. (See Figs. 9 and 10.) Embroider ribbon with running stitch, as in Fig. 12, using either wool or metal thread. Then drape it around crown and tack in the front. Plait ribbon for rosette at even intervals, as in Fig. 11. Bring plaitings together and tack to hat, as illustration (a). Embroider a triangle of buckram for motif at lower front, as shown in Fig. 13.

PERHAPS your suit is navy blue and you would prefer a black hat with royal blue cockades. That's one of the pretty ways you can develop hat (b). It's made just the same as hat (a) except that the brim is not split. In making the cockades, sew a plaiting of grosgrain to a circle of net (Fig. 14), and fill in the center with soutache braid: Fig. 15. Sew through and through the braid, as in Fig. 16.

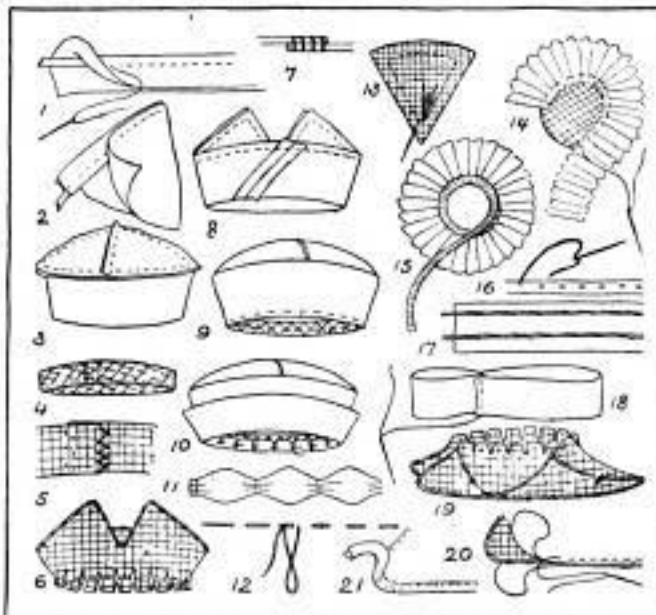
OR IT may be that an all-brown hat will tempt you if the top coat you are going to wear it with is a mocha-colored velvet. Hat (c) will make up attractively in all brown: duvetyn for the hat and moire ribbon for the bow. Although there is a difference in the shape of the brim, the hat is made the same as hat (a). Wire the bow, as in Fig. 17, and fold it, as in Fig. 18. Gather it to form a short and a long loop, as indicated in Fig. 18. Then wrap two short and long loops, at the point where they are gathered, with a piece of ribbon crushed into soft plaits. With the wiring in the ribbon it is possible to bend it into any shape. It's a good plan to pin the bow to the hat and try the hat on to be sure the bow has just the most becoming tilt.

THE four hats illustrated on this page are included in the pattern No. 4090.

RIBBONS have come into their own again. Bright ribbons, black ribbons, moire ribbons, velvet ribbons, and striped ribbons have found their way onto the fall hats. It's a very pretty way, too. And, what is probably more interesting to the woman who makes her own hats, ribbon trimmings are easy to copy. A little grosgrain ribbon binding is such a help to finish an edge neatly, besides being the smart thing, too. There are the plaited cockades like hat (b) has, and the wired bows that remind one of wings. You can make these in a half-hour. It's not like ostrich trimming or lacquered wings that must be bought ready to put on. Pattern No. 4090 tells just how to make the four ribbon trimmings illustrated. You can't make a mistake in the style when you have a pattern for every piece.

## The Pattern

No. 4090—Four Styles of Hats. One size only. Pattern, twenty-five cents. Send your order to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All the "Companion" patterns are now sent by first-class mail.



HAT (d) has a brim that is built on the buckram foundation shown in Fig. 19. Sew the facings to the brim, as in Fig. 20, and bind the edge with ribbon. (See Fig. 21). The frill at the side is just accordion-plaited ribbon. Can't you picture it in black with apple-green ribbon, or black with Roman striped ribbon? In fact, in just the right combination for your costume. A description on the pattern envelope tells how to make the lining.

## The Fashions

Have you secured your copy of "The Fashions," Miss Gould's style magazine? Remember, the supply is limited. Mail your order with fifteen cents to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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# The Custom-Corseted Look

## *A Study in Corsets which Refuse to Grow Old*

BECAUSE a queen named Anne was endowed with a thirteen inch waist, a generation of women wore perforce a thirteen inch corset. Necessarily the abomination was of lignum vitae or the like and there was much scoffing at the unfashionable adage that a "pint may be filled to o'erflowing and still not a gallon contain." The flesh was unwilling but the stays were strong. Other days, other ways. Modern corsetry is founded upon the correct principles of sanity and healthfulness, individuality and fashion-helpfulness—these and nothing more.

It is not so much that woman is less dependent upon fashions, but that fashions are more independent of the anatomical perversities of the great.

To be comfortably, healthfully, fashionably corseted without the corseted look—what could be closer to woman's heart desire! For as the corset sets, so the woman is, in aplomb, in poise, in pulchritude.

In all this practical age, there is nothing more practical than the "mechanics" of ease, stylishness and charm of person. Thus the perfect corset must be supremely practical in its construction and in its adaptability to the variant physical types of woman. Because the P. N. Practical Front Corset attains such permanently exquisite results through such eminently practical means it has proved a blessing and a joy to women whose name is legion.

The P. N. Practical Front is the corset that simply can't be put on wrong or laced improperly. The P. N. Practical Front Corset gives the delightful illusion of a fresh fitting every time you don it. It seems to be renewed and of the body, not just on it.

### *A Vest of Pliable Elastic*

Perhaps the very choicest thing about the P. N. Practical Front Corset is the vest of pliable elastic which clasps, before lacing, so surely and directly at the center of the body, never crooked, always true. Before you start to lace you know that for the day the corset will stay where it belongs and never ride up to spoil your perfect comfort and the suavity of your frock lines.

Having clasped the inner vest, you lace the outer flap, not laboriously through elusive eyelets, but quickly and effortlessly over flat hooks, as you would lace your shoe. Allowing the proper three inch lacing space, the strain is removed from the elastic vest, and the lacing takes it and places it—you know not where. You do know it never bothers you.

It is one thing for a corset to give the just right lines when new, but another and not unimportant thing for it to persevere in its original state of grace. The chief

reason why a corset loses its life too young is that so few women unlace and relace it every day. Thus the laces bear perpetually on the same points unrelieved and the result is what might be expected—merciless strain and inevitable warping of the proper lines. How long would a shoe or glove hold its shape under such treatment? To keep its beauty a corset must be treated as a living thing and get its proper rest and relaxation.

Even if you should be tempted to don your P. N. Practical Front Corset unlaced from yesterday—there are two excellent reasons why you wouldn't. First, you have to unlace it to take it off, and thus necessarily must relace it to put it on. Second, it is so very easy to unlace and relace over the handy hooks,—shoewise.

### *New-Fitted Each Day*

So when, after clasping the elastic vest, you lace your P. N. Practical Front Corset in the morning, you are corseted anew. You are, physically, a new woman, almost the same, indeed, but nevertheless responsive to and remoulded by changed conditions of vitality, of bath, of temperature or exercise. So why should you not have a rejuvenated corset to conform with your today's self. Eureka! You have the P. N. Practical Front relaced—new-fitted each day, to suit your every need!

Your frocks will wear longer then. They will hold their shape and chic. Every woman knows that this should be true of clothes made to fit. How many stop to reflect how vitally this perfect fit is moulded for better or worse by the corset underneath? The P. N. Practical Front Corset takes the lines of your figure and holds them.

The unlimited adaptability of the P. N. Practical Front Corset to individualities of physique is evident in the well groomed look of the women who wear it. For this is not at all a "corset for a type." It is the corset for a sex. It soars above the perplexities of slenderness or girth, of asymmetries and special needs. For sports or workaday routine, for each phase in the life of a woman of society or more practical bent, there is a P. N. Practical Front Corset which would seem to have been designed expressly for this woman or for that occasion.

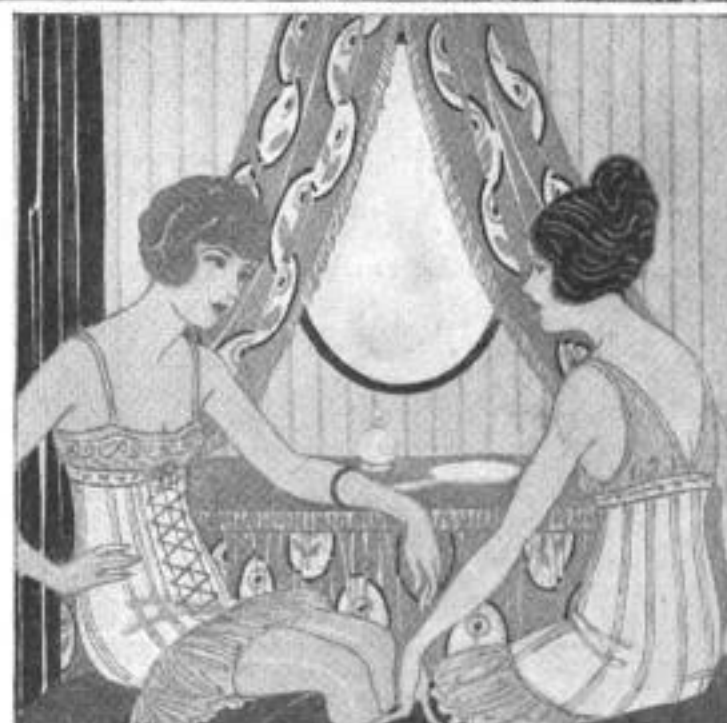
It is probably superfluous to add that the P. N. Practical Front Corset sets up a new standard of long wear. Not just a prolonged existence but, by virtue of its unique construction, an enduring service wherein beauty holds its own with time.

It is not possible for words to tell fully what the P. N. Practical Front Corset achieves for women's figures. It radiates the custom-made air, for the reasons mentioned and for other reasons which you will never understand—until you have seen it, studied it and tried it on. Then you will sense the end of your corset worries and graduate into the joy of the correct, comfortable and beautiful in corset anatomy.

At most good stores or departments where corsets are sold you may select your fitting model in a P. N. Practical Front Corset. The prices are modestly placed at five dollars and upwards to twelve.



—"the delightful illusion of a fresh fitting every time you don it."



—"the joy of the correct, comfortable and beautiful in corset anatomy."



"It radiates the custom-made air."

—"the just right lines."

"Inner elastic Vest."

"Laces shoewise."

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**CORSETS**  
I. NEWMAN & SONS  
224 Fourth Ave.  
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## THE CHARM of MYSTERY

The art authority, Millet, has said that "Technique should hide itself modestly behind the thing to be expressed." The chief danger nowadays lies not so much in our failing to appropriate art's little aids but in being too lavish with them. After all, we live in a very subtle and sophisticated world, and the corset that through one fault or another obtrudes itself upon the observer, defeats its purpose and quite spoils the illusion of desirableness.

The mystery of the modern corset lies in its skillful adaptation to the natural lines of the figure. Its self-effacing artistry enhances a woman's points of beauty, hides her disharmonies and creates the impression of a gracefully poised body, faultlessly proportioned by nature. So Gossard technique hides itself discreetly behind the beauty it expresses.

Individual solution of the problem of corsetry is the only method that promises success. Study yourself and be mindful

that violent contrast between waist and hips and bust, not only makes becoming dress impossible, but violates that charm of mystery that proper corsetry enhances.

And this alluring mystery of beauty is for every woman, for Gossard artistry has made a study of every figure need from the little lady of slightest figure to the matron of full proportions. You will be delighted with the self-effacing Gossards that seem to have been created for you alone.

Because of the naturalness of its healthful support, your Gossard is relieved of all undue strain and so will wear far beyond the life of the average corset. Its original grace and shapeliness will remain unchanged to the last day you put it on. In the economy of this superior wearing service alone, these original front lacing corsets are worth their cost.

*The H. W. Gossard Co.*

*Chicago New York London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires*

## GOSSARD Front Lacing CORSETS

are to be found at those stores distinguished by a corset department that offers a real service. When you buy a Gossard, you buy a SERVICE: a style service, a comfort service and a wearing service that must be unquestionably satisfactory to you.

Gossard Corsets are fairly priced within the reach of every woman; and their superior quality which for years has been consistently maintained above imitation, assures the economical buyer a thrifty and lasting pride in ownership.



## Suspenders Come Back

*To give variety to the sleeveless dress*

MISS GOULD, who has an especially warm place in her heart for young girls' clothes, votes the suspender dress most wearable. It's nice, she says, for wool jersey, twill, serge, checked velour, or homespun weaves. For the round-collared, and flapperish under-blouse, there's crepe de chine, habutai, pongee, dimity, handkerchief linen, or voile. And the nice thing about the costume is that the young girl can easily make it herself.



IN "The Fashions" you'll find special pages planned for Miss Gould's young friends—the girls "who are growing up." Dresses, like this one, that are correct for school. Blouses with the real "sub-deb" look. Frocks for dress-up and parties. If you are one of these "growing-up girls," you'll know as soon as you see these clothes that they are just right. For they have the look that distinguishes the really smart apparel for the younger set.

No. 4085—Suspender Dress. Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt, in size 16, one and one-half yards. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4078—Blouse with Frill or Flat Collar. Sizes, 14 to 20 years. Pattern, twenty cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent out from this office by first-class mail. We have no pattern agents.

If you haven't your copy of the fall and winter issue of "The Fashions," the "Woman's Home Companion" pattern book, you can get it by writing to Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The price is fifteen cents, and the book contains a coupon worth ten cents toward purchasing any "Woman's Home Companion" pattern in it. In order to be perfectly sure of getting a copy, it is wise to send in your order as soon as possible.



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## ANY PLACE— ANYWHERE

MINGLED in the ultra gathering at tea hour, on the Bois of the famed fashion centre of the world—or on The Avenue of the great metropolis—or, perhaps, strolling along Main Street, Somewhere you'll see women wearing Betty Wales Dresses. You'll know them by that indefinable, intangible something that distinguishes perfect grooming and by the illusive charm and gracious dignity with which the dress fits the personality of the wearer.

A Betty Wales label in a dress means so much! It's the unconditional guarantee of the makers that the style is correct, the fabric of the finer quality and that the workmanship is unfailingly perfect. If you are Betty Wales gowned you know that you're well-groomed.

*Betty Wales writes a delightfully chatty little diary that gossips about all the new fads—it's called "Reflections" and we'll send you one if you want it.*

Betty Wales Dresses are sold by only one dealer in a vicinity.



### Betty Wales Dressmakers

Dept. 202

New York City







"THAT  
WELL-DRESSED  
LOOK"



You are entitled to the fall "Tailored Woman" fashion magazine from your Wooltex merchant. If you do not know who sells Wooltex, write us, or, in the metropolitan centres, phone "Tel-U-Where."

"Are they wearing it?"  
or—  
"Is it becoming?"

Not so long ago the selection of our coats and suits depended upon the answer to the first question.

If "they" were wearing frilly styles, we of the fuller figures accepted them with resignation. Clinging princess styles were unprotestingly and unbecomingly worn by tall, slender women as well.

But today we refuse to follow blindly the whims and caprices of fashion designers. We demand something of our wardrobe. Our suits and coats must become us individually and we expect more than one season's "well-dressed look" from them.

And to this change in woman's attitude toward dress is due the widespread popularity of Wooltex Tailor-mades and Wooltex Knockabouts. The styles are advanced but never extreme—the fabrics the best of serges, tricotines, Marvellas and the like, while the tailoring is expert and conscientious.

The signature of the Wooltex tailors in the collar of a coat or suit is one's assurance of "that enduring well-dressed look."

**Wooltex**  
Tailor-mades and  
Knockabouts

Insist upon the above Wooltex signature as your guide to "that enduring well-dressed look." Wooltex Tailor-mades, \$48.00, \$55.00, \$65.00, \$85.00. Wooltex Knockabouts, \$25.00, \$38.00, \$45.00

## The No-Button Dress

*Another good frock that ties on*



THIS is the story of the No-Button Dress. It hangs straight from neck to hem, with slight fullness at the waist line in back. The fronts have sash ends attached, that tie in the back. The right front crosses over the left, the left sash end slipping through a slash in the right front. Soft plaits at the under-arms give the dress a graceful "set." There's a perky bow at the back, jaunty pockets, and deep collar and cuffs for good measure. It's a winning little morning dress, quickly put on and possessing a distinct air of originality—the sort of dress that really graces the early breakfast table.

No. 4088 — No-Button Dress. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust. Width of skirt in size 36, with fronts lapped, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, thirty cents.



IN THESE days of decorous black and navy blue street clothes, isn't it a joy to be able to indulge our love of color in our house dresses? Rose calico would brighten the dullest morning, if you made it up in the No-Button Dress, with wide collar and cuffs of white piqué edged with rickrack braid. Or, if your spirit reacts happily to yellow, try buttercup-yellow chambray, with checked yellow and white gingham for trimming. Or maybe your fair hair looks well with lavender. A checked lavender gingham ought to be charmingly satisfying then.

This pattern may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent first-class mail. Read about "The Fashions" on page 60.

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# New Sleeves Flare

*But otherwise coats are straight*



No. 4084

**S**URELY, in this season of straight lines, no one can blame the coat for parting with its wrappy look. And that's just what has happened. If you'll look at the two views of No. 4084, you'll readily see that it's become more of a real coat and less of a wrap.

But it's just as easy to make as the wrap of last season. You'll be convinced of this when you notice that the mandarin sleeves, in kimono style, are cut in one with the body of the coat. You might not suspect this from the illustration. But that's because of the ciré braid put on to simulate the drop-shoulder effect.

And there's braid, too, at the low waist line—four rows of it matching in color the material of the coat. The original model was made of tortoise-shell brown Mous-syne—a lovely soft wool velvet—with

collar and cuffs of caracul fur. But perhaps you'd like your coat of velour in one of the light brown shades—Malay or Zanzibar brown. Or you might prefer a bolivia weave, Evora, for instance. For the young girl, deep wine red would be very attractive, with collar and cuffs of gray lamb.

Sketch below shows how to tape the edge of the fur. And this is just one of the many sketches, on the pattern envelope, that show every step in the making of the coat.

No. 4084—Coat in Long-Waisted Style. Sizes, 34 to 40 bust. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Patterns are now sent by first-class mail.



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## For All Women Who Want to Keep Young



The parallel shown between the corseted figure and the famous Louvre statue, "Amalthea," by Pierre Julien, shows how College Girl Corsets develop the figure in right posture and right lines. Wearing them is like taking constant wholesome exercise for health and figure improvement.

## The New Law of Corseting

See the priceless benefits it brings within a month. Send coupon for "The Scientific Law of Corseting," a most important book you should read

Try the College Girl corset for your figure and see the benefits it brings within a month. See the hollows fill in, the too prominent parts become normal. Note your greater comfort, better health and added grace and style.

These priceless benefits for all women are results of the new law of corseting developed through our 38 years' experience.

According to the law the influence of College Girl corsets on your figure parallels that of the natural "lines of control" which give shape to the human form. These "lines of control" are the spine, the lines of the supporting pelvic

basin, and the thighs. As the rooms and the surface of a building are related to its beams and foundations so the organs and the entire surface of the body are related to these "lines of control."

College Girl corset construction parallels the influence of these lines exactly. The entire corset exercises a gentle guiding influence to train the figure into right posture and comfortably develop and mould it along right lines. Famous authorities state that wearing these scientific corsets is like making a daily habit of upbuilding, healthful exercise. They bring many equal benefits.

### No "Breaking In"

Every type of figure has the correct model made for it either in back or front lace styles in College Girl corsets. The model for you needs no "breaking in." The proper model will fit immediately as if specially made for you.

Every woman can now be correctly, scientifically corseted. Every one should understand all that the new law means to her. Send the coupon for your copy of "The Scientific Law of Corseting."

## College Girl Corsets

*For All Women Who Want to Keep Young*

JACKSON CORSET COMPANY

New York

Jackson, Michigan

Los Angeles

Also Makers of Jane Jackson Corsets



Dept. 15, Jackson Corset Co.  
200 Cortland Street

Jackson, Michigan

Please send me at once "The Scientific Law of Corseting."

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's Name.....





BRIGHT LIGHTS  
DIRECT GLANCES

## Would Your Skin Stand This Test?

Or do you have to depend on shadowy effects to make you attractive? If you do, there is something wrong with your skin.

Stop now and examine it carefully. Is it gray or sallow? Then it needs stimulation. Is it red and rough? It needs a soap that will soothe and soften it. Blotches usually indicate that the pores are clogged and need careful, systematic cleansing with a pure soap that will cleanse each pore and not merely remove the surface dust.

Resinol Soap treats all these conditions gently and effectively. Its regular use makes it as easy to have a naturally beautiful skin as to cover up a poor one with cosmetics.

Buy a cake from your toilet goods dealer or write us first for a free sample.  
Dept. 2-J, RESINOL, Baltimore, Md.

# Resinol Soap



## Cut in One Piece

Another of Miss Conover's sewing lessons

THIS month it's a blouse that is cut in one piece. However, don't jump to the conclusion that it is a shapeless slipover. It has a belt, as most of the fall blouses have, and there is becoming fullness above, accomplished by means of a slash. It's surprising what a little slash will do. The diagram, Fig. 1, below, will give you some idea of how small an amount of material the blouse takes and how easy it is to cut. There isn't a mass of complicated pieces to straighten out and puzzle over. And there are just ten steps to putting it together, shown in the ten figures on this page.

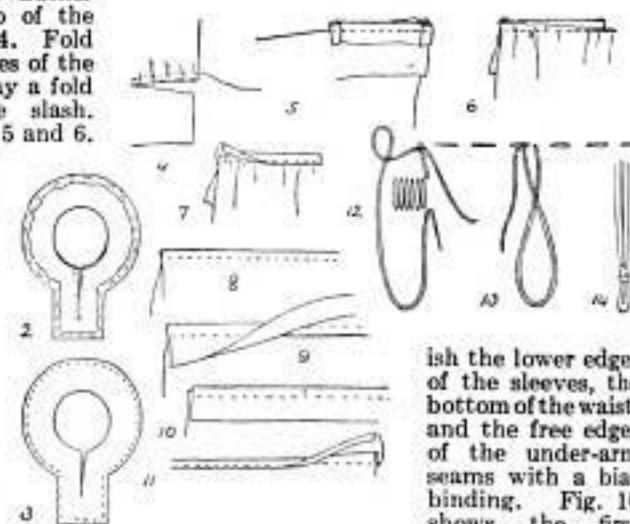
Perhaps you would like it in Elizabeth crepe, the new crepe that is just a little heavier than georgette. Waists of this type are being made, too, of crepe de chine, and even net. If you are making it to go with your fall suit, select a shade that matches your suit—that is the smart thing to do. The wool embroidery is usually in some contrast, as cream color and jade on navy blue.

In making the waist, first finish the neck edge so it won't stretch. Turn, press, and baste the outer edge of the facing. Lay the facing on the wrong side of the blouse. Mark the position of the slash. Stitch either side of the mark, starting the stitchings a seam's width from the mark at the top, and running them together at a point just below the mark. (See Fig. 2.) Stitch around the neck, cut along the mark, and turn the facing onto the right side of the blouse. Stitch it in place, as shown in Fig. 3.

Finish the slashes next. Gather the material at the top of the slash, as shown in Fig. 4. Fold the waist so the raw edges of the slash are even. Then lay a fold of material along the slash. Stitch as shown in Figs. 5 and 6. Turn under the raw edges of the fold and stitch a second time. (See Fig. 7.) Then join the under-arm and sleeve seams, starting at the slash and leaving the edges of the belt part quite free. French seams give the neatest finish. To make a French seam, stitch as in Fig. 8, turn the garment wrong side out and stitch a second time, as in Fig. 9. Fin-



No. 4089



ish the lower edges of the sleeves, the bottom of the waist, and the free edges of the under-arm seams with a bias binding. Fig. 10 shows the first

stitching, and Fig. 11 the second stitching in binding.

Now you are ready to do the embroidery. Running stitch, as shown in Fig. 13, is used for the design, except for the solid blocks at the neck. These are worked in over-and-over stitch. (See Fig. 12.) In making the fringe, fasten the wool yarn on the wrong side of the goods, bring the needle out on the right side of the goods, and insert it near where it came out, leaving a long loop. Knot the loop, as shown in Fig. 14. A single snap at the neck will hold the slash. Also fasten the vents at the under-arm with snaps.

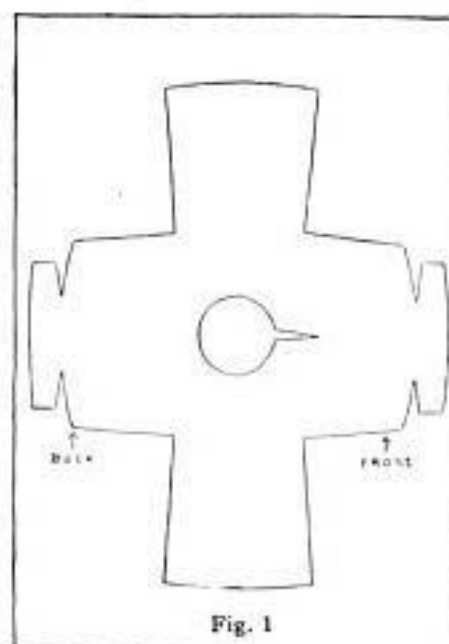


Fig. 1

No. 4089—One-piece Blouse (including Transfer Pattern for Embroidery). 34 to 40 bust. Pattern, thirty-five cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"The Fashions," the "Companion's" style book, costs only five cents when you buy a pattern. You will find directions for ordering on page 60.





Who wouldn't be proud of this blue and tan design with its quaint and fascinating motif? It's Congoleum pattern No. 396.



The rug shown above is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 388. In the 9 x 12 foot size the price is only \$19.00.

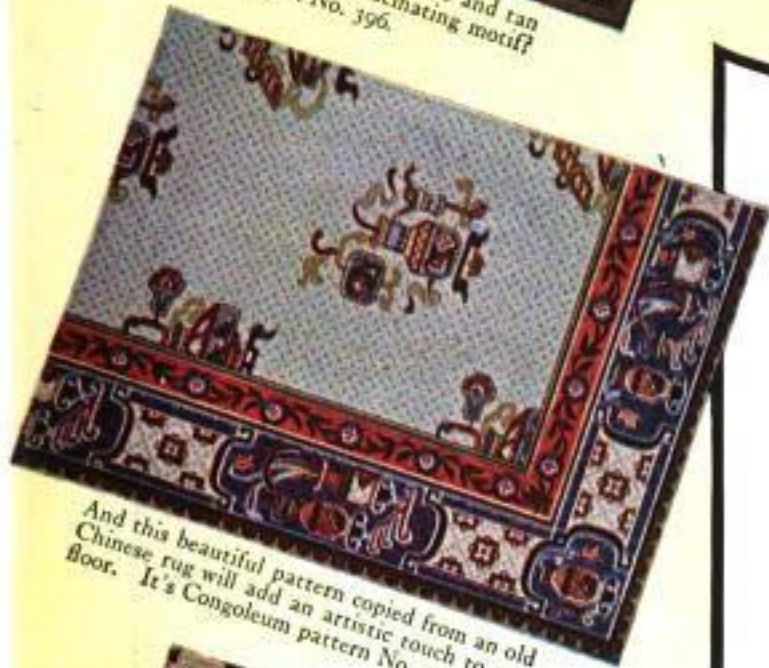


The rug in the kitchen is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 508. In the 6 x 9 foot size the price is only \$9.75.



Look for this Gold Seal

This Gold Seal is pasted on the face of every genuine Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug. Look for it!



And this beautiful pattern copied from an old Chinese rug will add an artistic touch to any floor. It's Congoleum pattern No. 512.



Gorgeously realistic is this precious pattern copied from the best of Persian art. It's Congoleum pattern No. 388.



Cool and really American is this charming conventional design which so many women adore. It's Congoleum pattern No. 508.

## Beautiful New Designs—

Here we can offer only the merest glimpse of a few of the beautiful new Congoleum Rug patterns. For to fully appreciate their artistry of design and coloring you must go to your dealer and see the rugs themselves.

### Patterns for Every Room

There you will find designs to grace any room in the house—colors that will blend harmoniously with any scheme of decoration. And all in floor-coverings that possess that delightful practicality so dear to the heart of the American housewife.

### So Easily Cleaned

The rare beauty of Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs is more than "skin deep." Remarkably durable, the bright colors are fade-proof; the smooth, waterproof surface will not absorb grease. Just a light going-over with a damp mop keeps the surface sanitary—clean as a new pin.

Nor is it any trouble to lay Congoleum—it lies flat on the floor without fastening of any kind.

This beauty, which you would expect only in expensive woven rugs, and this durability are obtainable at prices that are amazingly low.

### Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

1½ x 3 feet	\$ .60	3 x 4½ feet	\$1.80
3 x 3 feet	1.20	3 x 6 feet	2.40

The rugs illustrated are made only in the sizes below. However, the smaller rugs can be had in colors to harmonize with them.

6 x 9 feet	\$9.75	9 x 10½ feet	\$16.60
7½ x 9 feet	11.85	9 x 12 feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," an interesting illustrated booklet showing all the beautiful patterns in full color, will be sent free upon request to our nearest office. Don't fail to get a copy.

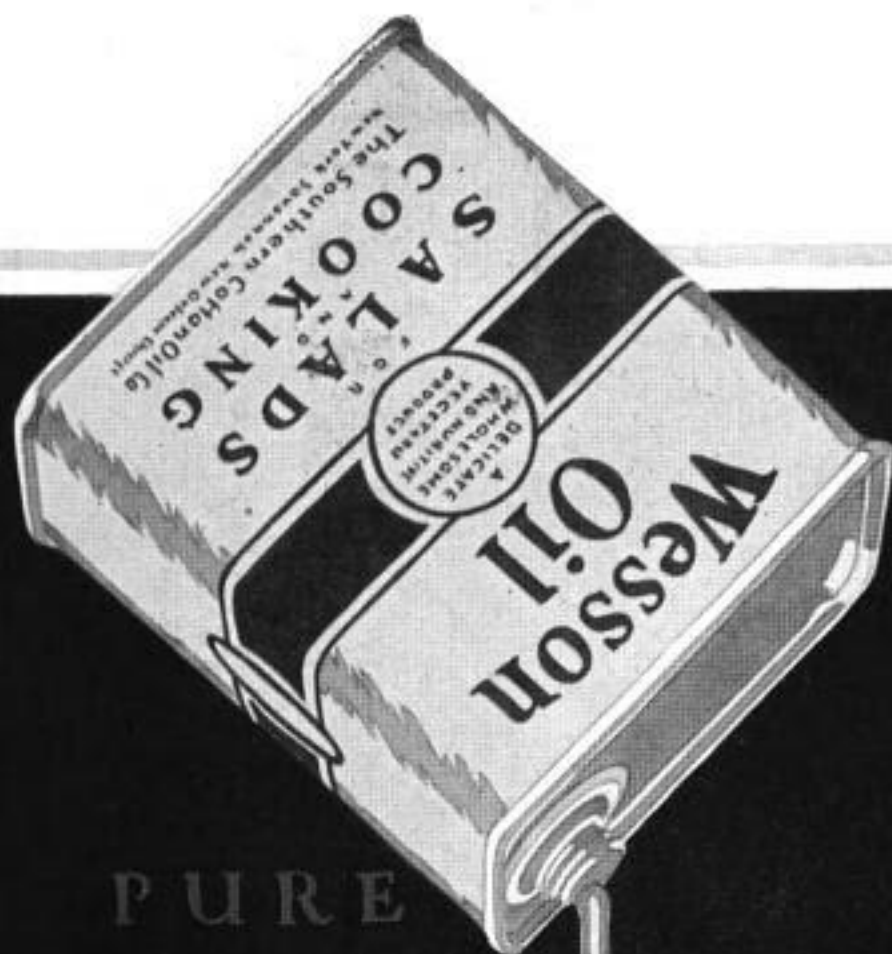
### CONGOLEUM COMPANY

INCORPORATED

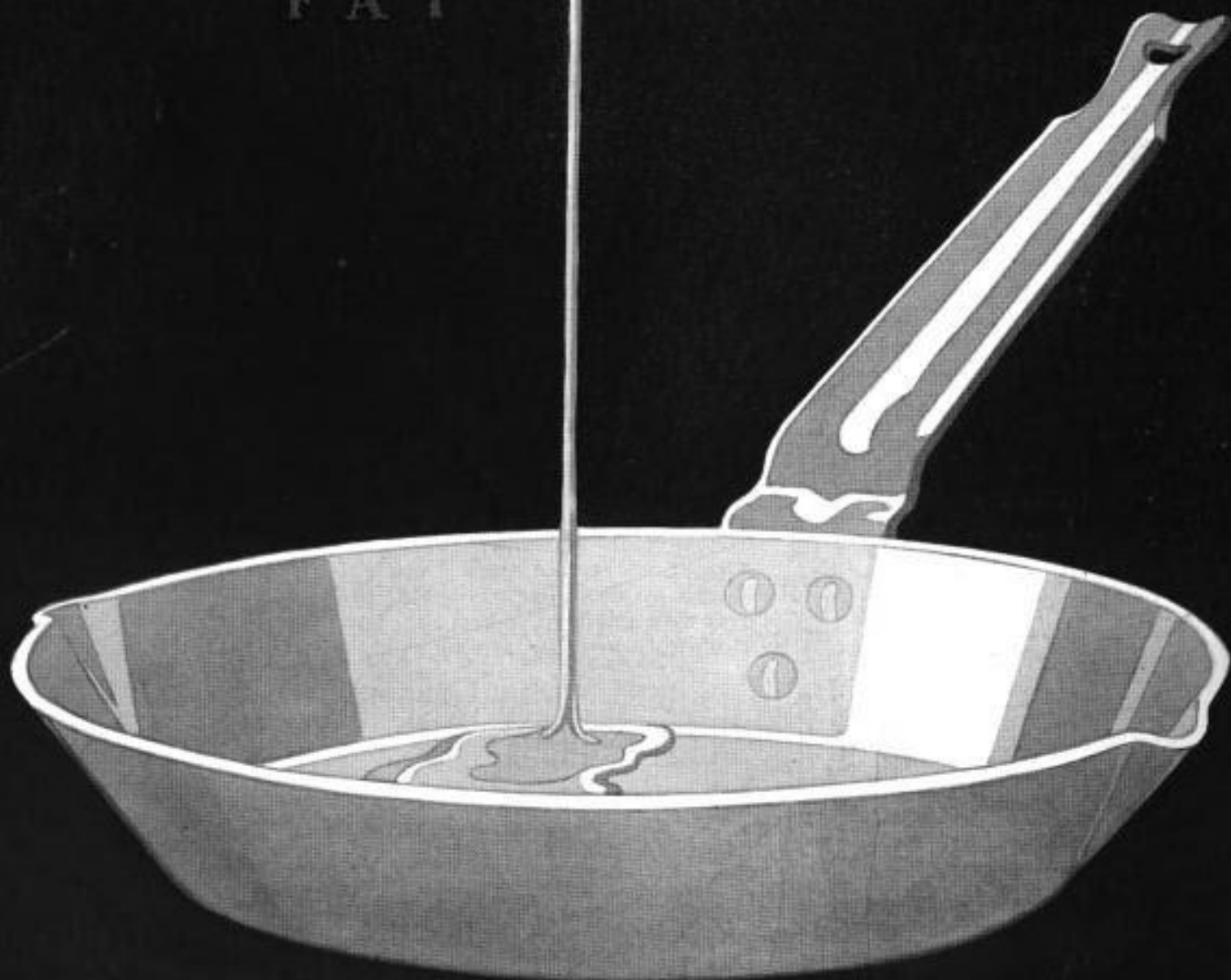
Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco Cleveland Boston  
Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas St. Louis Pittsburgh Atlanta Montreal

Gold Seal  
**CONGOLEUM**  
ART-RUGS





PURE  
DELICIOUS  
VEGETABLE  
FAT

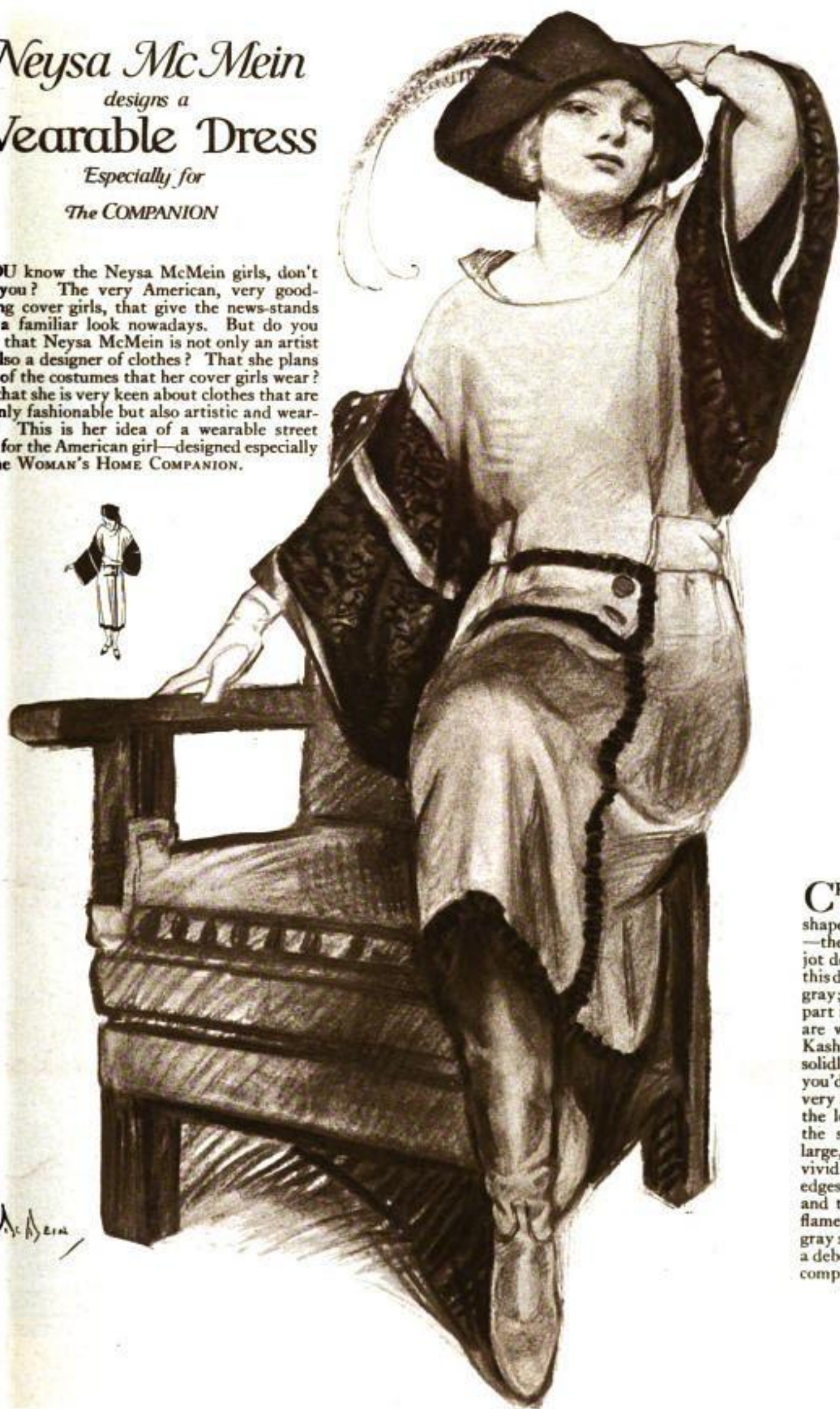




# The Companion's Picture Section for October

## *Neysa McMein* designs a **Wearable Dress** *Especially for* *The COMPANION*

**Y**OU know the Neysa McMein girls, don't you? The very American, very good-looking cover girls, that give the news-stands such a familiar look nowadays. But do you know that Neysa McMein is not only an artist but also a designer of clothes? That she plans most of the costumes that her cover girls wear? And that she is very keen about clothes that are not only fashionable but also artistic and wearable? This is her idea of a wearable street frock for the American girl—designed especially for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.



**CRÉPE** satin, straight lines and the new, boat-shaped neck and wide sleeves—these are the four points to jot down in your mind about this dress. The color is mostly gray; that is, the crêpe satin part is gray. But the sleeves are wide-banded with black Kasha cloth, braided almost solidly in black; or perhaps you'd like white braid. It's very smart. Braid also trims the lower edge and front of the skirt, and outlines the large, buttoned-over tab. For vivid contrast, Miss McMein edges the bottom of the skirt and the sleeves with lines of flame and jade ribbon. High gray suede Russian boots and a debonairly flaring black hat complete the costume.





DRAWN BY J. SIMONT

GOWN FROM BOUE SŒURS

## *When Chantilly Meets Venetian*

**T**HIS afternoon gown is unmistakably French, in its daring mingling of black chiffon and Chantilly, with exquisitely embroidered écreu batiste and Venetian lace. Typically a Boue Sœurs creation, too, for this house—French in the midst of New York—is famous for beautiful lingerie and fine embroideries and laces.





DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

COSTUME FROM FARQUHARSON & WHEELLOCK

## *"Something Old and Something New"*

OVER its satin foundation the little net gown falls slim and straight to its deep pointed hem. And every bit of it, from neck to hem, is embroidered with pearls after the pattern of the rare old lace that makes the sleeves and, widely banded with satin, forms the stately train. A bandeau of lace and orange blossoms holds the filmy clouds of tulle.





*The big hat is making a strong bid for favor*



*But the little hat still stands its ground, too*



*If your frock and hat are not black this year, they are more than apt to be black and white*

## Hats that Top the Winter Mode

DESIGNED BY PEGGY HOYT

DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

**T**HERE'S much to be said—and being said—about the big hat. And as if to add her approval to that graceful, shadowy, and most flattering form of headgear, Peggy Hoyt elects, you see, to show two big hats to one small one.

Another thing that you will probably notice is that they are all black, or, next cousin to black, black and white. For though one would scarcely say that every smart hat is black, or that every black hat is smart, it's easy to see that many hats are both.

Hatter's plush, broad black grosgrain ribbon, a jet buckle, and fringe of jet and cut-steel beads—all these go to make the hat at the upper left. It's large and curiously irregular as to shape, broadened at each side, and decidedly pointed at the right.

There's a suggestion of the Russian in the small black turban above that's topped with faille and studded as to brim with shiny black beads in graduated sizes. A black lace veil drapes from it with excellent effect.

At the left, a wide-brimmed shape of black hatter's plush is trimmed with black and white double-faced satin ribbon, that encircles the edge of the brim with clusters of tiny organ plaits, and ties at the back in a graceful bow.



# Ready-Mades When You're Growing Up

Selected by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

If you cannot find these articles in your local shops, Miss Gould will gladly buy them for you

**HOW TO ORDER:** Be sure to state size and color. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails. Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No article sent C. O. D., or on approval. Miss Gould does not do general shopping, but she will gladly purchase for you the articles shown on this page. Orders for these articles cannot be filled after November 20th.

**ABOUT RETURNED GOODS:** Any purchase not satisfactory may be returned; but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if articles are for exchange or refunded money. Do not return to the "Woman's Home Companion." Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed.



No. 1. Envelope Chemise, \$1.95.

No. 1. Any girl will be delighted with this dainty lace-trimmed pink crêpe de chine envelope chemise. It comes in sizes 36 to 46 bust. Price, \$1.95.

No. 2. This jaunty little soft rolling-brim hat of black Lyons velvet is gayly piped with duvetyn in bright red, burnt orange, Belgian (greenish) blue, green or pheasant (a coppery tone). It also comes with white pipings. Price, only \$3.50.

No. 3. The popular shape in collar and cuffs of white eyelet embroidery—to finish your little serge dress or your sweater. Price, \$1.50.

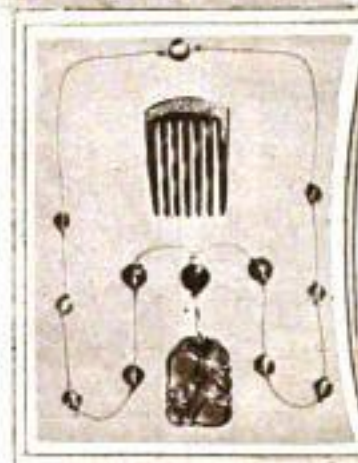
Nos. 4 and 5. A scarf and tam like these imported ones of soft brushed wool, will add a pleasant touch of color and a note of smartness to your fall suit or dress. You can get them in rose, jade, mauve, or light tan. Price of scarf, \$4.75. Of tam, \$3.25.

No. 6. Tuck comb for bobbed hair or coiffure that imitates it. Of imitation tortoise-shell with imitation sapphires, topaz, emeralds, or rubies. Price, \$1.25 with \$.07 tax, total, \$1.32.

No. 7. The new cord necklace with cut beads and carved pendant effects in amethyst, jade, sapphire, opalescent, rose or black, on contrasting cords. \$1.00.



No. 3



Nos. 6, 7

No. 8. This little wool jersey over-blouse with its demure linen collar and cuffs has taken its place in girls' hearts. It's charming with a plaited striped or plaid skirt or a suit. Colors, navy, henna, beige or Belgian (greenish) blue. Sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Price, \$3.95.



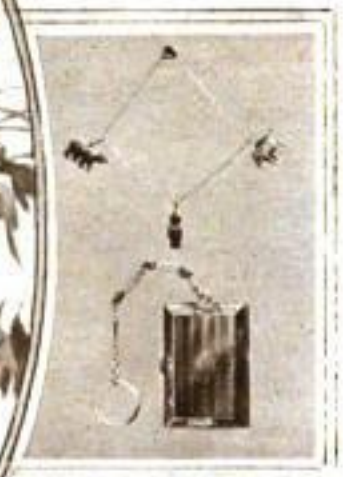
No. 4



No. 8. Over-blouse. \$3.95.



No. 11. Dainty directoire bandeau for the slim figure. 32 to 40 bust. Price, \$1.50.



Nos. 9, 10

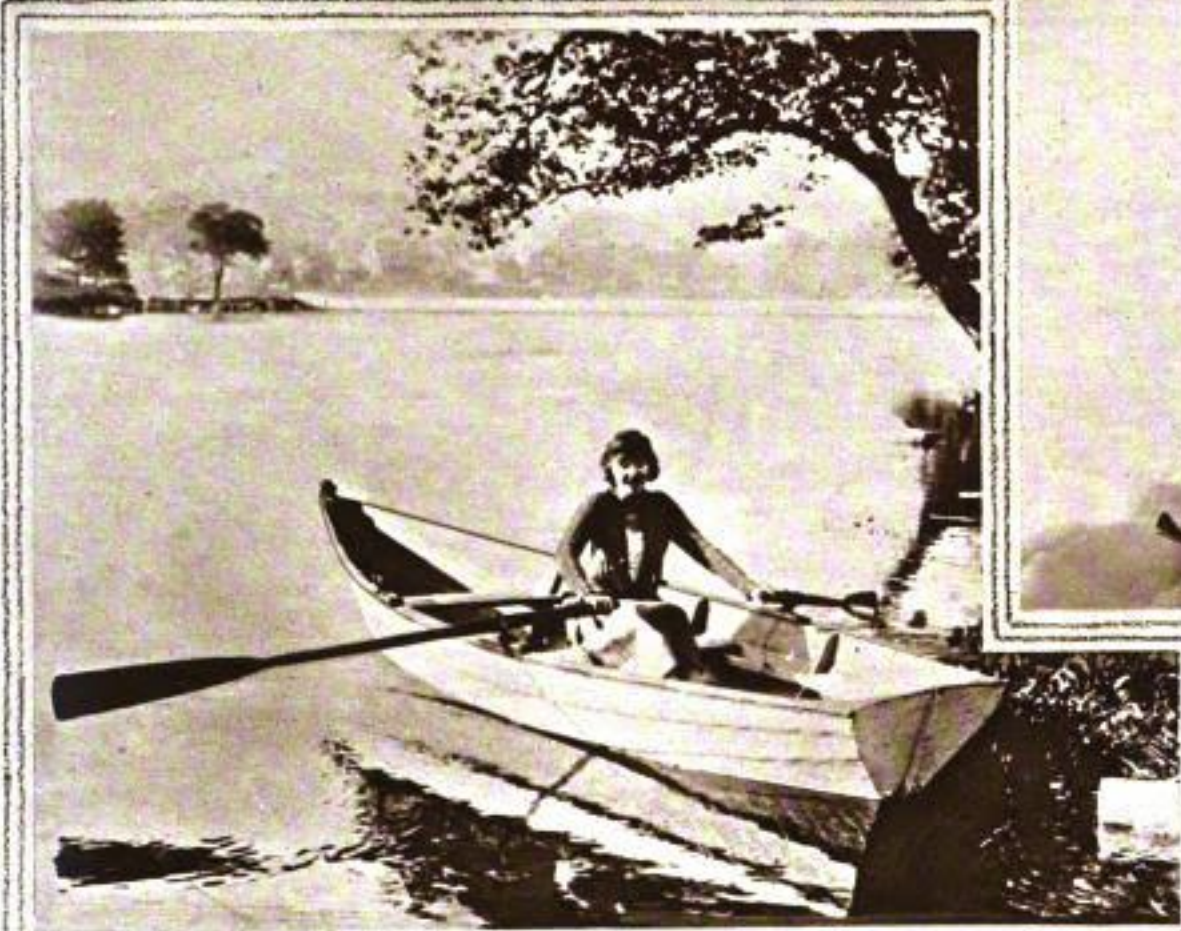
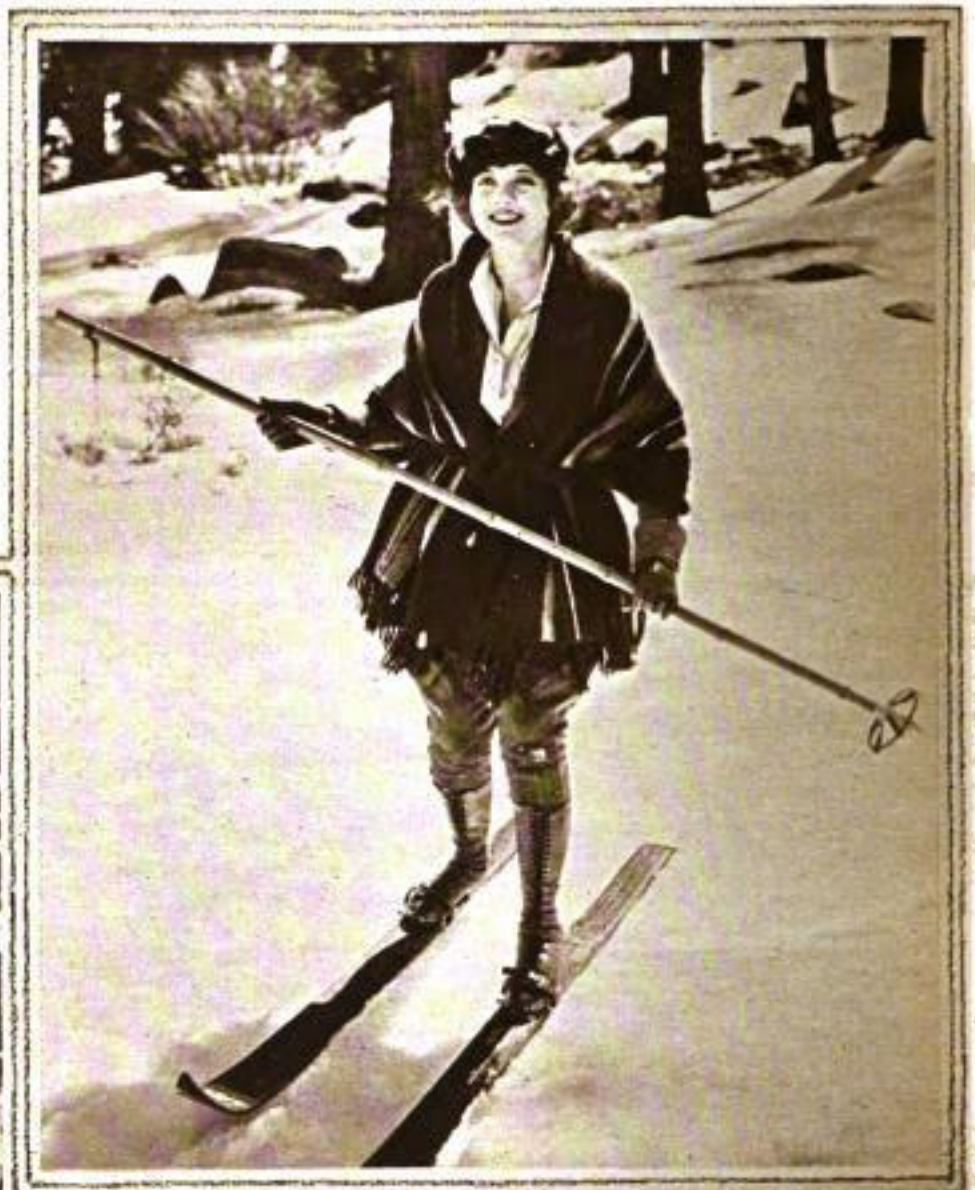
No. 9. You wear this little sterling silver bracelet for the luck there's supposed to be in the cute animal charms. Price, \$2.75.  
No. 10. Just to dangle on your finger—this smart little silver-plated coin holder. Price, \$2.50.



# Now It's "The Perfect 32!"

*How these popular movie stars stay so slim*

**T**HESE two stars prefer outdoor exercise. Agnes Ayres, whom you've seen in the De Mille films, would just hate to get old, fat and stiff. So she rows whenever she can escape the studios. Next door is pretty Lois Wilson, skiing somewhere in the big Northwest. She says, "If you can't ski, skate." For the boyish figure, now all the rage, follow the example of these popular stars. If you can't be in the movies, you can still be slender.



**ELSIE FERGUSON** keeps her perfect figure by fencing every day. Fencing is the most elegant form of exercise, and Elsie is Paramount's most elegant star.

**LILA LEE** trains down with basket ball. When she finishes she may look all mussed up; but she will have lost an ounce or more.





# Three Musketeers — and a Fourth



**P**ORTHOS, Athos, and Aramis, the Three Musketeers, and the peerless D'Artagnan are renewing their youth on the silver screen. Feats after his own heart is Douglas Fairbanks called upon to do and dare. The five hats are trophies of five victories in a morning skirmish.



**D'**ARTAGNAN, the fire-eating, the reckless and brave, sighed for new worlds to conquer, and found—the movies! So now again he woos Constance in the palace corridors, and again defies the guard at the Cardinal's gate.



**H**ERE they are—all the gallant company, with the Three Musketeers raising their swords in salute, and the debonair D'Artagnan looking content with the way it all turns out. Do you recognize old friends? Scheming Father Joseph; the Queen, with jewels restored; Milady, enigmatic and alluring; Richelieu in his Cardinal's robes; and Rochefort, the villain of the plot.





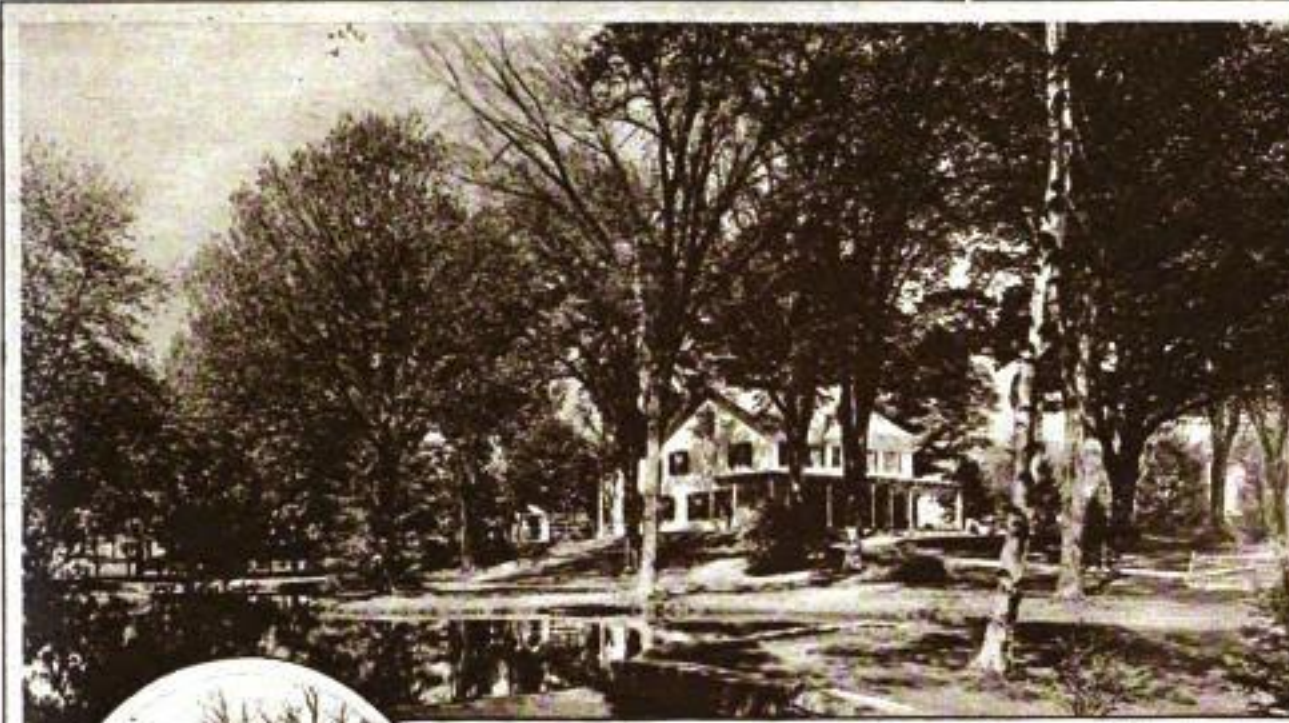
I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.  
A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

# Trees

By JOYCE KILMER.

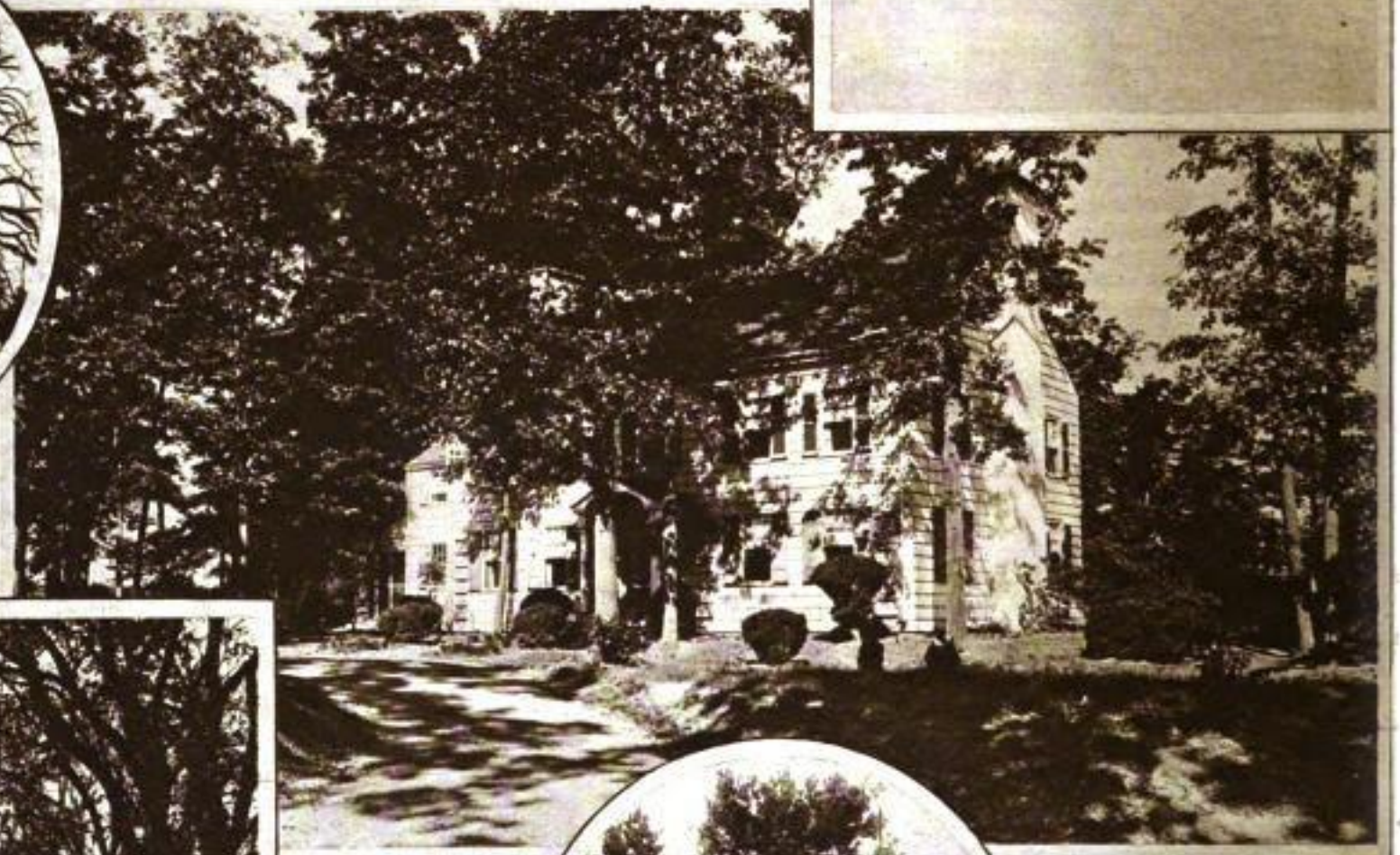
A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BRO\*



THE framework of a tree is more interesting, usually, than its leaf mass, and should be considered when deciding its location.

COURTESY OF COUNTRY LIFE



M. E. REMITT BARNHART



THE famous elms of New England were simply native trees brought from the woods and set out, some beside the doorsteps, some along the roadways, often in company with maples (left). With its uprising, fountain lines, and its open, airy top, the elm is the ideal form for use near a building (see photograph at top of page and in lower right-hand corner), especially where there is fairly moist soil.

ON another page will be found an inspiring article on shade trees by Grace Tabor

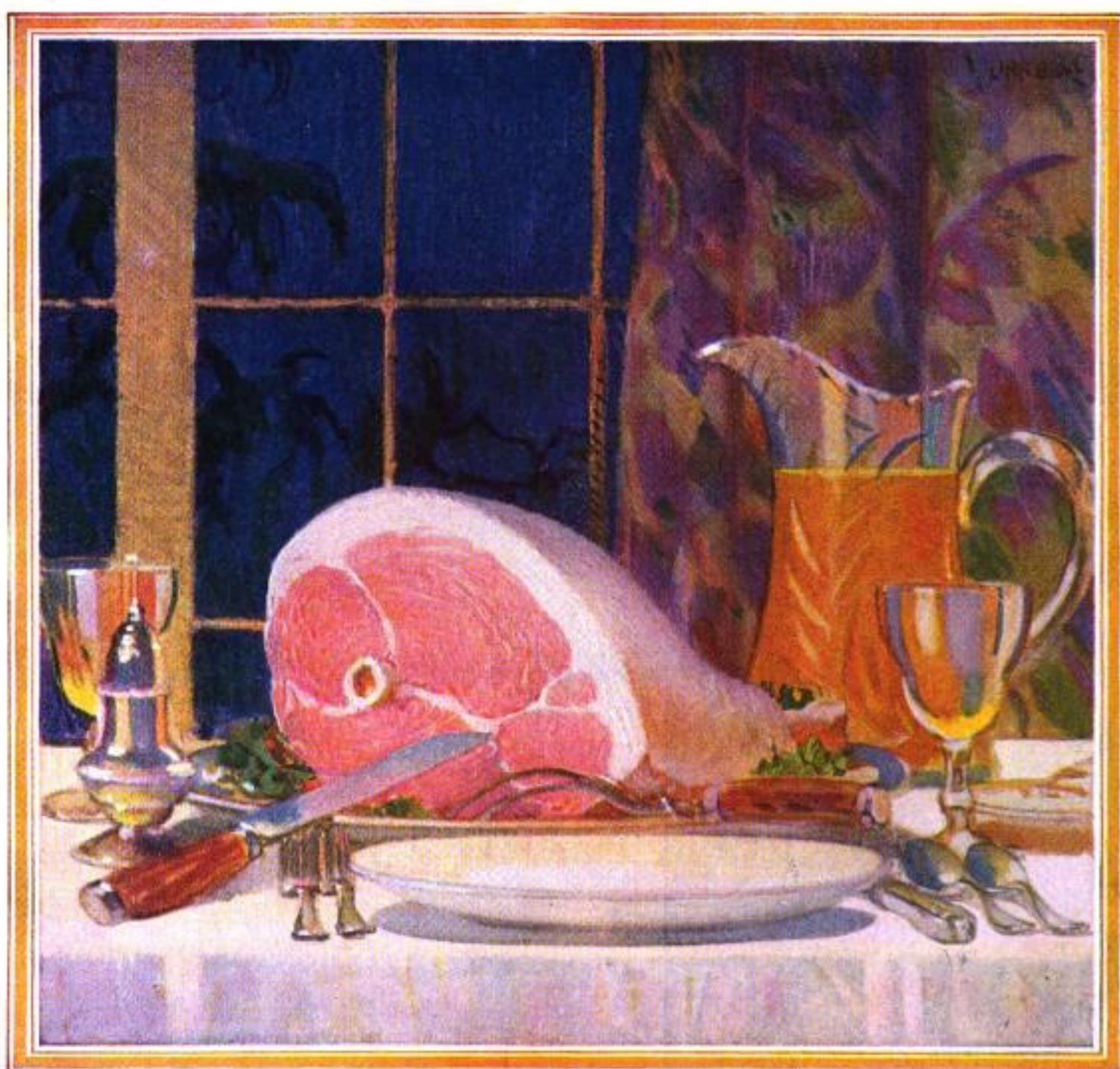


IN arranging trees with reference to a dwelling, the aim should be to furnish shade on all the ground around it.

THERE is no more decorative tree than the sycamore or buttonwood. It is, moreover, a most rapid grower and often attains great breadth and height when given a chance to grow in the open, as shown in the photograph above.







## For October appetites, Premium Ham aplenty!

When autumn whets the appetite for truly satisfying food, good housekeepers naturally serve their Premium Ham on larger and larger platters.

Cooking in quantity is the thrifty way of cooking; and buying Premium Ham whole is the thrifty way of buying.

Have the butcher cut off the butt end for baking, and a good slice or two for frying or broiling. Boil the rest.

*Cover the boiling portion of a Premium Ham with cold water, add 1 tablespoon mixed spice, bring to a boil and simmer gently until tender—about one-half hour to the pound. Remove the skin and serve.*

Swift & Company, U.S. A.

Swift's  
Premium  
Ham



It is not  
necessary to parboil  
Swift's Premium Hams  
before broiling  
or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



# MODART CORSETS

Always Front Laced



## WHEN YOUR APPEARANCE IS ADMIRIED



COMPLIMENT is paid to your figure — to the good judgment with which your corset has been chosen — to the skill with which it has been fitted.

Modart Corsets are the masterpieces of the most highly paid corset designer in the world. Appropriately his ideas are carried out only in materials of guaranteed excellence. Because of this, Modart Corsets give a longer term of service and continue to hold their correct design and shape until worn out.

Expert advice on the selection of the proper model for your individual figure, and instruction on its correct adjustment, add the final touch to your satisfaction.

Of this, too, you are always certain when you buy a Modart, for Modart Corsets are sold only by the better stores, and each corset is individually fitted by an expert after careful study of your figure requirements.

MODART CORSET COMPANY  
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN





Maple sugar is as available as rain water to the man with a sugar maple on his lawn

## Shade and Shade Trees

### And their relation to your house and grounds

By GRACE TABOR,  
Editor of the COMPANION'S  
Garden Department

IT IS of course in midsummer that the need for shade is keenly realized; but this is the time to consider the autumn aspect of trees generally, which is of importance to the garden—as well as the time to plant for shade when another summer comes. It is all very well to select and plant trees for protection from the sun, but it is not enough; it is possible to do so much more, that loss of the opportunity through failure to recognize it is a great pity.

An ornamental tree, on a small place especially, should be considered in relation to the house or other buildings. All too often trees are so placed that the house is almost, if not wholly, obscured, and the observer given a sense of its being shut in—stuffy, indeed. The dense-headed tree, for example, while affording deep shade, is too compact, usually, to be agreeable as a specimen tree very near a building.

On the other hand, such a tree as the elm, with its uprising fountain lines, and its open, airy top (see picture section) is the ideal form for use near a building, since it overtops and shelters it without shutting it in in the least. Obviously, however, if a shade tree is desired to shut out any especially undesirable view or element, the dense form will be required rather than the open one.

THUS it appears that not only the position of a tree but its form, its leafage, and its branching habit, are important. So are its resistance to disease and insects—for one does not want to be forever spraying a shade tree—as well as its suitability to the place and soil, its degree of growth annually, and, finally, its domestic suitability, by which I mean its general tidiness. Some very beautiful trees scatter at one season or another blossoms or seeds to an annoying degree if near a house; which is nothing at all against them when at a distance.

The famous elms of New England represent the first efforts of the settlers to ornament their door yards, and are worthy

monuments to that spirit which makes the best of available materials. For they were simply native trees, brought from the woods and set out, some beside the door steps, some along the roadways (see picture section), which proves the elm's willingness to grow and the ease of handling it—for not many kinds of trees are sufficiently adaptable to submit to transplanting from the wild without previous preparation and careful handling.

It is possible to do this with the American elm because it has many fibrous roots near the surface of the ground, by which we assume at once that it is a tree requiring a fairly moist soil; otherwise, a clay soil or rather heavy loam. As it is most abundant on river-bottom lands and near streams on low rich hills, the facts bear out our inference. The use of the elm, therefore, should not be considered on dry, light soils.

THE English elm (*ulmus campestris*) is similar in requirements to the common American elm (*ulmus americana*); but its foliage remains green several weeks longer in the autumn, and hence it is preferred by many. Less attractive in autumn than almost any other tree, however, the elm is actually desirable as an old and lofty tree bending above and framing a house; but it is not a tree that I can enthusiastically recommend for the barren place needing trees desperately—unless large specimens are moved in by experts in tree transplanting.

It would be difficult to declare any one tree the finest in America; and of course, considering the length and breadth of the land, one kind of tree would hardly serve for the entire continent when there are several that are so good. But certainly there is no more splendid tree than the sycamore or buttonwood (see picture section)—which I must qualify immediately by saying that the native species is the victim, usually, of a fungous disease that makes it drop its leaves. The Oriental form of this species, however, is not susceptible to the disease;



## Prettier Teeth

### To millions of all races

This is to offer a ten-day test, of a tooth paste whose results will surprise and delight you.

To millions of people, half the world over, it is bringing prettier teeth. It is bringing cleaner, safer teeth. And leading dentists everywhere are advising its adoption.

Make this free test. Learn what this new method means to you and yours. Watch how your teeth change in a week.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling and may form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use brings five effects, all of them important. Together they mean a new dental era. You will realize that fact in a week.

### Film dims the teeth

That viscous film you feel on teeth is the coat that clouds their luster. And most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. So countless teeth brushed daily are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many internal diseases.

### Must be removed

Dental science has long sought a daily film combatant. Without it, the tooth brush is sadly inadequate. The best-brushed teeth, if film remains, discolor and decay.

Now two methods have been found to effectively fight film. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. In Europe and America, leading dentists now advise them.

For daily use they are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. This tooth paste complies with all modern requirements. To people all around you it is bringing results never obtained before.

### What Pepsodent does

Pepsodent combats the film wherever it appears. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.



### The quick results will delight you

The results are both quick and apparent. You can feel them in cleaner teeth, see them in whiter teeth.

To children they are as important as to adults. Young teeth are markedly subject to these film attacks.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Compare the new way with the old. Let the clear results decide you. This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free 685

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY  
Dept. 24, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family





## Greet Them

### With these extra-flavory oats

Serve the oat dish at its best.

This is the supreme food—almost the ideal food. As a body-builder, as a vim-food it holds a premier place.

Give it that fragrance and flavor which Nature confers on fine oats.

Make it with Quaker Oats always.

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

All the small grains are discarded—the puny, unripe and insipid.

Thus millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to this luscious flavor.

Countless people send overseas to get it.

You have only to specify Quaker Oats to get it at any store. For the family's sake, don't forget.

## Quaker Oats

We get but ten pounds from a bushel

62 dishes for 30 cents

The large package of Quaker Oats will serve 62 liberal dishes. The cost is but 30 cents. It contains 6,221 calories of nutriment, of which one-sixth is protein. It supplies 16 needed elements. This is the cream of the oats—the choicest part of the greatest food that grows.



Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

## Shade and Shade Trees

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

and though it is not as majestic a tree, it is still exceptionally fine. And, what is especially desirable, it is, of all trees, perhaps, the most rapid grower.

The native buttonwood (*platanus occidentalis*) reaches a great height and a great spread of branches as well, trees one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five feet in height being not unusual, with trunks ten feet across. The Oriental species (*platanus orientalis*) does not reach more than a hundred feet in height, but the spread of the branches is very great. In fairly moist land, similar to that which will suit the elm, I regard the Oriental sycamore as the first choice. The fact that it will endure smoky atmosphere better than most trees is a further argument in its favor for city or town planting.

The trees above all others for dry and somewhat arid situations are, perhaps, the oaks—not all of them, but several species. The scarlet oak (*quercus coccinea*) grows well and rapidly on the most sandy, dry, and wind-swept soils of Long Island—which is about as stiff a test as a tree could be subjected to; and the white oak (*quercus alba*), which is conceded to be the monarch of all, also thrives in the same region. This is not to say that these trees grow as rapidly as the plane (sycamore) tree, on soil which suits it; but it is a mistaken idea that the oak grows so slowly that it is not desirable as a garden tree. The fact that it holds its rich red-brown leaves practically all winter is greatly in its favor, too, for a winter landscape is warmed to an amazing degree by a cluster of these trees. (See picture section.)

The pin oak (*quercus palustris*) is another beautiful and distinct species, more symmetrical in growth than the wide-spreading white oak, and more delicate in leaf and branch both. It has a downward sweep of branch that distinguishes it, and makes it a delightful natural retreat for a seat, when it has reached fair size. Its color in autumn is particularly vivid, although the scarlet oak is perhaps the most brilliant of all. Leaves of the white oak are not so showy, but have great depth and richness of autumn color.

OF COURSE we must consider the maples; but in doing so I feel impelled to raise objections at once, since one species is greatly planted for the quick growth that leads us to sacrifice the future for the present often more than not. The Norway maple, the one in question, has a round and spreading dense head. This very density is against it as a tree for use near buildings; and the fact that it is selected ten times to one of practically every other tree is another reason for not planting it. Why more of the

splendid sugar maples are not planted I cannot imagine—especially as here is a tree that does well on practically every soil, is beautiful at all seasons of the year, and yields one of the greatest delicacies in the world. (See illustration, page 83.)

This sugar or rock maple (*acer saccharum*) is one of the finest of our native trees, growing to be more than a hundred feet high and carrying a neat foliage which turns to gorgeous reds and orange shades in autumn. Its general silhouette is oblong rather than round; that is, it maintains practically the same width of head its entire height, and it is sufficiently open to be airy, yet dense

enough to afford perfect shade. It was the choice of the late John Burroughs whenever selection of a species fell to him; and on all counts we ought, I presume, to place the sugar maple at the top of the list of American trees. Certainly no other tree is at one and the same time as generally adaptable, as beautiful, and as invariably serviceable, provided it is given an opportunity.

Do not confuse this hard maple with the frequently seen soft maple (*acer saccharinum*). This is a good-looking tree, large and lofty and somewhat similar to an elm in appearance of outline. But it is actually not a safe tree to plant, since its wood is so weak that almost every wind brings down branches, and a high wind will work real havoc with a large tree. It is rapid-growing, which is one reason why it is so much used.

THE linden, of which our American species is called basswood, outdoes all other trees, I am inclined to believe, in usefulness; and its beauty is so superlative that one does not wonder at the place it occupies in classic tradition. No other tree, unless perhaps the locust, affords such wondrous bee pasture. Its flowers are distilled by perfume makers, its leaves are used both fresh and dry as cattle fodder, its fagots make the best charcoal, its seed balls are full of an oil the equal of olive oil for table use and for cooking, the bark of the young trees makes the Russian peasants' shoes, as well as ropes, mats and fish nets, and no wood is better for fine wood carving or for furnishing great sheets for veneer.

All of which is interesting, but does not add to its claims as a tree for use in the garden. My own chief delight in it is its delicious fragrance during the bloom; but this is not to say that its shade and its general thriftiness are not worth while. It does sometimes get pretty unkempt as summer advances, for objectionable insects are as attracted to it as are the bees; but usually the European species (*tilia europaea*) is throughout the year a delightful, clean, and beautiful tree. There are several varieties. The best, perhaps, is *tilia cordata*, or small-leaved linden. The silver-leaved (*tilia tomentosa*) is good, however, and sure to keep in fine condition all through the summer.

Of all trees the beech—to my way of thinking, at any rate—is the most beautiful. It has one feature that will always prevent its becoming too commonly planted (allowing that there could possibly be too many beeches, which I do not!): this is its root formation, which consists of an enormously elongated tap root. Trees of this sort never transplant readily, for the reason that the tap root is almost sure to be broken in the operation, and

they do not survive this loss. But beech trees grown in a good nursery, where they are frequently transplanted from infancy to overcome the tap-root tendency and induce in its place a mass of roots nearer the surface, will transplant as well as any other tree. No other tree has bark of such exquisite satin smoothness as the silvery gray bark of the beech; and no other tree combines in form and habit of leafage all the requisites of a door-yard tree so completely as does the beech, both the American (*fagus americana*) and the European species (*fagus sylvatica*). The latter is the parent of all the copper and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



No other tree combines in form and habit of leafage all the requisites of a door-yard tree as does the beech



# Kleinert Shield

The Gem

## A Page of Protection

A UNIVERSAL  
CIRCULATIONThe Kleinert Rubber Company  
725 Broadway, New York, N.Y.ESTABLISHED  
41 YEARS AGO

### New Grayline Now Doing Service

Handy little waterproof tourist cases are these with cunning pockets to hold all your toilet necessities. They're covered in a soft French gray—real travel color—that defies spots and soil to dim its freshness.

Tuck in your wet sponges, tooth brush, etc., and shut your bag with perfect confidence—the name *Kleinert's* is your assurance that every Grayline is dependably waterproof.



### H. R. H. Jiffy

His Majesty's Mother reports that no article in his wardrobe is more appreciated than his Kleinert's Jiffy Baby Pants.

It's on and off in a jiffy with no scratchy pins, no bothersome buttons, no tapes to bind. Waist and knees are prettily shirred over an inside band designed to lie flat and smooth.

Jiffys are made in three sizes so that even the most bouncing young Hercules can find one to suit, and every real Jiffy bears the name *Kleinert*.



### Buster Brown Helps Sturdy Youngsters

John and Jane can climb trees, race, and wrestle without restraint in these stretchy Buster Brown Garters. They're made of good live rubber—placed properly below the buckle teeth so they will wear twice as long.

## Gem Makes New Record

### Present Close-Woven Cover Fabric Surpasses Even Pre-War Standard



The two features which have made Kleinert's Gem Dress Shield famous for nearly half a century are its rubber lining—impervious to any known acid—and its double cover of fabric which completely absorbs moisture.

We couldn't improve on the pure gum rubber lining.

But a return to more normal conditions has enabled us to produce a cover fabric, closer woven, stronger, and whiter than ever before. Moreover, it is superior in absorbent and laundering qualities even to the high grade materials used in the Gem before the war.

Shields for every gown are now regarded as indispensable by the really smart woman and of course she suits the shape and style of the shield to the garment.

There is a Regular shape—ample in proportions—for use in cloth dresses and tailored waists; and the small Crescent which fits so inconspicuously into sheer gowns and blouses. For evening wear, you will want the cleverly cut Opera shape, and if you chance to be a bit stout, there is the Highpoint Gem specially designed to meet your needs.

Every Kleinert Shield is as easily washed as a handkerchief.

### Helps Prevent Wrinkles



Kleinert's Sanitary Dress Protector will keep your skirt from wrinkling when you travel or sit at your desk all day. It is easily adjusted, washable, and affords adequate protection on all occasions.

### New Way to Please Husbands!



He expects you to wear pretty clothes—of course—but he also likes good dinners and a tidy house, doesn't he? Kleinert's Household Apron will keep your prettiest frock perfectly safe beneath its ample waterproof folds, even while you clean vegetables or wash dishes.



### Gift Suggestions Send Four Cents for Your Copy

All sorts of fascinating things can be made from our old household standby—Kleinert's Rubber Sheeting.

Editors of the leading women's magazines planned them, Kleinert's Book of Gift Suggestions pictures and describes them so that anyone can make them—easily.

If you are looking for something really new—and inexpensive as well—send four cents in stamps for your copy. Kleinert's Rubber Sheeting is on sale at good stores everywhere. Look for the name on the selvage!

**I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.**  
719 Broadway Dept. C New York

### Buy Knowingly—Buy Kleinert's

The world is returning at last to a state of sanity when people want quality for whatever price they pay. Shoddy merchandise must go, whether it sells for five cents or five dollars.

This house has always stood for absolute quality. For forty years we have been putting out the best merchandise we knew how to make. Today our standards are higher than ever before. Any articles shown on this page, or any other articles marked *Kleinert*, are guaranteed to give the service you have a right to expect. It is a good maxim to "buy knowingly—buy Kleinert's." You will never be disappointed if you follow it.

*If your dealer is out of any of these items, he can get them from his jobber.*





IT is not too much to expect that your ankles will seem daintier and more graceful when you wear BURSON Hose. For these stockings are fashioned to follow every natural curve of the leg, fitting tightly and smoothly at the ankles. BURSON stockings have no seams for wind-whipped skirts to twist and pull into awkward, crooked lines. BURSON's are very comfortable, and they wear a long time.

**BURSON**  
*Fashioned Hose*

SILK • COTTON • LISLE  
MERCERIZED

## For Motoring School Business or Sport

*Knitted things are  
much in vogue*

*Designed by*  
HELEN MARVIN



THE modern girl will love this snuff-colored chemise dress in chiffon knitting of fine Shetland yarn with rust-colored trimmings. It's called the Margery dress and it can be made in sizes four to sixteen.



THE smart little close motor hat, with its becoming rolling brim, matches the trimming of the motor coat.



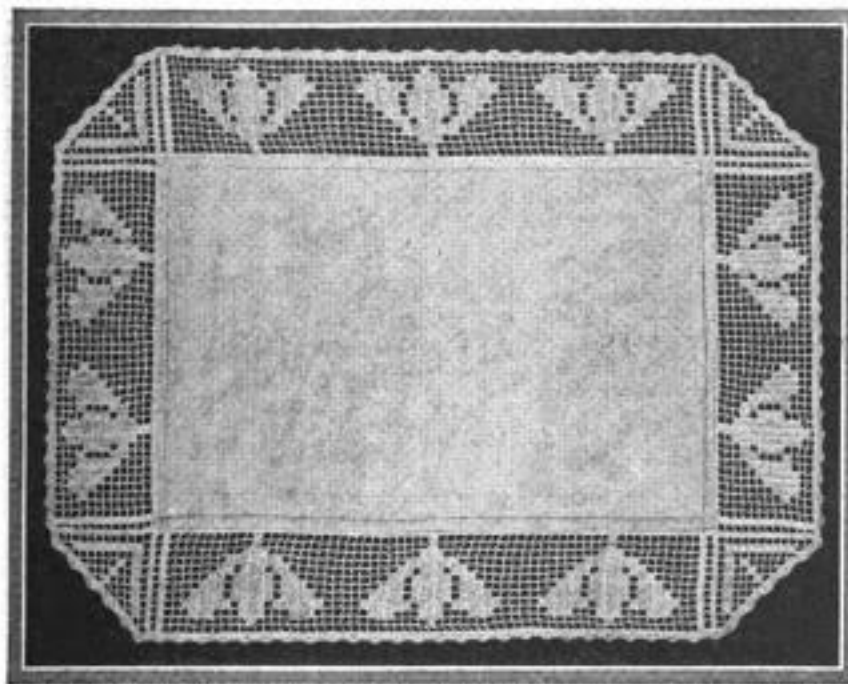
MOTOR late and long, and yet you'll stay as warm as toast in this knitted motor wrap with its scarf for smartness and its capacious pockets for convenience. Notice how its wide sleeves will let you slip it on over a suit. The color is pecan, brightened with bands of rose henna.



THE noteworthy feature of this Raritan golf sweater in sand color is a grosgrain ribbon binding.

COMPLETE illustrated directions for making each of these garments will be sent for ten cents each, or all three for twenty-five. Order CK-173, Raritan sweater, motor coat, and the Margery school dress. Address, Knitting Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

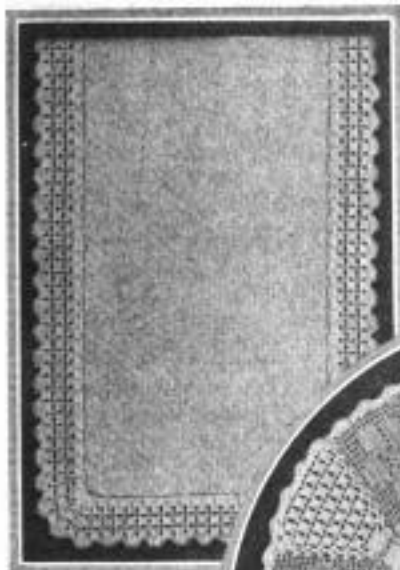




Six-inch-wide giant filet borders this between-meals cloth, measuring thirty by nineteen and a half inches inside of hem.

## Giant Filet Crochet And other new designs

By HELEN MARVIN



**H**EAVERY crocheted lace in ecru makes an effective trimming for a sideboard doily or scarf of linen in the same shade, sixteen inches wide. How stunning it would be with a copper samovar and orange hand-dipped candles!

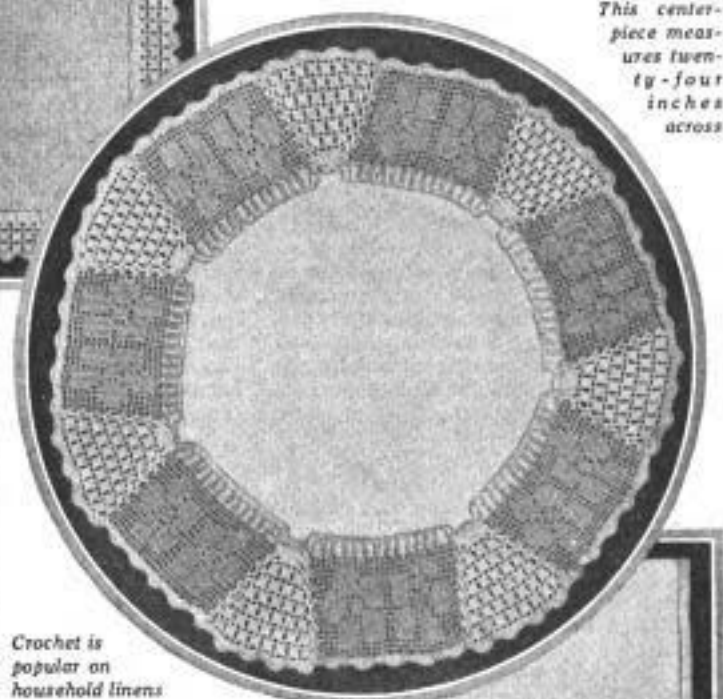
Crochet is popular on household linens

**T**HE table runner at the right is of ecru linen hemstitched all around, with a strip of filet crochet in a decorative flower pattern on each end. The fringe is made by tying six threads twelve inches long in each hole along the bottom edge of the filet.

**W**ORKING patterns for the filet crochet in the round centerpiece, the table runner with fringe, and the oblong centerpiece, together with directions to accompany them, and directions for the sideboard doily lace and the triangular sections of the centerpiece can be obtained for ten cents in stamps. Order CK-169 and address Knitting and Crochet Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

**T**HE center of the round tablepiece below is of heavy ecru canvas, and the wide border is made up of alternate filet medallions and triangular crocheted sections, all finished with a narrow scalloped edge. The filet medallions can be made in old-blue, the intervening sections ecru to match the center, or the whole centerpiece can be carried out in tones of tan. The crocheted border is five inches wide.

This centerpiece measures twenty-four inches across



**M**AKE the table runner above of a length to fit your table. The width is eighteen inches.

# The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How  
to Keep it  
Beautiful,  
Healthy  
and  
Luxuriant



**T**HE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

### Follow This Simple Method

**F**IRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly



After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and

have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

### Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

**I**T may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in afterlife, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

**WATKINS**  
**MULSIFIED**  
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO







## No use getting excited— the floor is Valsparred

ORDINARY varnish would have been ruined. But, luckily, the floor was Valsparred.

Soaked for hours with puddles of hot water, it emerged absolutely undamaged—never a dull streak, never a splotch of white. For Valspar is absolutely waterproof.

There are any number of places throughout the house that need just such a varnish—a varnish that is accident-proof, that will not mar or turn white under any conditions.

Fruit acids, greases and oils, hot, soapy water have no effect upon Valspar.

No matter what it is, from the drain board in the kitchen to the front door—*anything that's worth varnishing is worth Valsparing.*

Easy to apply and dries hard over night.



### VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam  
W. P. FULLER & Co., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

#### Special Offer

For your dealer's name and 50c in stamps we will send you a 35c sample can of Valspar or Valspar Varnish Stain—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out coupon.

Dealer's Name.....

Your Name.....

Your Address.....

W. H. C.—10-21



IF ANY wrinkles have been made in the handling, they are pressed out: I hang the garments needing mending on a certain section of the clothesline, so no other sorting will be necessary when putting the clothes away.

## Sleeves First And other ironing should-be's

MAKING ironing easier is largely a matter of treatment. When there is not an opportunity to give them attention

on wash day, I let them dry, and then about twenty minutes before time for ironing I roll them in a cloth which has been dampened thoroughly in lukewarm water.

When ironing, the worker should be as comfortable as possible. There is no logical reason why she should not be seated on a high stool.

#### A New Wrinkle for Avoiding Wrinkles

AVOIDING wrinkles is one method of reducing the toil of ironing. Once you acquire the habit of folding the clothes neatly in the basket, when taking them from the line, instead of piling them in a haphazard way, you do not break it.

After a garment is sprinkled with sufficient water to dampen it evenly, it is pulled in shape, turned right side out, if necessary, and rolled tightly. These rolls are placed in the clothes basket and covered with a clean cloth to prevent the outer portions from drying.

Unless sultry weather makes the danger of mildew great, I find it economical of time and strength to dampen the clothes in the evening and let them stand overnight before ironing. This also gives the moisture an opportunity to become distributed evenly. In many cases good results are obtained by sprinkling the clothes one-half hour before ironing, provided warm water is used.

Just how you sprinkle the water is a matter of little importance; the main thing is to apply it evenly over the entire surface. I have a small whisk broom, which I dip in the water and shake above the clothes, dampening them in this way; many women use bottles with perforated lids while others have large tin flour or salt cans for this purpose.

Linen iron most beautifully when they are very damp, consequently more water is sprinkled on them than on cottons. Flannels are not dampened, as a rule, since they may be ironed with best results when dry. I seldom allow wools and silks, except pongee, to dry completely before ironing, for the wrinkles which dry in wool are extremely difficult to remove, and sprinkling is likely to spot silks. Pongee should be ironed when dry.

The colored clothes that fade, I do not dampen any length of time before ironing. If it is possible to take them from the line before they are completely dry and iron them at once, this is the best

When there is not an opportunity to give them attention on wash day, I let them dry, and then about twenty minutes before time for ironing I roll them in a cloth which has been dampened thoroughly in lukewarm water.

When ironing, the worker should be as comfortable as possible. There is no logical reason why she should not be seated on a high stool.

The ironing board is also of great importance in making the work less difficult. First of all, it should have a firm foundation and not wobble under the pressure of the iron. It should also be the proper height for the person ironing. If too low, it causes a strain on the muscles of the back, resulting in unnecessary fatigue and backache; if too high, the muscles of the shoulders and arms are overtaxed. The height of the ironing board depends on the height of the worker and the length of her arms. Persons from five feet and six inches to five feet and seven inches tall usually require an ironing surface from thirty-one to thirty-two inches from the floor. Ordinarily, the adjustable ironing board is the best purchase, since it can be made to fit most women's needs.

At least two thicknesses are essential for covering the ironing board, and more may give better results, depending on the weight of the materials. I have two layers of an old cotton blanket directly over my board, and then on top of these is one thickness of sheeting. When new materials are purchased for this purpose, three layers of outing flannel or two of silence cloth, table padding, may be substituted for the blanket, and a strip of unbleached muslin, hemmed at both ends and fastened on with tapes, or a draw string, may take the place of the sheeting.

#### As to Your Irons

SLEEVE boards may or may not be used; I consider mine a paying investment, not that it irons sleeves any better, but it saves time and labor. It is useful not only in ironing sleeves, but also for lace and embroidery, edgings, ruffles and baby clothes.

Many kinds of irons may be used. Those which heat themselves by electricity, gasoline, gas, alcohol, or kerosene save labor, since steps to the stove for a hot iron are avoided. Moreover, they make the work more comfortable in warm weather, because they do not heat the room or the hand.

In the care of these irons, the precautions to heed are simple. Perhaps the main thing with the electric iron is not to let it become overheated. It is a matter of wisdom to disconnect it from the current frequently while ironing. I had considerable worry, not knowing when the current was off or on, until I purchased a two-



The ironing board should not wobble



# Sleeves First

way plug and attached the iron in one connection, a small bulb in the other. Now a glance at the bulb shows whether the current is on. The best position for the iron connection is over the board, directly in the center.

Irons heated by alcohol, kerosene, gasoline, or gas may be used with safety, if you use ordinary care in handling them; and this is largely a matter of avoiding drafts that may blow the flame.

Flatirons are inexpensive and, if kept free from rust, are satisfactory. Of course they make ironing more tiresome, because they must be carried between the ironing board and the stove. These irons may be purchased in different weights; those weighing six pounds are best for general purposes; a somewhat heavier one, perhaps an eight-pound iron, is better for pressing purposes, while the four-pound one is just right for delicate fabrics and baby clothes. Fluting irons are helpful in hurrying over the ruffles, and for pin tucks on sheer materials, the doll iron is not to be overlooked.

All irons should be kept clean. If starch sticks, it can be scraped off with a dull knife; it can, to a certain extent, be prevented from sticking by rubbing the heated iron occasionally over a small bag of paraffin or wax. I have a small piece of fine sandpaper tacked to one end of my ironing board, over which I pass the iron quite frequently, to keep it smooth. When irons become rusty, they may be rubbed with vaseline or lard.

## Tricks of the Trade

IF THE clothes are to have finish, the kind that repels soil, the iron used on them should be hot. When it is not warm enough, yellow rust stains are formed. These may be removed by washing the stained places in clear water, but the garment should be partly dried before being reironed. Too cool irons also cause starch to stick. When the iron is too hot, of course it scorches the fabric. Slight scorches on cotton and linen are taken out by dampening the stain in water and placing outdoors in the sun and wind. If this treatment fails, white linens and cottons may be dipped in a solution of hydrogen peroxide to which a few drops of household ammonia have been added. When the stain is gone, the garment is rinsed through several waters.

Scorched wool and silk are ruined, for the animal fibers are destroyed by intense heat. It is the best policy to use only a moderately warm iron for these fabrics.

Perhaps the best way to iron is to take long and rapid strokes with a hot iron—at least to iron as large a surface as possible with every stroke. Other things which give good results are ironing with the thread of the goods and on the right side, except when there are figures which you wish to bring out by exerting pressure on the wrong side. I also find that colored clothing is not so likely to be too glossy to look well if it can be ironed on the wrong side.

Embroideries are always ironed on the wrong side over a padding—I have two small pads of Turkish toweling for this purpose which save the wear on towels that are never near when needed. Laces are also ironed on the wrong side over a thin padding, such as a few layers of outing flannel.

Nothing makes ironing day more tedious than to find portions of the garment just ironed crumpled before being hung on the clotheshorse.



I have a small whisk broom, which I dip in water and shake over the clothes

Perhaps the fabric was not ironed dry. Or maybe it was not sprinkled damp enough. Both of these things give clothes a rough-dry appearance. I always have a small basin of water and a fine-grained sponge near the ironing board, which I use when clothes are not quite damp enough, or to remove small spots of soil. Ironing the portions in the proper order is also essential for best results. The general rule is to iron the parts which hang off the board first.

With a woman's shirtwaist or a man's shirt, the order is: cuffs, collar band, sleeves, yoke, back, and front. The sleeves of the thin blouse have first attention, then the back, front, and collar.

Hems of sheets and pillow cases are the important parts, so far as the ironer is concerned. Lace and embroidery trimmings always are ironed first. The order of ironing a nightdress is: trimming, sleeves, yoke, and body.

Ruffled organdie dresses sometimes cause worry. Iron the waist in this order: ruffles, sleeves, back, and front, then the ruffles, hem, and body of the skirt.

The beautiful gloss of linen is obtained by ironing on both sides, on the wrong one until partly dry and on the right one until dry and highly polished.

Black sateen is ironed on the wrong side, just as are silk and wool. If you wish to iron silk and wool on the right side, place a piece of dampened cheesecloth between the iron and the material. Flannel is ironed on the wrong side if it is dampened, but the preferable way is to moisten a piece of cheesecloth and place over the dry flannel, ironing until the cloth is dry.

## For a Big Family

FLAT pieces can be folded evenly, if in making the last fold the upper part is pulled back one-fourth inch, allowing for the thickness of material. Not quite this much is allowed in folding smaller pieces. All clothes are folded with the thread of the goods.

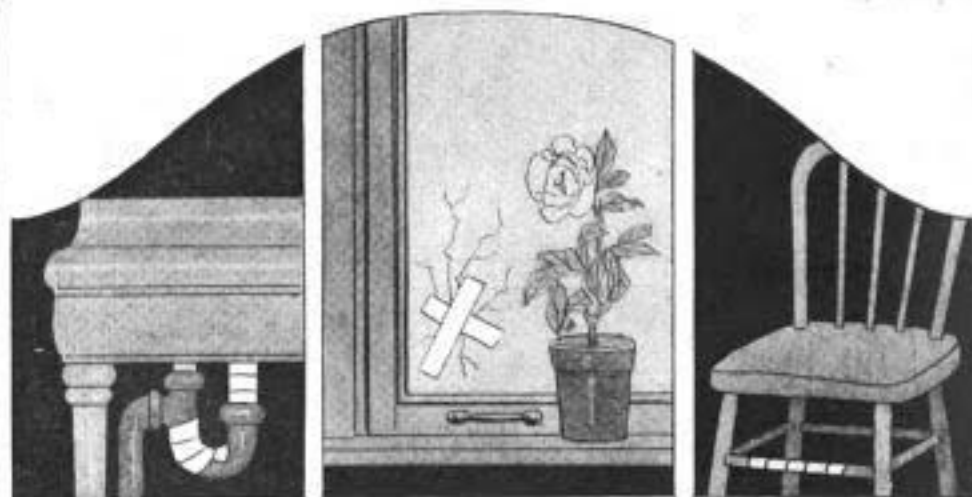
I often iron the clothes without making any folds, then I fold and press gently with a warm iron.

In large families, ironing machines make the laundry work easier. Some of these machines are turned by hand, others by power. One type has cold wooden rollers, the pressure of which removes wrinkles, but does not sterilize the clothes or leave the finish given by heated irons or rollers.

Most of the ironing machines have heated rollers, that is, one roller is padded and revolves against a heated plate. Flat pieces, plain dresses, aprons, and underwear may be ironed in these machines.



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Cardinal Pattern

## Refreshments for Thirty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

also cut in small pieces. Turn into six individual molds that have been rubbed over with salad oil. Let stand until firm, remove from molds and serve with mayonnaise dressing combined with an equal amount of whipped cream. Increase recipe as desired.

### Cream Wafers

Mix and sift one and one-half cups pastry flour and one teaspoon salt. Add, gradually, heavy cream to make a dough, the quantity required being a scant one-half cup. Roll as thin as possible, prick with a fork, shape with a small round or fancy cutter, and bake until delicately browned. Spread with cream cheese, moistened with French dressing and mixed with chopped nuts. This should make four dozen wafers.

### Chicken Mousse

6 cups cold cooked chicken or veal stock  
3 tablespoons gelatin 3 cups heavy cream

Force chicken twice through meat grinder, rub through a sieve and pound in mortar. Add gelatin soaked in chicken stock, and season with salt, celery salt, pepper, lemon juice and onion juice to taste. Fold in heavy cream beaten stiff. Chill, cut in blocks and serve on lettuce leaves, garnished with mayonnaise dressing. This should serve fifty people. Ham mousse may be made in the same way, but seasoned with three teaspoons mixed mustard and few grains cayenne.

### Rolls Celery Sandwiches

WRAP a fresh loaf of bread in a cloth wrung out of hot water and then in a dry towel. Cut in very thin slices, spread with chopped celery mixed with mayonnaise dressing, roll up each sandwich, and insert a celery spray in each end. Cover with a dry and then a damp towel and keep in a cool place until serving time.

### Horseradish Sandwiches

REMOVE crusts from loaves of graham and white bread, cut in slices one-third inch thick. Put between slices horseradish butter, alternating the graham and the white

bread, using three slices. Wrap in cheesecloth, place under a light weight in a cold place, let stand until serving time, then cut in slices crosswise.

### Horseradish Butter

RUB to a creamy consistency six tablespoons butter, add gradually one teaspoon lemon juice, four tablespoons grated horseradish and a few grains salt.

### Grapefruit Frappé

1 gallon water 2½ qts. grapefruit juice  
2½ qts. sugar  
Rind 2 oranges 2½ cups orange juice  
Rind 2 lemons ¾ cup lemon juice

PUT water, sugar and the cutting from the yellow part of the rind into saucepan. Bring to boiling point, and let boil three minutes. Strain, cool, and add remaining ingredients. Freeze to a mush and serve in punch glasses. This should serve sixty.

### Cornflake Fancies

2 egg whites ½ teaspoon salt  
½ cup sugar 2 cups cornflakes  
¾ cup coconut

BEAT egg whites until stiff, and add gradually sugar and salt. Fold in cornflakes and coconut. Drop mixture from tip of teaspoon in rough heaps on a greased tin sheet and bake in a moderate oven until delicately browned. This recipe should make about two dozen.

### Orange Mousse

1 cup sugar ¼ cup orange juice  
Grated rind 1 orange 3 tablespoons lemon juice  
½ cup water  
½ tablespoon gelatin 2 cups heavy cream  
2 tablespoons cold ¼ cup candied cherries

PUT sugar, orange rind and water into saucepan and boil one minute. Add gelatin soaked in cold water; when dissolved add orange juice and lemon juice. Place on ice; when it begins to thicken fold in heavy cream beaten stiff, and candied cherries cut in pieces. Turn into a mold, cover, pack in ice and salt and leave three hours. Cut in ten slices for serving.

## Club Menus

### MENU I

Butterscotch or Orange Biscuits  
Chocolate with Whipped Cream  
Mint Turkish Paste

### MENU II

Tea, with Assorted Fruit Tablets, or with Candied Rose Petals, Violets or Mint Leaves in Each Cup  
Katy's Toasted Raisin Bread

### MENU III

Eclairs filled with Egg and Sardine Salad  
Chocolate Indians Grapefruit Punch

### MENU IV

Cocoa Ice Cream  
Cake with Orange Frosting  
Caramel Pecan Balls

### MENU V

Chicken and Clam Bouillon  
Jellied Fruit Salad  
Cream Wafers with Cheese Filling

### MENU FOR TWENTY-FIVE

Chicken Mousse on Lettuce with Mayonnaise  
Rolled Celery Sandwiches  
Horseradish Sandwiches Grapefruit Frappé  
Oatmeal or Cornflake Macaroons

### MENU VII

Creamed Chicken in Timbale Cases  
Olives Salted Nuts  
Tartare Sandwiches  
Orange Mousse Wafers Coffee

### MENU VIII

Rolled Celery Sandwiches  
Horseradish Sandwiches Little Cakes  
Tea or Coffee

## Are You the Tenth Woman?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

knack of putting the right amount of paint on the block to make a good print). It is well to stretch a string across the material to serve as a guiding line in stamping the design. Mix oil paint with very little turpentine, for it must be thick, but be sure you have enough of the desired shade mixed at the start. It is hard to match the color later. Pat the paint onto the raised surface of the design with a homemade pater, which consists of a tight flattened wad of absorbent cotton encased in light-weight oiled silk and a thickness of fine muslin cloth. The muslin cloth is thrown away after one hanging is done, but the rest of the pater is still good, after the oiled silk is washed off with turpentine.

When the block is thus charged, as they say, with paint—and you want to be sure that no part of it is neglected—bring it face down onto the silk with some force, but do not move the block once it comes in contact with the silk. If the design prints indistinctly at first, as it usually does, try making the paint thicker, or thinner, see whether the block needs more or less paint in it when charging it, and be sure that the paint is evenly distributed. Also, use more pressure in printing the block. A certain transparency in the design as printed, and the inevitable variation in the amount of color deposited with each print of the block gives the hanging the craft quality. So do not strive for mechanical perfection.



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all pink." But her eyes went past her mother to the little sheaf of envelopes that lay on her dressing table.

"Listen, Charley. Ben Gartz is coming to dinner to-night." Charley's eyebrows went up ever so slightly. She said nothing. "Charley, Ben Gartz could do a great deal for your father—and for all of us—if he wanted to."

"Doesn't he want to?"

"Well, after all, why should he? It isn't as if we were related—or as if he were one of the family."

"Lottie, you mean?" She knew what her mother meant. And yet she wanted to give her a chance—a chance to save herself from this final infamy.

"N-n-no." Her voice had the rising inflection. "I don't think he cares about Lottie any more."

"Then that snatches him definitely out of the family clutches, doesn't it? Unless Aunt Charlotte—"

"Don't be funny, Charley. He's a man to be respected. He's good-looking; not old; more than well-to-do—rich, really."

Charley's eyes were cold and hard. And they were no longer mother and daughter, but two women, battle-locked. "M-m-m... A little old and fat, though, don't you think, for most purposes? And just a wee bit common? H'm?"

"Common! Well, when it comes to being common, my dear child, I don't think there was anything fastidious about the choice you made last June. After all, Delicatessen Dick isn't exactly—"

"Just a minute, Mother. I want to get this thing straight. I'm to marry your chubby little friend in order to save the family fortunes—is that it?"

"N-no. I don't mean just that. I merely—"

"What do you mean, then? I want to hear you say it."

"You could do a really big thing for your father. You must have seen how old he's grown in the last six months. I don't see how you can stand by and not want to help. He had a chance. Ben Gartz practically offered to take him into the business. But you were deliberately rude to him. No man with any pride—"

Charley began to laugh then, not prettily. "Oh, Mother, you quaint old thing!" Belle stiffened. "I don't want to insult you, don't you know, but I can't make a thing out of what you've said except that if I marry this chubby little ridiculous old sport he'll take Dad into the business, and we'll all live happily ever after, and I'll be just like the noble heroine who sells herself to the rich old banker to pay the mortgage. Oh, Mother!" She was laughing again; and then, suddenly, she was crying, her face distorted. She was crying terribly.

"Sh-sh-sh! Your father'll hear you. There's nothing to make a scene about."

"No scene!" said Charley, through her tears. "If you can't cry when your mother dies, when can you cry?"

She turned away from her then. Belle Kemp looked a little frightened. But at the door she said what she still had to say. "He's coming here to dinner to-night."

Charley, lifting heavy arms to take off her hat, seemed not to hear. She looked at herself in the mirror a moment—stared at the tear-stained, red-eyed girl. At what she saw she began to sob again, weakly. Then she shook herself angrily and pushed her hair back from her forehead with a hand that was closed into a fist. She went into the living-room, stood before her father, reading there.

"Dad!"

He looked up from his paper, stiffened. "Why, Charley, what's—?" Charley almost never cried. He was as disturbed as if this had been a man standing there before him, red-eyed and shaken.

"Listen, Dad. You know that thing Ben Gartz spoke to you about a little while ago? The business. Taking you into it, I mean?"

"That? Yes. What of it?"

"He hasn't said anything lately, has he?"

"Well, he—he—wasn't sure, you know. I thought at the time it was a little wild. Ben's good-hearted, but he's a gabby boy. Doesn't mean quite all he says."

"He meant it all right, Dad. But you see he—he'd like to have me marry him first."

He stared, half willing to laugh if she gave him any encouragement. But she did not. His newspaper came down with a crash, then, as his fingers crushed it and threw it to the floor. "Gartz! You marry Ben Gartz!" She was crying again, helplessly. His two hands gripped her shoulders. "Why, the damned old!" he stopped himself, shaking a little.

"That's it," said Charley, and she was smiling as she sobbed. "That's the word... I knew I could count on you, Dad. I knew."

His arms were about her. Her face was pressed against the good rough cloth of his coat. "Sh-sh-sh, Charley. Don't let your

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

mother hear you. We mustn't let her know. She'd be wild. He's coming here to dinner, the only old fox. Gosh, Charley, are you sure you—"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"We won't say anything to Mother, will we?"

"No, Dad."

"She'd be sick, that's what. Sick. We'll fix him and his business, all right."

"Yes. Talk about Jesse. Talk about Jesse a lot. And make it plain. About Jesse. Then see what he has to say about his business."

The doorbell sounded. Charley was out of his arms and off to her room. Belle came swiftly down the hall and darted into her bedroom for a hasty dab at her flushed face with the powder pad. Henry opened the door. Ben's voice boomed. Henry's answered with hollow geniality.

"Come in, come in! Here, let me have that. Belle'll be here in a minute."

Belle was there, becomingly flushed, cordial. Ben was pressing her hand. "It was mighty nice of you, let me tell you, to call me—"

She was panic-stricken, but Henry had not heard, apparently. He had interrupted with a foolish remark of his own:

"It's probably the last time in this place anyway, Ben. We're giving up this flat, you know. End of the month."

"How's that?"

"Can't afford it."

Ben pursed his lips, drummed with his fingers on the arm of the deep, comfortable chair. "Well, now, perhaps—"

Charley came in, smiling a watery smile and palpably red-eyed. Her father caught her and hugged the slender shoulder with a paternal and yet quizzical gesture. "Nobody's supposed to notice that Charley's been crying a little. She didn't get a letter from her boy in France, and she doesn't feel happy about it." She looked up at him gratefully. He patted her shoulder, turned proudly to Ben. "Charley and her poet are going to be married, you know, when this war's over—if it ever is over. Look at her blush! I guess these new-fangled girls have got some old-fashioned ways left, after all, eh, Chas?"

"Yes, Dad."

THEY were in the midst of packing and moving when the news came of Jesse Dick's death. She had no formal warning. No official envelope prepared her. And yet she received it with a dreadful calm, as though she had expected it, and had braced herself for it. She and her father were at breakfast, surrounded by wooden packing boxes and burlap rolls. Charley, in peril of missing the eight thirty-five I. C. train, contented herself with the morning's news second-hand. Henry Kemp had the paper.

"What's the daily *schrecklichkeit*, Dad?"

He had not answered. Suddenly the weight of his silence struck her. She looked up as though he had spoken her name. The open newspaper shielded his face. Something in the way he held it... You do not hold a paper thus when you are reading. "Dad!" The paper came down, slowly. She saw his face.

"Dead?"

"Yes."

He stood up. She came around to him. She wanted to see it on paper, printed.

That morning she actually caught the eight thirty-five, as usual. She sold little imports all that morning, went out at the lunch hour and never returned to Shield's. Outwardly, she practiced the stoicism of her kind. She cried herself to sleep night after night, indeed; beat on her pillow with an impotent fist; sat up feverish and wakeful, to rage at life. But she was up next morning, as usual, pale and determined.

There was a curious scene with Great-aunt Charlotte. At news of Jesse Dick's death she had summoned Charley; had insisted that she must see her; had been so mysteriously emphatic that Charley had almost rebelled, anticipating a garrulous hour of senile sympathy and decayed advice. Still, she went, ascended the stairs to Aunt Charlotte's room (she came downstairs more and more rarely now), and at Aunt Charlotte's first words, "I knew he'd never come back, Charley," would have fled incontinently, if something in the grim earnestness of the black-browed old countenance had not held her. There was no soft sentimentality in Great-aunt Charlotte's word or look. Rather, she seemed eager, vitalized, as though she had an important message to convey. Charley did groan a little inwardly, when Aunt Charlotte brought out the yellow old photograph of the girl in the full-skirted, wasp-waisted riding habit, with the plume and the rose. And she said, vaguely, "Oh, yes," as she took it in her hand, and wished that she had not come. And then, "Why, Aunt Charlotte! You lovely thing! You never showed me this picture before! You're the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]



family beauty. Your face is—the look—it sort of glows—

"Just for a little while. Jesse Dick brought that look to it."

"How do you mean, Jesse Dick?"

And quietly, masterfully, with the repression of more than fifty years swept away before the urgency of this other Charlotte's need, she told her own brief, stark story. "I was eighteen, Charley, when the Civil War began. That's the picture of me, taken at the time—"

Charley listened. Sometimes her eyes dwelt on the withered old countenance before her; sometimes she looked down, mistily, at the glowing face of the girl in the picture. But her attention never wandered. For the first time she was hearing the story of the first Jesse Dick. For the first time Great-aunt Charlotte was telling it. She was telling it, curiously enough, with the detachment of an outsider—without reproach, without regret, without bitterness. When she had finished she sat back, and glanced about the bedroom, the neat, shabby, rather close-smelling bedroom of an old, old woman, and then she opened her hands on her knees, palms out, as though in exposition. "And this is I," said the open palms and dim old eyes. "This is I, Charlotte Thrift."

As though in answer—in defense of her—Charley leaned forward impetuously and pressed her fresh young cheek against the sallow, withered one. "You've been wonderful, Aunt Charlotte. You have! What would Grandma Payson have done without you! Or Lottie, or Mother, for that matter."

But Great-aunt Charlotte shook her head. She seemed to be waiting for something. And then Charley said, "I'll be all right. I'm the kind that goes on. You know. I'm too curious about life to want to miss any of it. I'll keep on trying things and people, and I'll probably find the combination. Not the perfect combination, like Jesse. You don't, twice. But I suppose I'll marry—sometime."

"That's it. Don't you give in. You're twenty. Don't you give in. I was scared, when you left your work—"

"Oh, that. I couldn't stay. . . . I don't know. . . . Restless."

"That's all right," said Aunt Charlotte, satisfied. "Restless is all right. Restless is better than resigned."

They made a book of Jesse Dick's poems and brought it out in the autumn, just before the Armistice. A slim book of poems. There had been so few of them.

CHARLEY was away when Lottie came home in February following that historic, hysterical November. Charley was in Cincinnati, Ohio, dancing with the Krisloff Russian ballet. They were playing Cincinnati all that week, and their future bookings included Columbus, Cleveland, Toledo, Akron. Charley wrote that they would be back in Chicago for two weeks at the end of March, showing one week at the Palace and one at the Majestic.

"And what's all this," she wrote Lottie, "about your having brought back a French war orphan? There never was such a gal for orphans. Though I must say you did pretty well with Jeannette. Mother wrote me about her wedding. But this orphan sounds so young. And a girl, too. I'm disappointed. While you were about it, it seems to me you might have picked a gentleman orphan. We certainly need some men in our family. Send me a picture, won't you? Are you really going to adopt her? That would be nice, but mad. Did Grandmother raise an awful row? I'm sorry she's feeling no better. Mother wrote you have a trained nurse now. . . ."

Lottie's homecoming had been a subdued affair. She had slipped back into the family life of the old house on Prairie Avenue as if those months of horror and exaltation and hardship had never been. But there was a difference: Lottie was the head of the household now.

Mrs. Carrie Payson lay up-stairs in the second-floor front bedroom, a strangely flat outline beneath the covers of the great walnut bed. The thing they called rheumatism had leaped and struck deep with claws and fangs, following a series of disturbing events.

Mrs. Payson had looked upon the Kemps' removal from the Hyde Park apartment to the small Fifty-third Street flat as a family disgrace. She tried vainly to shake Henry's determination not to take advantage of the roominess of the Prairie Avenue house. Henry had remained firm. He had a position as manager of the china and glass department in a big wholesale house whose specialty was the complete equipment of hotels, restaurants, and country clubs. His salary was less than one fourth of what his income had been in the old days. He said it would have to do. Then Charley had horrified them all by discarding the black uniform of a Shield's employee for the

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

chiffon and fleshings of the Krisloff Ballet, Belle, and even Henry, opposed it, from the first moment of surprise and disapproval, but Mrs. Carrie Payson fought it like a tigress. They had all thought she would return to Shield's. But she had announced calmly her decision never to return. "Go back? Why should I go back there? The thought makes me ill."

Her father and mother had received this with amazement. "But, Charley, you were promoted just last week. You said you liked it. Let me tell you, three thousand a year isn't to be sneezed at by a kid of twenty. In another five—"

"Yes, I know. In another five I'll be earning five thousand. I'll be twenty-five then. And in another five I'll be earning ten, and I'll be thirty. And in another five and another five and another five! . . . And then I'll color my hair a beautiful raspberry shade, too, just like Healy, and wear imported black charmeuse, and maybe my pearls will be real and my maniere grand and glittering, and while I sha'n't call the stock-girls girls, I'll have that hard finish. You get it in business—if you're in for business."

"Well, what were you in it for?"

"For Jesse, I suppose. You see, I've got to have color, and motion, and life. And beauty. You don't find them at Shield's. But before Jesse . . . went . . . I knew I could hit it off beautifully down there, and that he'd furnish me with enough of the other thing. One of us had to buckle down, and I was the one. I wanted to be. We were both going to be married and free at the same time. The little house in Hubbard Woods was there to come to, every day or once a week. It was going to be every day for me. But a man like Jesse can't write—couldn't write—his kind of stuff without feeling free to come and go. So there I was going to be. And I'd have my job, and some babies in between. . . . Well, there's nothing in it for me, now. Plodding away. It's ridiculous. What for! Oh, it's interesting enough. It's all right if . . . I want a change. Dancing! Krisloff's going out with his company. He's got forty-two solid weeks booked. I'm going with them. He's going to let me do the Gypsy Beggar dance alone."

Charley joined the Krisloffs in August. She hated the stuffy hotels and the uninviting food, but loved exploring the towns. Audiences in medium-sized Middle-West towns were rather startled by the fury and fire which she flung into the Gypsy Beggar dance. Her costume of satin breeches and chiffon shirt was an ingenious imitation of a street beggar's picturesque rags and tatters. As she finished her dance, and flung herself on her knees, holding out her tambourine for alms, the audiences would stare at her uncomfortably, shifting in their seats, so haggard and piteous and feverish was her appeal. But always there was a crash of applause, sharp and spontaneous.

Jeannette was married to her Nebraska sailor at Christmas, and left for the West with him. The wedding was held in the Prairie Avenue house. It turned out to be rather a grim affair, in spite of Jeannette's high spirits, and her Bohemian relatives and the post-war reaction, and the very good supper provided by Mrs. Payson. For Belle and Henry thought of Charley; and Mrs. Payson thought of Lottie; and Aunt Charlotte thought of both, and of the girl of sixty years ago. And Jeannette said bluntly, "You look as if it was a funeral instead of a wedding." She herself was a little terrified at the thought of this great unknown prairie land to which she was going, with her smart fur coat and her tricot dress and her silk stockings and gray kid shoes. As well she might be.

After it was over an unnatural quiet settled down upon the house. The two old women told each other that it was a blessed relief after the flurry and fuss of the wedding; but looked at each other rather fearfully during the long evenings, and awaited Lottie's return with such passionate eagerness as neither would have admitted to the other. They expected her to pop in, somehow, the day after the Armistice.

In December she wrote that it would be January. The letter was postmarked Paris. In January she set the date of her homecoming for February, and it was that letter which contained the astounding news of the impending French orphan.

Winifred Stepler had returned from France in December. To her Mrs. Payson appealed for information. "Did you know anything about this crazy notion of Lottie's? Did she say anything to you when you were together there?"

"Yes, indeed. I saw her."

"Saw who?"

"The baby. The French baby. She's awfully cute. Fair. . . . No, they're not all dark, you know. . . . Well, now, Mrs. Payson, I wouldn't say that. It's a nice, humane thing to do, I think. All those poor

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



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little things left fatherless. Lots of Americans are bringing home."

"But where'd she get it? Where did she find it? How did she happen—"

Winnie Steppler explained: "Well, you know, after St. Mihiel, when the Germans were retreating and our boys were advancing, the Germans took prisoner all the young French men and women—all they could lay hands on. Regular slavery. They took parents from their children, and all. This baby was found in a little town called Thiaucourt, all alone, in a kind of cellar. They took care of her, and sent her back to the American Relief."

"But the father and mother? They may be alive, looking for her."

"The father was killed. That's proved. The mother died—"

It was at this point that the accumulation of family eccentricities proved too much for Mrs. Payson. The "faint feeling" mushroomed into a full-sized faint, from which they thought she would never recover.

Followed another attack. The doctor said that a third would probably prove the last. So she stayed in bed now, rebellious still, and indomitable. One could not but admire the will that burned still so bright in the charred ruin of the body.

So it was a subdued homecoming that Lottie met. When she stepped off the train at the Twelfth Street station with the unmistakable bundle in her arms, Belle and Henry kissed her across the bundle and said, almost simultaneously, "Mother's been quite sick, Lottie. You can't keep her at the house, you know."

"Mother sick? How sick?" They told her. And again, "You see, there can't be a baby in the house."

"Oh, yes," said Lottie, not in argument, but almost amusedly, as though it were too ridiculous to argue. "Don't you want to see her?"

"Yes," said Belle, nervously. And "What's its name?" asked Henry.

"I think Claire would be nice, don't you?" Lottie turned back the flap of the downy coverlet, and Claire blinked up at them rosily and caught this unguarded opportunity to shoot a wanton fist in the air.

Belle gave a gasp. "Why, Lottie, she's so little! She's just a tiny baby! Almost new. You must be crazy! Mother's too sick to have—"

Lottie replaced the flap and captured the waving fist expertly, tucking it back into warmth. "She's not little. She's really large for her age. . . . These are all my bags, Henry, and things. There's a frightful lot of them. And here's my trunk check. Perhaps you'd better tend to them. Here, I'll take this, and that. Give them to the boy. Perhaps Belle and I had better go ahead in a taxi while you straighten out the mess."

She was calm, alert, smiling. Henry thought she looked handsome, and told her so. "War certainly agrees with you, Lottie. Gosh, you look great! Doesn't she, Belle? Darned pretty, if you ask me, Lot."

Belle, eyeing Lottie's clear fine skin, and the vital line of her shoulders and back and a certain set of the head, and a look that was at once peaceful and triumphant, nodded in agreement, vaguely puzzled. "I thought you'd be a wreck. . . . What do you think of Charley? . . . And here you come, complicating things still more. How did you happen to do such a crazy thing, Lottie?"

"I'll tell you all about it on the way home." Later, in the taxi, the heaving bundle fitting gracefully into the hollow of her arm: "Well, you know, after St. Mihiel, when the Germans were retreating and our boys were advancing, the Germans took with them in their retreat all the young men and young women they could lay their hands on. Prisoners, you know. They meant to use them for work. Well, often, parents were taken from their children. Babies were left alone. When our men got to Thiaucourt—that's a little town of about three hundred—in September, it was a deserted, ruined heap of stone. They were right up on the retreat. And there, in what had been a kitchen, without any roof to it, was a baby. They sent her back, of course, to us."

"Yes, but, Lottie, perhaps the—"

"No. The father was killed in the war. They traced the mother. She died in November. I adopted her legally—"

"You didn't!"

"But I did."

"Claire—what?"

Lottie looked down at the bundle; squeezed it with a gentle pressure. "Claire Payson, I suppose, now."

THE Girls all came to see the baby. They exclaimed and cooed and ah'd and oh'd. "Of course it's wonderful, and all. But it is a big responsibility, Lottie. How in the world did you happen—"

"Well, you know, after St. Mihiel, when

## The Girls

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the Germans were retreating and our boys were advancing. . . ."

She was asked to lecture before some of the women's clubs, but declined.

Against the doctor's orders and the nurse's advice and maneuverings, Mrs. Payson had insisted on seeing the baby immediately on Lottie's entering the house.

Lottie had scarcely divested herself of hat and wraps when she entered her mother's bedroom, the child in her arms. Mrs. Payson's eyes were on the door—had been from the moment she heard the flurry of homecoming down-stairs. As Lottie stood in the doorway a moment the sick woman's eyes dilated. She made as though to sit up. The nurse took the child from Lottie as she bent over to kiss her mother. Then, suddenly, she dropped to her knees at the side of the bed. "Oh, Mama, it's so good to be home." She took one of the flaccid hands in her own firm, vital grasp.

"H'm. . . . Well, that's some good come of your leaving, anyway. You look handsome, Lottie. How've you got your hair done?"

"Just as I always had it, Mama."

"Your face looks fuller, somehow. Let's see the young one."

The nurse turned and leaned over the bed. But at this final test of her good-nature, Claire, travel-worn, bewildered, hungry, failed them. She opened wide her mouth, lurched in muscular rebellion, and emitted a series of ear-piercing screams against the world; against this strange person in white who held her; against that which stared at her from the bed.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Payson. "Take it away. I knew it. Don't you think for one minute I'm going to have any foreign baby screaming around this house, sick as I am. Not for a minute! I hope you're satisfied, Lottie. Running an orphan asylum in this house. Well, I've still got something to say."

But, strangely enough, she had little to say, after that. She showed small interest in the newcomer, and they kept the baby out of the sick-room. The little world of her bedside interested the sick woman more. She fancied them all in league against her. She would call Lottie to her bedside and send the nurse out of the room on some pretext or other that deceived no one.

"Lottie, come here. Listen. That woman has got to go. Why, she won't let me get up! I'm perfectly well."

"But perhaps you haven't quite got your strength, Mama. You know it takes time."

"Time! I've been three mortal months in this bed. You're like all the rest of them. Glad if I died. Well, I'm not going to please you just yet. You'll see me up to-morrow, early."

They had heard this threat so regularly and so often that they scarcely heeded it now; or, if they did, only to say, soothingly, "We'll see how you feel by to-morrow, shall we?" So that when finally, she made good her threat, the nurse came in early one morning from where she slept in the alcove just off the big front bedroom to find her half-lying, half-sitting in the big chair by the window. She must have dragged herself up to the chair by an almost superhuman effort of will. So they found her. A born ruler defying them all to the last.

Charley came home for the funeral. She was not to rejoin the Krisloff company until its arrival in Chicago for the two-weeks engagement there. "If ever," said Henry Kemp, privately, to Lottie. "I don't think she's so crazy about this tramping any more. You ought to have heard her talking about the fresh eggs at breakfast this morning. I asked her what she'd been eating on the road and she said, 'Vintage oafs.'"

Aunt Charlotte mourned her sister sincerely, seemed even to miss her tart-tongued goading. No one to find fault with her clothes, her habits, her ideas, her conversation. Lottie humored her outrageously. The household found itself buying as Mrs. Payson had bought, thinking as she had thought, regulating its hours as they had been regulated for her needs. Her personality was too powerful to fade so soon after the corporeal being had gone.

There was much talk of selling the old house; but it never seemed to amount to more than talk.

Charley came daily, often twice daily, to see the baby. She was fascinated by her, made herself Claire's slave, insisted on trundling her up and down Prairie Avenue in the smart English pram, though Lottie said she much preferred to have her sleep or take her airing in the back garden, undisturbed. Charley and Aunt Charlotte opposed this. Charley said, "Oh, but look how ducky she is in that bonnet! Everybody stops to look at her, and then I brag. Yesterday I told a woman she was mine. I expected her to say, 'And you so young!' but she didn't."

Aunt Charlotte said, "This new fad of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]



never talking to babies and never picking 'em up! It makes idiots of them. How can you ever expect them to learn anything? Lie there like little wooden images. Or else break their hearts crying, when all they want is a little petting. . . . Her want her of' auntie to p'ay wis her, yes, her does, doesn't her?" to the baby.

One of the big bedrooms on the second floor had been cleared and refurnished as a nursery. Here, almost nightly at six o'clock, you found Lottie, Charley, and Aunt Charlotte.

This evening the talk centered on the child, as always. Trivial talk, and yet vital:

"She's growing so I'll have to let her hems down again. And some new stockings. The heels of those she has come under the middle of her foot."

"Look at her, Lotta! She's half asleep. There, now she's awake again and pulling like mad. Swoons off and shows the whites of her eyes and then remembers and goes at it again. Now she's—I never saw such a snoozy old thing. Sleeps something chronic, all day and all night. What good are you, anyway, h'm?"

Aunt Charlotte grew reminiscent. "Time you and Belle were babies you wore long dresses—great, long, trailing bunchy things, and yards and yards of petticoats, flannel and white. It used to take the girl hours to do 'em up. Nowadays seems the less they put on 'em the healthier they are."

Charley was seated cross-legged on the floor, her back against a fat old arm-chair. "How about the babies in France, Lotta? I suppose they're still bundling them up over there. What did Claire have on when they found her, h'm?"

Lotta rose to take the empty bottle away, gently. Claire's eyes were again showing two white alits.

Aunt Charlotte in the window chair, leaned forward. Her tremulous forefinger made circles, round and round, on her black-silk knee. "Yes, Lotta. Now what did she have on, poor little forlorn lamb."

"Why—I don't remember, Aunt Charlotte." She tucked the coverlet in at the sides of the crib, firmly. Claire was sound asleep now, her two fists held high above her head, as a healthy baby sleeps. Lottie stood a moment looking down at the child. The old, old virgin in the chair by the window and the young girl seated cross-legged on the floor watched her intently. Suddenly the quiet peaceful air of the nursery was electric. The child made a little clucking sound with tongue and lips, in her sleep. Charley sat forward, her eyes on Lottie.

"Lotta, do you remember my five—my five—" She broke off with a half-sob. Then she threw up her head. "I'll have them yet."

It was then Aunt Charlotte put into brave words the thought that was in the minds of the three women. "Don't you want to tell us about him, Lottie? Don't you?"

For one instant terror leaped into Lottie's eyes as they went from Aunt Charlotte's face to Charley's. But at what they saw there the terror faded, and in its place came relief—infinite relief.

"Yes."

Lottie looked at them intently. "I felt you both knew." Aunt Charlotte nodded. But Charley shook her head, slightly.

"Not until just now, Lotta. . . . Something in your face as you stood there looking down at her."

"I've wanted to tell you for a long time." Lottie came away from the crib, sat down in a low chair near Aunt Charlotte. Charley scuttled crabwise over to her across the floor and settled there against her, her arm flung across Lottie's knee. The old Prairie Avenue house was quiet, quiet. You could hear the child's regular breathing. Lottie's voice was low, so that the baby's sleep might not be disturbed, yet clear, that Aunt Charlotte might hear. They could have gone down-stairs, or to another chamber, but they did not. The three women sat in the dim room.

"We met—I met him—in Paris, the very first week. He had gone over there in the beginning as a correspondent. Then he had come all the way back to America, and had enlisted, for service. He hated it, as every intelligent man did. But he had to do it, he said. We—liked each other right away. I'd never met a man like that before. I didn't know there were any. Oh, I suppose I did know; but they had never come within my range. He had only a second-lieutenancy. There was nothing of the commander about him. He always said so. He used to say he had never learned to 'snap into it' properly. You know what I mean? He was thirty-seven. Winnie Steppeler introduced us. She had known him in his Chicago cub-reporter days. He went to New York, later. Well, that first week, when I was waiting to be sent out, he and Winnie and I—she met me in Paris, you know, when I came—went everywhere together and it was

## The Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

glorious. I can't tell you. Paris was being shelled, but it refused to be terrorized. The streets, and the parks, and the restaurants were packed. You've no idea what it was, going about with him. He was like a boy about things—simple things, I mean—a print in a window, or a sauce in a restaurant, or a sunset on the Bois. We used to laugh at nothing, foolish, wonderful, private jokes, like those families have, that are funny to no one outside the family. The only other person I'd ever known like that was a boy at school when I went to Armour. I haven't seen him since I was eighteen, and he's an important person now. But he had that same quality. They call it a sense of humor, I suppose, but it's more than that. It's the most delightful thing in the world, and if you have it you don't need anything else. . . . Four months later he was wounded. Not badly. He was in the hospital for six weeks. In that time I didn't see him. Then he went back into it, but he wasn't fit. We used to write, regularly. I don't know how I can make you understand how things were—things—

Charley looked up at her. "I know what you mean. The—the state of mind that people got into over there—nice people—nice girls. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes. Do you know?"

"Well, I can imagine—"

"No, you can't. The world was rocking, and we over there were getting the full swing of it. It seemed that all the things we had considered so vital and fundamental didn't matter any more. Life didn't count. A city to-day was a brick-heap to-morrow. Night and day were all mixed up. Terror and work. Exhaustion and hysteria. A lot of us were girls—women, I mean—who had never known freedom. Not license—freedom. Ordinary freedom of will, or intellect, or action. Men, too, who had had their noses to the grindstone for years. You know there's a lot more to war than just killing, and winning battles, and patching people up. It does something to you—something chemical and transforming—after you've been in it. The reaction isn't always noble. I'm just trying to explain what I mean. There were a lot of things going around—especially among the older and more severe-looking of us girls. It's queer. He got three days' leave, Winnie Steppeler was in Paris at the time. I was to try for leave—I'd have gone A. W. O. L. if I hadn't got it—and we three were to meet there. Winnie had a little two-room flat across the river. She'd been there for almost a year, you know. She made it her headquarters. The concierge knew me. When I got there, Robert was waiting for me. Winnie had left a note. She had been called to Italy by her paper. I was to use her apartment. We stayed there together. I'm not excusing it. There is no excuse. They were the happiest three days of my life—and always will be. . . . There are two kinds of men, you know, who make the best soldiers. The butcher-boy type with no nerves and no imagination. And the fine, high-strung type that fears battle and hates war, and who whips himself into courage and heroism because he's afraid he'll be afraid. . . . How he hated to go back. . . . though he never said so. . . . He was killed ten days later. . . . I went to Switzerland for a while, when . . . Winnie was with me. . . . She was wonderful. I think I should have died without her. . . . I wanted to at first. . . . but not now. Not now."

Stillness again. You heard only the child's breathing, gentle, rhythmical.

Aunt Charlotte's wavering, tremulous forefinger traced circles round and round on her knee—round and round. The heavy black brows were drawn into a frown. She looked an age-old seeress sitting there, in her black. "Well," she got up, slowly, and came over to the crib. She stood there a moment. "It's a brave lie, Lottie. You stick to it, for her. A topsy-turvy world she's come into. Perhaps she'll be the one to work out what we haven't done—we Thrift girls. She's got a job ahead of her. A job."

Lottie leaned forward in the darkness. "I'll never stand in her way. She's going to be free. I know. I'll never hamper her. Not in word, or look, or thought. You'll see."

"You probably will, Lottie. You're human. But I won't be here to see. Not I. And I'm not sorry. I've hardly been away from the spot where I was born; but I've seen the world. I've seen the world. . . . Well. . . ."

She went toward the door with her slow firm step, putting each foot down flat; along the hall she went, her black silk skirts making a soft susurrus. Lottie rose, opened a window to the sharp spring air. Then, together, she and Charley tiptoed out, stopping a moment, hand in hand, at the crib. The nursery-room was quiet except for the breathing of the child.

[THE END]



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## Their Own Lives

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

for a free hand, untrammelled by any of Mother's old-fashioned suggestions, in entertaining her guests. Now that she had it, she found her teas and dinners lacked some subtle flavor of hospitality she had never appreciated before. Mother and Father were often there, to be sure, courteous, impeccable hosts, but there was a difference, intangible, yet abysmal. No longer could they be depended upon to listen with absorbed interest to youthful triumphs and peccadillos; no longer was Mother the unfailing support of all wall-flowers and diffident guests. Mother, indeed—if such a thing were possible—at times seemed almost bored by her children's friends.

"Something queer's certainly gotten into them," Murray admitted gloomily. "And after I've been cracking up to Hen all winter what a wonderful home life we've got."

"I did that, too, with the girls," Jean choked. "I just know that's the reason Katherine Hilliard went home this morning. Mother positively neglected that girl. I don't mean she wasn't polite to her—but so indifferent and—oh, I don't know—as if she was just being nice to her because she had to. You'd think the mere fact that she's one of my best friends would be enough to make one's parents take a decent interest in her. I'm sure I'd feel that way about their friends—" Jean stopped suddenly before one or two rather uncomfortable memories. "Anyway, it ought to be easy for anyone to be interested in a perfectly marvelous girl like Katherine," she amended her argument hastily. "But Father and Mother don't even seem very interested in us any more. Why, Father—you could never have made me believe—" At the awful thought of Father's treason, Jean cast recklessly to the winds the cherished young ladyhood she had labored so hard to obtain. "I want Father and Mother to treat me the way they did when I was young," she wailed. "If this is being grown up, I hate it. Oh, Murray, I feel just exactly like an orphan."

It was Henry Ransom's amphitheatre brain that, later that same evening, shed light upon the mystery. The four young people for once were spending the evening at home; Father and Mother, as usual, were out.

"Look here," he began hesitatingly; "I hope you won't think I'm butting in—of course it's none of my business, but—don't you think you'd better call a kind of halt for your father and mother? I'm afraid this game's wearing on 'em too much. Your father looks worn out, and I don't believe your mother can stand that pace much longer."

"Just what do you mean?" Jean flamed, her eyes blazing. She and Murray might mourn in secret their parents' frailties, but that an outsider should dare—"Are you presuming to criticize my father and mother for going out so much?"

"Criticizing them?" Henry Ransom stared back at her blankly. "When I think they're the finest, most splendid—Great Jumping Jupiter, you don't mean to say you haven't seen them've been putting up on you the pluckiest, gamiest sort of a game these last two weeks?" he demanded, almost as wrathful as Jean herself. "Why, I'd only known 'em four days, and I knew they couldn't change like that in dead earnest. I thought of course you understood; but when you didn't speak about it, I didn't like to—thought you considered it a private little joke among yourselves. Don't you see they've just been giving you a taste of that live-your-own-life bunk you handed out to 'em that first week?" he explained to the petrified Hendersons. "I think they're just great!"

"I think you're great," Jean lifted a wet, starry-eyed face from Murray's shoulder to inform him; she had just saved herself by a hair's breadth from burying it on Henry Ransom's. "I think you're the very kindest, most understanding person I've ever met. I could just die of shame to think I've had to have you explain my own mother and father to me; but I'm so happy they are explained I could shriek the roof off with joy." She hugged Sally ecstatically, and held out her hand to the boy she had daily upbraided Murray for bringing home. "Please don't go to New York next Saturday," she begged him with the charm she had permitted him until then merely to watch wistfully from afar. "You've got to stay now to enjoy Mother and Father when they aren't masquerading."

"How'll we make 'em unmask?" asked Murray, and was seized forthwith with so violent an inspiration that he fell off his chair in convulsions of mirth.

"Thank heaven the three weeks are almost over," Mother at that moment was saying dispiritedly to Father. "Now, if I

can just have the courage to tell Jean I've decided to get a new gown myself instead of giving her that riding outfit she's set her heart upon. Oh, Father, hasn't it been hideous?"

"It's been a hell of a time, all right enough," Father admitted, driven to profanity. "But we've got to see it through, now we've started it."

They found the children, for a wonder, in bed when they arrived home at a fairly respectable hour.

"Good night, dears," Jean called out to them sweetly. "So glad you stayed good and late. I do think it just about half spoils an evening—don't you?—to feel you have to get home at any certain time."

"Hope you had a rip-snorter of a ride home, Father," Murray boomed from the other side of the hall. "That's the only way to enjoy a car, isn't it?—get the fun out of going even if one does get an occasional screw loose."

There was a traitorous chuckle from Father, instantly sternly suppressed. Baricaded in their own room, Father and Mother, trying their best not to laugh, were gazing at each other uncertainly.

"Those quotations seem to have a familiar ring—though scarcely exact," remarked Father with his old twinkle. "That's decidedly one on us, Mother. They're training us now."

More than "one on them" was to follow. Mother discovered the next day, with the arrival of a sweetly solicitous daughter and a breakfast tray at the bedside, where Mother, with a dozen items clamoring for attention, had been rigidly chaining herself for an hour.

"I thought I'd bring up your breakfast, Mother dear," Jean beamed. "I do think it does one so much good when one's been out late, don't you? I know it always makes me feel so much brighter and more rested the whole day."

Mother, whose views on this subject were not only painfully but notoriously to the contrary, regarded this daughterly attention with a certain amount of suspicion. Suspicion deepened to certainty when at noon she unguardedly put again her head into the trap.

"Would you wear this hat to that luncheon?" she had innocently asked Jean.

"I believe I'd rather not say, dearest," Jean answered with beautiful, if startling meekness. "I do think there's nothing harder—do you?—than when you're all ready to go out and perhaps flatter yourself you look rather nice to have someone go and tell you to change your hat, or that that dress isn't 'appropriate.' No matter what I thought of that hat, Mother dear, I'd never spoil your pleasure that way."

Downstairs Murray was cordially congratulating Father on his mournful decision to drive to the office every morning.

"Glad you've come around at last to my way of thinking," he assured Father, who had walked down-town for twenty years. "As if it wasn't a long sight better to exercise one's mind and wits than mere legs! Go to it with the car, I say. It'll do you a lot of good."

"They're on to us," Father confided to Mother, with the first hearty laugh he had given in two weeks. "Clever little rascals—getting in a dig a minute! We'd better haul down our colors gracefully, before they have a chance to rub anything else in on us."

So it was that the dazzling plans of the counter-conspirators, mapped out with shrieks of mirth in the window seat, died prematurely when their authors, fighting hard to keep sober faces, marched that evening into the dining-room. Father and Mother were blandly eating soup at a uniquely decorated table; from its center waved a large flag of truce; over Mother hung a gaudy placard:

OUR OWN LIVES ARE BEGINNING TO  
PALL UPON US. HOW ABOUT YOURS?

Father was decorated with:

ANYONE'S LIFE BUT MY OWN IS  
ALL I ASK.

There was a moment's startled silence, then a shout of delighted laughter. And then, for no reason at all, Jean and her mother were in each other's arms, while Sally hugged them both from behind, and two stalwart young fellows, maintaining sternly the nonchalance necessary to the occasion, gripped Father's hand with mysterious warmth.

It was the merriest dinner imaginable. "I still insist the theory is all right," Jean stoutly maintained. "But, naturally, it would be perfectly idiotic to apply it in a family like ours—when you've got the most wonderful mother and father in the world."

"You bet!" said Henry Ransom.



# Three Men and a Maid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

"You are wet," said a stewardess in the passage.

Sam raced for his stateroom. He bolted in and sank on the lounge. In the lower berth Eustace Hignett was lying with closed eyes. He opened them languidly—then stared.

"Hullo!" he said. "I say! You're wet." Sam removed his clinging garments and hurried into a new suit. He was in no mood for conversation, and Eustace Hignett's frank curiosity jarred upon him. Happily, at this point a sudden shivering of the floor and a creaking of woodwork proclaimed the fact that the vessel was under way again, and his cousin, turning pea green, rolled over on his side with a hollow moan. Sam finished buttoning his waistcoat and went out.

He was passing the Inquiry Bureau on the C-Deck, striding along with bent head and scowling brow, when a sudden exclamation caused him to look up, and the scowl was wiped from his brow as with a sponge. For there stood the girl he had met on the dock. With her was a superfluous young man who looked like a parrot.

"Oh, how are you?" asked the girl breathlessly.

"Splendid, thanks," said Sam. "Didn't you get very wet?"

"I did get a little damp."

There was a pause.

"Oh!" said the girl, "may I—Mr.—?"

"Marlowe."

"Mr. Marlowe. Mr. Bream Mortimer."

"Nearly got left behind," said Bream Mortimer.

"Yes, nearly."

"No joke getting left behind."

"No."

"Have to take the next boat. Lose a lot of time," said Mr. Mortimer, driving home his point.

The girl had listened to these intellectual exchanges with impatience. She now spoke again.

"Oh, Bream!"

"Hello?"

"Do be a dear and run down to the saloon and see if it's all right about our places for luncheon."

"It is all right. The table steward said so."

"Yes, but go and make certain."

"All right."

He hopped away, and the girl turned to Sam with shining eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Marlowe, you oughtn't to have done it! Really, you oughtn't! You might have been drowned! But I never saw anything so wonderful. It was like the stories of knights who used to jump into lions' dens after gloves!"

"Yes?" said Sam, a little vaguely.

"But you shouldn't have bothered, really! It's all right now. I'd quite forgotten that Mr. Mortimer was to be on board. He has given me all the money I shall need. You see, it was this way: I had to sail on this boat in rather a hurry. Father's head clerk was to have gone to the bank and got some money and met me on board and given it to me, but the silly old man was late, and when he got to the dock they had just pulled in the gangplank. So he tried to throw the money to me in a handkerchief, and it fell into the water. But you shouldn't have dived in after it."

"Oh, well!" said Sam, straightening his tie, with a quiet, brave smile. He had never expected to feel grateful to that obese bouncer who had shoved him off the rail, but now he would have liked to seek him out and offer him his bank roll.

"You really are the bravest man I ever met!"

"Oh, no!"

"It is all right," said Mr. Mortimer, reappearing suddenly. "I saw a couple of stewards, and they both said it was all right. So it's all right."

"Splendid," said the girl. "Oh, Bream! Do be an angel, and run along to my stateroom and see if Pinky-Boodles is quite comfortable. He may be feeling lonely. Chirrup to him a little. Run along!"

Mr. Mortimer ran along. He had the air of one who feels that he needs only a peaked cap and a uniform two sizes too small for him to be a properly equipped messenger boy.

"And, as Bream was saying," resumed the girl, "you might have been left behind."

"That," said Sam, edging a step closer "was the thought that tortured me, the thought that a friendship so delightfully begun—"

"But it hadn't begun. We have never spoken to each other before now."

"Have you forgotten? On the dock?"

Sudden enlightenment came into her eyes.

"Oh, you are the man poor Pinky-Boodles bit!"

"I shall always remember that it was Pinky who first brought us together. Would you care for a stroll on deck?"

"Not just now, thanks. I must be getting back to my room to finish unpacking. After luncheon, perhaps."

"I will be there. By the way, you know my name, but—"

"Oh, mine?" She smiled brightly. "It's funny that a person's name is the last thing one thinks of asking. Mine is Bennett."

"Bennett!"

"Wilhelmina Bennett. My friends," she said softly as she turned away, "call me Billie!"

FOR some moments Sam remained where he was, staring after the girl as she flitted down the passage. He felt dizzy. Listening to Eustace Hignett's story of his blighted romance, Sam had formed an unflattering opinion of this Wilhelmina Bennett, who had broken off her engagement simply because on the day of the marriage his cousin had been short of the necessary wedding garment. He had, indeed, thought a little smugly how different his goddess of the red hair was from the object of Eustace Hignett's affections. And now they had proved to be one and the same. It was disturbing.

After all... poor old Eustace... quite a good fellow, no doubt in many ways... but, coming down to brass tacks, what was there about Eustace that gave him any license to monopolize the affections of a wonderful girl? Where, in a word, did Eustace Hignett get off? He made a tremendous grievance of the fact that she had broken off the engagement; but what right had he to go about the place expecting her to be engaged to him? Eustace Hignett, no doubt, looked upon the poor girl as utterly heartless. Marlowe regarded her behavior as thoroughly sensible. She had made a mistake, and, realizing this at the eleventh hour, she had had the force of character to correct it. He was sorry for poor old Eustace, but he really could not permit the suggestion that Wilhelmina Bennett—her friends called her Billie—had not behaved in a perfectly splendid way throughout.

A consuming desire came over him to talk about the girl to someone. Obviously indicated as the party of the second part was Eustace Hignett. If Eustace was still capable of speech—and after all the boat was hardly rolling at all—he would enjoy a further chat about his ruined life.

The exhibit was lying on his back staring at the roof of the berth. By lying absolutely still and forcing himself to think of purely inland scenes and objects, he had contrived to reduce the green in his complexion to a mere tinge. But it would be paltering with the truth to say that he felt debonair. He received Sam with a wan austerity.

"Sit down!" he said. "Don't stand there swaying like that. I can't bear it."

"Why, we aren't out of the harbor yet. Surely, you aren't going to be seasick already."

"I can issue no positive guarantee. Perhaps if I can keep my mind off it... I have had good results for the last ten minutes by thinking steadily of the Sahara. There," said Eustace Hignett with enthusiasm, "is a place for you! That is something like a spot! Miles and miles of sand, and not a drop of water anywhere!"

Sam sat down on the lounge.

"You're quite right. The great thing is to concentrate your mind on other topics. Why not, for instance, tell me some more about your unfortunate affair with that girl—Billie Bennett, I think you said her name was."

"Wilhelmina Bennett. Where on earth did you get the idea that her name was Billie?"

"I had a notion that girls called Wilhelmina were sometimes Billie to their friends."

"I never call her anything but Wilhelmina. But I really cannot talk about it. The recollection tortures me."

"That's just what you want. It's the counter-irritation principle. Persevere, and you'll soon forget that you're on board ship at all."


"There's something in that," admitted Eustace reflectively. "It's very good of you to be so sympathetic and interested."

"My dear fellow... anything that I can do... Where did you meet her first, for instance?"

"At a dinner—" Eustace Hignett broke off abruptly. He had a good memory, and he had just recollected the fish they had served at that dinner—a flabby and exhausted-looking fish, half sunk beneath the surface of a thick white sauce.

"And what struck you most forcibly

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## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

about her at first? Her lovely hair, I suppose?"

"How did you know she had lovely hair?"

"My dear chap, I naturally assumed that any girl with whom you fell in love would have nice hair."

"Well, you are perfectly right, as it happens. Her hair was remarkably beautiful. It was red."

"Like autumn leaves with the sun on them!" said Marlowe ecstatically.

"What an extraordinary thing! That is an absolutely exact description. Her eyes were a deep blue..."

"Or, rather, green."

"What do you know about the color of her eyes?" demanded Eustace heatedly.

"Am I telling you about her, or are you telling me?"

"My dear old man, don't get excited. Don't you see I am trying to construct this girl in my imagination, to visualize her? I don't pretend to doubt your special knowledge; but, after all, green eyes generally do go with red hair, and there are all shades of green. There is the bright green. There is the bright green of meadow grass, the dull green of the uncut emerald, the faint yellowish green of your face at the present moment."

"Don't talk about the color of my face! Now you've gone and reminded me, just when I was beginning to forget."

"Awfully sorry! Stupid of me! Get your mind off it again—quick! This Miss Bennett now, what did she like talking about?"

"Well, for one thing she was very fond of poetry. It was that which first drew us together."

"Poetry!" Sam's heart sank a little. He had read a certain amount of poetry at school, and once he had won a prize of three shillings and sixpence for the last line of a limerick in a competition in a weekly paper; but he was self-critic enough to know that poetry was not his long suit. Still, there was a library on board ship, and no doubt it would be possible to borrow the works of some standard poet and bone them up from time to time.

"Any special poet?"

"Well, she seemed to like my stuff. You never read my sonnet-sequence on Spring, did you?"

"No. What other poets did she like besides you?"

"Tennyson principally," said Eustace Hignett, with a reminiscent quiver in his voice. "The hours we have spent together reading the 'Idylls of the King'!"

"The which of what?" inquired Sam, taking a pencil from his pocket and shooting out a cuff.

"The 'Idylls of the King.' My good man, I know you have a soul which would be considered inadequate by a common earthworm, but you have surely heard of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'?"

"Oh, those! Why, my dear old chap: Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' Well, I should say! Have I heard of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King?' Well, really! I suppose you haven't a copy with you on board by any chance?"

"There is a copy in my kit-bag. The very one we used to read together. Take it and keep it, or throw it overboard. I don't want to see it again."

Sam prospected among the shirts, collars, and trousers in the bag and presently came upon a morocco-bound volume. He laid it beside him on the lounge.

"Little by little, bit by bit," he said, "I am beginning to form a sort of picture of this girl, this—what was her name again? Bennett—this Miss Bennett. You have a wonderful knack of description. You make her seem so real and vivid. Tell me some more about her. She wasn't keen on golf, by any chance, I suppose?"

"I believe she did play. The subject came up once, and she seemed rather enthusiastic. Then, of course, there was always the matter of that dog of hers. She had a dog, you know, a snappy brute of a Pekinese. If there was ever any shadow of disagreement between us, it had to do with that dog."

"I see!" said Sam. He shot his cuff once more and wrote on it: "Dog—conciliate."

"Yes, of course, that must have wounded her."

"Well, I hate dogs," said Eustace Hignett querulously. "I remember Wilhelmina once getting quite annoyed with me because I refused to step in and separate a couple of the brutes, absolute strangers to me, that were fighting in the street. I reminded her that we were all fighters nowadays, that life itself was in a sense a fight; but she wouldn't be reasonable about it. She said that Sir Galahad would have done it like a shot."

Sam rose. His heart was light. He had

never, of course, supposed that the girl was anything but perfect; but it was nice to find his high opinion of her corroborated by one who had no reason to exhibit her in a favorable light. He understood her point of view and sympathized with it. An idealist, how could she trust herself to Eustace Hignett? How could she be content with a craven, who, instead of scouring the world in the quest for deeds of derring-do, had fallen down so lamentably on his first assignment? The man a girl like Wilhelmina Bennett required for a husband was somebody entirely different.

Swelled almost to bursting point with these reflections, he went on deck to join the ante-luncheon promenade. He saw Billie almost at once. She had put on one of these nice saucy sports coats which so enhance feminine charms, and was striding along the deck with the breeze playing in her vivid hair, like the female equivalent of a Viking. Beside her walked young Mr. Bream Mortimer.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Marlowe!"

"Oh, there you are," said Bream Mortimer, with a slightly different inflection.

"I thought I'd like a breath of fresh air before lunch," said Sam.

"Oh, Bream!" said the girl. "Do be a darling and take this great heavy coat of mine down to my stateroom, will you? I had no idea it was so warm."

"All right," said Bream moodily.

He trotted along. There are moments when a man feels that all he needs in order to be a delivery wagon is a horse and a driver.

"He had better chirrup to the dog while he's there, don't you think?" suggested Sam. He felt that a resolute man with legs as long as Bream's might well deposit a cloak on a berth and be back under the half-minute.

"Oh, yes! Bream! While you're down there just chirrup a little more to poor Pinky. He does appreciate it so!"

Bream disappeared. It is not always easy to interpret emotion from a glance at a man's back; but Bream's back looked like that of a man to whom the thought has occurred that, given a couple of fiddles and a piano, he would have made a good hired orchestra.

"How is your dear little dog, by the way?" inquired Sam solicitously, as he fell into step by her side.

"Much better now, thanks. I've made friends with a girl on board, did you ever hear her name—Jane Hubbard; she's a rather well-known big-game hunter, and she fixed up some sort of a mixture for Pinky which did him a world of good. It's very nice of you to speak so affectionately of poor Pinky, when he bit you."

"Animal spirits!" said Sam tolerantly. "Pure animal spirits! I like to see them. But, of course, I love all dogs. I only wish they didn't fight so much. I'm always stopping dog fights."

"I do admire a man who knows what to do at a dog fight. I'm afraid I'm rather helpless myself. There never seems anything to catch hold of." She looked down. "Have you been reading? What is the book?"

"It's a volume of Tennyson."

"Are you fond of Tennyson?"

"I worship him," said Sam reverently. "Those—" he glanced at his cuff—"those 'Idylls of the King'! I do not like to think what an ocean voyage would be if I had not my Tennyson with me."

"We must read him together. He is my favorite poet!"

"We will! There is something about Tennyson..."

"Yes, isn't there! I've felt that myself so often!"

"Some poets are whales at epics and all that sort of thing, while others call it a day when they've written something that runs to a couple of verses; but where Tennyson had the bulge was that his long game was just as good as his short. He was great off the tee, and a marvel with his chip-shots."

"That sounds as though you played golf."

"When I am not reading Tennyson, you can generally find me out on the links. Do you play?"

"I love it. How extraordinary that we should have so much in common. We really ought to be great friends."

He was pausing to select the best of three replies when the luncheon bugle sounded.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I must rush. But we shall see one another again up here afterward."

"We will," said Sam.

"We'll sit and read Tennyson."

"Fine! Er—you and I and Mortimer?"

"Oh, no, Bream is going to sit down below and look after poor Pinky."

"Does he—does he know he is?"

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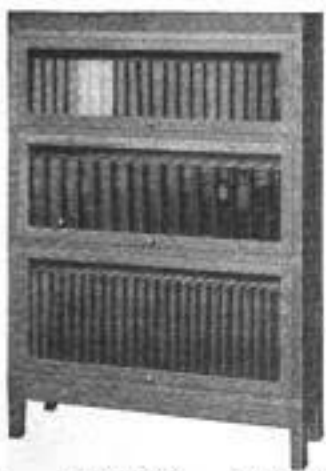
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## Three Men and a Maid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98)

"Not yet," said Billie. "I'm going to tell him at lunch."

IT WAS the fourth morning of the voyage. Of course, when this story is done in the movies they won't be satisfied with a bald statement like that; they will have a Spoken Title or a Cut-Back Sub-Caption, or whatever they call the thing in the low dens where motion-picture scenario-lizards do their dark work, which will run:

AND SO, CALM AND GOLDEN, THE DAYS WENT BY, EACH FRAUGHT WITH HOPE AND YOUTH AND SWEETNESS, LINKING TWO YOUNG HEARTS IN SILKEN FETTERS FORGED BY THE LAUGHING LOVE-GOD.

and the males in the audience will shift their chewing gum to the other cheek and take a firmer grip of their companions' hands, and the man at the piano will play, "Everybody wants a key to my cellar," or something equally appropriate. But I prefer the plain, frank statement that it was the fourth day of the voyage. That is my story, and I mean to stick to it.

Samuel Marlowe muffled in a bathrobe, came back to the stateroom from his tub. His manner had the offensive jauntiness of the man who has had a cold bath when he might just as easily have had a hot one. He felt strong and happy and exuberant.

It was not merely the spiritual pride induced by a cold bath that was uplifting this young man. The fact was that, as he towelled his glowing back, he had suddenly come to the decision that this very day he would propose to Wilhelmina Bennett. Yes, he would put his fortune to the test, to win or lose it all. True, he had known her for four days only; but what of that?

Nothing in the way of modern progress is more remarkable than the manner in which the attitude of your lover has changed concerning proposals of marriage. The courtship of the modern young man can hardly be called a courtship at all. His methods are those of Sir W. S. Gilbert's Alphonso.

Alphonso, who for cool assurance all creation lacks,  
He up and said to Emily, who has cheek enough for six:  
"Miss Emily, I love you. Will you marry? Say the word!"  
And Emily said: "Certainly, Alphonso, like a bird!"

Sam Marlowe was a warm supporter of the Alphonso method.

Sam let down the trick basin which hung beneath the mirror, and, collecting his shaving materials, began to lather his face.

"I am the Bandolero!" sang Sam blithely through the soap. "I am, I am the Bandolero! Yes, yes, I am the Bandolero!"

The untidy heap of bedclothes in the lower berth stirred restlessly.

"Oh, heavens!" said Eustace Hignett, thrusting out a tousled head.

Sam regarded his cousin with commiseration. Horrid things had been happening to Eustace during the last few days, and it was quite a pleasant surprise each morning to find that he was still alive.

"Feeling bad again, old man?"

"I was feeling all right," replied Hignett churlishly, "until you began the farmyard imitations. What sort of a day is it?"

"Glorious! The sea..."

"Don't talk about the sea!"

"Sorry! The sun is shining brighter than it has ever shone in the history of the race. Why don't you get up?"

"Nothing will induce me to get up." He eyed Sam sourly. "You seem decidedly pleased with yourself this morning!"

Sam dried the razor carefully and put it away. He hesitated. Then the desire to confide in somebody got the better of him.

"The fact is," he said apologetically, "I'm in love!"

"In love!" Eustace Hignett sat up and bumped his head sharply against the berth above him. "Has this been going on long?"

"Ever since the voyage started."

"I think you might have told me," said Eustace reproachfully. "Who is she?"

"Oh, a girl I met on board."

"Don't do it!" said Eustace Hignett solemnly. "As a friend, I entreat you not to do it!"

"Don't do what?"

"Propose to her. I can tell by the glitter in your eye that you are intending to propose to this girl—probably this morning. Don't do it. Women are the devil, whether they marry you or jilt you. Do you realize that women wear black evening dresses that have to be hooked up in a hurry when you are late for the theatre, and that, out of sheer wanton malignity, the hooks and eyes on those dresses are also made black? Do you realize—?"

"Oh, I've thought it all out."

"And take the matter of children: How would you like to become the father—and a mere glance around you will show you that the chances are enormously in favor of such a thing happening—of a boy with spectacles and protruding front teeth who asks questions all the time? Out of six small boys whom I saw when I came on board, four wore spectacles and had teeth like rabbits. The other two were equally revolting in different styles. How would you like to become the father—?"

"There is no need to be indelicate," said Sam stiffly. "A man must take these chances."

"Give her the miss in balk," pleaded Hignett. "Stay down here for the rest of the voyage. You can easily dodge her when you get to Southampton. And, if she sends messages, say you're ill and can't be disturbed."

Sam gazed at him, revolted. More than ever he began to understand how it was that a girl with ideals had broken off her engagement with this man. He finished dressing and, after a satisfying breakfast, went on deck.

IT WAS, as he had said, a glorious morning. The sight of Billie Bennett, trim and gleaming in a pale green sweater and a white skirt, had the effect of causing Marlowe to alter the program which he had sketched out. Proposing to this girl was not a thing to be put off till after luncheon. It was a thing to be done now, and at once. The finest efforts of the finest cooks in the world could not put him in better form than he felt at present.

"Good morning, Miss Bennett."

"Good morning, Mr. Marlowe."

"Isn't it a perfect day?"

"Wonderful!"

"Shall we walk round?" said Billie.

Sam glanced about him. It was the time of day when the promenade deck was always full. Passengers in cocoons of rugs lay on chairs, waiting in a dull trance till the steward should arrive with the eleven o'clock soup. Others, more energetic, strode up and down. From the point of view of a man who wished to reveal his most sacred feelings to a beautiful girl, the place was practically Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

"It's so crowded," he said. "Let's go on to the upper deck."

"All right. You can read to me. Go and fetch your Tennyson."

Sam felt that fortune was playing into his hands. His four-days acquaintance with the bard had been sufficient to show him that the man was there forty ways when it came to writing about love.

He threaded his way through a maze of boats, ropes, and curious-shaped steel structures which the architect of the ship seemed to have tacked on at the last moment in a spirit of sheer exuberance.

Above him towered one of the funnels, before him a long, slender mast. He hurried on, and presently came upon Billie, sitting on a garden seat, backed by the white roof of the smoke-room; beside this was a small deck, which seemed to have lost its way and strayed up here all by itself. It was the deck on which one could occasionally see the patients playing an odd game with long sticks and bits of wood—not shuffleboard but something even lower in the mental scale. This morning, however, the devotees of this pastime were apparently under proper restraint, for the deck was empty.

"This is jolly," he said, sitting down beside the girl and drawing a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Yes, I love this deck. It's so peaceful."

"It's the only part of the ship where you can be reasonably sure of not meeting stout men in flannels and nautical caps. An ocean voyage always makes me wish that I had a private yacht."

"It would be nice."

"A private yacht," repeated Sam, sliding a trifle closer. "We would sail about, visiting desert islands which lay like jewels in the heart of tropic seas."

"We?"

"Most certainly we. It wouldn't be any fun if you were not there."

"That's very complimentary."

"Well, it wouldn't. I'm not fond of girls as a rule."

"Oh, aren't you?"

"No!" said Sam decidedly. It was a point which he wished to make clear at the outset. "Not at all fond. My friends have often remarked upon it. A palmer once told me that I had one of those rare spiritual natures which cannot be satisfied with substitutes but must seek and seek till they find their soul-mate. When other men all round me were frittering away their emotions in idle flirtations which did not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 100)

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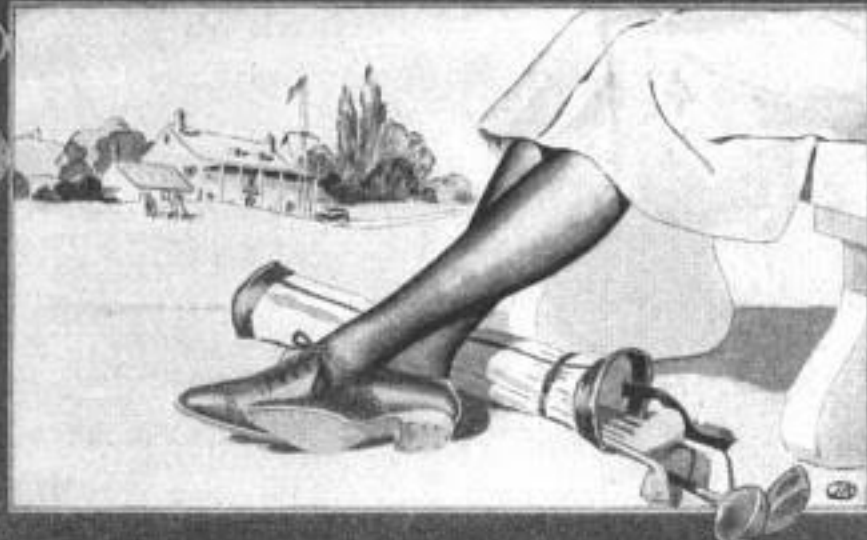
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## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

touch their deeper natures, I was... I was— Well, I wasn't; if you see what I mean."

"Oh, you wasn't... weren't?"  
"No. Some day I knew I should meet the only girl I could possibly love, and then I would pour out upon her the stored-up devotion of a lifetime, lay an unblemished heart at her feet, fold her in my arms and say, 'At last!'"

"How jolly for her. Like having a circus all to one's self."

"Well, yes," said Sam, after a momentary pause.

"When I was a child I always thought that that would be the most wonderful thing in the world."

"The most wonderful thing in the world is love, a pure and consuming love, a love which—"

"Oh, hello!" said a voice.

All through this scene, right from the very beginning of it, Sam had not been able to rid himself of a feeling that there was something missing. The time and the place and the girl—they were all present and correct; nevertheless, there was something missing, some familiar object which seemed to leave a gap. He now perceived that what had caused the feeling was the complete absence of Bream Mortimer. He was absent no longer.

"Oh, hello, Bream!" said Billie.

"Hullo!" said Sam.

"Hullo!" said Bream Mortimer. "Here you are!"

There was a pause.

"I thought you might be here," said Bream.

"Yes, here we are," said Billie.

"Yes, we're here," said Sam.

There was another pause.

"Mind if I join you?" said Bream.

"N-no," said Billie.

"N-no," said Sam.

"No," said Billie again. "No... that is to say... oh no, not at all."

There was a third pause.

"On second thoughts," said Bream, "I believe I'll take a stroll on the promenade deck, if you don't mind."

They said they did not mind. Bream Mortimer, having bumped his head twice against overhanging steel ropes, melted away.

"Who is that fellow?" demanded Sam wrathfully.

"He's the son of Father's best friend."

Sam started. Somehow, this girl had always been so individual to him that he had never thought of her having a father.

"We have known each other all our lives," continued Billie. "Father thinks a tremendous lot of Bream."

"I think of him as little as I can."

"I suppose it was because Bream was sailing by her that Father insisted on my coming over on this boat. I'm in disgrace, you know. I was cabled for and had to sail at a few days' notice. I—"

"Oh, hello!"

"Why, Bream!" said Billie, looking at him, as he stood on the old spot in the same familiar attitude, with rather less affection than the son of her father's best friend might have expected. "I thought you said you were going down to the promenade deck."

"I did go down to the promenade deck. And I'd hardly got there, when a fellow who's getting up the ship's concert to-morrow night noddled me to do a couple of songs. He wanted to know if I knew anyone else who would help. I came up to ask you," he said to Sam, "if you would do something."

"No," said Sam. "I won't."

"He's got a man who's going to lecture on deep-sea fish, and a couple of women who both want to sing 'The Rosary,' but he's still an act or two short. Sure you won't rally around?"

"Quite sure."

"Oh, all right," Bream Mortimer hovered wistfully above them.

"Oh, Bream!" said Billie.

"Hello?"

"Do be a pet and go and talk to Jane Hubbard. I'm sure she must be feeling lonely. I left her all by herself down on the next deck."

A look of alarm spread itself over Bream's face.

"Jane Hubbard! Oh, say, have a heart!"

"She's a very nice girl."

"She's so darned dynamic. She looks at you as if you were a giraffe or something and she would like to take a pot at you with a rifle."

"Nonsense! Run along. Get her to tell you some of her big-game hunting experiences. They are most interesting."

Bream drifted sadly away.

"I don't blame Miss Hubbard," said Sam.

"What do you mean?"

"Looking at him as if she wanted to pot at him with a rifle. I should like to do it myself. What were you saying when he came up?"

"Oh, don't let's talk about me. Read me some Tennyson."

Sam opened the book very willingly.

Internal Bream Mortimer had absolutely shot to pieces the spell which had begun to fall on them at the beginning of their conversation. Only by reading poetry, it seemed to him, could it be recovered. And when he saw the passage at which the volume had opened he realized that his luck was in.

He cleared his throat.

"O, let the solid ground

Not fail beneath my feet

Before my life has found

What some have found so sweet;

Then let come what come may,

What matter if I go mad,

I shall have had my day.

"Let the sweet heavens endure,

Not close and darken above me

Before I am quite, quite sure

That there is one to love me. . . ."

This was absolutely topping. It was like diving off a springboard. He could see the girl sitting with a soft smile on her face, her eyes, big and dreamy, gazing out over the sunlit sea. He laid down the book and took her hand.

"There is something," he began in a low voice, "which I have been trying to say ever since we met, something which I think you must have read in my eyes."

Her head was bent. She did not withdraw her hand.

"Until this voyage began," he went on, "I did not know what life meant. And then I saw you! It was like the gate of heaven opening. You're the dearest girl I ever met, and you can bet I'll never forget—"

He stopped. "I'm not trying to make it rhyme," he said apologetically. "Billie, don't think me silly... I mean... if you had the merest notion, dearest... I don't know what's the matter with me!... Billie darling, you are the only girl in the world! I have been looking for you for years and years, and I have found you at last, my soul-mate. Surely this does not come as a surprise to you? That is, I mean, you must have seen that I've been keen... There's that damned Walt Mason stuff again!"

His eyes fell on the volume beside him, and he uttered an exclamation of enlightenment. "It's those poems!" he cried. "I've been boning them up to such an extent that they've got me doing it, too. What I'm trying to say is, Will you marry me?"

She was drooping toward him. Her face was very sweet and tender, her eyes misty. He slid an arm about her waist. She raised her lips to his.

SUDDENLY she drew herself away, a cloud on her face.

"Darling," she said, "I've a confession to make."

"A confession? You? Nonsense!"

"I can't get rid of a horrible thought. I was wondering if this will last."

"Our love? Don't be afraid that it will fade... I mean... why, it's so vast, it's bound to last... that is to say, of course it will."

She traced a pattern on the deck with her shoe.

"I'm afraid of myself. You see, once before—and it was not so very long ago—I thought I had met my ideal, but—"

Sam laughed heartily.

"Are you worrying about that absurd business of poor old Eustace Hignett?"

She started violently.

"Of course!"

"Of course! He told me himself."

"Do you know him? Where did you meet him?"

"I've known him all my life. He's my cousin. As a matter of fact, we are sharing a stateroom on board now."

"Eustace is on board! Oh, this is awful! What shall I do when I meet him?"

"Oh, pass it off with a light laugh and a genial quip. Just say, 'Oh, here you are!'"

"Or something. You know the sort of thing."

"It will be terrible."

"Not a bit of it. Why should you feel embarrassed? He must have realized by now that you acted in the only possible way. It was absurd his ever expecting you to marry him. I mean to say, just look at it dispassionately... Eustace... poor old Eustace... and gone!"

"I see what you mean. He really wasn't my ideal."

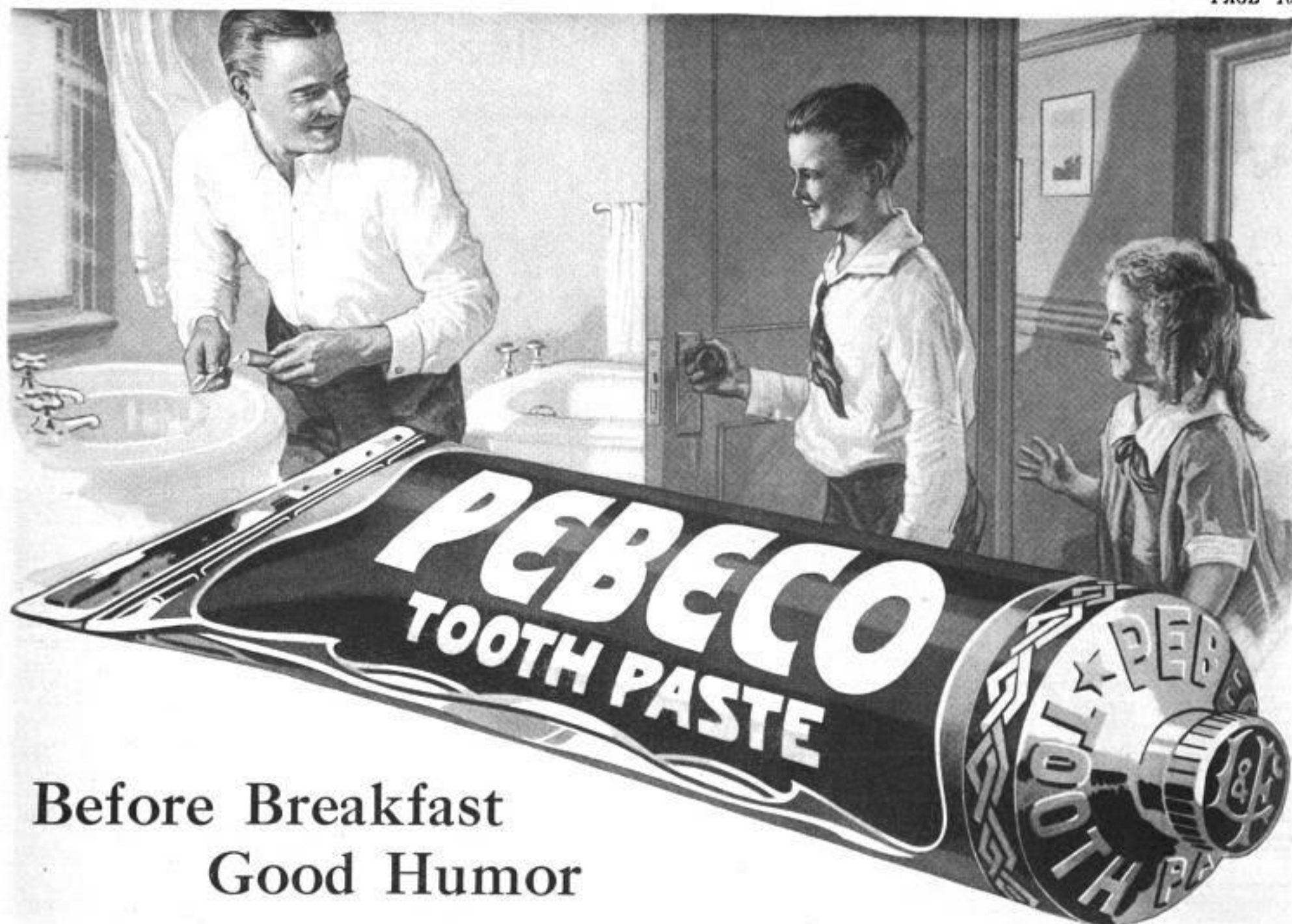
"Not by a mile!"

She smiled, her chin in her hand.

"Of course, he was quite a dear in a lot of ways."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]





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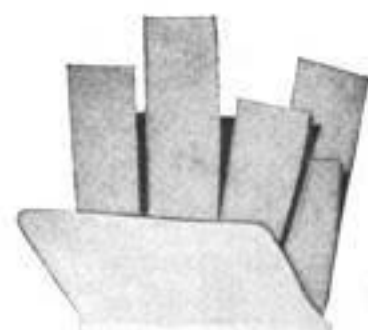
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# RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

"Oh, a splendid chap," said Sam tolerantly.

"Have you ever heard him sing 'My love is like a glowing tulip that in an old-world garden grows'?"

"I have not had that advantage," replied Sam stiffly. "But anyone can sing a drawing-room ballad. Now something funny, something that will make people laugh, something that really needs putting across, that's a different thing altogether."

"Do you sing that sort of thing?"

"People have been good enough to say—"

"Then," said Billie decidedly, "you must certainly do something at the ship's concert to-morrow! The idea of your trying to hide your light under a bushel! I will tell Bream to count on you. He is an excellent accompanist. He can accompany you."

"Yes, but... well, I don't know," said Sam doubtfully.

"Of course you must sing," said Billie. "I'll tell Bream when I go down to lunch. What will you sing?"

"Well—er—"

"Well, I'm sure it will be wonderful, whatever it is. You are so wonderful in every way. You remind me of one of the heroes of old!"

Sam's discomposure vanished. In the first place, this was much more the sort of conversation which he felt the situation indicated. In the second place, he had remembered that there was no need for him to sing at all. He could do that imitation of Frank Tinney which had been such a hit at the Trinity smoker. He was on safe ground there. He knew he was good. He clasped the girl to him and kissed her sixteen times.

Suddenly, as he released her, the cloud came back into her face.

"My angel," he asked solicitously, "what's the matter?"

"I was thinking of Father," she said.

The glowing splendor of the morning took on a touch of chill for Sam.

"He is sure to be pretty angry at first," said Billie. "You see, I know he has always hoped that I would marry Bream."

"Bream! Bream Mortimer! What a silly thing to hope!"

"Well, you see, I told you that Mr. Mortimer was Father's best friend. They are both over in England now, and are trying to get a house in the country for the summer which we can all share. I rather think the idea is to bring me and Bream closer together."

"How the deuce could that fellow be brought any closer to you? He's like a burr as it is."

"Well, that was the idea, I'm sure. Of course, I could never look at Bream now."

"I hate looking at him myself," said Sam feelingly.

A group of afflicted persons, bent upon playing with long sticks and bits of wood, now invaded the upper deck. Their weak-minded cries filled the air. Sam and the girl rose.

"Touching on your father once more," he said, as they made their way below, "is he a very formidable sort of man?"

"He can be a dear. But he's rather quick-tempered. You must be very ingratiating."

"I will practice it in front of the glass every morning for the rest of the voyage," said Sam.

He went down to the stateroom in a mixed mood of elation and apprehension. He was engaged to the most wonderful girl in the world; but over the horizon loomed the menacing figure of Father. He wished he could induce Billie to allow him to waive the formality of thawing Father. But the Hignett fiasco had spoiled her for runaway marriages. Well, if it had to be done, it must be done, and that was all there was to it.

"GOOD heavens!" cried Eustace Hignett. He stared at the figure which loomed above him in the fading light that came through the porthole of the stateroom. The hour was seven-thirty, and he had just awakened from a troubled doze, full of strange nightmares, and for the moment he thought that he must still be dreaming, for the figure before him could have walked straight into any nightmare, and no questions asked. Then suddenly he became aware that it was his cousin, Samuel Marlowe. As in the historic case of Father in the pigsty, he could tell him by his hat. But why was he looking like that? Was it simply some trick of the uncertain light, or was his face really black, and had his mouth suddenly grown to six times its normal size and become a vivid crimson?

Sam turned. He had been looking at himself in the mirror with a satisfaction which, to the casual observer, his appear-

ance would not have seemed to justify. Hignett had not been suffering from a delusion. His cousin's face was black; and, even as he turned, he gave it a dab with a piece of burnt cork and made it blacker.

"Hullo! You awake?" he said and switched on the light.

Eustace Hignett shied like a startled horse. His friend's profile, seen dimly, had been disconcerting enough. Full face, he was a revolting object. Nothing that Eustace Hignett had encountered in his recent dreams—and they had included such unusual fauna as elephants in top hats and running shorts—had affected him so profoundly.

"How do I look?"

Eustace Hignett began to fear that his cousin's reason must have become unseated. He could not conceive of any really sane man, looking like that, being anxious to be told how he looked.

"Are my lips red enough? It's for the ship's concert, you know. It starts in half an hour, though I believe I'm not on till the second part. Speaking as a friend, would you put a touch more black round the ears, or are they all right?"

Curiosity replaced apprehension in Hignett's mind.

"What on earth are you doing performing at the ship's concert?"

"Oh, they roped me in. It got about somehow that I was a valuable man and they wouldn't take no." Sam deepened the color of his ears. "As a matter of fact," he said casually, "my fiancée made rather a point of my doing something."

A sharp yell from the lower berth proclaimed the fact that the significance of the remark had not been lost on Eustace.

"Your fiancée?"

"The girl I'm engaged to. Didn't I tell you about that? Yes, I'm engaged."

Eustace sighed heavily.

"I feared the worst. Tell me, who is she?"

Sam hummed an airy strain as he blackened the tip of his nose. "It's rather a curious coincidence, really. Her name is Bennett."

"She may be a relation."

"That's true. Of course, girls do have relations."

"What is her first name?"

"That is another rather remarkable thing. It's Wilhelmina."

"Wilhelmina?"

"Of course, there must be hundreds of girls in the world called Wilhelmina Bennett; but still it is a coincidence."

"What color is her hair?" demanded Eustace Hignett in a hollow voice.

"Her hair? Now, let me see. You ask me what color is her hair. Well, you might call it auburn... or russet."

"Never mind what you might call it. Is it red?"

"Red? Why, yes. That is a very good description of it. Now that you put it to me like that, it is red."

"Has she a trick of grabbing at you suddenly, when she gets excited, like a kitten with a ball of wool?"

"Yes, she has."

Eustace Hignett uttered a sharp cry.

"Sam," he said, "can you bear a shock?"

"I'll have a dash at it."

"The girl you are engaged to is the same girl who promised to marry me."

"Well, well!" said Sam.

There was a silence.

"Awfully sorry, of course, and all that," said Sam.

"Don't apologize to me!" said Eustace. "My poor old chap, my only feeling toward you is one of the purest and profoundest pity."

He reached out and pressed Sam's hand. "I regard you as a toad beneath the harrow!"

"Well, I suppose that's one way of offering congratulations and cheery good wishes."

"And on top of that," went on Eustace, deeply moved, "you have got to sing at the ship's concert."

"Why shouldn't I sing at the ship's concert?"

"My dear old man, you have many worthy qualities, but you must know that you can't sing. You can't sing for nuts!"

"I confidently expect to be the hit of the evening."

"The hit of the evening! You! Singing!"

"I'm not going to sing. I'm going to do that imitation of Frank Tinney which I did at the Trinity smoker. You haven't forgotten that? You were at the piano taking the part of the conductor of the orchestra. What a riot I was—we were! I say, Eustace, old man, I suppose you don't feel well enough to come up now and take your old part? You could do it without a rehearsal. You remember how it went:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



## Styles for Every Room in the House



## SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING

"Some change in the old place, Peggy! That Sanitas does make things sort of belong together, somehow. Pretty nice, eh?"

"Yes, Walter, and it's so easy to keep clean—just wipe it with a damp cloth."

Sanitas Modern Wall Covering is made on cloth, machine-painted with non-fading colors. Comes in a wide variety of styles for every room in the house. Hangs like wall-paper; does not crack or peel. See it at your decorator's.

Send for Booklet and Samples.

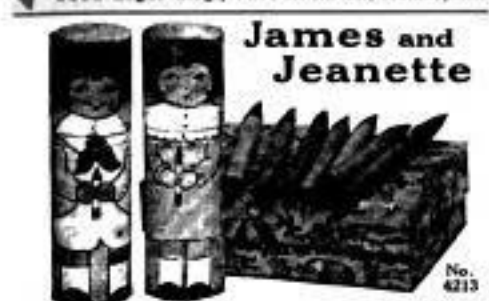
**THE STANDARD TEXTILE  
PRODUCTS CO.**  
320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK  
DEPT. 5

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Bed Cedar Chest. Your choice of many styles  
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Furniture giant's face, wooding and planing from  
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**You can be quickly cured, if you  
STAMMER**  
Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and  
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cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. R. N. Bague,  
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**James and Jeanette**  
Brother James and Sister Jeanette are really two little figures  
filled with Cexyons to delight our young friends. Sent in  
Mother Goose Box, postpaid 50c. One of the many thought-  
ful yet inexpensive gifts shown in our catalog, which is mailed  
free on request. In shops having the Pohlson Gifts, you'll be  
sure to find suitable remembrances for all your  
friends. If there is no Pohlson dealer in your  
town, send for our illustrated catalog—it will  
make your Christmas shopping a pleasure.  
**Pohlson Gift Shop** Pawtucket, R. I.

## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

"Hullo, Ernest!" "Hullo, Frank!" . . .  
Why not come along?"

"The only piano I will ever sit at will be  
one firmly fixed on a floor that does not  
heave and wobble under me."

"Nonsense! The boat's as steady as a  
rock now. The sea's like a millpond."

"Nevertheless, thanking you for your  
suggestion, no!"

"Oh, well, then I shall have to get on as  
best I can with that fellow Mortimer. But  
he won't be really right. He has no pep, no  
vim. Still, if you won't . . ."

The door closed behind Sam and Eustace  
Hignett, lying on his back, gave himself up  
to melancholy meditation.

His reflections were broken by the abrupt  
opening of the door. Marlowe rushed in.  
Eustace peered anxiously out of his berth.  
There was too much cork on his cousin's  
face to allow of any real registering of emo-  
tion, but he could tell from his manner that  
all was not well.

"What's the matter?"

Sam sank on the lounge.

"The boulder has quit!"

"The boulder? What boulder?"

"There is only one! Bream Mortimer,  
curse him! He refuses to appear! He has  
walked out on the act! He has left me flat!  
I went into his stateroom just now, as ar-  
ranged, and the man was lying on his bunk,  
groaning."

"I thought you said the sea was like a  
millpond."

"It wasn't that! He's perfectly fit. But  
it seems that the silly ass took it into his  
head to propose to Billie just before dinner  
—apparently he's loved her for years in a  
silent, self-effacing way—and of course she  
told him that she was engaged to me; and  
the thing upset him to such an extent that  
he says the idea of sitting down at a piano  
and helping me give an imitation of Frank  
Tinney revolts him. He says he intends to  
spend the evening in bed, reading Schopen-  
hauer. I hope it chokes him."

"But this is splendid! This lets you out!"

"What do you mean? Let's me out?"

"Why, now you won't be able to appear.  
Oh, you will be thankful for this in years to  
come."

"Won't I appear! Won't I dashed well  
appear! Do you think I'm going to disap-  
point that dear girl when she is relying on  
me? I would rather die!"

"But you can't appear without a pianist."

"I've got a pianist."

"You have?"

"Yes. A little undersized shrimp of a fel-  
low with a green face and ears like water-  
wings."

"I don't think I know him."

"Yes, you do. He's you!"

"Me!"

"Yes, you. You are going to sit at the  
piano to-night."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it's  
impossible. I gave you my views on the  
subject just now."

"You've altered them."

"I haven't."

"Well, you soon will, and I'll tell you  
why. If you don't get up out of that  
darned berth you've been roosting in all  
your life, I'm going to ring for J. B. Midg-  
ley, and I'm going to tell him to bring me a  
bit of dinner in here, and I'm going to eat  
it before your eyes."

"But you've had dinner."

"Well, I'll have another. I feel just  
ready for a nice fat pork chop."

"Stop! Stop!"

"A nice fat pork chop with potatoes and  
lots of cabbage," repeated Sam firmly.

"And I shall eat it here on this very lounge.  
Now, how do we go?"

"But I shouldn't be any good at the  
piano. I've forgotten how the thing used to  
go."

"You haven't done anything of the kind.  
I come in and say, 'Hullo, Ernest!' and you  
say 'Hullo, Frank!' and then you help me  
tell the story about the Pullman car. A  
child could do your part of it."

"Perhaps there is some child on board."

"No! I want you. I shall feel safe with  
you. We've done it together before."

"But, honestly, I really don't think . . .  
It isn't as if—"

Sam rose and extended a finger toward  
the bell.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Eustace Hignett.

"I'll do it!"

Sam withdrew his finger.

"Good!" he said. "We've just got time  
for a rehearsal while you're dressing."

"Hullo, Ernest!"

"Hullo, Frank," said Eustace Hignett  
brokenly, as he searched for his unfamiliar  
trousers.

[CONTINUED IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE]

## Will & Baumer Candles

### Candle Shadows

—on the stairway wall, and re-  
flected in the magic mirror, fore-  
cast the fate of those for whom  
Hallowe'en traditions still breathe  
adventure and romance. Furtive  
forms seem to lurk in the shad-  
owy outskirts of the mystic glow;  
and Jack-O-Lantern's eyes dance  
with mischief when Will &  
Baumer's SMOKELESS—ODOR-  
LESS—DRIPLESS Candles il-  
lumine their depths.

In styles and colors suitable to  
all occasions, they are sold at  
leading department stores, book  
and gift shops, everywhere.

Of special interest to the hostess is our  
little booklet, "The Witchery of Candle-  
Light." Mailed free, upon request.

**WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., Inc.**  
Syracuse, N. Y.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON  
ST. LOUIS MEXICO CITY

## Dennison's

### For Your Hallowe'en Party

**G**RACIOUS! Staring owls and  
solemn jack-o-lanterns every-  
where! Send shivers down your  
back—and laughs up your sleeve,  
too, for behold! The fearsome  
things are only harmless Dennison  
decorations of crepe paper.

#### The "Bogie Book"

Before you plan your party send 10  
cents with the coupon below for our  
"Bogie Book." It's full of information  
for decorating rooms with streamers and  
festoons; tells how to cast Hallowe'en  
atmosphere over the party with crouch-  
ing black cats and flying witches; dainty  
trimmings for the table and colorful  
costumes and caps for frolicsome guests  
—and all made of paper. Besides there  
are suggestions in it for unusual invita-  
tions, prizes, strange games and weird  
ghost stories for Hallowe'en hilarity.

Stationers, department stores and  
many druggists carry the Dennison  
Hallowe'en goods and the "Bogie Book."



#### THE "BOGIE BOOK"

has been issued every year for eleven  
years. Here's the coupon which will  
bring a copy of the 1921 issue to you.

DENNISON MANUFACTURING CO.  
Dept. DD Framingham, Mass.

The 10 cents enclosed is for a copy of the  
"Bogie Book." Please send it quickly so I can  
prepare for my party. (Please write your  
name in pencil.)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

### What Next ?





A NEW BOOKLET ON DRAPERIES, beautifully illustrated in color, and showing many new and charming window treatments with Orinoka fabrics by a New York decorator, will be sent for 20 cents, stamps or note.

## Orinoka

GUARANTEED SUNFAST  
DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES



In the art of making windows beautiful, the new Orinoka Sunfast casement cloths are the most charming materials for use against the glass.

They are sheer and graceful. They permit the entrance of a softer, mellower light than net or lace. They may be had in a wonderful variety of colors and delicate shades, to harmonize with any interior. Even in the softest, most unusual tints they are guaranteed absolutely sunfast and tubfast.

Until you have seen them, you cannot realize the richness of variety in Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies. Numerous weaves, both plain and figured, ranging from sheer gauze to heavy hangings. Orinoka fabrics include all that is newest and most fashionable.

Ask particularly for Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies and look for the Orinoka Guarantee Tag on the bolt.

THE ORINOKA MILLS  
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**GUARANTEE:**  
"These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to the sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price."

## Ask for Ro-TEX-Co Sleeping Garment

Send for Free Bed-time Story Book

More than 20 years' experience manufacturing Ro-Tex-Co children's underwear enables us to produce an improved, knitted sleeping garment.

Roomy sizes; new style drop seat, cut for convenience—greater elasticity at waist. Feet shaped right for greater comfort and durability. Retail at \$1.00. See it at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you write us.

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Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxury to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

**PERFUMES YOUR BATH SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY**

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample. Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. W-C, NEW YORK CITY

### Your Baby

Your baby's laugh indicates comfort, clothes that fit snugly, yet do not bind.

## STEWART'S DUPLIX SAFETY PINS

because of their many safe features prevent clothes from catching and twisting. Cannot open accidentally.

Send 6c for sample card of Stewart's Duplex pins

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.  
Dept. D Bloomfield, New Jersey

## The Bread Caster

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

to them on Saturday and cause them to realize during the dull Sunday in hotel lobbies that we are in close touch with them—that we believe in them, and are pulling for their success."

"Look here, Brandon, aren't you going a bit too strong? You know we have been trying to cut down expenses, not increase them."

"We'll get it back a hundred-fold, Murphy."

"I hope so," said Murphy: "but I can't see it. Money gone is money gone. And this is going to add a terrific amount to our overhead."

"Well, we are not getting anywhere under our present methods. I've got a month, maybe two, in which to make good or get fired. So I'm going to follow my hunch."

Andrew had a warm glow at the letters of thanks and appreciation that soon began to come in from the traveling salesmen. Many of them made suggestions as to sales policies, and outlined plans they were going to put into effect to help their sales—all showing a new and personal interest in the welfare of the business.

But in spite of this, Murphy was even more outspoken at the next proposal, made a week later.

"I am going to mail checks—refunds—to these fifteen customers," Brandon explained, passing Murphy the pile of letters that he had written to accompany the checks.

"What the dickens for?" Murphy exploded.

"We have made more than the necessary profits on the cars of lumber we shipped them this month."

"What do you mean? Isn't it our job to make as much out of them as we can?"

"Not as I see it," Andrew replied. "Our function as wholesalers is to act as the buying intermediary between the retailer and manufacturer. For this we are entitled to an average compensation, the maximum amount of which is pretty generally agreed upon in the trade, that is, about two dollars per thousand board feet on common lumber and four dollars on the more expensive grades."

"Yes, but how about the cars on which we lose money?"

"I have made allowance for that in figuring the checks I am sending."

Murphy rose and held up his arms as in an appeal to Powers above.

"I'm through talking," he spluttered. "I recommended you to Mackintosh because I liked you. I still like you and I want to see you make good. But how you figure you can make money by giving it away is beyond the reach of my mind. I am going to work hard and try to help you. But please let me know a day ahead when Mr. Mackintosh returns. I don't want to be an innocent bystander when you and he meet."

The responses to this move, however, were even more gratifying than the letters from the salesmen. The retailers wrote that it was a real pleasure to find a concern like the Band Saw Lumber Company, which wasn't trying to squeeze every cent out of its customers. One man wrote that this new idea as to the fair profits of middlemen or wholesalers was one the whole country would approve of—that he was having Brandon's letter printed as a part of his full-page advertisement in every lumber trade journal. Another telegraphed that he was going to make the letter about the refunds the subject of his speech before the great Lumber Retailers' Convention.

"Bread cast upon the waters," Andrew chuckled. "It would have cost twenty thousand dollars to get that advertising!"

Murphy came into Andrew's office with a frown between his sandy eyebrows.

"A wire from the boss." He threw the yellow sheet on the desk. "Bunged up in an automobile accident. Says do the best you can; he won't be out of the hospital for six weeks."

"My, I am sorry to hear that!" said Andrew, with genuine distress. "Murphy, we've just got to make this business go over the top."

"Yes, and the papers are out with an extra. The I. C. C. has granted the freight rate increase. Business will be dead for a while; I don't know how long. And our monthly financial statement to the bank yesterday showed a big overhead and very little new business. At the wholesalers' weekly luncheon our new policies were discussed and were bitterly condemned. Some of those hard-shelled guys will most probably put in a bad word for us at the bank. First thing you know the bank will be putting the skids under us."

"Oh, I guess not," Andrew replied; but he couldn't conceal the worry the news had brought him.

The next two weeks were a nightmare.

The heavy overhead continued, while business was at a standstill.

Then unexpected orders began to come in by the handfuls.

"What's the explanation?" asked Murphy.

"The answer is," said Andrew, "that at the big Retailers' Convention our policy of refunds was discussed, and they passed a resolution of approval. They wired us about it. As a result of the advertising that gave us, orders have been coming in from scores of retailers we never heard of before. It looks to me as if this is the beginning of the biggest year for us we ever had—except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"The other wholesalers are up in arms. Their customers are turning to us, and they claim our policy of making refunds puts all other wholesalers in a bad light. Some of them are stockholders in Hamilton's bank; Hamilton also owns some of their stock; and I look for trouble."

"But," added Brandon, "if we can show Hamilton's discount committee that we are making money, they wouldn't have any right to cripple us by withholding credit."

"Two of these wholesalers are on that committee," replied Murphy grimly; "and people don't always do what is right."

The next financial statement to the bank was quite different from the preceding ones. But, after Murphy's warning, Brandon was not surprised when a telephone message from Mr. Hamilton requested that the "present manager" of the Band Saw Lumber Company be on hand for a conference at the bank at eleven the following morning.

He went. He found ten business men awaiting him around the polished mahogany table in the bank's committee-room.

"Mr. Brandon," said Horace Hamilton, by way of opening the discussion, "we find that you have inaugurated extravagant sales policies that have had the effect of diverting business to you and out of legitimate channels."

The two wholesalers nodded approval.

"That sort of thing is not conducive to sound business, Mr. Brandon." There was a note of animosity in the banker's voice. "The prosperity of this section is wrapped up in the lumber business. We have called you in to demand that you either return to sound conservative policies or—take up at once your notes at this bank."

Andrew's face went white. It would be impossible to pay these notes at once. The money had been loaned by the bank on invoices against customers, with the understanding that the bank would wait for payment until the customers paid. And the other loans, unsecured, Hamilton had granted to tide Mackintosh over the dull period.

"Gentlemen," said Brandon to the others around the table, "do you countenance—do you approve of this demand? You recognize that I am given the alternative of ruin, or of running my business the way someone else wants me to run it."

There was some hesitation; but every man there signified his approval.

"We have a right to decide under what terms we shall lend our money," one man ventured.

Brandon looked at the circle of determined faces—respectable men, prominent men, kindly men to their families, but in business, if their interests were threatened, absolutely ruthless.

"Gentlemen," he said, "my policy of only a fair return to the middleman is what the whole United States is crying for. If the Pacific Coast wholesalers will adopt that, they will find the whole country turning to this section for lumber—as they have turned to me. The question is simply whether we shall stay in the old selfish rut, or embrace a good idea when we find it."

"You can put it that way if you like," rasped Mr. Hamilton. A gleam of personal triumph showed in his cold eye. "But you have got to decide right now between sound business, as we see it, or taking up your notes."

They intended forcing him to play their game. He saw suddenly the hopelessness of his position. But he refused to knuckle under to this civilized brutality. He rose to his feet, a fighting fire in his blue eyes.

"Gentlemen, you are not playing a fair game. You are using force, when I have no force with which to reply." He pounded on the table. The ink well and Mr. Hamilton jumped an inch into the air. "I won't do it," he shouted. "I'll see the business bankrupt, and let you take the responsibility, before I'll do it."

He turned and walked blindly out of the room, through the lobby and into the street. His utter helplessness in the face of this injustice, the bitterness of crushing defeat when success was in his grasp, filled his eyes

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



## That Will-o'-the-wisp —Smartness

Now you can capture it in  
clothes of your own making

**Y**OU have seen it on the street in the swing of a skirt over a pert little pair of French heels. In the ball room in the caressing petals of some slim flirt of a frock. It has teased you from the gay jauntiness of sport togs. Sometimes dashing, sometimes luring, sometimes happy-go-lucky—what is this will-o'-the-wisp, this shy, elusive spirit of smartness?

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Then you will be overjoyed to realize that the clothes which you make from now on may embody not only the perfect workmanship which has always been the product of your needle, but this hitherto elusive charm. More than that—these more wonderful clothes will actually cost less than any clothes ever cost you before!

Magic? No indeed—all because of the wonderful Deltor, a marvelous new picture-guide individually planned for the particular garment you have chosen. A picture-and-word story of how Parisian professionals would put your very own frock together! Not a part of the pattern itself but a separate service enclosed in the envelope with your new pattern.

**First** • it saves  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material—50¢ to \$10.00—because of its professional, individual cutting guide.

**Next** • it guides you in putting your garment together so that you can attain the elusive fit, drape and finish of an expert.

**And last** • it gives you Paris' own touch in finish—those all-important things upon which the success of your gown depends.

Today, drop in at the Butterick pattern counter. Select the styles that you like best. None are too complicated, none possess too much *flair* for you now. For the Deltor will guide you easily—almost instinctively—to clothes that you will love to make and wear.

The Deltor is patented all over the world; it accompanies Butterick Patterns and Butterick Patterns only. Ask for it.

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## Holeproof Hosiery



HERE is hosiery that offers all the style and sheerness that fashion demands in combination with long-wearing quality—a luxury at the price of economy.

For men, women and children in Silk,  
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Have you sought a face powder, soft and refined, that adheres without frequent applications?

### Nadine Face Powder

has just the right texture. It gives the true rose-petal complexion—a beautiful tint, exquisite fragrance. Nadine is the favorite of discriminating women. It will please you.

At leading toilet counters or by mail, 60c.

Send 4c. for postage on liberal sample in tint preferred.

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## The Bread Caster

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

with tears of rage and disappointment. The bank would protest his notes; in a day or two the newspapers would carry headlines about the involuntary bankruptcy of the Band Saw Lumber Company while under the management of Andrew Brandon. No other bank would consider lending him money after a bank that knew all about his business had withdrawn credit. As a success, he could have defied Hamilton and married Joan, but he could not ask her to marry a failure.

Turning a corner he ran plump into a florid-faced, gray-haired gentleman.

"What the dickens! What's the hurry? ... Oh, it's you, is it? I've been looking for you ever since you helped me with those punctures when I was in such a hurry. Through your kindness I was able to keep an appointment with an Eastern financier which has meant a great deal to me. What's your name?"

"Andrew Brandon," said Andrew, mad with the whole world, and trying to rush on, "and I'm in a hurry."

"Not Brandon of the Band Saw Lumber Company?"

"Yes."

"Say," chuckled Mr. Gray-Hair, taking him by the arm. "You come with me."

He led him along the street, through the lobby and behind the rail of one of the city's big banks, and into a private office marked "Mr. Whitehead, President."

"Now sit down there," commanded Mr. Whitehead, "and tell me what you are in such a stew over."

In a few words Andrew despondently sketched the situation. Mr. Whitehead, behind the smoke of a big cigar, leaned back in his chair and smiled delightedly.

"Brandon," he asked with apparent irrelevance, "do you remember that time you gave the straight dope to a customer when you were with the Acme Lumber Company?"

"Yes. I got fired for it."

"Well, that customer was a friend of mine," said the banker. "He has been watching you ever since. He has been telling me of your originality in limiting the middleman's profits—and now I am going to tell you a funny coincidence."

"What is it?" asked Andrew, not much interested in coincidences.

"Well, he got wind of the fact that that skintint Hamilton and some allied wholesalers were going to put the skids under you. Now, here's where the coincidence comes in: I was just on my way to your office to offer you some assistance. Of course I didn't know you were the young fellow who helped me with my tires."

"To offer me what?" demanded Andrew.

Mr. Whitehead grinned like a schoolboy.

"Horace Hamilton did me a mean trick once," he said. "If he's against you, I'm with you. Besides, I owe you one for helping me with the punctures. Go to your office; figure out how much you owe Hamilton, and let me know. I'll give you a check for the full amount. You can pay Hamilton, and transfer all your notes and your business to this bank. I like your way of doing business, and between us we can make the Band Saw Lumber Company the biggest wholesale house on the coast."

At first Brandon couldn't speak for astonishment and relief. Then he jumped up and pumped Mr. Whitehead's hand until that laughing gentleman protested. Then he dashed over to his office to tell Murphy.

Murphy's delight was as great as Andrew's, and he got busy preparing the list of loans. But just as Andrew started out the door, he called him back.

"Mr. Mackintosh was in," Murphy grinned. "On crutches. He gave one look at the financial statement and said he's going on a six months' vacation. Says he don't care how you did it. It's enough for him that you are making money."

"You telephone him and tell him I did it by throwing bread on the water," called back Andrew as he went out.

He slipped into a public telephone booth down-stairs. In a few moments he emerged with a flushed and happy face, hopped into his roadster and began leading a cloud of dust toward the suburbs.

Joan opened the door for him when he rang, and he followed her into the house.

"My," he cried, with hungry eyes, "do you know it's been a thousand years since I saw you? You're more wonderful than ever, and now that I've made good, your father can't object any longer, even if I don't bank with him. Can he?"

"No, Andrew." Her dark eyes were very bright as he put his arms around her. "And it's just your big-heartedness that has brought you success."

"No big-heartedness. Just bread-casting, honey!"

"Oh, Andrew. You funny, you dear—"

Conversation languished.

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# The Spring of Eternal Youth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

and broke it off; others said she was an actress who played with Bill's country heart, taking his money and giving him nothing but a signed photograph and a nice collection of debts to florists and such like. However that may be, the main fact is clear: Minnie's heart was sore at the blow her dad had given it. He had shaken her faith in the whole sex of men, and now along comes Bill, whom she had looked to as a kind of rock of refuge—and, behold, he also was false.

Words passed—what words nobody knows. Bill may have tried to explain, but she would hear nothing of it. In a single hour it seemed like the love that she had felt for him turned into hatred, just as hot and flaming; and he, with his hurt pride, and the sense of having been made a fool of, let himself become just as angry as she. From that day forward they never spoke to each other, except in bitterness; and the quarrel that began between them became one of the famous feuds of our part of the world.

Bill graduated as a doctor, and to everybody's surprise came back and settled in the little white house with his folks. He stayed among us and grew into middle age, being the kindest, most lovable doctor that ever slapped on a mustard plaster or told a kid funny stories while setting its collar bone. And Minnie, too, grew middle-aged, combing her pretty hair down tight to make her look older and less attractive than she really was, and going about day after day giving her music lessons at fifty cents apiece or five dollars for twelve, if paid in advance. Minnie's mother died, and Bill's mother and father, both; and down at the spring that lay between the two places they met sometimes, in spite of themselves, and neither nodded nor spoke.

Minnie took special delight in showing that a woman could get on perfectly well without a man around the house; she made a good living out of her lessons, and went off to Boston a couple of times a year to concerts and what not. And Doc's exhibition of independence was staged just as complete and convincing. When Minnie got a cat, he bought a bull pup; if she contracted for a talking machine at a dollar down and a dollar a week for life, he got the Encyclopedia Britannica on the same basis, and no release in case of premature death, either.

But his stroke of genius came after Mrs. Nate Carter died from misjudging how fast a train was traveling toward the Mill Street Crossing, leaving a ten-year-old boy behind. The next morning Doc astonished the village by announcing that he had taken young Nate to raise. The idea of getting married so you could have children was the most foolish notion he ever heard of, he allowed. Did a man go into the bicycle business when he wanted a bicycle? Or learn cobbling when he wanted a pair of shoes? Not much. Well, let him get his family the same way, by going to those that had children and wanted to get rid of them. He adopted Nate regular and legal, and announced that he might maybe have a family of five or six or twelve before he got through.

You can believe me that the town laid back and laughed; and for a week or so it was common talk that Doc had won out in the contest all right; and what would Minnie say about that? The following Saturday she disappeared. Newt Babcock at the station letting it be known that she had bought a ticket to Boston. And Monday morning, when Number Sixty-seven pulled in at ten-thirty-one, who should get off with Minnie but the sweetest curly-headed little girl you ever saw!

She marched down that platform, looking neither to right nor left, the little girl hanging tight to her hand, and holding her head proud, as much as to say, "I got a mother at last, a beautiful mother, that loves me and can play the fiddle and everything," and they climbed into the Joe Barnes hack and was driven home. The laugh was on Doc for a while; but he wasn't the sort of old fellow to let any woman out-do him for long. It was only a matter of five or six weeks before he got a second boy, no one knew just where. And the following Saturday Minnie disappears again, and Monday morning, on Number Sixty-seven, there she was with another little girl.

Well, sir, you can build a wall between two houses, or dig a river or what you like; and staid old middle-age will see the wall and allow that it means "Keep on your own side," and heed the warning. But there isn't any wall that can keep curly-headed girls and barefoot boys from getting to know each other. And so it proved in the case of Doc's boys and Minnie's girls. They were back and forth across the brook that

run out of the spring a hundred times a day. At first Doc said, quite stern, "Never let me hear of you going in that other house," and Minnie gave the same warning, with a shake of her finger. But you might just as well try to keep a summer breeze from blowing through an open door. It wasn't a month before the girls were running all over Doc's premises and coming back with pictures showing the inside of the body, and what alcohol does to the drunkard's stomach, and samples of tooth paste that the drug companies had sent to Doc, and empty pill bottles and what not. And Doc's boys would come home with stories about Minnie's wonderful cookies. And both Doc and Minnie winked at it, and out of their respect for the simple faith of childhood they never said hard words about each other for the children to hear.

So it went on, the town watching and laughing, and feeling that somehow something was bound to happen but never guessing what or how. Until one day Doc was down to the spring, as I said along earlier in the story, and Fate stepped in sudden and took a hand. As he walked along, bucket in hand, he heard the sound of a child crying. He looked around, but didn't see anyone, and then he heard it again, and a girl's voice calling sort of scared-like.

"Uncle Bill, Uncle Bill!"

At that he looked more carefully, and what should he see but Sally, Minnie's second girl, up in an oak tree, crying as though her heart would break. She had climbed up with a stepladder, and it had fallen down, and here she was perched on a big limb and stranded high and dry.

"Well, well!" said Doc, "that's a fine fix for a little girl, that has troubles enough anyway, not being a boy. You wait a minute and I'll have you out of there."

He balanced the stepladder against a tree, and started up gingerly enough, not being as young as once; but he made it, and got a good hold on Sally and started down again, when suddenly the stepladder gave a lurch, and Doc landed flat on the ground, with Sally clutched tight in his arms. She screamed, but wasn't hurt a particle; and Doc tried to get up but sank back with a groan.

"It looks like my obdulia oblongata had snapped, Sally," he said, trying hard to laugh, and that being one of the bones in the leg. "You run along home," he says, "I'll get up to the house some way and telephone Doctor Carter. He don't know much," says Doc, "but I guess he can set it if I tell him how."

Sally, with a little hurt cry at the look in his face, ran off, and Doc started crawling on his stomach up the path, dragging his leg, and gritting his teeth to keep back the pain. And there, half way up the path, Minnie found him, Sally having dragged her down on the run with news that Uncle Bill had saved her life and was dying, and come at once, or it will be too late.

Without a single word Minnie bent over him and put her strong arms under his shoulders.

"Never you mind, Minnie," says Doc. "I'll get there without any foreign help."

"It's not for you I'm doing it," Minnie snaps out quick and sharp. "But for Sally, and, besides, the Bible says if your donkey falls into a pit pull him out."

"Hee-haw, hee-haw!" says Doc, trying to make a noise like a donkey. But the pain was terrible and the hee-haw was the last sound that came out of him except one groan. When he waked up next time his leg was in splints, young Carter having been there and left; and at the end of his bed stood Minnie, looking about as sweet and loving as the Avenging Angel which has the chief sinner up before him for the third offense.

"So," says Minnie, "you've come to, have you?"

"I have," says Doc, still very weak, and promptly closed his eyes again.

Well, you can believe there wasn't a man, woman or child that wouldn't have given their eye teeth to be in Doc's house the next four weeks. Every one of us called on some pretext or another, bringing potted plants and cans of preserves, and Sunday papers. In every house in town Doc had stood by the head of the bed at one time or another and fought the good fight. We would have done anything for him, and with gratitude and curiosity together we just couldn't keep away. But not one of us got much past the door. Minnie was there day and night, and always with the news that the doctor was doing very well and couldn't be talked to. Whether she wanted to have her vengeance undisturbed, or what, we couldn't tell, but Solomon in all

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

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## The Spring of Eternal Youth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107)

his glory never exercised a more absolute authority; and Doc, lying back there by the window, smiled and waved at us through the glass.

Between them there was still armed neutrality, Minnie saying that the house was filthy dirty, and probably he hadn't had a decent meal in years; and Doc remarking that he never heard of a leg mending good on custards and apple pie, but licking his platter clean none the less. But neutrality is too long a word for children. The house was full of "Oh, Uncle Bill, isn't this a pretty picture?" and, "Auntie Minnie, can Uncle Bill have another piece of cake?" And one night, after Doc had had his covers fixed, and Minnie and her two girls were in the spare room getting ready for bed, he heard Sally say loud and plain:

"Do you love Uncle Bill, Mother?"  
And then a sound like a hand going firm over a mouth, and nothing more. But Doc, lying there all alone in the dark, sort of laughed to himself, and didn't go to sleep until after eleven.

It was some days later, when he was almost well and could sit up in a chair by the window, that the two girls and the two boys was all around him, and him telling one of his stories that he was a wonder at. And Sally, the incorrigible, spoke up again: "Isn't Mother pretty, Uncle Bill?"  
"Yes," says Doc. . . . "And as I was saying, the three bears were in the house and the man came up and knocked—"

"Isn't she the prettiest mother in the world?" says Sally, not to be led off the track.  
"Yes, Sally," says Doc, sort of soft. . . . "And the man knocked at the door and said, 'Open, or I'll blow the door in.'"  
"And, Uncle Bill, you love Mother, don't you?" says Sally, still insistent.  
"Yes," says Bill, "I do; but don't you ever tell her." And suddenly they heard a sound behind them, and Doc looked around, and there stood Minnie in the doorway, and a great big tear in each eye, and he knew she had been there all the time and heard the whole conversation. He flushed up hot and stammered but couldn't seem to say anything.

"Bill," she says, very soft and sort of tremulous.  
"Minnie," he cried, and put out his arms, and the next thing the kids knew she was kneeling down there beside him, and crying, and he was crying; and the kids were laughing and crying all together. And love that had been buried under the hard earth of middle age was touched by the fingers of childhood, and was green and fresh and fragrant again.

Of course the news was all over town in half an hour, and every woman was saying, "Ain't it just too wonderful!" and most of the men just as pleased as could be, though remarking outwardly that "Minnie was bound to get him if she had to break his leg to do it," so as to keep their wives properly humble.

They started housekeeping with a ready-made family consisting of Minnie's two girls and Doc's two boys; and from time to time they added others, as a kid would be left an orphan here or there around the country, until they had nine altogether. And every time a new boy or girl came into the fold, it seemed like Doc and Minnie got young all over again. Folks had called them old long before the day when Doc had his accident down at the spring; but no one ever spoke of them as really old after that. Somehow, they seemed to breathe in new life from the youngsters, losing their years in laughter and the cheer of youthful hearts.

Both of them passed away long ago; but somehow I never think of them as dead. The youngsters they raised live on, and their youngsters too. Nate Carter is a doctor, like old Bill, down in Connecticut; the second boy is an engineer, and all the girls are married well and are mothers of happy families. Not one of them would have had much of a chance in life if it hadn't been for Minnie and Doc; but as it was, Nate and Sally and the other seven have all carried their love into nine different homes; and that love will go on in their children and their children's children, right up to the minute when Gabriel comes onto the stage with his horn.

And if that isn't the real secret of eternal youth, then I don't know what is. Old Ponce made a mistake in looking for the secret in Florida among the alligators and millionaires. He should have stayed at home and adopted a half-dozen kids. Or come to Orchard Street, if he wanted a spring; for the spring is still there, half way between Minnie's house and Doc's, just as it was on the day when he and Minnie were old, and suddenly became young again.

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## New Apple Friends

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

MIX the apple sauce, lemon rind and powdered sugar. Cut the cake crosswise to form two layers. Press the half almonds into the tops of the layers. Spread the lower layer with the apple sauce, place the upper layer over, and cover with whipped cream. Sprinkle with nutmeg and serve cut in slices.

### Oregon Apple Dumplings

2 cups flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder	3 medium-sized apples
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	6 tablespoons orange marmalade
1 tablespoon sugar	
3 tablespoons fat	

PAKE apples and cut in halves, removing the cores. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar, cut in the fat, and add milk slowly till a soft dough is formed. Roll the dough to one-quarter inch thickness and cut in six squares. Into the center of each put a tablespoon of orange marmalade. Over this place a half apple, core side down. Fold up the edges of the dough and press them well together, put fold side down in a greased baking dish and bake forty-five minutes. Serve plain or with a hot sauce.

### Apple Cereal Pudding

4 cups milk	1 teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white corn meal	1 teaspoon ginger
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses	2 cups sliced apples
	1 cup raisins

COOK the milk and corn meal in a double boiler forty-five minutes. Add molasses, salt, ginger, and apples, pour into a greased baking dish and bake slowly two hours, adding the raisins at end of the first hour. Serve with milk or cream.

### Coddled Apples

6 large apples	1 stick of cinnamon
2 cups boiling water	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped dates
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup blanched almonds
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar	
6 cloves	

SCORE the apples by cutting around them just through the skin. This prevents bursting. Place in a shallow pan, pour water around them, and add the sugar and spices. Cook without a cover over a low fire till apples are tender, turning often. Transfer to serving dish. Add dates to the sirup in the pan and boil five minutes. Add almonds, cut in pieces, pour over apples, and chill.

### Portland Pie

2 cups unsweetened apple sauce	3 stiffly beaten egg whites
1 cup sugar	3 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 tablespoon flour	1 tablespoon lemon juice
Juice and grated rind of 1 orange	
3 egg yolks	

MIX the sugar and flour thoroughly and add to the apple sauce; add the orange juice and rind and the beaten egg yolks. Pour into a pastry-lined pan and bake till center is firm. Prepare a meringue by adding the sugar and lemon to the stiffly beaten whites, and spread on the pie. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

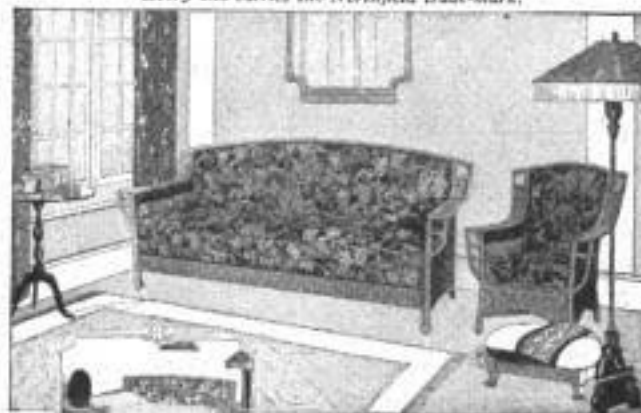
### Potlatch Apple Pudding

2 cups boiled rice	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated mild cheese
2 cups sliced apples	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice stock or water
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	
4 tablespoons brown sugar	

SPREAD one half of the rice in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with one half of the salt and one half of the cheese. Over this place half the apples and sprinkle with two tablespoons of the brown sugar. Put in remainder of rice sprinkled with rest of salt and cheese, then the apples, over all pour the liquid and sprinkle with remainder of brown sugar. Cover and bake till the apples are tender. Uncover during the last fifteen minutes of baking, but be careful not to scorch the top.

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G. P. 444





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## Shade and Shade Trees

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84)

other horticultural forms that are popular.

The selection of trees, when a large place is to be planted, should always be governed by the species native to the section. Even in a treeless region there will still be patches, or here and there a tree that will give a clue sufficiently definite to be followed. This is not to be interpreted as excluding all exotic growth; but for the assurance of success, the lead of nature should be followed. If nature has not given you a lead, then it is time to begin experimenting with a view to finding out what will best suit any given place or region.

Accepting nature's lead, remember that there are certain laws of survival by which all natural planting is limited in species; in other words, one or two kinds will have found a given place so highly congenial that they will have crowded out everything but themselves. The natural woods of most region are, of course, mixed growth; but, even so, this mixture is not made up of a great number of kinds represented by single specimens, but rather of a few kinds represented by a repetition.

Oaks keep company very often with pines, in a state of nature. But one or the other will be in much the greater number; and a similar condition will prevail in woods made up of hard maples, beeches, oaks, and basswood. As a matter of fact, the beech is pretty sure to be found somewhat by itself, in little or big clusters; which is the very best way of using them, if you have space for several trees. A clump of beeches with perhaps a sugar maple adjacent and a trio of pines or hemlocks in the background is as wide an assortment as one should consider.

IN ARRANGING trees with reference to a dwelling, the aim should always be to furnish shade on all the ground around it, especially on the south and west sides. This is the first essential. Next is the freedom for entrance of the prevailing summer winds, which must be courted and never shut off the least bit in the world. After this, consider the vistas from the upper windows, and do not shut the place in until there are no distances visible, anywhere. Actually this is not so much a matter of preserving distant vistas as it is of insuring variation at different places in the distance away from the windows of the trees. If all are about equi-distant from the house, monotony will result surely; but if some are farther away than others, the sense of being shut in will not be felt, neither will there be any sameness in the outlook.

Finally, considered from without, the tree framework of a building must have the distinguished massing of good composition. This is most evident in the relation between building mass and tree mass; and the only rule it is possible to give (which is, of course, altogether general and must be adapted to the conditions anew, whenever a new problem is approached) is that tree mass should intersect building mass at the point of highest elevation of sky line of the latter, and should continue this sky-line upward. This means that a mass of trees should not rise in the midst of a roof line, cutting it in two, but rather that it should rise near one end or the other, and should obscure the roof with foliage mass from the point at which it intersects it on. It should provide an element of transition, in other words, between the building, the ground on which it rests, and the sky above; or, to put it the other way about, the building should be made to appear from every aspect, as advancing from the tree mass.

NOTE: To my regret, I learn that the chestnut-bark disease, which it has been claimed was amenable to control, positively is not; and that there is, therefore, at the present time no hope of allaying its ravages, nor, indeed, of planting chestnuts immune to its attack. This is not because the disease itself defies analysis, but because its character is so persistent and its resources so great that no method of reaching its spores is effective. These enter through cracks and crevices in the bark of the tree, and establish themselves in the cambium zone of the bark—which is the living circulatory region of the tree. Here they multiply and colonize, girdling the tree and killing it. The new growth that rises from the stumps of trees that have died and been cut down is able to resist the action of the disease for two or three years, and thus to live for five or six years in some instances, since it is not attacked until it has been growing two or three years. But in its turn this must succumb; and unless something intervenes, there seems nothing more certain than the extermination of the chestnut from our continent.



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## OUR THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY

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I have been a Club member for over eight years. I am thankful for the money I've earned and for all of my beautiful gifts. I have so enjoyed the many helpful letters our secretary sends me—more now than ever, for I have met her personally.

I am so thankful for an independence such as I had never known before joining the Pin-Money Club.

I have paid my church obligations for the year; my Christmas giving was more liberal than ever; and, besides, I have a snug little bank account.

(Signed) Mrs. Mary Irwin, Pennsylvania.  
(Signed) Mrs. Dan Morris, Texas.



**MEMBERSHIP** in the Pin - Money Club, the COMPANION's money-making department, brings you these three things.

Thirteen years of successful money-making—that's our record. More

than half a million readers have written us, and thousands of busy home women and business girls and schoolgirls have earned money here with us—just in their spare moments. Many of them had never worked a day in their lives—had never earned a penny for themselves, or knew how to do so, until they joined us. You, too, are invited to share in our good times. Won't you

#### COME TO OUR BIRTHDAY PARTY?

**THERE'S** a gift for every member of the Club, and even though you have never joined us — just

Her sterling table silver her choicest P. M. C. gift

thought you might some day—you are welcome, too!

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Many thanks to you, Miss Clarke, and to the P. M. C.  
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## "Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.



DEAR EDITOR: Did you by any chance ever live on a farm? The COMPANION has lately been remembering the farm woman quite frequently, for which we are duly thankful.

But with all due respect to Doctor Rucker, who wrote a most excellent article on "Keeping Well in Summer," can you imagine a farm woman daring to dress like she suggests? Can you? Can you imagine the consternation of the neighbor who stops on his way to town to see if you want to send for something? Suppose her stocking suffered the fate of "Susanna's"? What would the hired men say? etc., etc.

A farm woman's most intensive work comes during the hottest part of the year. In the winter she can rest, sew, get up late, open cans, and generally simplify her work, but not in spring, summer, or not too much in fall. You see, her life is exactly opposite to the city lady's.

Farm women love the COMPANION for the same reason other women do—its clean, highly interesting stories; farm men, even, do for the same reason. My own husband has been reading the COMPANION "in spots" for several years, but was prone to make pointed remarks about "the mushy stories some women wrote." I often told him if I should tell some of those lady authors of the sweet absurdities of his own love-making days, they would be so rich they would surely get in a story.

But he says no more about women writers now. After reading "The Unclaimed Letter" he was praising it to a farmer friend, and even lent him those three COMPANIONS. When I mentioned that a woman had written it, he had to look to see.

Mrs. V. M. P., New Mexico.

Evidently, the writer of this letter knows how to "Bring Up Father." And as for summer costumes on the farm, we feel that the matter can safely be left to the taste and good sense of the women who wear them.



DEAR EDITOR: There is absolutely nothing about the COMPANION that I do not like. And the stories—I read them all. Some I like better than others, to be sure. But the hero does not have to be born in two places to please me, and I believe I can say the same for other COMPANION readers.

In "A Little Matter of Business," in the

ninth paragraph Philip tells Diana he was born in India. In the fortieth paragraph the author tells us they "took him back to the manor house, where he was born." Said house being in England!

I suspect The Postscript Man didn't read that story, and I'm going to write and tell him so. Mrs. C. B. M., Connecticut.

Maybe Philip was just trying to work up a little romantic interest about himself in Diana's mind. We've known heroes not in fiction to try it.



DEAR EDITOR: Why not leave some of these over-saccharine, "sweetie, cutie" stories out of the magazine and give us something strong and tragic and powerful? It would be a great delight to at least one of your readers to read some stories in your pages with more drama in them, even if it is tragedy. It is more like real life.

A. R. W., Alabama.

But wouldn't it be more like "real life," and less like real living to put this extra stress on tragedy? What do our readers think?

DEAR EDITOR: Here is my list of "Thank you's."

First, I want to thank you for publishing that poppy bedroom set, "By request." Long before I ever thought of a home of my own I treasured that design, and then lost it, and I've been meaning to write for it for a long time! Then I'm so glad to have the magazine come flat, so I can use an attractive picture "for keeps"—"The Windswept Cypress."

My little girl is doing wonderfully, and will be her real self, ready to enter school in the fall—thanks to Doctor Emerson—and the little boy is ready for rompers—thanks for page 70, July.

I took the COMPANION in college for your wholesome, heartlike stories and your attractive embroideries—and I've been a reader nearly all the time since. I was a poorly prepared cooking teacher, who clung to Fannie Merritt Farmer as an anchor in any storm. And now, I'm a busy housewife who has an intimately friendly feeling for the lady who said in "The Affairs of the House" that a house was like a clock. It has to be wound by the same person the same time every day. Mrs. C. McC., Minnesota.

We're glad you were not too busy a housewife to send us your list of "Thank you's," and we offer you a hearty, loud "THANK YOU" for it.

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Goldwyn  
Presents

# Dangerous Curve Ahead

A comedy drama  
of American  
married life—  
with  
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and  
Richard Dix

by

Rupert  
Hughes

Directed by  
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**M**OST motion pictures end with a marriage. But here's one that begins with a marriage—a marriage of just two such young people as started their great adventure next door to you this summer.

Any wife will laugh a lot and cry a lot—when she sees it. Husbands will come away from this picture with a deeper understanding of what their young wives have to cope with. Fathers and mothers will chuckle and weep over it.

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THE LURE OF  
HIGH SOCIETY:

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Phoebes: the lov-  
ing wife, the de-  
voted mother, the  
social aspirant.  
Which wins?



# The Postscript.

THERE has been a mingling of widespread consternation and rejoicing since the appearance of the last Postscript, on account of the fact that after our great serial verse, "The Woman's Home Companion," there was no line reading. "Continued in the October issue." But here is the next canto in the October issue, notwithstanding. Leaving off the line was simply our mistake—not the printer's. Readers who like the serial can stop their worrying, while those who dislike it will just have to make the best of it.

The fact is, we don't know how to stop the thing. It just goes right on and on, like one of these automatic electric pumps that starts up whenever the pressure gets below a certain point, no matter if it's in the middle of the night, when you'd think a decent pump would keep quiet. Of course this serial will have to stop sometime, and it ought to stop soon, otherwise everybody will become tired of it. One hopeful sign is that this month it takes up two departments, just as if it were hurrying toward the end.



## More About the Serial

ANOTHER encouraging thing that we notice about the serial is that there appears, so far as we can see, to be no synopsis of previous stanzas. Of course, readers won't forget that the Stories, short and long, have had their little song, that the Fashions and the Edits have been extolled as treats, that the Covers, Gardens, Building, the Household and the Section have had attention called to them under serial direction—you see how it goes—even when we try our best to put the thing in prose it slides right off into rhyme.

Speaking of our serial naturally reminds us of other folks—Edna Ferber's, for example, which ends this month. As a prophet we feel quite perked up; we said last month that we feared something was going to happen to the young poet, and it seems we were right. Too bad; but Charley has happiness ahead of her somewhere, sometime, somehow; Charley will find it, though she is always going to remember Jesse Dick—and as truly as Charlotte remembered the other J. D.

And you'll recall that we dropped a bit of prophecy concerning one Ben Garts. We said the next thing he knew he'd be looking plaintively for the door marked "Exit." It appears that we underestimated his powers of evoking repulsion; he looks for the exit twice and finds it both times. Old B. G. might lecture on "Exits I Have Made; being Recollections of How I Got Out Right when I Was in Wrong." What a good old scout Henry Kemp proves to be.

Of course there is a new long story, and it starts off cheerily enough. They all sail away, but as we can all go with them, what's the difference?

We apologized last month for the California stage driver who, under stress of emotion, so far forgot himself as to exclaim "Gracious!" His offense was magnified by the fact that there were ladies present, though we hesitated to mention this. In the present number we find in the article on soldiers in the hospital that one of the patients says, "I hope to heaven I'll never see her again." It is a sad fact that young men will sometimes pick up strong expressions in the army. The happening which caused the soldier to break out in this manner reminds us of an incident of the Boer War. So many wealthy and titled English ladies rushed away to South Africa as volunteer nurses that there was a nurse for every soldier in hospital. One day one of the ladies arrived at the hospital to find her soldier's head buried under the blankets with this pinned to the covers: "Take notice: Too sick to be nursed to-day."



## The Pattern With a Name

THERE is a new pattern which sounds to us as if it would go right into the class with the Auburndale (there was something curious about that one) and the Tie-About (we wrote a poem on that one). "Sounds as if," we say; that's a queer way to judge a pattern, or a dress, when you think of it—or is

it as good as any other? Anyhow, this new pattern is for the No-Button Dress, and we suspect it is related to the Tie-About. The piece describing it says, "Another good frock that ties on," and in the little picture the lady seems to be wrapping it around, and is apparently going to tie the handles behind in the "perky bow at the back" which the description mentions. We think it looks all right, and we predict a sale of the pattern that will make the office people sit up nights to send them out.

The piece about the dress makes the most fascinating suggestions. Listen to this: "Rose calico." What do you say to that? But wait: "Buttercup-yellow." There! But, hold on: "Checked lavender." What? Why, lavender—lavender is our favorite color! We must write a poem about this dress. "The sort of dress," says the description, "that really graces the early breakfast table." We confess that we have never cared much for the early breakfast ceremony—this rush to get to the breakfast table first has always seemed to us just a little indecorous—sliding down the banisters and that sort of thing—we have never done it—no, it's not been our way—but if this No-Button Dress—rose color, buttercup-yellow, lavender—lilac—violet—that sort of thing—What's the hour for early breakfast, anyhow?

Oh, the poem—we almost forgot. Which of course is pure affectation, not to say a bare-faced fib, since we've been fidgeting around ever since we began this reel, rushing along and using handwriting that will make the printer say "Gracious!" like the California stage driver, so we could reach a place where we can work in the poem. Listen:

No-Button Dress! No-Button Dress!  
The Tie-About's sister is our first guess.  
The Auburndale was another thing,  
You looked at the ceiling and gave it a fling;  
You skipped right under as it came down  
And there you stood all ready for town.  
Oh, that was different as we just said:  
Over the Head! Over the Head!



## The Woman's Home Companion

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION tells how to entertain—Just follow its directions—the fun will never wane.

The lively invitation, the welcome at the door, The jokes and games and guesses that keep them in a roar;

With songs and plays and dancing, and then the supper call—

And next day in the papers— "Fine time was had by all."

Yes, at these little parties the stiffest will unbend.

They read?—oh, surely not, Sweet,—The Postscript at the end!

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, the readers own a page.

"Dear Editor," you start off, and then you have the stage.

A picture or a story, whatever meets your eye, You like it or you do not—you tell the reason why.

You say—just what you're thinking, and it may not agree

With what some author's written—but, go ahead, you're free!

Why, here they even sometimes the helpless Postscript read—

Oh, yes, they do, Beloved,—poor Postscript at the end!

[CONTINUED IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE]



## Gardens and Gardens

THE other month we were talking about starting a couple of special gardens, and couldn't think of much to put in them. Of course, we knew the readers would come to our rescue—they always do about everything. In The Postscript garden, they say, besides the four-o'clocks and evening primroses, there should be moon vines, night-blooming cereus, nightshade, and others. And in the tree-toad garden they suggest that, with the trumpet flowers, Canterbury bells, and dogwood, there should be mixed snapdragon, tiger lily, Jack-

in-the-pulpit, and other noisy or vociferous vegetation.

But, speaking of gardens—we do like to connect things this way, though sometimes it's pretty hard work and everybody knows they don't really connect at all—Miss Gould on her "Good Looks" page is proud of her rosebud garden of improperly constructed ladies, though we should like to have somebody tell us what's wrong with the statuesque creature half way up the hill who is leaning on her umbrella—and the one behind her, too, for the matter of that. And the wee little person with her hands in her pockets—she certainly has a way with those eyes of hers. And then—Well, well, we'll be finding good things about all of them, next thing we know, and Miss Gould says they're wrong, and it isn't for The Postscript to dispute "Good Looks." All women, intimates Miss Gould, want to look like sylphs; but you can't if you're a slumper and sagger. The little person we just mentioned is no slumper or sagger, even though she may not be a sylph. Those eyes—Well, you know how it is about eyes—"thine eyes," says the poet—but, no, this is dangerous ground—we think we know the color of Little One's eyes, but we're not going to say what it is. But she knows what eyes are for.

Anyhow, there's certainly plenty of connection between gardens and trees, and here is Grace Taber with a very interesting piece about shade trees. She likes sycamores, and beeches, and basswoods and a number of others. One tree she doesn't mention is the ash—though probably she has a good reason. Then the white birch; it may not be so much as a shade tree but those white, graceful trunks—yes, it must be included, mustn't it? Especially those groups that grow up from where an old tree has fallen into decay. And where is the tulip tree, with its curious leaves, "looking as if a cow had bitten off the ends," as somebody said? Large, straight, dignified trees, with strange blossoms, and an odd way of taking their leaves out of their pockets in the spring. Oh, yes, the tulip tree by all means; they flourish pleasantly at J. E.



## Anniversary

The Postscript for six years has got on—This number is seventy-two—Though the printer's been constantly hot on Its trail, and has hit it a few.  
To the reader it's ever been true,  
And stood by through thicker and thinner,  
To beat up an author—or artist—till blue  
We'd go without dinner!

The readers all write and say, "Go on;  
We love to peruse the P. S.!"  
It's "fine!" and it's "great!"—oh, and so on—  
The wish to quote more we repress.  
(Their letters have spoiled us, we guess.)  
They write that they read it the first thing,  
And a letter like this we admit—we confess—  
Is never the worst thing!



It happens that sometimes we miss things,  
We fail to make quite a clean sweep.  
And then how the readers all hiss things—  
As, "S-s-sir, were you soundly asleep?  
I've read your page twice, not a peep  
Do I find about this or that error!"  
We blush—hang our head—yes, we grieve  
and we weep—  
Our contrition's a terror!

But we hope a sharp look-out to keep and  
In future to take no sly naps;  
For we're clearly unable to sleep and  
Give authors the requisite raps.  
(And the artists, those negligent chaps.)  
We've reformed, and here's hoping we stay so!  
But whether we're right, or we're wrong, as  
it haps,  
Dear reader, please say so!



## One Word More

ONE of the story authors speaks of the Little Church Round the Corner. This seems to be a new house of worship. But we are familiar with the Little Church Around the Corner. In stories of New York it is where all marriages take place.

The Postscript has a new card catalogue index, so if you want to know when it printed the invaluable directions for making tallow candles, or the history of the pung, you have only to ask. We're awfully anxious to use that index.

All the fashions agree that the flaring sleeve is coming in. We like the sleeve shown in the upper right-hand corner on the cable page. It doesn't seem to have a name, but we would like to suggest "elephant leg."

The advice is offered in one piece in explaining how to fasten a bit of linoleum to a block of wood, to use "sticky glue." Don't try to use the glue that you employ to oil the sewing machine with.

Here's a good old friend this month—"gales of laughter." We'd rather have a dry sob, but the gale of laughter does help. We keep hearing about these places where things can be "picked up for a song," but we never find them. When we do, there's going to be a certain vocal effort.

We like the woman who was a "wizard with her needle." Still, with so many new finds opening to women we don't know why they shouldn't go into the wizard business. And the "slogan" continues to flourish and press on to greater heights. "Let's send it to Aunt Maggie," is the latest, a truly inspiring battle cry.

Tut, tut, Father; that's no way to speak even if the young folks did drive you and Mother into it! We're surprised at you, Gracious!

Hayden Carruth

FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE DON'T START  
TINKERING ON THAT CAR  
NOW!—YOU'LL HAVE IT ALL  
APART JUST AS WE ARE COMING  
TO START AND I'M COMING  
DOWN AT ONCE!

DAD HAS A SLICK SCHEME TO  
MAKE MOTHER HURRY WHEN SHE'S  
'TAKING FOREVER' TO GET READY  
TO MOTOR SOMEWHERE.



# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

November 1921

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# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO  
 George D. Buckley, President  
 Lee W. Maxwell, Vice President and General Business Manager  
 Thomas H. Beck, Vice President  
 J. E. Miller, Vice President  
 A. D. Mayo, Secretary  
 A. E. Winger, Treasurer

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 11

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MARGARET DELAND  
 whose new novel starts next month  
 in WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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# EDITORIAL

## A Thought for Armistice Day

ON THE third anniversary of Armistice Day, November 11th, certain haunting questions will arise in millions of American homes whose sons went forth to war, whose mothers and daughters made great sacrifices in the name of liberty.

"Have our sacrifices plunged our country and the entire world into social chaos, or will civilization emerge cleansed and purified by its awful struggle?"

On these alternating hopes and doubts, the commencement address of Doctor Faunce, president of Brown University, rings out like a clarion call.

Every possible argument may be brought against democracy except one—that something else has been proved to work better.

The price of democracy is constant trouble, the give and take of open discussion, the ebb and flow of public opinion, the danger of reversals and experiments. We will not turn back from democracy because it forces upon us the steady trouble of thinking and the constant duty of decision.

We imagined that we were to have a treaty at Versailles that would redress all public wrongs, righteously adjust all boundaries, banish secrecy from diplomacy and unite all peoples in perpetual concord.

And because we did not get that in three months we have been plunged into despair, and some men in high places have denied that our dead soldiers ever had any world vision or any unselfish devotion.

One result of disillusion is intolerance, and this is manifested in the constant demand for more stringent legislation. We seem to think that if we can fill new statute books with new laws and penalties, we shall fully safeguard our liberty. In reality, we are destroying it. We now have laws enacted or proposed against . . . any tendency, old or new, which any group of men does not believe in. This landslide of legislation descends on us because of our loss of faith in liberty and self-control.

"Conceived in Liberty" was Lincoln's description of America. In spite of transient abuses, in the face of all counterfeits, let us not go back from the faith of our fathers. Let us dare to love and maintain human freedom.

No sacrifice which sets a nation thinking is vain.

## The Woodrow Wilson Foundation

ANOTHER thought which comes with Armistice Day is memorials. Few silent shafts of granite are being reared to heroes of the World War. The memorials which interest the people are those which render service to the people.

Following this trend, admirers of ex-President Wilson, interested in the furtherance of his ideals, have conceived the idea of a Foundation, designed to offer prizes for distinguished public service to democracy, public welfare, liberal thought, and peace through justice. To-day, if an American citizen renders such signal service to his country, his reward is the Nobel prize, bestowed by a Swedish board of directors.

The Woodrow Wilson Foundation is intensely American in plan and organization. Alternately exalted and denounced as he has been, most Americans can nevertheless agree that Mr. Wilson gave brilliant and moving expression to those "things we hold nearest our hearts;" and that at a time when confusion and obscurity, war and conflict, reigned over the world, he voiced sentiments of purpose and hope that reached "plain men everywhere."

This proposed foundation will not be a "drive" for funds. It simply affords Americans an opportunity to pay tribute in lasting form to the democratic ideals of another American who served his country and the world.

Contributions to the fund may be made to Franklin D. Roosevelt, National Chairman, Woodrow Wilson Foundation, 150 Nassau Street, New York City; or, if you prefer, they may be sent in care of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

## What It Means to You

PERSONALLY, you may have felt no deep interest in the controversy concerning vivisection, which began with the article by Mr. Baynes in the July COMPANION.

The average person who is not a member of an anti-vivisection society is apt to feel that this question is of interest only to scientists engaged in making abstruse and puzzling experiments which bear on obscure diseases. If you are among those who, in case of serious illness in your family, would summon

the best physician available, remember that the treatment through which he brings your dear one back to health will be the result of a discovery reached by animal experimentation.

The COMPANION has lost many friends by taking a stand which we believe means health and safety to the homes of its readers; and, we are happy to say, we have also gained many friends.

If you have been stirred and horrified by tales of torture circulated by the anti-vivisectionists, we urge you to read the other side as well, to make up your own mind. Go to your public library and ask for a book entitled "Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress," by W. W. Keen, M. D., published by Houghton Mifflin Co. Read the letters on pages 15 and 16 of this issue, from distinguished men, governors of states, presidents of universities, lovers of animals, as well as from physicians and surgeons, and ask yourself quite honestly if these men are *all* fools and liars, or paid agents of the mythical "medical trust" of which the "antis" talk so freely. Compare the achievements of these men with those of the "authorities" quoted by the opposition. And, finally, read the letter photographed in the center of page 15, before deciding to support any legislation designed to abolish animal experimentation.

## A Message of Hope

DURING the week of October 30th—November 5th, the organizations engaged in the study and prevention of cancer will make a concerted effort to get their message before the public. The vital importance of this preventive work is evident when we realize that, of our total annual deaths of persons over forty years of age, one person in every ten dies of cancer; and the mortality of women from this disease is greater than that of men.

In the December COMPANION will appear an article entitled, "A Message of Hope," by one of America's most distinguished surgeons. At the request of the American Society for the Control of Cancer this paper will be issued in advance for public reading during the first week in November.

Any reader may secure one or more reprints of this paper by sending a request to the Editor of the COMPANION.

## One Sixth of a Cake of Chocolate

COMPARED with turkey or goose, pumpkin or mince pie, one sixth of a cake of chocolate is hardly worth considering.

Yet, in the once-gay city of Vienna, it would represent an entire feast for one of the 180,000 children now being fed by the American Relief Administration.

Cornelia Benndorf writes to the headquarters in America:

The American Relief Headquarters received a gift from an American firm of 148,608 cakes of chocolate, weighing one-half pound each.

Of the 180,000 children being fed, 25,000 are in a seriously under-nourished condition. By giving each of these children one sixth of a cake, three times a week, we found that we could raise the nutritive value per ration from 333 to 530 calories, and spread the distribution over a period of two months.

On the day of the first distribution, among the merry crowd of children was one little boy with a very sad expression. He did not speak, and his chocolate, untasted, was clasped firmly in his hand. When questioned, he replied, "I cannot eat my sweet, because I must take it to Grandfather, who is ill and in bed."

As the children are not permitted to take any food away from the feeding places, this little boy was told that he must eat it before leaving. The child was quite determined and pocketed his treasure, saying, "No, this is for Grandfather; he can only eat good things, as he is ill." Finally he was given some of the crumbs which fell while the cakes were being cut, and was told that on this one occasion he might take them to his grandfather.

Do we need to add to pie and cheese, to nuts and raisins, that superfluous chocolate cake, that dish of bonbons?

Would we miss one sixth of a cake of chocolate per person from our Thanksgiving dinner?

Then let's send the price of all the sweets we can so well spare, to the American Relief Administration. Six guests at your table mean six better-nourished children overseas. From the 1,600,000 homes to which this magazine goes, it means a Thanksgiving feast for three or four times as many hungry children.



## Cantilever Stores

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade  
 Alhambra—Bendheim's, 1312—11th Ave.  
 Ashbury Park—First Shoe Co.  
 Asheville—Anthony Bros.  
 Atlanta—Carlton Shoe & Co. Co.  
 Auburn, N. Y.—Dusenbury Co.  
 Austin—Carl H. Mueller  
 Baltimore—325 No. Charles St.  
 Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery  
 Bay City—D. Brendall Co.  
 Birmingham—219 North 19th St.  
 Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.  
 Bridgeport—W. K. Mollas  
 Brooklyn—414 Fulton St.  
 Buffalo—639 Main St.  
 Burlington, Vt.—Lewy & Blanchard  
 Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.  
 Charleston—J. E. Condon & Sons  
 Charlotte—221 Piedmont Bldg.  
 Chicago—30 E. Randolph St.  
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.  
 Cleveland—Granger-Powers, 1274 Euclid  
 Colorado Springs—M. H. Rich Shoe Co.  
 Columbia, S. C.—Watson Shoe Co.  
 Columbus, Miss.—Simon Lee's  
 Columbus, O.—The Union  
 Dallas—Leon Kahn Shoe Co.  
 Davenport—R. M. Neustadt & Sons  
 Dayton—The Hike-Kumler Co.  
 Decatur—Hagup & Son  
 Denver—A. T. Lewis & Son  
 Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.  
 Detroit—T. J. Jackson, 41 E. Adams Ave.  
 Easton—H. Meyer, 427 Northampton St.  
 Elizabeth—Gig's, 1053 Elizabeth Ave.  
 Elkhart—C. W. O'Shea  
 El Paso—Popular Dry Goods Co.  
 Erie—Weschler Co., 919 State St.  
 Evanston—North Shore Bootery  
 Fitchburg—Wm. C. Goodwin  
 Fort Dodge—Behill & Habenicht  
 Galveston—Fellman's  
 Grand Rapids—Hershelmer Co.  
 Greenville, S. C.—Pebble's  
 Hagerstown—Bible's Boot Shop  
 Harrisburg—Ormer's, 24 No. 3d St.  
 Hartford—86 Pratt St.  
 Houston—Clayton's Cantilever Store  
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl  
 Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.  
 Jackson, Miss.—Palmer Co.  
 Jacksonville—Golden's Bootery  
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.  
 Johnstown, Pa.—Zang's  
 Kansas City, Kan.—Nelson Shoe Co.  
 Kansas City, Mo.—Jones Shoe Co.  
 Knoxville—Squire Shoe Co.  
 Lancaster—Frey's, 3 E. King St.  
 Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.  
 Lawrence, Mass.—G. H. Woodman  
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.  
 Little Rock—Poe Shoe Co., 302 Main St.  
 Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.  
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.  
 Lowell—The Bon Marche  
 Mason City—Woodruff Shoe Co.  
 McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan  
 Meridian—Winnor, Klein & Co.  
 Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.  
 Minneapolis—21 Eighth St.  
 Missouri—Missouri Merc. Co.  
 Mobile—Level Best Shoe Store  
 Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.  
 Morristown—G. W. Melick  
 Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.  
 Monroe—Miller's, 311 So. Walnut St.  
 Nashville—J. A. Meadows & Sons  
 Newark—Ashton Hall (2d floor)  
 New Britain—Sloan Bros.  
 New Haven—153 Court St. (2d floor)  
 New Rochelle—Ware's  
 New York—22 West 39th St.  
 Norfolk—Ames & Browner  
 Oklahoma City—The Boot Shop  
 Omaha—1710 Howard St.  
 Pasadena—Morse-Hereman Co.  
 Passaic—Kroll's, 37 Lexington Ave.  
 Pawtucket—Evans & Young  
 Philadelphia—1300 Walnut St.  
 Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.  
 Pittsfield—Fahy's, 234 North St.  
 Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale  
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.  
 Portland, Ore.—353 Alder St.  
 Poughkeepsie—Louis Schenberger  
 Providence—The Boston Store  
 Raleigh—Walk Over Boot Shop  
 Reading—S. S. Scherwin  
 Richmond, Va.—S. Sytle, 11 W. Broad  
 Rochester—148 East Ave.  
 Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.  
 Rock Island—Boston Shoe Co.  
 Saginaw—Goeschel-Brater Co.  
 St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. opp. P. O.  
 Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.  
 San Antonio—Guarantee Shoe Co.  
 San Diego—The Marston Co.  
 San Francisco—Phelan Bldg. (Arcade)  
 San Jose—Hoff & Kayser  
 Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery  
 Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.  
 Schenectady—Pattin & Hall  
 Seattle—Baxter & Baxter  
 Stoveport—Phelps Shoe Co.  
 Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.  
 Sioux Falls—The Bee Hive  
 South Bend—Ellsworth Store  
 Spokane—The Crescent  
 Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt  
 Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace  
 Stamford—J. Spelke & Son  
 Syracuse—136 S. Salina St.  
 Tacoma—Fidelity Building (3d floor)  
 Tampa—Glenn's, 607 Franklin St.  
 Terre Haute—Orto C. Hornung  
 Toledo—Lactelle & Korb Co.  
 Trenton—H. M. Voochies & Bro.  
 Troy—W. H. Frear & Co.  
 Tulsa—Leon's Shoe Store  
 Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.  
 Waco—Davis-Smith Bootery  
 Walla Walla—Gardner & Co.  
 Washburn—Hulus Warren & Sons  
 Washington—1319 F Street  
 Watertown—Beld & Hughes Co.  
 Wheeling—Geo. R. Taylor Co.  
 Wichita—Rorabaugh's  
 Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray  
 Winston-Salem—Clark-Westbrook Co.  
 Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.  
 Yakima—Kohls Shoe Co.  
 Yonkers—Louis Klein, 22 Main St.  
 York—The Bon Ton  
 Youngstown—H. McManus Co.  
 Zanesville—J. B. Hunter Co.

If no dealer listed above is near you, the manufacturers, Morse & Hart Co., 9 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., will mail you the Cantilever Shoe Booklet and the address of a nearby dealer.



## Comfort Under the Table

EVERYTHING is more enjoyable, when you discard the shoes that hurt your feet—uncomfortable shoes, not made correctly. These are the shoes that women slip off under the card table or the theatre seat. You can usually tell when they do it. Watch the tired expression go away.

Everywhere you go nowadays you see good looking feet in comfortable Cantilever Shoes. Smart as they are there is no desire to slip them off.

Happy are the women who wear Cantilever Shoes. They can walk—gracefully—as far as their husbands, their brothers, their sweethearts, as the case may be. And how a man does love a good pal!

If a dancing pump is worn in the evening, when the critical eyes of

the "sitters out" are appraising one's every movement, the clever woman will keep up the strength and health of her feet by wearing proper shoes in daytime. And how much more admiration she will inspire as she swings naturally and gracefully along the street with feet free and comfortable!

Cantilever Shoes have the flexible arch which allows the foot natural action, which prevents or corrects a weak foot by permitting good circulation and strengthening exercise of the arch muscles. Shaped like the foot, with room for the toes without crowding, and good heels rightly placed, Cantilever Shoes are not only healthful and comfortable, but they are good looking.

If you look your best when you are happy, you will look your best in Cantilever Shoes.



# Cantilever Shoe

like the foot  
it has a  
flexible arch







*The boy who feels the call of the sea no longer has to run away to satisfy his yearnings*

# Untying the Apron Strings

By MONTANYE PERRY

ILLUSTRATED by RENÉ CLARK



*They are bronzed, sturdy, straight of shoulder, and hard of muscle; they have an air of self-reliance*

**I**T TAKES courage to be a parent these days. The things that the boy of to-day does are the things that a couple of generations ago were undertaken only after long counsel and preparation, with prayers offered in home and church for guidance and safety in a perilous undertaking. The parent who stands back and lets the boy take his rashness, his lack of judgment, his inexperience, in his young hands, and go adventuring beyond the reach of parental guidance and discipline is a brave being. But the son is on the way to becoming a man.

About the time the public schools were closing for last summer's vacation, a New York daily paper carried this item:

## Boy Scouts Start Hike to Frisco

*Will Make Their Way to Pacific Coast by Farm Work*

Two members of Troop No. 220 Boy Scouts of America left City Hall this morning on a hike to the Pacific Coast. They carried a letter of greeting from Mayor Hylan to the Mayor of San Francisco.

By a curious coincidence the same day's news contained this:

## Denied Trip West, Boy Ends Life

*Father Frowns on Lad's Dream and Suicide Results*

Because his father frowned on his desire to "go West and clean up a fortune," a sixteen-year-old boy killed himself yesterday in the bathroom of his home. The father explained that an elder brother was making good in the West and his letters home had set the younger boy's imagination afire.

There's a lot to think about in the two items:

There they were, three boys, filled with the same impulses, swayed by the same desires, dreaming the same dreams.

To two of them the dreams brought added physical vigor, a broadened outlook on life, the self-confidence that grows out of achievement, and the joy that springs from dreams come true. The other boy's dream, the very same kind of dream, brought disappointment, despair, death.

The same kind of boys, and dreams, but different kinds of parents.

I happened to meet those two boys when they returned from their Western trip. They hadn't got as far as the Pacific coast, after all. But they had gone as far as Colorado. They had worked on farms. They had seen all the cities along the way. They had earned enough to come home by rail through the Canadian Rockies. They were bronzed, sturdy, straight of shoulder, and hard of muscle. They had an air of self-reliance, and ability to meet an emergency. Their conversation showed intelligence and a sense of responsibility.

This insatiable zest for exploration and adventure is not a new instinct. Father had it when he ran away to get a job in the city. Grandfather had it when he ran away to be a sea captain. Great-grandfather had it when he rigged a sailboat and started across the Atlantic. William the Conqueror had it, and Columbus, and Galileo, and Moses.

The boy of yesterday knew less about the world, and means of communication and of travel were limited. But the boy of to-day realizes that all around him is a big, beautiful, accessible world, teeming with interest and excitement. He knows there are railroads, ships, airplanes, invented and built by those, who, like himself, wanted to go and see.

## "What Can Their Mothers Be Thinking Of?"

**FIFTH AVENUE** in New York has so many parades that most of them are forgotten before the blare of their bands has quite died away. But there was one that was different. The men and women who saw it stopped and waited, and looked at the straight, clean-lined, bright-eyed youngsters in uniform, marching as confidently as if the wide world were but a carpet for their conquering feet. Someone started a murmur of explanation that ran rapidly along the curb.

"Boy Scouts of America. Three hundred of them. A delegation from every state in the Union. Going to sail to-morrow for the International Boy Scout Jamboree in London."

"Going to London! Those boys! Without their parents! Across the ocean! What can their mothers be thinking of!" gasped a woman, who doubtless voiced an almost universal thought.

"They are thinking of the fact that their boys have been chosen, because of their high records in Scouting, to take part in the greatest gathering of boys that the world has ever known. Think of what it's going to mean to these boys, madam," replied a man who happened to know what it was all about.

"But they're so young, and so far from home! They might get sick! Something might happen!" she lamented.

They were young. All of them under nineteen. Fifteen per cent of them sixteen or under. A few of them were but twelve, the lower limit of Scout age. And many of them were very far from home. The boys from Texas had been three days on the road to New York. Those from the Pacific Coast had already viewed more scenery than all the years before had shown them. Probably eighty per cent of them were farther from home than they ever had been before, and they had taken only the first step of the big journey. And some of them did get sick. And a lot of things did happen.

But, two months later, the United States transport that had carried them away came sailing up the Harbor, bearing a bronzed, sturdy, joyous lot, whose lusty voices informed us long before they docked that they were jolly good fellows and the gang was all there. And none of them had been too sick to recover. Nothing had happened that was beyond remedy.

What will the friendships formed among those twelve thousand boys of every nation mean in terms of understanding, tolerance, and vision, when the mantles of today's statesmen fall on their young shoulders?

Of course their mothers didn't rise at one bound to the point where they could see their children go across the ocean with no kinsfolk to guard them. The Scout organization makes a great point of training the boy to stand on his own feet and take care of himself anywhere. Incidentally, the mothers absorb a good deal of the same doctrine. From the all-day hike to the overnight outing is a distinct step in the boy's (and the mother's!) training. When a woman has once got to the point of falling tranquilly to sleep without dreaming of Willie's being eaten by bears or stricken with pneumonia, the worst is over for her. Also, for Willie. In a little while she is actually heaving a sigh of relief as she packs Willie off to the Boy Scout camp for a month, or even for an entire summer.

No rural spot in our country is watched more closely or with more hopeful interest than the group of twenty Boy Scout camps in the Palisades Interstate Park, where each summer five thousand boys live under canvas. There they receive a training which relates them definitely to peace-time problems of conservation, and prepares them for any emergency in which health, strength, and ability to take care of themselves and others in the open are the saving factors.

## Running Away to Sea is Out of Date

**THE** boy who feels the call of the sea no longer has to run away to satisfy his yearning. The United States Merchant Marine and the Navy father the Sea Scout Department of the Boy Scouts of America. The Scouts in this branch go to sea, even though they may be located on a mountain peak with no water nearer than the passing clouds. They erect masts, spread sails, learn how to knot and splice, and cook, and scrub decks, and one day there comes a chance to cruise down the Mississippi or along the New England coast with a fleet of boats provided by Uncle Sam. Their leaders are careful men, who know the water, and whether the Sea Scout experience leads to a good berth on an ocean liner or merely satisfies the natural longing to sail the deep there are definite results in character and development. Who ever heard of an untrustworthy sea captain?

Supervised adventure isn't restricted solely to Boy Scouts. Recently the biggest state in the Union said to one hundred and fifty of her farm boys, "Come on; I'll show you your own country!"

So, picked by competitive examinations, the very cream of Texan boyhood, they started off, led by men whose purpose it was to show them the highest standards and best ideals of country living. To show them, not to talk to them about it.

Four thousand miles of the best farming sections of the United States those youngsters covered in a little more than three weeks. It was a tour of inspiration given and received. Farms, farm machinery, methods of farming, highways, marketing facilities, transportation conditions, schools, recreation centers, community enterprises, all came in for critical inspection.

The Junior Achievement Bureau has a work that stretches over ten states, with headquarters at Springfield, Massachusetts. Here, each September, come trooping the proud winners of Junior Achievement medals for gardening, poultry tending, dairying, sheep and pig raising, every conceivable branch of farm work. Nor is the town dweller forgotten in the program. His medal may be for shoe making, or repairing, dyeing, weaving, carpentry, boat building, any of the arts or crafts that flourish in his home town.

All the year they work faithfully with a shining goal before them: a trip to the Eastern States Exposition, where they may live for two weeks under canvas; where their work is put on exhibition to be admired by thousands of visitors; where they may enter the interstate competitions, may take part in the great historical pageant, may feel the thrill of being out in the big world, doing their share of its work.

## Seeing the World Before They Are Twenty

**WHEREVER** one goes nowadays, these young travelers spring up. In Boston, in New York, in Chicago, and always in Washington, one comes upon troops of eager-eyed youngsters, from Maine woods, from Catskill villages, from prairie homes, from squalid mining settlements, from bustling, progressive middle-class cities, all out to "see the world," under the guidance of a school principal or a club leader. Peering over the edge of the yawningest chasms in the Grand Canyon, last summer, we came upon five lads from New York—Boy Scouts who had won high honors in nature study. They were there by invitation of the Far-Western Travelers' Association, making a tour of all the great national parks, their expenses paid, the famed hospitality of the West enfolding them. And three Texas boys, who secured the highest number of points in a stock-judging contest at the Southeastern Fair, will attend the Royal Live Stock Show at Derby, England.

Yes, boys are alike in their instincts; but parents differ in their method of developing or stifling natural, normal impulses. Not all of them know it's a scientific fact that a human instinct cannot be stifled at a time when it naturally crops out, then revived later. "Wait till you are older," some parents say; and when the child is older he doesn't want to, or he can't. A mental attribute can be stunted or killed, just as surely as a physical one. Bind a baby's feet for a few years, and it never will use them. Bind certain brain cells until the natural time of their activity is past, and they never will act.

We know a boy who never was allowed to climb on a table or a chair or a piazza railing during the period when kiddies just naturally climb on everything. To-day that boy can't occupy a front balcony seat in a theatre, because his head swims and he becomes nauseated. He cannot mount a stepladder, nor walk the gangplank to a steamer, nor go down a fire escape. His over-careful mother crippled him as effectively as if she had cut off a foot. The whole world knows of the billion-dollar baby who, when a well-grown boy, stepped out on the street alone for the first time, and was instantly struck and killed by a car. Every college can tell you of men who failed because they could not overcome the homesickness that came with their first experience away from home.

## They Work for the Government

**BUT** while some boys are still held back by parents who cannot realize that their sons have reached an age to be trusted, the United States Government and many of our municipalities and commonwealths are depending upon youngsters for service which they cannot get from adults.

The United States Bureau of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 91]



# Look under the lid!



The picture "His Master's Voice" is a registered trademark of the Victor Talking Machine Company and identifies all Victor products.

The word "Victrola" is also a registered trademark and applies to the products of the Victor Talking Machine Company only.

To be certain the instrument you buy is a Victrola, be sure to see the Victor dog and the word "Victrola." Look under the lid!

Victrola instruments \$25 to \$1500.

Victor Talking Machine Co.  
Camden, New Jersey

# Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.





*Actual photograph of dark blue satin gown after washing with Ivory Flakes. Gown and statement of original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.*

*This photograph shows a washed satin dress. The method that washed it would wash almost anything safely, don't you think?*

**D**ARK blue satin and georgette, silk braid, and gold thread embroidery—not at all a “wash” dress, you would say.

But the Cincinnati girl who owned it had so much faith in Ivory Soap Flakes that she dipped her dress, gold embroidery and all, in the bubbling suds—washed it without rubbing, just as she would a fine colored linen—rolled it in a towel for half an hour—pressed it carefully on the wrong side—and had once more a gown to be proud of, with satin gleaming, gold thread glistening, georgette sheer and smooth, and each bit of braid trimly in place.

Flakes that launder a gown of this kind so

harmlessly can be trusted absolutely, of course, with your frail blouses, lingerie, silk hose, sweaters, and other things that you like to rinse out yourself in the bathroom bowl. And you can depend on them for the quick, easy cleansing of all special things, like this satin gown, that a few years ago you wouldn't have dreamed you could wash at all.

Ivory Flakes will keep your fine silk, linen, wool or sheer cotton garments from acquiring that “laundered” look. Send for the free sample and directions offered at the left, and see how easily and safely Ivory Flakes works.

#### Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the easy care of delicate garments that you would be afraid to wash the ordinary way. Address Section 12-KF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



## IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form  
Will not harm any color or fabric that water alone will not harm  
Makes pretty clothes last longer*





# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Gertrude B. Lane, Editor

Volume 48

November 1921

Number 11

## Preaching to Capacity

by FREDERICK COLLINS

**I** WAS turning 'em away every night, not once but twice and three times, and when I ran a Pickford or a Fairbanks, or even an old, worn-out Chaplin, I stood 'em on end in a long line that often reached Dinsmore's Drug Store, and sometimes, especially of a Sunday, went way round the corner and right up to the church steps. The Sunday night I played that German picture, "Passion," the gang waiting for the seven-thirty show was so tremendous that it had to park itself all over the church front and into the pews. When the parson walked out of his study behind the pulpit, they say he nearly fainted. He thought, of course, he would see Deacon Wethered and a couple of dozen other old parties scattered about the place; but when he looked into the faces of a full house and thought for a moment that he was playing to capacity business—well, he couldn't stand the shock. Kind of tough, wasn't it? For, long before he had gotten round to pass the plate, the gong struck to tell the world my supper show was over—and the whole bunch walked out on him.

**A**T FIRST, I was pretty sorry for the parson—a nice young man if ever there was one; but in the end I decided there must be something radically wrong with his performance, if he couldn't hold 'em after I'd gone and packed 'em on for him.

So, when I had collected thirty cents and war tax from another eight hundred and sixteen happy fanatics, and had made sure that the special cop was on the job to handle the line for the nine-o'clock show, I thought I'd step around and give the young man the benefit of my long experience in the show business. There must be something he could do to pep up his performance—anybody ought to be able to preach to capacity two or three times a week, with me filling my house six times a day and seven times on Saturdays and Sundays—and perhaps I was the boy to wise him up a bit. I didn't know then what I know now, that a lot of smarter men than I am had tried their hand at the job without putting over any very big hit. Anyhow, business was good with me, and I felt able to cure the world of most of its troubles; so I reached for my ten-dollar hat and strolled toward the corner.

Jack Dinsmore's soda fountain certainly made a pile of money out of my business. Jack had three boys from the high school to help him wash up the glassware between shows. When the line outside got big enough, these same boys would rush drinks to my people, so they wouldn't lose their places in the queue, and a good-looking doll would peddle gum and cigarettes and chewing tobacco. You had to hand it to Jack. Some fellows in his place would have tried to have me pinched for obstructing the traffic, but not Jack! He buys another slab of imitation marble and a bigger ice chest, throws out the rubber goods department, that never did pay, and adapts himself to local conditions.

Adaptability—that's my slogan. I figure most of my success is due to changing my show every day, and making my place look attractive to all kinds of people. As I turned the corner, it occurred to me that there might be something in that idea for the parson. In the red and green glow of Jack's windows, I became quite enthusiastic. If you can do it in a movie palace or a drug store, you can do it in a church.

Once in the gloom of the side street, I lost most of my enthusiasm. If I hadn't made up my mind to do a good deed while I was still in the warm brightness of my own lobby, I should never have climbed the steps of that bleak wooden barn. Anyway, it's a great mistake to make people climb—my floor slants down very gradually from the sidewalk to the door, so it's

easier to go in than out. I catch a lot of them that way for the matinees—tired women with bundles who stop to look at that framed photo of Eugene O'Brien; and before they know it, they're coasting toward the box office. I tell you, the lobby is a very important part of a moving picture show, or any show, and, speaking most respectfully, I never saw a worse one than the parson's.

A one-lunged incandescent over the center door comprised the entire electrical display. Say, that piker bulb was certainly a tip-off on the class of this proposition. I wouldn't have had it cluttering up my sign; it wasn't fit to dot the "i" in Chaplin! But there she flickered—winking solemnly at a weather-beaten black sign as if it knew that the rubbed-out gold letters still purported to give the correct address of the pastor who had been dead two years, as well as to tell the dull story of three performances a week—which the sign called "services," just as if they were funerals. I couldn't help thinking what I could do with a snappy sidewalk canopy, with a fringe of electric eggs, and metal darts topped by a thousand-candle animated display of a red St. George sticking the harpoon into a blue and green dragon—nothing flashy or undignified, you understand, but very cheerful! With plenty of power in my lights I might overcome the handicap of those steps; and once in the lobby itself, the lithographs would do the rest.

But, of course, in this case, there wasn't a lithograph in the whole front of the house—not a one-sheet, or a set of stills, or a pasteboard cut-out, or a framed photo, not even a stock sign promising "refined entertainment for all the family." Instead, there was a twin to the bulb outside, that threw a feeble light on the cracked ceiling and the painted cornice. In these up-to-date days, with competition what it is, no one, not even Pickford, could drag a houseful up those steps and through that lobby, not with a two-reel Chaplin to open the bill!

**I** HADN'T been to church in ten years, not since I went into the movies—not because I minded going once in a while, for I believe in patronizing all home industries: "Rub my pocketbook and I'll rub yours," that's my motto; but all the parsons I ever knew were for censorship and Sunday closing of everybody except themselves, so I had joined the great majority (there's a good parson's phrase for you), not of those who are dead, but of those who worship in the open air—if indeed you could describe the air of my place in that way. It strikes me the parsons would get a much bigger share of the business if they weren't so kind of snobbish with us competitors; but, be that as may be, my people were Baptists, into which condition they had fallen from

an earlier Methodist existence; and I had married the daughter of a long queue of Congregational ministers, and for four years I had attended an Episcopal church—in short, I had been to church before, and what I saw when I opened the door and had a good look at the inside of that church was not half the shock to me that it would have been to ninety per cent of the audience that luxuriated in the warmth and comfort of my theatre. But even to me—after ten years of seeing the public given what it wants—it was some shock!

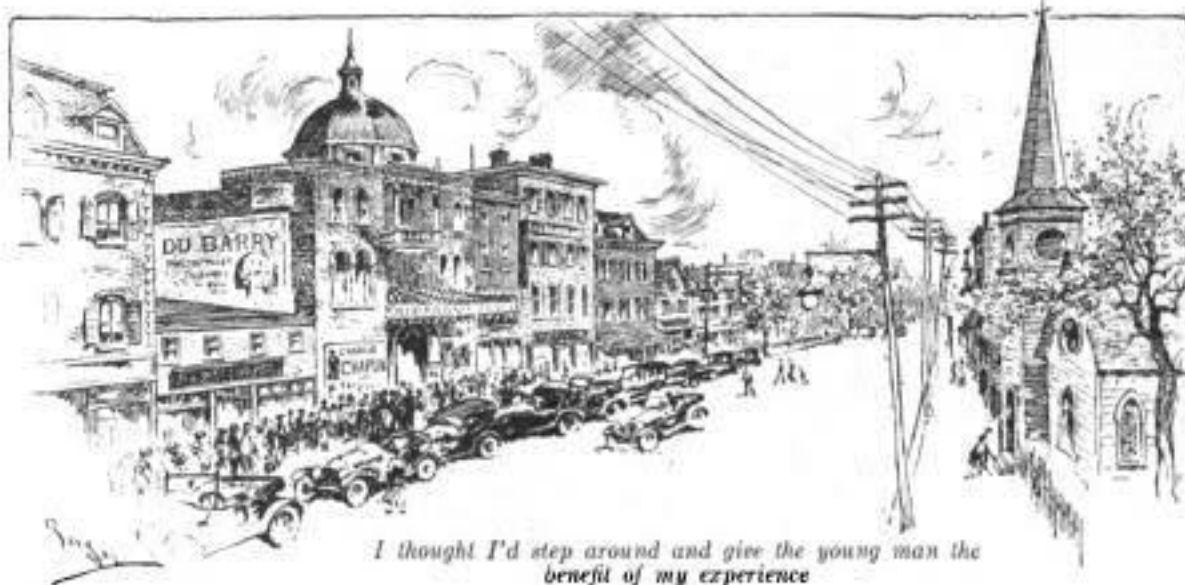
A bluish-gray, high-studded interior, shaped for all the world like a cross section of the box that a coffin travels in, and just about as cheerful; black walnut pews with tarnished metal numbers; well-worn strips of dingy Brussels carpeting on the aisles; pink stained-glass windows of the well-known diamond pattern, with an angel in the middle of every other window (the one nearest the door was half open leaving the angel sadly bisected), golden oak organ with blue pipes, and a green curtain out in front to conceal the crossed legs of the lady soloist, and, dead ahead, the three uncomfortable high-backed chairs, two small and one large, the small ones with pressed leather upholstery and the big one in green plush—this was the atmosphere in which the parson was expected to preach to capacity. My sympathy went out to that poor, solemn young man on the green plush. For if Griffith himself were putting on a picture called "Failure," which of course he wouldn't do, and were to call for a set that struck the keynote of the piece, no property man, not even the great Belasco, could imagine a more completely satisfying scene.

**O**N THE ground floor of this bleakness, in cold, lonely clumps of two or three, was the audience: Deacon Wethered, who held the mortgage and contributed most of the money to pay the interest on it; thirteen other men and youths, one of them the usher; and twenty-seven women and girls; in all, forty-one. Sunday night, the biggest night of the week, and an audience of forty-one!

But why should I worry? Less than two hundred yards away, in the coziest and most up-to-date auditorium in our little city, eight hundred and sixteen happy, satisfied people were thrilling to Pola Negri's celluloid Du Barry! And yet, that same hang-over from early training, that made those forty-one faithful creatures drag themselves up those uninviting steps, through that dark hallway, into this cold, forbidding place, made me kind of sad—especially when I heard through the window with the bisected angel the cheerful conversation of the nine-o'clockers, perhaps a thousand more sinners, who would rather stand an hour on the chance of seeing my show than spend that hour in the House of God. Were they to blame—those apparently normal human beings—or was I, or was the parson? I thought a long time, but I couldn't answer that question, and I don't believe you could; but there was one thing that came home hard to me. This thing could not go on. The parson would have to change his bill, or he'd have to close his show. Human nature abhors a vacuum.

They were just finishing the second hymn, and the faithful forty-one settled back, as if convinced that what was to come would be about the same as what had gone before. Deacon Wethered openly set himself for sleep. My own thoughts fell back into their usual commercial rut, and I found myself wondering if it were really necessary to surround religion with this poverty-stricken atmosphere.

There was certainly no need of it in this case, unless they gloried in it, because they had a good site, right in the middle of the town, that they didn't have to pay any taxes on. It didn't take a whole lot of figuring to show what could be done with a good modern building—with enough stores and offices to carry the expenses, like, for instance, the Grand Central



I thought I'd step around and give the young man the benefit of my experience



Terminal, New York, that makes money for the railroad before it begins to be a depot—with an attractive arcade entrance leading to a cozy little church hall that would let like a breeze the five or six days a week they didn't need it for a church. Why, in such a building they might even have a church pool room and bowling alley and gym, and maybe a swimming tank—they could do anything, once they were self-supporting; and these days there doesn't seem to be much room for anyone or anything that isn't. Why shouldn't a church set a good example in these things?

Once more I was getting back my enthusiasm for the cause, and I began to listen attentively to the young man in the pulpit. This was a mistake, not that there was anything very bad about his sermon but there was certainly nothing very good. I had been imagining a church plant fit to fix it up on even terms with the complex life of a growing city, and here I found this country-bred boy—most parsons come from the country and think country thoughts that city people do not get without the aid of a blue book—talking the same language, using the same figures of speech, and pulling the same tricks that our old country minister did when I was a kid and we all hitched our horses in the church shed.

He was miles off the key, that boy, if he wanted to do business in our little metropolis. Of course, I understood him well enough, and I suppose most of those present did, too, for they tell me that seventy-five per cent of the people who go to church in the city were born in the country—and no wonder! But I could never fill my house by catering to such a small section of my possible public, and neither can the parson. It's getting so you can't feed anybody any longer on small-town stuff—and I don't know anyone but the parsons that are trying to do it.

**PERSONALLY**, I don't mind the country stuff. It's kind of refreshing, like looking at a Charlie Ray picture after seeing a couple of Nazimovas. I don't even mind being talked to as if I were an Ephesian, or something like that, instead of an American citizen. But, as a business proposition, I wouldn't be hired to take the chance with my audience that the parson does with his. If the subtitles in my pictures were as obscure to my customers as almost everything they say and sing and read and pray in church is to everybody that wasn't brought up in the church atmosphere, my crowd would get a revised version of those subtitles, or they would get out. For the plain fact is that some parsons, at least, do not speak the language of the people they are trying to reach; and any man that ever sold goods or faced a crowd knows that this is fatal. Of course, I can judge only by the sample, but this particular church had apparently fallen into the very bad habit of talking to itself.

Frankly, I was bored. Sticking to the old phrases has that effect, because you always know what the parson is going to say, even if you can't understand it. Of course, my audiences never get that way, for the very good reason that when I pull a picture that's full of old stuff, they walk out on me. If people walked out on parsons every time their sermons got a bit slow and tedious, these present-day audiences of forty and fifty in seating capacities of a thousand would seem like a New York subway mob! But the production standard of sermons would be considerably higher, and in the end the pews would be fuller.

I don't pretend to be much on this psychology business, but I've seen enough of crowds to know what they want is something they never had before. That's why the movie itself made such a strong appeal when it first came in; but now there are other reasons, the chief of which is that each movie has a new and different story, a new pair of lovers, a new beauty, and at least the possibility of a new thrill. That's why people go to the movies, and go and go, even when they find fault with many of the films they have seen: there is always hope, because the thing they are going to see to-night is something they never saw before. The same fans that crowd my theatre to see the current releases of the ordinary stars and directors would not go fifty-two times a year to see "The Birth of a Nation."

**PERHAPS** they can't help playing the same parson as a permanent attraction, instead of sending them round in cans from church to church in the modern fashion, but that's all the more reason for picking their sermons with the idea of varying the monotony. The parson should go out and book the best and latest productions of the stars of his profession, and bill 'em as such, so as to get the crowd. All he should be required to do is to pick the good ones, and put them across on the crowd. But what does he do? He gives them a little thing of his own. It's just as if the village funny boy insisted on having his pie-throwing activities filmed and shown exclusively in the local theatre, when Charlie Chaplin, the greatest pie-throwing boy in history, is already in the celluloid and available all over the world. It's like producing twenty thousand local Dream Streets with local actors and local camera men and, this is the point, a local substitute for Griffith. The average parson, according to the cold figures, gets a little over eight hundred dollars a year. I can't even get a competent usher for that price; but I can get a good projection machine, and by using that machine and a little electricity, I can give my people a million-dollar picture. It seems to me the parson could do the same thing.

Great sermons are being preached every week by the stars of the preaching profession, and the churches in

which they are preached are full to the lobbies—but nothing ever happens to them. The waste is scandalous. Of course, you may be among those who think people should not go to church for the satisfaction they get out of it, but, the fact is, they do; and the weakest thing in the whole performance is the feature—in this case the sermon; and, obviously, the weakest thing could easily be made the strongest by a few improvements in the distribution end of the sermon business. There's no point in showing stereopticon slides when an extra print of "The Four Horsemen" lies dusty on the shelf. If the parson wouldn't mind taking a little of the medicine he's always prescribing for us movie men, I'd like to suggest a law against original sermons that have not passed the National Board of Review. Censorship of sermons for the good of the sermon industry, that's what I'm in favor of.

**I SAID** all this to the parson, and he did not throw me out. In fact, when I had at last stopped for breath, and had been completely swept off my feet by my own eloquence, the parson surprised me by thanking me for my interest and asking for further suggestions. He had such a thoroughly nice way of turning the other cheek, that I was a bit ashamed of going so far, and for the first



A one-lunged incandescent that wasn't fit to dot the "i" in Chaplin!

time since I began to make money, it occurred to me that I might be wrong—that there might be something more worth-while than material success, and that there might be a higher standard than box-office figures.

It's funny how parsons make you think about things you never think about at any other time. I suppose that's one of the big things they do, even when they seem to be conducting a losing business. I admit I felt a bit cheap, especially when he agreed with me about the quality of his own sermon. In fact, he used words to describe it that didn't sound a bit parsonish. If he'd let himself go like that in the pulpit, I figure he'd have a queue that would rival mine.

When I ventured to say as much to him, he took the bottom right out from under my whole argument by saying that he wasn't sure he wanted a queue that came from a desire to hear him because of the way he said things, that he was better pleased with the faithful forty that came in spite of his own deficiencies because they believed in what he said, because they believed not in him but in God. It was true, he said, that church-going was not the popular thing that it should be, and that the church, in its present financial condition, was in no position to compete with the commercially profitable worldly attractions; but he didn't think it would better its position by dressing up its lobby like a movie house or adopting the star system in booking sermons.

**I CAN'T** put it just the way he did, but I gathered that he felt that the main feature of what I call his show had been produced some time ago—probably before Adam played his brief engagement in the Garden—and that it had maintained its popular appeal, with variations only in degree, for so long that it wouldn't pay to abandon it now, just because it had run into a bit of bad business. As a showman, I must say there is something in what he

says; in fact, it occurred to me that sticking to the program that always had worked might, after all, be the very best way of bringing the people back to Sunday normalcy.

One thing he pointed out to me, that I didn't know, was that the church had usually done its very best work during slumps in attendance such as the one that I was now afraid might result in closing his house; and that the come-back that had always followed was not due to the church coming to the people, but from the people seeing that they were wrong and going back to the church.

He certainly had the dope on these matters down hard, and wasn't afraid to go out of his class, and show that the biggest men of all religions were not those who pleased the Fifth Avenue audiences of their times, but were more apt to be poor men who lived way out in the bush—as Buddha and Confucius and, above all, Jesus had lived—and that all he had to do was to go down the line of all the martyrs and saints of the Christian religion to show that if, as I inferred, the old theology was getting behind the times, the new one was not likely to come through an imitation marble entrance with red, white, and blue mosaic on the floor; nor was there a chance that it would begin its run by playing to a full house.

According to the parson, the church was suffering right now not from failure, as I had feared, but from success, too much success. We think things are pretty bad now; but it seems that this is about the first time in the history of the world when the principles for which the church stands have been officially pretty much on top.

Nowadays, a lot of people have come to the conclusion that the world has been saved for good, and these people who used to fill the churches on Sunday now go joy-riding in their flivvers, or bury themselves in my movie darkness, or yell loose their thoraxes at the ball park. They are so very comfortable themselves that they don't see any use in fighting for a promised land that has already arrived.

**IF THE** church party suddenly went out of power, these Christians who are now A. W. O. L. would flock to the church standard and the church door. The parsons would then be preaching to capacity. I don't suppose he'd admit it, but what he seemed to say was that what the church really needed was a little hard luck. "Give me the opposition bench," said he, "and I'll pack it."

One thing that struck me about his attitude was the fact that he didn't seem to care a hang about receipts. In fact, he admitted that if he had gone into the church game to save money, instead of to save souls, he would long since have closed because of poor business. The only thing that seemed to bother him was that he had only fifty cents a year a child to spend on his Sunday school; and I understand that's about the average figure everywhere. He told me there were about twenty-five million youngsters in this country that weren't getting any schooling in these matters, and that if I were really interested in doing something for the church, I might try running a few good Bible pictures on my screen, and reaching a few of these kids in that way.

But I liked most of all the way he showed me that he and I were really not in competition at all, and that the only effect my success could possibly have on his work would be to improve its quality. He gave me several examples more or less in my own line of business to show how it would work in his, and I must say that they were enough to convince me that the time was not so far off when the church would win back its share of the business, by the thoroughly understandable process of improving the quality of its product; fewer churches, perhaps, but stronger ones.

Take the lecture game: Everybody, as the parson pointed out, thought the movies were going to put the spellbinders clean out of business; but, now, after several years of competition, the lyceums are doing the biggest business ever—only there aren't so many of them and almost no poor ones. They said, too, the movies would kill the spoken drama, and for a time it looked that way. But, after a while, it began to be noticed that Mrs. Fiske always had a full house, which hadn't always been the case before the movies, when the average community got its standards of acting from Corne Payton and his brothers of the ten-twenty-three school. What the movies did was to raise the standard of stage work.

**THE** same thing, so the parson pointed out to me, happened in the music game when the talking machine entered the field. The opera and concert people thought that canned music was sure to play their funeral march; and I must say the village soloist who had been getting away with murder did have a tough time of it up against John McCormack and Alma Gluck, but the parson was right again: Real music came into its own. Only the feeble voices cracked under the strain.

Of course, the parson admitted, it would be a little easier to stage a come-back in a modern church plant—and he promised to discuss with Deacon Wethered my scheme for financing a modern building on the present site; but the outstanding thing about his whole manner was absolute confidence that the come-back was on its way. For the first time in ten years—since I went to church before—I realized the strength of a house that is built upon faith. I was glad, as I stood there in the cold, empty church, and looked into the eyes of the solemn young man, I was glad that I belonged to the church before I belonged to the movies. And I told him so.

"It is not the first instance," he replied, "where one has come to scoff, and remained to pray."



# Sincerely—by Request

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED By ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



IT WOULD never in the world have occurred to me to write to Wesley Durant and ask him for his picture, in the first place, if Madge hadn't suggested it. Madge is always the one who suggests things. We were at her house, Ruth and Corinne and I, one Friday afternoon, making high-school banners, when the conversation took place. Madge had just served us ice cream and devil's food cake, to my great relief.

Ever since Marjorie Hayden visited her cousin in New York you haven't been able to count on decent refreshments at any afternoon party in our crowd. Marjorie came back with the news that everybody in New York just served tea in the afternoon, that it was awfully small-town to have a regular meal, the way we'd been doing. A lot of the girls here are copy-cats, and it just spoiled half of the parties for me. I can't think of anything in the world more disappointing than to go through a whole afternoon looking forward to something like Persian Fluff and Marguerites or Fruit Delight with scads of whipped cream and chocolate layer cake—and then be given a cup of tea and a cracker. You can't tell me that anybody on earth really likes tea!

Madge had gone out to the kitchen after her own dish of ice cream and Ruth took the first spoonful of hers. "I don't know whether I can possibly eat all this or not," she said to me in a confidential whisper. "About all I really feel like is a cup of tea."

Ruth is quite deceitful.

"Yes, that's all I do, too," I agreed, feeling that appearances must be kept up.

It was easy to see that Ruth was just pretending, because after the first spoonful or two she forgot to eat in a languishing way. The cake plate was on the window seat beside her, and every time I looked at her she was taking another piece.

I had been wondering whether it would seem awfully crude to take a second dish of ice cream, in case there was any more, and I didn't hear the first part of the conversation. I glanced up as Madge said:

"And he sent her a regular photograph of himself with 'Yours truly, Edward Huntington,' written in the corner."

I was not much interested in Edward Huntington—he's always in Wild West films, and I don't like those—so I didn't pay any particular attention to the conversation until Corinne said:

"I wonder if other moving picture stars would do it, too."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Madge, "especially if you sent a quarter's worth of stamps for postage, the way she did."

A sudden silence fell, and I thought of Wesley Durant. I recalled the way he had looked in the

close-ups of "Better Late than Never," with that sideways look and his wonderful smile. It seemed to me that if I could have a photograph of him to look at whenever I wanted to, I wouldn't ask for another thing in the world as long as I lived.

"I would give every penny I have or ever expect to have for a photograph like that," said Corinne in a solemn tone.

Her voice was so dramatic that I thought for a minute she felt the same way I did. Then she went on, and it was an actress whose picture she would give all her money for. Imagine—a woman! I never dreamed that Corinne was so silly.

Well, we talked about it for some time, and then Madge suggested that we each write for whatever photographs we'd rather have. At first, I just gasped; thinking of Wesley Durant made it seem such a wild, daring plan. But the more we talked about it, the more reasonable it seemed. As Madge pointed out, the worst that could happen would be not to get the picture and, in that case, we wouldn't be any worse off than we'd been before.

We finally decided to do it. Madge found pens and paper and we drew up a letter that we all agreed to use. Of course, they were all going to different people; but they all said the person was our favorite actor, and how we would be pleased and grateful to have a photograph.

When it was time to go home, Madge said she would walk down Smith Street with us to the drug store and get a stamp. She and Ruth and Corinne all bought stamps and mailed their letters right there at the corner.

"I'll take mine home," I said, "and get a stamp out of Mother's desk."

I'm not supposed to buy stamps out of my allowance,

and when you have an allowance as disgracefully small as mine, I can't see the use of spending any of it for anything you're not supposed to. It wasn't the two cents, it was the principle of the thing.

I left the girls at the corner of Deekner Street and I was just passing the Baptist Church, I remember, when the idea came to me.

It came suddenly, in a perfect flash. I've often wondered if that is the way inspirations come to authors. It didn't seem as though I had thought of it, myself, at all. It just popped into my head. It was this: Could I ask Wesley Durant to sign his photograph "Yours sincerely," instead of "Yours truly"?

It would be hardly any more trouble for him, just to write four letters more. And the difference it would make to me! "Sincerely" sounds as different from "Truly" as black from white. Then, too, it would make such an impression on the girls. I must confess that that side of it occurred to me too. They would never need to know that I had asked him to do it—nobody has to tell everything they know to their friends.

I figured all the evening, while I was pretending to study physics, on how I could ask him. Finally, I decided to put it in a postscript.

I wrote:

P. S. It has just occurred to me in passing that perhaps you would just as soon sign it "Yours sincerely" as "Yours truly." This would be more unusual and would mean a great deal to me.

I had to write this a dozen different ways before I finally decided on this one, but I really think I finally got an almost perfect way. "It has just occurred to me in passing" sounds so casual. I can't think of anything on earth that sounds any more casual than "in passing." Then, putting in that about its meaning a great deal to me might influence him.

Madge's picture came Monday.

"Stop in on your way home from school," she said. And we all knew what had happened.

She had the picture on her dresser, as if Roderick Hamilton were a regular friend of hers. I thought this was very affected; but it really did look impressive with "Yours truly, Roderick Hamilton" written across the corner.

Corinne's came Wednesday, signed, "Yours truly, Glory Guarding." And if it didn't look silly. Thursday, Ruth's came.

And none came for me. Thursday dragged along, and Friday and Saturday. I had begun to be worried Wednesday, and by Saturday afternoon I was a wreck.

Sunday was terrible. By Monday when I came home from school, I was so discouraged that I scarcely glanced through the dining-room window on my way around to the side door. The merest glance, however, showed me that on the buffet, where Mother always puts the mail, was a large, flat envelope.

It was a photograph of Wesley Durant. The sight of it turned me cold and goose-fleshy all over. It looked like him, just as he looked

"I would give every penny I have, or ever expect to have, for a photograph like that," said Corinne



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



in the close-ups. It was taken full front, and his eyes seemed to be looking right at me.

It was quite a while before I could look away and down into the corner to where he had signed his name. At last, I looked.

Wesley Durant had not signed the picture "Sincerely" nor "Truly." He had written "Cordially yours!"

I showed the photograph to the girls one at a time. It was not the kind of thing you would put up on your dresser and have a whole rabble in to look at. Madge pretended to think that "Cordially yours" was nothing special. She can't stand it to have anybody get ahead of her. But Ruth and Corinne were honest.

"There must have been something about your letter," said Corinne in a respectful tone. "It must be your handwriting, because we all said the same thing, exactly."

I felt a little guilty at this, so I said:

"Well, I copied my letter over on some of that wonderful stationery that Aunt Beth sent Kathie for Christmas."

It is queer how telling part of the truth often relieves your conscience just as much as though you had told it all.

"Are you going to write to him again?" Ruth asked after a while.

"Oh, I may," I said; "or I may not."

I made my tone very casual.

It took me most of two evenings to write the letter I finally sent. I had to be extremely careful to make it dignified—I'd die rather than send one of those silly, gushing letters that they say so many girls write.

I just told him in a frank, sincere way how he made me feel. I told him how I would get all weak and tremble while I was waiting for him to come on the screen, and how in parts that were not supposed to be sad at all I would taste salty tears in my mouth, just from excitement, I suppose.

For a week, I was very unsettled. I knew it was really too much to expect him to answer my letter, and yet I couldn't keep the idea from bobbing up in my mind. I fairly ran around the house every day when I came home from school to look through the dining-room window and see if there was a letter on the buffet. And Wednesday noon there was.

It was from him. The instant I saw the familiar, flowing writing on the envelope, I knew.

My hands shook so that I stuck myself with my hatpin trying to get the envelope open. It was a typewritten sheet I unfolded. At the bottom his name was signed just as it had been on the photograph.

The letter convinced me that he was just the kind of man I had been sure he would be, cold and reserved until he felt well acquainted and then, of course, full of pep. His letter was very reserved and formal, but so cordial. He thanked me for telling him how much I liked his pictures, said that it was an enthusiastic though unseen audience that kept his work such a pleasure to him. All the letter was like that, wonderful but reserved. Until the last sentence.

"I hope that some day you will find time to write me again," it said, "and tell me the kind of pictures you like best, which of mine particularly appealed to you."

I had never dared dream of anything like that—that he would wish to start a correspondence with me. It was almost unbelievable. Although, to be perfectly honest, I do recall a queer little feeling that I had when I mailed my first letter to him—not exactly a hope, but a kind of feeling that you could never tell what might come of all this.

As I look back at all this now, through the eyes of a sophisticated woman of the world, it makes me pretty mad. To recall how I felt fairly sick with excitement, and could scarcely enjoy my food for weeks, how I carried that huge photograph around under my middy (the sharp corners giving me a very peculiar figure), just so that whenever I was alone for a moment, I could pull it out and look straight into Wesley Durant's eyes.

And yet, I wasn't such a simple, ignorant girl, even then. Of course, at that time I hadn't been to New York, but I had been to Chicago twice, and had read a great deal. And I knew from the magazines I had read that many a girl who falls in love with an actor awakes with a horrible start to find that he is married and has one or even more children.

Of course, I couldn't very well write and ask Wesley Durant if he was married. So I handled the situation in a very subtle way.

I wrote a letter to the question department of a moving-picture magazine. If you sent a stamped addressed envelope and ten cents a question, you got a personal answer. It would only have cost me a dime, of course, to find out all I really wanted to know. But that would have looked so bald. So I wasted thirty cents on comparatively unimportant matters. I asked where Wesley Durant lived and how old he was, and then, to disarm suspicion entirely, I put in a question about Mary Pickford, which wasn't worth a nickel to me, to say nothing of a dime. I asked the real question in a postscript.

"By the way," I wrote, "is Wesley Durant married?"

"By the way" sounds almost as casual as "in passing." The answer came promptly.

"Mr. Durant is living at present in New York City," it read. "He is twenty-six years old. Miss Pickford's present address is Hollywood, California."

And then,

"Mr. Durant is a bachelor."

I was surprised, naturally, to learn that Wesley Durant was no longer a young man, though in a way his age made him seem all the more mysterious and romantic.

I was afraid that when he found that I was only sixteen, he would lose all interest in me. So, feeling that it would be easier to bear the blow at once rather than later, when I answered his letter I mentioned my age in a casual way. I also spoke of having had dinner at Judge Stelle's the night before, and mentioned something that had happened when I was in Chicago. I wanted him to see that, although I was young, I went with nice people and had traveled.

My age did not seem to depress him at all. He answered my letter in a little over a week, and he couldn't have written a nicer letter if I had been twenty years old. His letter did not exactly call for an answer, but as a picture that he was in came to the Lyric, I naturally



wrote to him, and told him how wonderful it was.

I was keeping the whole affair a dead secret, telling nobody but Madge and Ruth and Corinne and Marjorie Hayden and Peggy Malone and Madge's sister. It must have leaked out, though, in spite of my being so careful, because one day, at school, a freshman I had never even known said she heard I had a picture of Wesley Durant. I happened to have it under my middy blouse at the time, so I drew it out and showed it to her.

When she saw the "Cordially yours," she almost swooned.

"Is he—is he a real friend of yours?" she asked.

"Oh yes, in a way," I said casually. "Of course, I've never met him. But we correspond."

"Are you going to ask him to get you into the movies?" she asked.

"Oh, mercy!" I laughed. "I hadn't even thought of that."

That wasn't wholly true, because it had occurred to me once or twice.

I got the nicest letter from him, thanking me for having written about the last picture in our town. His last sentence I read over and over. It said:

"You can never know how much your kind appreciation means to me."

At last I decided to write a letter to Wesley Durant and ask him if he could get me into the movies. I took great pains with the letter. I told him exactly how I looked. I couldn't afford to be modest at a time like that, so I told him simply and frankly that I had always been told that I was pretty.

I concealed nothing. I even told him that I could never appear in evening gowns that had just straps over the shoulders on account of having been vaccinated by an old-fashioned doctor.

"Of course, I realize that I could probably not get very good parts at first," I went on; "but that would be perfectly all right with me."

I wanted him to see that I was willing to begin at the bottom.

I mailed it early Friday morning. From the moment that I dropped it into the box, I began to be troubled with the most upsetting feelings. Half of the time I

"I wanted to—to see Mr. Durant," I said. "I've corresponded with him for some time."

would feel sure that Wesley Durant would say that he couldn't do anything to help me, and then I would be sick with disappointment. The other half of the time I would picture his sending me a ticket and telling me to come to New York. Then I would be sick with homesickness.

I had never undertaken anything of any real importance before, that I thought Mother and Father wouldn't like, and it made me feel queer and forlorn. One night, when Will Horton was over and we were playing five hundred with Mother and Father, I nearly began to cry. Mother had made some Wonder Fluff for me to serve afterward and Father was so jolly, joking Mother about renigging and padding her score, just as he always does. It was so cozy and homey that a cold chill swept over me, and I felt that I could never go away to stay, even if I got to be as big a star as Mary Pickford. But the next morning—it's queer how you do pep up in the morning—I would remember how much money stars make, and how I could easily come home often.

The next Friday his answer came.

He said, first of all, that he perfectly understood my wishing to be on the screen, but that I mustn't think about it until after I had finished school at least, that education was my job right now—the regular old stuff that people feel they must always say to anybody who happens to be younger than they are. I should have thought Wesley Durant would have been above it. Naturally, I didn't pay any attention to that part.

He said he felt sure from my description that I was a very pretty girl. I read that sentence over and over. It was the most precious compliment I had ever had.

But it was the last paragraph that thrilled me to the very marrow.

"You may be one of our coming stars," he wrote. "Who knows? But now, however, you are still young. My advice to you is to forget all about it for the time, stick to your school, learn all you can and have all the fun you can. You know New York is a long way from Montrose. If at some future time you do come East and become a famous actress, your first and most sincere congratulations will come from

"Cordially yours, Wesley Durant."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



# "When a Soldier Needs a Friend"

By CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL

ILLUSTRATED by C. F. PETERS

IF EVER a soldier needs a friend it is when he first faces the world after having been away from it. The men who went to France and came home uninjured, often tell of their restlessness, and the difficulty they found in settling down to home life and work once more. And this is doubly true of the men who, in addition to this restlessness, have had two or three years of suffering, operation on operation, and the long monotony of the hospital. They scarcely know where to turn, as they emerge once more and try to take up the daily task of living.

Several paths open to these ex-soldiers. The first is that of vocational training offered to them by the Government. This has been urged upon them in the hospital by the Federal Board representative, and different lines of work suggested. Naturally, this training appeals to them, for they are paid a hundred dollars a month for their support, and placed where they can get the studies they decide to take. Even here, however, it is a good thing for a soldier to consult with someone besides the Board representative, for too often he takes up a line for which anyone who knows him well could tell him he is unfitted. Perhaps the Board representative suggests that the Russian should study tailoring; he does not notice that the boy's right hand is partially paralyzed; he, half afraid of the distinguished visitor to his ward, says nothing about it. Naturally, this leads merely to disappointment and failure in the end. The huge Swede, with hands, as Howells once put it, "like canvassed hams," has said he was willing, even eager, to become a watchmaker; he, too, has to give it up, discouraged.

Sometimes the man cannot accept this vocational training because of family conditions; in this case he needs and must have a job, and at once, when he leaves the hospital. Many employers generously—or shall we say justly?—promised to take back the men who went to war; but that was long ago. The well men went back; the places could not be held for these men emerging today from hospitals. Even if the place were open, often the soldier is not strong enough to do now what he once did. So many are out of work now that it is hard to place a strong, skilled workman; how much harder to place one who is weak and ailing! This is where the friend of the soldier ought to put a strong shoulder to the wheel. It is true that there are well-conducted bureaus in cities to find work for the men, but for one placed ten are waiting.

One boy with a hip amputation was found sleeping in an attic on a table, with his old army overcoat for a covering; another convalescent spent three days and three nights—rainy nights—in a city park; a third, balancing himself on his crutches, sold pencils on a street corner till he fainted from exhaustion. "We can't make jobs," exclaimed an official indignantly when these things were brought to his attention; "we do our best!" But even the best is not half enough. It is a crying shame that any soldier, especially any convalescent soldier, is not helped to a situation, and one which he is competent to fill.

## Every Community Can Help

OF COURSE the American Legion, the different associations for the disabled, the churches to which the men belong, and other associations, all are trying to help them; but no community should take any chances with the ex-service men, especially those just out of the hospitals; they should know that each man has enough money to live on for the present, and something to do in the future. The Carry-On clubs for the wounded men are an excellent thing; convalescent men without families get together and share a cheerful common life. Any community can help there, by getting a house for a group of men, furnishing it, and establishing the home life in it; then the men can go on with the place, running it on club lines, and enjoying their independence.

The soldier's friend should also strongly urge him to keep up his insurance. Often, because he has no dependents, and needs the premium money, he permits his insurance to lapse; but it is an exceedingly foolish thing, for later on he is likely to have others to care for, and there is no insurance elsewhere so cheap as that which the Government provides.

The Red Cross Home Service does a fine work in looking after the families of the ex-service men. The girl, or the older woman, who is looking for some way of helping can find plenty to do here. It is not always an easy job, or a delightful one, for there are mountainous stairs to climb, and often dirt and disorder to encounter, and frequent disappointments to meet. Ingratitude, possibly, and ignorance, and indifference, too; but a fine job, none

the less, and one that will take all the courage, and persistence, and good cheer that the best of women have to give.

The enthusiastic woman—or man, for sometimes it is a man who makes the mistake—should always personally investigate any needy case met with on the street. One stormy night, as the crowds were coming out of a theatre, a young man wearing the silver button of the wounded soldier stood begging. As the few dropped dimes and nickels into his hat someone asked what the trouble was, and he told a brief, pitiful story of a sick wife, a new-born baby, and no doctor, food, or comforts. Instantly everyone cried "Shame!" And bills began to fill the hat. It did not occur to anyone to go with the man to his home and verify his story. It might not have been true; but, also, it might have been. Then the Home Service would gladly have taken over the case and cared for the family.

The women of a town may do a splendid work, also, in gathering together the women of the families of the soldier, especially of the foreigners, and teaching them in a friendly coöperative way to cook, to market, to keep their homes clean, and especially how to care for the children. Women's clubs could easily have such a social center for such work, and divide up the responsibility among the club members.

## A Man with Influence is Sometimes Useful

THERE are always special cases coming up among ex-service men which demonstrate the fact that someone who has a "pull" can be of great help.

For example, a blind man was found one day who had been at the front for fifteen months. He had never been wounded, but he had had concussion of the brain from shell fire, and had become blind. On his return, still half dazed, he said to himself, as he explained later on, "I am no good to the Government any more, and I'll go home!" So he left, undischarged. Later on he voluntarily gave himself up, receiving his discharge on account of his disability; but the papers were marked "Dishonorable." This meant that he could collect no compensation from the Government. A man of influence took the matter up with the authorities at Washington, with the result that the soldier was taken from the almshouse

*His sense of humor came to the rescue as he pointed out a society woman near by: "She said to the lady with her, 'Isn't it pleasant to meet the proletariat!'"*



(where he had been sent as a public charge), placed in the Red Cross home for the blind, where he was taught a trade, and eventually he became self-supporting.

This is, of course, an unusual case; yet there do exist unusual cases which call for extreme measures.

It is a tremendous mistake for any soldier's friends to try to pauperize him. Women who have lost sons in the war are those who too often are guilty in this way. They give them clothes; they give them money; they

seem to try to keep them dependent. They are blind to the fact that what the soldier wants is to be independent, self-supporting, self-respecting. Charity is offensive to him, and only his courtesy makes him able, often, to endure it.

This same sensitiveness of the men makes anything like exploitation repugnant.

A woman interested in a benevolent scheme gathered a group of men on crutches, recently discharged from the hospitals, and took them to the seashore, to give them, as they thought, a happy day. Once there, however, she told them she wished their help in raising money to establish a service club, and asked them to go up and down the board walk and solicit funds for this purpose. At first they attempted to carry out her plan; but one by one they came back to the waiting automobiles and crept in, out of sight. "We can't stand being stared at," they muttered. Did any woman in the world ever know a boy who did like to be "stared at?" No well boy ever did, and how much more certainly no wounded boy.

## What Puzzles the Soldier

CONDESCENSION, too, is a crying evil to the ex-service men. They are all clever at seeing through those who try to help them, and easily separate the really disinterested from those who have an underlying motive at work. "What does 'proletariat' mean?" a boy at a Carry-On club tea asked a woman standing by him, whom he had known when he was in the hospital. She told him. Luckily, his sense of humor came to the rescue as he pointed out a society woman near by: "She said to the lady with her, 'Isn't it pleasant to meet the proletariat!'" And, doubled with laughter, he began to pass the story around among the other boys.

What puzzles the soldiers is this: When the war was on any man in a uniform was interesting to any woman. A girl of social prominence danced gladly with the butcher's son and the barber; she petted the inarticulate country boy, and led him to confide his homesickness to her; she showed the tenderest solicitude for the boy who was on the eve of going across. And she was right. She helped him; she gave him courage. But to-day, into what far limbo has that friendliness vanished?

## He Wasn't an Officer!

THE snobbishness we laid aside when the war was on has come creeping back. The enlisted man is by no means the object of interest he was formerly. Only lately a woman who lived near a Service club in the city used to take a group of men who had been officers for a weekly drive in her car. One day one of them asked her to take in his place a certain man who had been a private, who also belonged to the club. She excused herself with what grace she could. "I'm sorry you don't want to take him," he said. "He's a dandy fellow. I used to be his chauffeur before the war!"

If ever the spirit of democracy was lacking in this country it is lacking to-day, as we meet these ex-service men. We no longer pet them; luckily, petting is the last thing they desire. But the girl who used to dance with the butcher's boy ought at least to speak to him cordially when she meets him now, and to show some interest in his future, too often dark enough; and the older women who used to give coffee and sandwiches to those leaving for France, and who threw in a "God bless you, my boy," for good measure—and who meant it deeply—might help them get work, visit their little families, and give some encouragement to those who are finding life pretty hard.

## Keeping Up the Morale

WHAT all soldiers need, in the hospital and out of it, is to have their morale kept up. Life is discouraging to most of the men who were in the army. It is the small minority who have slipped back into comfortable berths; most of them are handicapped in one way or another; some are out of work; some have too small a salary to live on; some are fighting a deep-seated nervousness, left by the shock of war; many are struggling along with painful wounds, some that no one suspects exist. The men need cordiality from us, a warm, vital interest in their well-being. We promised them so much three years ago; let us remind ourselves how much—"lest we forget!"



# Getting Your Money's Worth From Washington



ARE the departments of the Federal Government helping in your kitchen, acting as your lawyer and banker, protecting the working members of your family, Americanizing your alien neighbors? The departments are equipped to do all of this, and more, because of the millions of dollars which American women and American men pay in taxes every year toward their support. Are you receiving sufficient personal service to justify this expenditure?

If not—why not? Are you informed as to what the departments are doing? Have you asked them to send you the many free books and bulletins which they are constantly publishing? Have you submitted to them your own perplexing problems?

Have you told the Department of the Interior, for instance, that you just cannot find a house in which to live, and that you are interested in the home-building plans of its bureau of reclamation? The bureau is seeking to make available for homes great stretches of now unoccupied land. In the words of one of its executives, it aims to bring about "new forms of country life that shall be attractive and satisfying to the masses of men; a new passion for the soil; a new era of national development, with millions of new homes, suburban and rural."

The Bureau of National Parks is also a part of the Department of the Interior. It is dependent upon your understanding aid if it is to serve you at all, because there will be no national parks unless preservation laws are passed by Congress, and enforced. Since more than one million tourists visited the parks last year alone, it is certain that the people do desire their continuance.

The Indians are under the care of the Department of the Interior, and it maintains their reservations, "little more than idealized orphan asylums," as one recent chief of the department termed them. Asylum inmates, Indians may be; but most of them are far from being paupers. The lands assigned to them have developed such unexpected riches that a recent appraisal put the total at nine hundred million dollars, or three thousand dollars for each Indian, with tribal funds amounting to fifty million dollars in the United States Treasury, and eighteen million dollars in private banks to the credit of individual Indians. Such wards are beset with many difficulties, and in order that they may have the best care and the greatest opportunities for self-development, every voting citizen in the country should watch the bills introduced in their behalf every year before Congress.

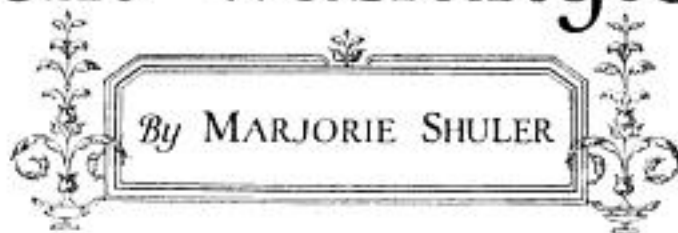
## A Lawyer Who Charges No Fee

THERE is legal assistance, yours for the asking, in the Department of Justice, which is supposed to protect your home from frauds through the mails. If you receive by mail an advertisement for a stock or some other business venture which makes extravagant promises of returns, pass the circular on to the Department of Justice. It is your lawyer, without fee and without price, and will gladly prosecute any case of that kind. The Department of Justice has come far closer to the homes of the country in the last few years than was ever expected when Edmund Randolph was appointed the first attorney general of the United States at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. The present salary of the Attorney General, like those of the chiefs of all the other Federal departments, is twelve thousand dollars a year, and a recent estimate of all the employees under the department was 5,700, 2,070 of whom are appointed by the Attorney General.

There is one department which is freely used by every citizen, and that is the post office. It is estimated that there are posted every hour of every day of every year an average of more than a million and a half letters, two hundred tons of parcel post, and seventy-five tons of newspapers and magazines. But the post-office department has other resources at your command. It will be your banker if you wish to deposit money with it, and in one recent month it accepted such sums, totaling more than a hundred and sixty million dollars. It will go still further than that, for even though you do not have a deposit account with it, you may use its money order system to send money to any part of the world. The post-office department had an illustrious first chief. When it was organized in 1775, Benjamin Franklin was appointed as its head, with an annual salary of one thousand dollars.

## Some of the Money is Spent for Your Kitchen

THE bureaus of crop estimates and chemistry are just two of the many in the Department of Agriculture established to help you in your kitchen. For, in addition to guarding the interests of the eighty billions of dollars' worth of farm property, with its production of crops every year sufficient to buy out every railroad in the



country, the department is intended to protect your interests as the consumer. If you are reading its bulletins you know what it is doing to analyze manufactured foods, inspect factories, markets and shops, and how you, reporting any violations you see, can supplement its efforts and help it more efficiently to serve you, and every other housewife.

The department has been instrumental in the passage of legislation by Congress reducing the number of sizes of grape baskets in use from twelve to three, and of berry baskets from thirty to four, in order that you, the buyer, may avoid confusion and loss.

This department also was interested in the passage of the Federal Foods and Drugs Act requiring all package goods to carry labels, stating the quantity of food contained and any substitution for usual ingredients. It not infrequently happens that of two packages of food the same size, one will contain from ten to fifty per cent more food than the other. This is particularly true of spices, condiments and flavoring extracts. Unless you, the buyer, read labels carefully, you lose not only on the package of food you buy, but on the return of your investment as a taxpayer in the work of the Department of Agriculture.

## The Treasury Department Has a Direct Connection with Every Home

THE Departments of War and Navy are kept pretty strictly to the business in hand of national defense, and the Department of State to the question of relationships with other nations, but the Department of the Treasury is another "catch-all," like that of the Interior. Under it are such diversified bureaus as those of the Mint, Engraving, and Printing, the Public Health Service and the Coast Guard. Why the Coast Guard should be under the Department of the Treasury and lighthouses under the Department of Commerce constitutes one of those curious twists of authority with which the departments abound, and which will eventually be cleared up in the reorganization planned for all departments.

The tax bureaus, under the Department of the Treasury, come pretty close to the family pocketbook, as people are coming more and more generally to realize. They have another use, in protecting children; for, when the national prohibitory child labor law was declared unconstitutional, a law was passed, and is now in operation, levying a tax on the products of child labor sent from one state to another. Another phase of the tax laws touches the family kitchen, taxes being levied against articles used in the home. For instance, when oleomargarine was first put on the market a Federal tax was imposed. Now, when the housewife makes butter substitutes out of animal fats, rendered over her own stove, she is technically as much a violator of the tax law, as the mountaineer who distills whisky over his hidden still!

The last of the ten departments to be established were those of Commerce and of Labor, originally created as one and separated in 1913. The Department of Commerce strives, at home, to establish honest weights and measures; and through the promotion of foreign trade endeavors to bring about those peaceful relations which are in themselves a preventive of war. Its newest investigations at home are in the industrial field, where it hopes to establish a fairer average of prices for the manufactured product. The amount of money paid by every individual in the United States to public utilities, including all kinds of transportation, communication, lighting and heating in direct charges, taxes, and other ways, amounts to eighty dollars per person annually, a very small part of which would suffice to investigate the whole industrial problem and give you better goods at lower cost.

In the Department of Labor, with eleven other bureaus, services and boards, are three bureaus of great interest to women: the Children's Bureau, the Bureau of Americanization, and the Women's Bureau itself, created only last June to protect the hours, the conditions of labor, and the wages of the fifteen million working women in this country.

There is a strong argument for the appointment of women executives to the other departments in the economy with which the women at the head of the Women's and the Children's Bureaus have conducted their work. The Children's Bureau, in the first six years of its existence, from 1913 to 1919, never had a larger appropriation from Congress than the one for 1918-1919, of \$268,160, which was increased to \$497,160,

by a gift of \$229,000 from the President's war emergency fund. During the two years that the Women's Bureau existed as the women in industry service, it had annual appropriations of \$40,000 and this last year it has had only \$75,000.

Aside from the credit due for the economical management there is no cause for satisfaction in the size of the appropriations. The fact that, in the total budget for 1920, Congress assigned to all the special needs of women and children approximately only one two-hundredths of one per cent is in itself the strongest of reasons why women should be more closely in touch with the work of the Federal departments.

## Read the Latest Appropriations Bill

A LETTER to one of your senators or your representative will bring a copy of the latest appropriations bill, showing the amounts given to each of the departments. You might well look it over, and then write to both your senators and representative what you think their vote should be on the next appropriations bill.

By writing to the departments you can find out something about the legislation, although by a recent act of Congress the departments may not give any information designed to affect the vote of that body. If you desire more complete information write to the National League of Women Voters, 918 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

A knowledge of the work of the Federal departments will be of assistance to you in another way: There is constant talk of revising the departments, and this year the talk has come to a head. Bills have been under consideration to enlarge some bureaus into departments and to combine others.

There is no doubt need for revision with regard to procedure in the departments. The head of each department is a member of the President's Cabinet, thereby being given much responsibility with little power, and being constantly subject to change. In his eight years in office President Roosevelt made twenty changes in his Cabinet, and President Wilson in his two Administrations made ten changes. Under such conditions there might well be need for the introduction of better business methods in the departments.

The second suggested revision is with regard to the organization of the departments, combining and transferring some bureaus and enlarging others to become departments.

Some of the more important suggested changes under discussion have been the addition of a department of public welfare and one of public works, a department of communication, including jurisdiction over telephones and telegraphs; the enlargement of the Children's Bureau to become a separate department; the enlargement of the Public Health Service to a department; and the enlargement of the Bureau of Education to a department; the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission as a department of railroads, and the Federal Trade Commission as a department of industries.

Many business institutions have suggestion boxes in which those connected with the business may place their ideas. The United States has a suggestion box. It is Congress. The women of the country can make a valuable contribution to the Federal departments, which are the heart of the nation's business—your business—by formulating practicable ideas, discussing them and agitating for them at home, and suggesting them to Congress for enactment into law.

## A List of Helpful Books

THE woman who wants to know more about the Federal Departments and their relation to the general scheme of Government will find these books helpful:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| "The Federal Executive," John Philip Hill, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.                                       | The woman who has no public library and wants to buy one book might well choose this. It is crisp, well illustrated with incidents, and is interesting reading. |
| "The President's Cabinet," Henry Barrett Learned, Yale University Press.   | A description of the American Departments as they differ from European ones, and tracing the history of their adoption.   |
| "A History of the President's Cabinet," Mary L. Hinsdale, University of Michigan.                                  | A résumé of the Cabinet of each Administration, showing the personal conflicts between members over procedure.  |
| "The American Executive, and Executive Methods," John H. Finley and John F. Sander-son, Century Company, New York. | A general summary of the relationship between State and Federal executives.   |





*She stood before the little altar with her hands folded in front of her, looking more lovely than any bride I had ever seen*

## The Wedding Dress

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

Author of *The Unclaimed Letter*, *The Girdle*, etc

ILLUSTRATED by ARTHUR GARRATT

OF ALL the strange experiences that have come my way that one of the wedding dress was, I believe, taking it all in all, the most singular. As a dressmaker by the day, wedding dresses do not often fall to my lot, except the economical kind that are to serve afterward for the bride's "at-homes." The other sort, of stiff magnificence, seen in wedding photographs or glimpsed in a crowded church, and then packed away in camphor, only to be brought forth for anniversaries, these, as a rule, come from big houses on the Avenue, and not from the well-worn fingers of a dressmaker by the day.

This fact was a regret to me, because my own marriage had been happy enough to leave me with a vein of romance still in my nature. I enjoyed sewing on shimmering white stuffs, and putting fair hopes and best wishes for the girl into the dainty stitches.

So it was a real surprise and pleasure to me to receive one morning in the slack season, that is, in midsummer, a letter from a Corinne Dallison, telling me that Mrs. Burgess, an old employer of mine, had recommended me. She wanted a wedding dress made, and she wanted me to come and stay at her home, which was on Staten Island. Could I give her a week? I called the telephone number she gave and told her that I would be down that afternoon. She directed me in a sweet but authoritative voice what boat to take, and said she would meet me with her car.

I packed my suit case and took the three o'clock boat, as directed. She had told me that for identification she would wear a cluster of white rambler roses, but I think I should have known, anyway, that the voice on the telephone belonged to the tall, self-possessed woman dressed in mourning who came forward to draw me quietly out

of the ferry crowd and into a much-battered car. Corinne Dallison looked about thirty-four years of age; and my experienced dressmaker eye gave her a beautiful thirty-six figure. "She'll be easy to fit," I thought.

As she drove the car she told me something of the family life of which for a few days I was to be a part. She and her two sisters, she said, lived on the ridge of hills which skirt the marshes below Richmond, in a house occupied for over a hundred years by their family. Their father, Doctor Dallison, had died three weeks ago out in the Northwest, where he had gone in search of health. "And now," I ventured at this juncture, "you are going to be married, Miss Dallison?"

My simple question seemed to startle her, for the car swerved, and she grasped the wheel with a hand that did not at once gain control. Then, with a very pretty smile, she answered, "I am not sure."

That puzzled me. When the wedding-dress stage is arrived at, one takes it for granted that the bride is certain of her marriage. My mind went on at once to the two sisters. But if the wedding gown was for one of them, why not say so?

For the remainder of the journey she talked of her father, to whom she and her sisters had been, it would seem, wholly devoted. His many years of selfless labor in his profession, especially his services to the poor of the island, had resulted, she said, in depletion of both his health and purse, and necessitated that last journey to the Canadian wilderness, where, after a brief mirage of recovery—to use her own words—he had succumbed to his old trouble.

"The funeral took place out there," she added, in a voice made uncertain by her emotion, "and he was buried by his own wish in one of the little cemeteries on the edge of

the wilderness. That was all attended to by—by a friend we've never seen. But we are to see him soon. He is stopping over on his way to Paris, next week."

She was silent after this and gave all her attention to driving the car. We passed through the village of Richmond, down a lonely road, up a hill, coming at last to a large brick house, neighbored only by a small old-fashioned stone church, where services, said Corinne—as I will now call her—were held only once a month, so small was the congregation.

The whole place was lovely, but lonely. I can still see the picture: wide sky; tall, sad elms; the distant marshes shot through with silver where the water channels were; a garden mostly of zinnias and stock; and on the porch two girls, almost Corinne's counterpart in height and figure, but much younger, one of them adorably pretty—that was Martha.

Little Eve, the youngest and not really little, conducted me to my bedroom, a splendid big room on the second floor with a sea view, and full of charming, old-fashioned furniture.

"I hope you will be comfortable," she said earnestly as if she really meant her words.

"Comfortable!" I echoed. "Why, it will be paradise to sew on a wedding dress in a spot like this. Is it for you?"

She blushed to the roots of her hair, and stammered, "Well—no—I believe not;" and I tried to keep from my face the astonishment I felt. A moment later Corinne entered the room, and in her quiet, practical way said that the day was too far gone to make it worth while to begin work; so wouldn't I please make myself at home—wander about the house and garden as I would. Supper would be at six.

I was glad of this privilege, for I wanted time to collect myself, review the rather strange facts in my possession: three sisters, a wedding dress to be made for one of them, and two of them apparently quite doubtful as to which one. I should have said that the destination of a wedding dress was as sure as death and taxes.

So I went down through the quiet house in a state of bewilderment.

"If you want to read," directed Martha, "there's the library. We'll use it for the sewing-room to-morrow because it's so cool."

I peeped in to appraise my field of operations. From a dressmaker's point of view the room was perfect: bare hardwood floor, sparse furniture, good light without glare, a fireplace into which to sweep scraps. Two sides of the room were lined with books, mostly medical works, lightened with some shelves of novels. I selected "Peter Ibbetson," and went out to a distant hammock swung between two gnarled apple trees that seemed to have wandered into the garden from an adjacent orchard.

But my eyes and thoughts wandered to that ancient house and the three sisters in black, with their beautiful politeness and their vague information. "The wedding dress is for Martha," I found myself saying aloud, as if to end the matter. "I wonder if she'll admit it."

She was a glorious girl, with hair of that brilliant chestnut color that actually has purple lights in it. Her eyes seemed more violet than blue; or else the black lashes made that effect, and whitened, too, her very fair, clear skin. She would be adorable in a wedding dress, while Corinne would be more stately, more remote; and Eve—When I thought of Eve, I couldn't see her in a wedding dress at all.

I dropped off into a nice quiet sleep at last, from which I was awakened by Phoebe, the cook, an old-fashioned American woman who had been with the family, she told me, ever since the birth of Miss Corinne.

They treated me like a real guest at the simple but delicious supper. They talked and chatted of many things, but not one word did they drop connected with a wedding, with a man, with a suitor, with satin; and I began to wonder whether I had dreamed that order to come down and sew on a wedding dress.

At the end of the meal I excused myself to wander out and see the sunset—really, not to be in their way if company should come; and my expectation of callers proved correct. The Misses Dallison were evidently popular, for two girls and four men arrived, the girls in gingham, bareheaded, the men in tennis clothes. The two girls and one man joined Corinne in the tennis court; the three other men grouped themselves about Martha on the porch. I saw Eve wandering off alone with a book, and rather wondered if she didn't care for the company, or if they didn't care for her. No more than the supper-table conversation did the circumstance hint of a wedding. A bride at the wedding-dress stage hasn't generally three men callers of an evening; and two girls wouldn't tag a bride-to-be, even on a tennis court. The world changes every day and gets stranger; but I've never yet observed much change in the ways of lovers. As far as I can see, they still like to be alone together.

About ten-thirty, they all went home and I started up-stairs.

"Someone is popular," I said to Martha as I went in the house.

"Popular! Oh, well, we're just overrun," she admitted frankly. "But, of course, not everyone has a dirt tennis court as hard and level as ours."

"Miss Eve doesn't care for the boys," I ventured.

"Eve?" She shrugged her pretty shoulders, but in a puzzled rather than a mean way. "Eve's old-fashioned. She seems like a child to Corinne and me."

"Maybe she's eclipsed," I thought.



Corinne met us at the steps. The lamp was lit in my bedroom, she said.

I asked for instructions about the next day's work. "If breakfast's at eight, I can get a good start cutting out—if I have a pattern—and know which—"

I paused. Corinne and Martha looked at each other, and it was like the glances of friendly rivals, both sure of themselves, both aware of and admiring each other's qualities. "Either of us will do to fit the wedding gown on," Corinne said. "We're both of a figure."

"And if neither of you is around, shall I take Miss Eve?" I ventured boldly.

The child must have heard, for she glided out of some shadow, saying, "Oh, no, I don't believe—"

"Of course, you're a thirty-six, too," Corinne interrupted with a kind of good-humored tolerance. "But I don't believe it will be necessary for Mrs. Bradley to bother over a model. One of us will always be within call to-morrow. I have had everything brought down to the library. Would you like to go in and see the materials?"

By the light of two tall lamps she showed me what she had assembled: Such a trig little machine that I longed to sit right down at it, a splendid assortment of sewing materials; a wire "Susan" on which to do the tedious draping, and, the crowning feature, a big, creamy, shining roll of satin and some magnificent handmade lace.

"It was first worn by our great-great-grandmother," Corinne said. "We have her wedding slippers, too; but our athletic feet are much beyond their dainty number. We can use only the lace."

"We," I thought, "always we! Is this a composite bride, a communal wedding gown?" Aloud, I said boldly and directly, "If I could know which of you is going to be married, I could work with better understanding. A wedding dress is such an individual thing—"

"Oh, I don't agree with you at all," Martha interrupted with a charming smile. "As if anything could be more stereotyped than a wedding dress! All that obliterating white; those conventional orange blossoms. A bride is less herself on her wedding day than any other day of her life."

She hadn't answered me; and Corinne only looked amused, but as if she quite agreed. "My young ladies," I thought, "if this is a mystery, it's the last open attempt I'll make to penetrate it. If you send Phoebe in to have me try that white satin on her ample form, I'll make no protest. If I have three brides to one wedding dress, that's your affair, not mine. Good satin and real point lace are not to be wasted, and I'm bound to know some day which sister is going to be married. I guess I can hold in my curiosity until then as well as anybody."

I was up in the sweet, fresh morning and at my work in the library. I made bets with myself as to which sister would do the first trying-on.

It proved to be Martha. "You'll look lovely," I said "in this satin—with your skin."

"If I get a chance to wear it," she laughed; and I said to myself, "Marion Bradley, I thought you told yourself last night that you could restrain your curiosity."

Well, she came again, and then Corinne came; and I found myself slipping into their scheme and asking both of them how they wanted the dress made. Fortunately, they were both for simplicity and straight lines, and both dead against a wedding dress too short or too low.

"If either of us is out of the way when you want to fit, call Eve," instructed Corinne on the second day; but somehow I had the notion that Eve dreaded to be called upon to act as a dress form; and I contrived that she shouldn't be.

Phoebe had volunteered the information that Miss Corinne's devotion to her father in his last invalid years had kept her out of marriage, in spite of her numerous suitors. She was ten years older than Martha, who was twenty-three, and twelve years older than Eve. "A mother to 'em, sure enough," the good woman commented. "The doctor's slightest wish was always law to her—and it's the same now he's dead," she added mysteriously.

I wondered what post-mortem wishes or directions of the good doctor were now fixing the course of these girls' lives; and if these had anything to do with the wedding gown, which was really attaining loveliness under my fingers. But I couldn't find a theory that fitted all aspects of the case.

At last came the stage when the lace was basted on, ready for a final fitting, and then Corinne showed me a beautiful tulle veil and wreath of artificial orange blossoms exquisitely fashioned of silver and velvet.

Martha took the last fitting. I can see her yet in the gleaming gown that seemed to light up her beauty like a white flame. White satin is dreadfully trying, even to young women, but Corinne and Martha Dallison went it one better, so to speak. "It would put poor little Eve out like a candle," I thought, and I wondered how it must feel to be the obscured one of a group of sisters when the others are sought after and courted.

It got dark while I was preparing to sew the lace properly, and Corinne suggested that I hold over the work until morning. So I put the dress on the wire "Susan," as I did every evening; with the same glance at the French windows and the same apprehension that it wasn't quite safe. To-night I spoke out:

"Do you think it's well to leave the gown here with all that real lace on it?"

Martha, who was helping me clear up, laughed and said, "Why, nobody would have the heart to steal a wedding dress. And nobody would ever climb the hill to steal from us, anyway."

It was the night of the full moon, and so beautiful did the garden and the enveloping misty landscape appear in the soft light that I sat at the window fully dressed for long after the house had quieted down. I fell into a sleep from which I awoke conscious of soft, half-perceptible sounds in the hall below.

They always kept a light burning in the lower hall, Corinne told me, so I thought that one of the family had gone for a glass of water or a midnight lunch. But after a time, a stealthy quality about those slight sounds aroused my fears. I thought of the wedding dress with its wonderful old lace.

So, I stepped very lightly into the hall. For a moment I held my breath. It didn't seem real—the ghostly mirror which ran from surbase to ceiling, the quiet lamplight, and the tall girl in full wedding regalia. Not Martha, not Corinne—but Eve herself, that quiet child who ran away from even the suggestion of trying on the wedding dress.

She stood still as a statue before the mirror, in the gleaming satin, with the veil clouding her slender form and lending to her a mysterious quality, and suddenly I wondered why I had ever thought her less pretty than her sisters. In that wedding dress she was adorable. A slight flush of excitement had given her unusual color, and her eyes were shining and starlike under the diaphanous white veil.

But as I gazed my heart just turned over. There was another spectator. The hall door had side lights, and through one of these I glimpsed a man's face. He was watching the girl intently, drawing back a little when she turned toward the door.

I confess I felt sick and weak for an instant. How to warn her, how to draw her away from those eyes and get her up-stairs without letting her know of danger, was a problem. I had just decided to speak her name softly, or to cough, when to my astonishment she turned toward the front door—and then it flashed through my mind that she perhaps expected the man and was going out to speak to him.

I looked at my watch: twelve-thirty—no time for a young girl to be unchaperoned; and, burglar or visitor, I made up my mind then and there that I must be a part of this adventure, whether it was secret meeting or secret marriage.

As she opened the door, I began my descent of the staircase, and by the time I reached the porch she was already traversing the garden, but alone, quite alone; nor was there a man to be seen anywhere.

I wish I could describe that picture: the night wind floated the veil out a little, and in the moonlight the satin shone as if it had a spectral light of its own. She went steadily on between the flower beds, then turned into the little path that led across a field to the old church, of which a Dallison ancestor had once been rector.

The church door could not have been locked, or else she had with her the key; and I remembered Corinne had said that, being the nearest family, they acted as amateur sacristans. Eve had quietly entered. I was scarcely a minute behind her.

She went very softly up the aisle and stood at last before the little altar—just stood there with her hands folded in front of her, and looking more lovely than any bride I had ever seen.

Then again I became aware that I was not the only spectator, for in an open doorway near the chancel was a man's figure silhouetted against the pale moonshine.

"I beg pardon."

The voice so well modulated and gentle could not have frightened anyone. But the suddenness, the unexpectedness of it startled her. I saw her turn her head—her face as white as her veil; but she didn't say a word, just looked at the speaker as if she would never leave off looking.

He came forward then, a tall, athletic-looking man with a grave, gentle manner. "I beg pardon for following you," he said; "but I just couldn't help it."

She drew herself up like a great lady and said simply, "I think there's some excuse for you. This isn't a usual occurrence."

"You're not afraid; I'm glad!" he said earnestly.

"I am only afraid of one thing," Eve gave back.

*Corinne looked up the staircase, and gave a little cry*



ARTHUR GARRETT

"What's that?" he asked with a charming smile and a manner of drawing her out as if already he understood. "Meeting a—a new man before—Martha."

"Who's Martha?"

"My most beautiful sister."

Silence between them, and then he spoke: "I am dying of curiosity."

"What about?" she questioned, still looking at him as if he had come straight out of fairyland.

"Why you rehearse for a wedding at one in the morning?"

"Maybe I have more confidence then," she returned—but blushed a little under his steady gaze.

It may have been my imagination, but I thought I saw a rueful look cross his handsome features, as if already he had lost his heart to her; and somehow I was sorry, too. I was almost sure now that the wedding dress had really been made for Eve.

"May I—may I ask—if the wedding is to be to-morrow?"

"No—not to-morrow," she replied. And my doubts were again awakened.

He seemed relieved. "May I—will you think me very rude—if I ask when?"

"It depends on—on other people," she returned cautiously.

He seemed to grow quiet and withdrawn; finally he said in a formal voice, "I think I ought to introduce myself. I am Frederick Bennett, your—your father's friend."

She caught her breath; then impulsively held out her hands. "We have so much to thank you for, Doctor Bennett; all your wonderful devotion to him when we were so far away, so helpless."

"It was nothing. He was very lovable. I had never been drawn to anyone so much, except my own father. Doctor Dallison wanted me—" he paused, as if embarrassed, then went on quickly—"wanted me to reach you all as soon as possible. And here I am!"

"I am glad," she murmured quickly. "Corinne and Martha will be glad."

A change seemed to have come over her, the old timidity—like a disguising veil. Rather stiffly she asked, "Where are you staying?"

"In New York. And, indeed, I was not spying on you. I came down to call; but I miscalculated the distance and the time required for the trip. When I found your house finally, I had no idea it was so late. I had just stepped on the porch when you came into the hall in your wedding gown, and for the life of me, I had no choice. I had to look, to follow you. It was such a fair vision."

Again the note of sadness in his voice. Her head drooped a little; then she said quickly:

"May I ask a favor of you? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 89]"



# More about Vivisection

## Letters received on both sides of this much-discussed question



IN THE July number we published an article entitled "The Truth about Vivisection," by Ernest Harold Baynes. Immediately after the magazine appeared we were bombarded with letters—many of them abusive and threatening, others congratulatory, still others sorrowful and questioning.

Some of the anti-vivisection organizations instituted a boycott against the magazine. Two circulars are reprinted on this page, which inspired a number of readers to write us that they would not only "never read the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION again, but would start a personal campaign against it."

The horrible fate to which the author of the article and the Editor of the magazine were condemned by some outraged readers seemed strangely at variance with the professed humanitarianism of the writers. Other readers were so evidently warm-hearted and sincere, and so obviously the victims of the misinformation freely circulated by the readers of the boycotting organizations that we accorded their sentiments the deepest respect.

Offsetting these denunciations, however, were many letters of endorsement from distinguished physicians and laymen, from every section of the country. Approximately four times as many letters came from "antis" as from "pro's," but the "anti" letters were nearly all similar in wording, written evidently at the dictation of others, and many of the writers of these letters admitted that they had not even read the article, but were protesting on general principles, at someone else's request.

The points made in the "anti" letters were:

- (1) That vivisection is needlessly cruel.
- (2) That no good ever has been or ever will be accomplished by animal experimentation.
- (3) That, even if the lives of human beings are saved by vivisection, the practice is "morally wrong."
- (4) That the physicians and surgeons who believe in or practice vivisection are all brutal and inhuman, interested only in the money they make.
- (5) That Mr. Baynes was paid by the "medical trust" to write the article.
- (6) That the Editor of the COMPANION was paid by the "medical trust" to publish the article.
- (7) That the entire article was a deliberate and malicious falsehood.

### "Please Give Your Readers the Other Side"

WE WERE urged, "in the interest of fair play" to publish an article on the other side of the question. Many such articles were submitted. When we replied that we could not publish them, because they were full of incorrect statements, or facts deliberately twisted to give a false impression, or half truths, or so-called first-hand testimony from individuals of no scientific standing, we were accused of narrow-minded partisanship.

We were offered, free of charge, an article by a well-known writer opposed to vivisection. We declined this, on the ground that this writer's already published articles were full of misleading or untrue statements, and incredible anecdotes. For example, this is a direct quotation from an article by this writer:

A physician once described to me, laughing at his own story, a trick whereby he got hold of a vivisection subject. I do not vouch for the incident's truth, though the narrator gave it to me as a fact.

The clinic with which he was connected ran short of animals. To continue the day's work and to illustrate some needed point, another victim was necessary—and needed in a hurry. My doctor acquaintance volunteered to go out and scout.

Before he had walked a block he met a little girl

EDITOR'S NOTE: A reprint of Mr. Baynes's July article, "The Truth About Vivisection," will be sent to any reader on request. (See note on page 82.)

To those who wish to study into the matter further, we urgently recommend a book entitled "Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress," by William Williams Keen, M. D. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

who was hugging to her loving heart a fluffy and loudly purring kitten. The doctor stopped her and praised the beauty of her pet. He told her it was the prettiest he had ever seen, and he begged leave to borrow it for a few minutes to show to some friends who were "crazy about kittens."

Proud to have her beloved chum admired by such an appreciative stranger, the child willingly handed the kitten over to him, on his promise to return it to her in a few minutes.

"For all I know," he ended his chuckling recital, "the fool kid is still standing on that corner, waiting for her cat!"

The writer, you will notice, does not touch for the incident's truth. Even more significant, he does not state what he, a strong, two-fisted man, did to his "doctor acquaintance," nor does he give the name of the physician whose sense of humor was so extraordinarily keen.

### California Leads in Protesting

OF THE dissenting letters, by far the greatest number came from California, and these were most bitter in tone. Most of them were directly traceable to postal cards sent broadcast, reading as follows:

OFFICE OF THE CALIFORNIA ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF., July 20th, 1921.  
MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE CALIFORNIA ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY:  
I beg you to write immediately to the Editor

of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, condemning in no uncertain terms an article in the July number of the magazine, entitled, "The Truth About Vivisection."

This article is most malicious and untruthful and should arouse every humanitarian. The writer is Ernest Harold Baynes, who poses as "a lover of animals."

Use your strongest words, in writing the Editor, whom you might also inform that you will never again buy another copy of the magazine and will advise your friends to do likewise.

ROSEMOND RAE WRIGHT, President.

### The Activities of Diana Belais

MRS. BELAIS, president of the New York Anti-vivisection Society, sent out a circular letter, which we are reprinting here for the benefit of those who may not have seen it.

#### IMPORTANT!

To All Friends of Animals

One of the most reprehensible and misleading attacks upon our literature has its place in the July WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, written by one Ernest Harold Baynes, who claims to be a humanitarian, going about the country lecturing to Humane Societies against cruelty to animals, yet at the last moment of his address delivering a strong defense of the most cruel practice in the world—vivisection. (I have been informed that he has done this without warning to the Society employing him.)

Permission has been asked by me to answer his glaring misrepresentation, but appear-

ances indicate there is a general scheme afoot to spread vivisectional teachings broadcast through those magazines appealing especially to women.

IN THE MEANTIME: PLEASE WRITE TO THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, EXCORIATING THIS NONSENSICAL ARTICLE FULL OF PERVERSIONS THAT DEFEND VIVISECTION. AND I SINCERELY HOPE YOU MAY FOLLOW MY EXAMPLE BY TELLING THE EDITORS THAT NOT ONLY HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR LAST NUMBER, BUT THAT YOU WILL ENTER UPON A PERSONAL CAMPAIGN TO URGE OTHERS TO WITHDRAW ALL SUPPORT IN FUTURE.

I do not ask this of you on solely sentimental grounds, but because we must unmistakably show those who so boldly and flagrantly misrepresent our literature that our united strength is something to be reckoned with.

Act at once!

Do not forget that vivisectors have admitted that our "Medical Opinion" booklet has done them a lot of harm—hence these repeated attempts to undermine it and our other work—built up with so much care.

Faithfully yours,  
DIANA BELAIS, President.

### Dr. William J. Mayo Deliberately Misrepresented

MANY, many of our correspondents told us that Mr. Baynes had been unfair in implying that no distinguished physicians of to-day opposed vivisection. In refutation of this, they quoted Dr. William J. Mayo. In fact, the Vivisection Investigation League, 105 E. 22d Street, New York City, sent out to its members and to one thousand newspapers the following:

Dr. William J. Mayo, America's Foremost Surgeon, Demands Protection of Dogs

The National Executive Committee of the Vivisection Investigation League yesterday endorsed the statement of Dr. William J. Mayo, the distinguished surgeon of Rochester, Minn., in which he demanded the protection of dogs from the vivisection table.

In an address this week before the Boston Surgical Society, held in connection with the convention of the American Medical Association, Doctor Mayo said:

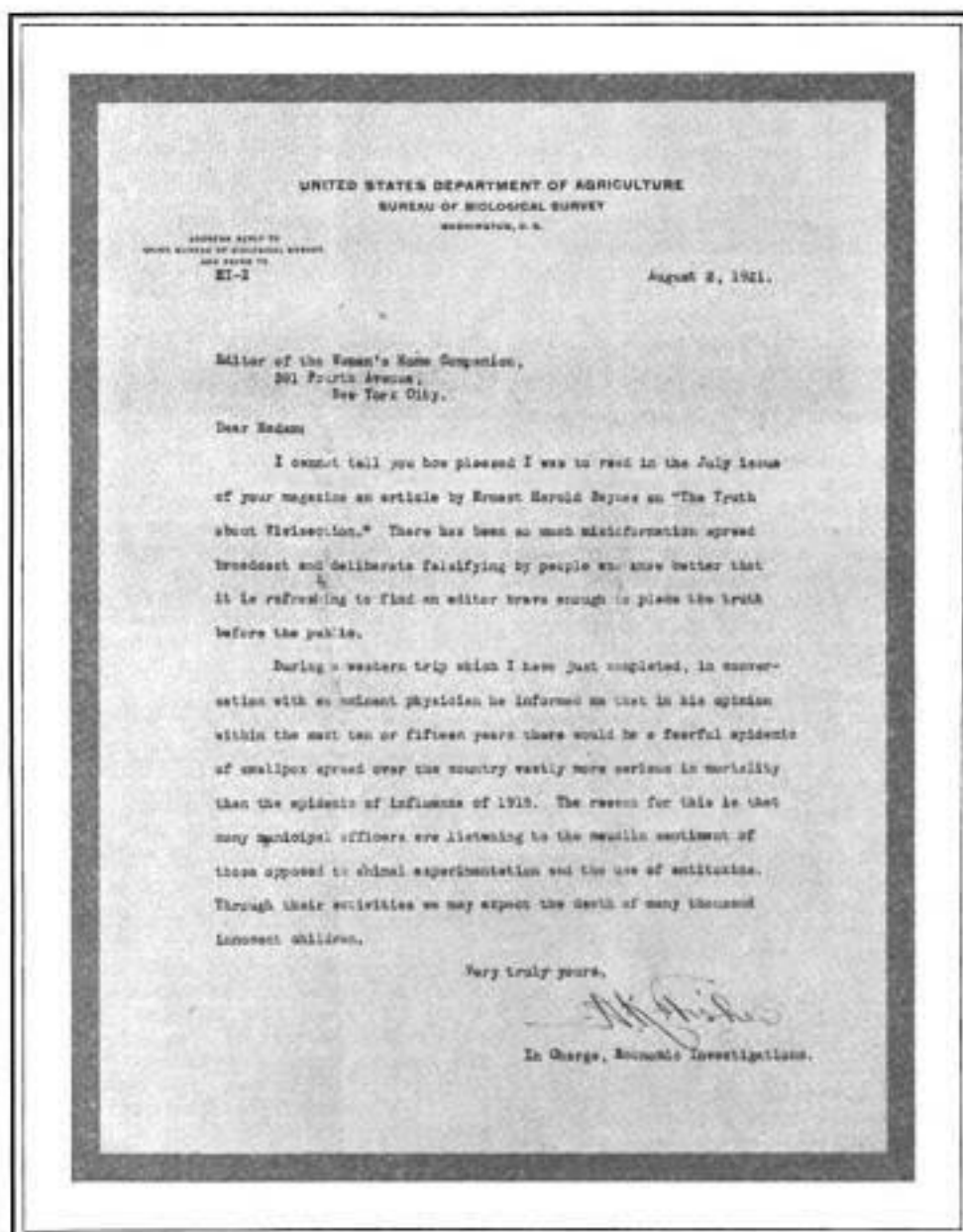
"The dog must be protected from the 'wanton experimenter.' For at least 4,000 years the dog has been man's friend and companion, and the practice of buying stolen family pets at small prices for animal experimentation has alienated the public."

Mrs. Clinton Pinckney Farrell of New York City, president of the Vivisection Investigation League, announced that the statement by Doctor Mayo had a distinct bearing on the national movement now on foot to put through the Dog Exemption bill, introduced in the United States Senate in April by Senator Henry L. Myers of Montana.

"The country has become aroused to the need of protecting dogs from experimentation," said Mrs. Farrell. "The demand of Doctor Mayo that dogs be protected from vivisection is indicative of the popular sentiment against using 'man's best friend' on the experimental table. Humane societies all over the country are working for the protection of dogs. Very recently the White House added its support to this movement. The magnificent record of dogs in the great war called the attention of the American people to the responsibility we all owe the dog for his protection."

The Vivisection "Investigation" League did not take the trouble to "investigate" Doctor Mayo's alleged statement. Mr. Baynes, however, wrote to Doctor Mayo to ask if he had been misquoted. His reply follows:

MY DEAR MR. BAYNES: I thank you for your letter of July 12th enclosing a copy of your article, "The Truth About Vivisection," and I would say that this article has the complete





approval of my brother and myself. We are, of course, strongly in favor of vivisection. In the clinic there are large laboratories in which a number of physicians are constantly at work on investigations which depend on animal experimentation. The trouble with the anti-vivisectionists is that they are not only dishonest but willfully dishonest. They picked out one sentence from a paragraph in my address, "In the Time of Henry Jacob Bigelow," given before the Boston Surgical Society in Boston, on June 6th, and exploited it for their purposes, ignoring the fact that the impression they produced was quite contradictory to the views expressed. The truth is not in these people. Very truly yours,

W. J. MAYO.

## Letter From Charles W. Eliot

Asticou, Maine, August 29, 1921.  
Dear Miss Lane:

I admire your public spirit and courage in publishing in the "Woman's Home Companion" Mr. Baynes's article entitled "The Truth About Vivisection." That article is accurate, truthful, and much needed; and it proceeds from a man who has abundantly demonstrated his love of animals, and his great services to the conservation and protection of many species of animals, both wild and domesticated. Your journal is a first-rate place in which to defend animal experimentation, the process which lies at the foundation of all the progress that the medical science and art, including preventive medicine, has made during the past hundred years; for women are largely concerned in the attack on animal experimentation, but also are strongly interested, through their love for their children, in the progress of both curative and preventive medicine.

What animal experimentation has accomplished for the benefit of mankind may be inferred from the list of diseases which are no longer the destroyers and terrors that they were: smallpox, cholera, typhus fever, typhoid fever, puerperal fever, yellow fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis, diphtheria, hookworm disease, and malaria. All these diseases would have remained the terrible scourges they used to be, were it not for animal experimentation and the progress in curative and preventive medicine which it has made possible.

I hope that you will continue to instruct the readers of the "Woman's Home Companion" in regard to the progress of medicine during the last hundred years, and especially during the last twenty years. This progress has been an immense benefaction to the whole human race.

Sincerely yours,  
Charles W. Eliot.

*The views of Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University and our most distinguished scholar and educator, are of great importance in this controversy.*

### Why Did We Publish the Article?

A NUMBER of letters came from readers who do not believe in medical practice of any sort; who believe doctors unnecessary, medicine harmful, or inefficient, and who would not under any circumstances summon a physician in case of illness.

These people are consistent, and we accord them the respect due to honest conviction. But they can hardly expect the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to agree with them, in view of our long record of cooperation with physicians in the interest of better babies and under-nourished children. We have always kept in step with what we believe to be the very best authority in the medical profession, and we stand squarely on the platform of modern medical practice.

We published the article by Mr. Baynes, knowing that we would lose many friends by so doing, but believing that the homes of this country would be seriously imperiled if certain legislation, now being strenuously advocated, were passed. The letter in the center of page 15 is one of the most startling bits of testimony received.

We believe not only in the benefit to human beings accomplished by animal experimentation, but in the almost incalculable benefit to animals themselves, as attested by J. R. Mohler, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington. Mr. Mohler's letter is published below.

We believe that, while much has been accomplished in eradicating and preventing disease, much is still to be accomplished, and that those wise physicians, to whom we entrust our health, must be permitted to proceed with such research as they deem necessary to safeguard human life.

That the COMPANION's convictions are in line with the best scientific thought of today is indicated by the resolution adopted by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, December 29th, 1920, reading, in part, as follows:

Whereas, the American Association for the Advancement of Science includes sections on Physiology, Experimental Medicine, and Zoology, and

Whereas, advancement of knowledge in these sciences, which is dependent upon intensive study of living tissue, is inevitably followed not only by amelioration of human suffering but also by a lessening of animal disease and by substantial gain and by conservation of the food supply, and

Whereas, this Association is convinced that the rights of animals are adequately safeguarded by existing laws, by the general character of the institutions which authorize animal experimentation, and by the general character of the individuals engaged therein, therefore be it

Resolved, that this Association agrees fully with the fundamental aim of those whose efforts are devoted to the safeguarding of the rights of animals, but deprecates unwise attempts to limit or prevent the conduct of animal experimentation, such as have recently been defeated in California and Oregon, for the reason that such efforts retard advance in methods of prevention, control, and treatment of disease and injury of both man and animals, and threaten serious economic loss.

### Every Farmer, and Every Mother, Should Read This Letter

DR. WALTER R. HADWEN, the English anti-vivisectionist, who is quoted by many of our correspondents as a "great authority," makes the following statement:

I know of nothing which has been discovered by or gained by the practice of vivisection that has been of the slightest benefit in the amelioration or the cure of any human disease.

In answer to this, we present this letter:

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
Bureau of Animal Industry  
Washington, D. C.

MR. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES:

DEAR SIR: Referring to your letter of June 28th, I would say that animal experimentation is of the highest importance to the welfare of the livestock industry, and thus, indirectly, as well as directly, in its relation to our knowledge of human diseases, of very great importance to the welfare of humanity.

Prior to the development of modern methods of animal-disease control—the result of animal experimentation—not only was mankind at the mercy of animal plagues which from time to time swept away a large proportion of the livestock over great areas of the country, but there was a large and continuous waste from less spectacular diseases, that tended to keep the live-stock industry on a low plane of development, and made very slender and uncertain the margin that separated the condition of the human population in their more prosperous years from one of actual starvation....

#### Diseases Already Controlled

Animal experimentation has enabled the United States to exclude from the country, to control, and, in some cases, to eradicate, food-destroying diseases like rinderpest, foot-and-mouth disease, anthrax, Texas fever, hog-cholera, surra, contagious pleuropneumonia, sheep scab, and many others.

Animal experimentation has proved that the manifestations of tuberculosis in different portions of the body, and in bodies of different species of animals, all have essentially one cause: it has proved that the disease is infectious; it has led to the discovery of the tubercle bacillus; it has proved that the type of the disease that is particularly prevalent among children is the type that is most common among cattle, and that it is spread to children by milk and dairy products from tuberculous cattle; and it has led to the discovery of tuberculin, without which, used as a diagnostic agent, the control and eradication of tuberculosis among food-producing animals would be impossible.

Animal experimentation has revealed the cause of Texas fever, proved how it is spread by cattle ticks, and has shown how the ticks and the disease may be eradicated; as a result of which the disease has been eradicated in the United States from an area amounting to more than half a million square miles, over two thirds of the originally infested area, making it possible to produce many more millions of pounds of meat and gallons of milk in this area than could be produced formerly, because of

prevalence of Texas fever. Furthermore, the results of the Texas fever investigation have led to the discovery of the insect transmission of human diseases, like malaria, African sleeping sickness, and yellow fever, and thus opened the way to improvement of living conditions of human beings in the warm countries of the earth, and to a higher development of civilization in the tropics.

In the light of my knowledge of what animal experimentation means to human welfare, I can say, without extravagance, that most terrible consequences would inevitably follow upon the general adoption throughout the world of the program of prohibition and regulation of, and interference with, animal experimentation that is advocated by the opponents of this fundamentally important means of the scientific investigation of disease.... J. R. MOHLER,  
Chief of Bureau.

### From the Secretary of Agriculture

Mr. Mohler's views are given further emphasis by the following letter:

MR. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES:

DEAR SIR: While your discussion of the subject of vivisection deals particularly with the results as applied to the alleviation of the ills of mankind, I feel it is equally applicable to the benefits animal experimentation has conferred upon the agricultural industry, particularly the branch devoted to animal husbandry. I refer especially to the advances which have been made in our knowledge of the origin, spread, and means of control of certain infectious diseases of farm animals, particularly tuberculosis, hog cholera, and anthrax. One can express himself equally strongly in regard to the advances made in our knowledge of nutrition of farm animals.

I feel that I may properly congratulate you on this article, and I might suggest an additional one illustrating our indebtedness to animal experimentation from the viewpoint of agricultural interests.

HENRY C. WALLACE, Secretary.

### From Well-Known Lovers of Animals

HERE are a few of the many letters received from men who are devoting their lives to the study of animals and their welfare:

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,  
NEW YORK.

I have carefully read the article on vivisection by Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, published in your July issue. I do not see how any fair-minded person could fail to be impressed by Mr. Baynes's logical and unbiased statement of the facts of the case, and believe that you have materially benefited the cause of research in publishing his article.

F. M. CHAPMAN,  
Curator, Department of Birds.

NOTE: Doctor Chapman is world famous for his work in bird conservation.

I have known Mr. Baynes for a good many years intimately, and I feel that on this subject, owing to his intense love for animals, he would not take the attitude he does unless he were firmly convinced that the opponents of vivisection are in the wrong. So much has been written on this subject, and the horrors of vivisection have been so graphically portrayed, that everyone must be desirous of knowing the facts. I personally have been horrified by some of the statements made by the anti-vivisectionists, and yet I have been convinced that they cited exceptional cases of cruelty, and that to do away with the practice altogether would be to rob the medical profession of opportunities for making discoveries of inestimable benefit to the human race. I have had little opportunity to investigate conditions where vivisection was being carried on, and it is most gratifying to read the facts as discovered by Mr. Baynes. He is, besides being an ardent lover of animals, a man whose statements can be relied on as absolutely unprejudiced and accurate, and I consider that the public owes a debt of gratitude to him for writing the article and to you for publishing it.

AUSTIN CORBIN.

NOTE: Mr. Corbin is president of the Blue Mountain Forest Association, which owns forty square miles of wild country in New Hampshire, for the preservation of buffalo, elk, and other big game.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,  
NEW YORK.

I am extremely glad to see that you have had the courage to print an article telling "The Truth About Vivisection." I doubt not that this will cost you many hard words, and the loss of some subscriptions, but it is about time that a halt is called to the allegations of the blatant anti-vivisectionists. I have had considerable personal experience with them and their ways dating from the time when they endeavored to force their views upon Congress and prohibit animal experimentation in the District of Columbia.

The Biological Society of Washington, as a matter of courtesy and in the interests of fair play, invited some of the leaders to discuss the matter before the Biological Society, but, as usual, the only result was a series of glaring misstatements. F. A. LUCAS, Director.

NOTE: Doctor Lucas is vice president of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mr. Baynes has done science a real service, and you have shown a fine spirit in giving space to his work. It goes without saying that every word which Baynes wrote is true, and that a great deal more evidence of the same sort could be produced. There have been but few cases in the history of the world where a group, unfortunately a large group, of misguided persons has come as near succeeding in accomplishing a terrible and vicious result as have the anti-vivisectionists. With no knowledge of facts, and less interest in getting facts, they have descended to the most extraordinarily base and barefaced lying in order to bolster up their movement.

It may be worth while knowing that you have the sympathy and support of all those who seek truth and thereby hope to advance science, not only for the physical benefit of mankind which results, but for the simple advancement of human knowledge as well.

THOMAS BARBOUR

I have read with a great deal of delight the excellent article entitled "The Truth About Vivisection," by Ernest Harold Baynes. With this I wish to congratulate you on your courage to publish it. Undoubtedly, it will lead to a torrent of abusive letters from the unthinking, the misinformed, the prejudiced, and the unreasonable. However, in the end right will prevail. Modern vivisection, conducted by persons who are competent and humane, cannot be objected to except by those odd folk belonging to one or more of the groups cited above. Anyone who is familiar with what vivisection has done for mankind and animal-kind must realize its value to the world. That vivisection has been abused in the past in isolated cases, we do not deny. By exaggerating the abuses and neglecting the uses to which vivisection may be applied, a propaganda has been created to misinform and mislead the unsophisticated and the ignorant. The article by Mr. Baynes will contribute toward starting things right in this regard.

DAVID S. WHITE,  
Dean of the College of Veterinary Medicine,  
Ohio State University.

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# Three Men & a Maid

By

PELHAM  
GRENVILLE  
WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED by  
J. SIMONT

PART II



HIPS' concerts are given in aid of the Seamen's Orphans and Widows, and after one has been present at a few of them one seems to feel that any right-thinking orphan or widow would rather jog along and take a chance of starvation than be the innocent cause of such things. They open with a long speech from the master of the ceremonies—so long,

as a rule, that it is only the thought of what is going to happen afterward that enables the audience to bear it with fortitude. This done, the amateur talent is unleashed, and the grim work begins.

It was not till after the all too brief intermission for rest and recuperation that the newly formed team of Marlowe and Hignett was scheduled to appear. Previous to this there had been dark deeds done in the quiet saloon. The lecturer on deep-sea fish had fulfilled his threat and spoken at great length on a subject which, treated by a master of oratory, would have palled on the audience after ten or fifteen minutes; and at the end of fifteen minutes this speaker had only just got past the haddocks, and was feeling his way tentatively through the shrimps.

A young man recited "Gunga Din" and, willfully misinterpreting the gratitude of the audience that it was over, for a desire for more, had followed it with "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." His sister—these things run in families—had sung "My Little Gray Home in the West," and, with the same obtuseness which characterized her brother, had come back and rendered two plantation songs. The audience was now examining its programs in the interval of silence in order to ascertain the duration of the sentence still remaining unexpired.

It was shocked to read the following:

A Little Imitation..... S. Marlowe

All over the saloon you could see fair women and brave men wilting in their seats. Imitation! The word, as Keats would have said, was like a knell! Many of these people were old travelers, and their minds went back wincingly, as one recalls forgotten wounds, to occasions when performers at ships' concerts had imitated whole strings of Dickens's characters or, with the assistance of a few hats and a little false hair, had endeavored to portray Napoleon, Bismarck, Shakespeare, and other of the famous dead. In this printed line on the program there was nothing to indicate the nature or scope of the imitation which this S. Marlowe proposed to inflict upon them. They could only sit and wait, and hope that it would be short.

There was a sinking of hearts as Eustace Hignett moved down the room and took his place at the piano. A pianist! This argued more singing. They stared at Hignett apprehensively. There seemed to them something ominous in the man's very aspect. His face was pale and set, the face of one approaching a task at which his humanity shudders.

So tense was Eustace's concentration that he did not see Billie Bennett, seated in the front row. Billie had watched him enter, with a little thrill of embarrassment. She wished that she had been content with one of the

seats at the back. But her friend Jane Hubbard, who accompanied her, had insisted on the front row.

In order to avoid recognition for as long as possible, Billie now put up her fan and turned to Jane. She was surprised to see that her friend was staring eagerly before her, with a fixity almost equal to that of Eustace.

"What is the matter, Jane?"

Jane Hubbard was a tall, handsome girl with large brown eyes. About her, as Bream Mortimer had said, there was something dynamic. The daughter of an eminent explorer and big-game hunter, she had frequently accompanied her father on his expeditions. An outdoors girl.

"Who is that man at the piano?" she whispered. "Do you know him?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," said Billie. "His name is Hignett. Why?"

"I met him in the subway not long ago. Poor little fellow, how miserable he looks!"

At this moment their conversation was interrupted. Eustace Hignett, pulling himself together with a painful effort, raised his hands and struck a crashing chord; and, as he did so, there appeared through the door at the far end of the saloon a figure at the sight of which the entire audience started convulsively, with a feeling that a worse thing had befallen them than even they had looked for.

The figure in the doorway wore a boldly striped shirt. Its face was a grisly black and below the nose appeared what seemed a horrible gash. It advanced toward them, smoking a cigar.

"Hullo, Ernest," it said.

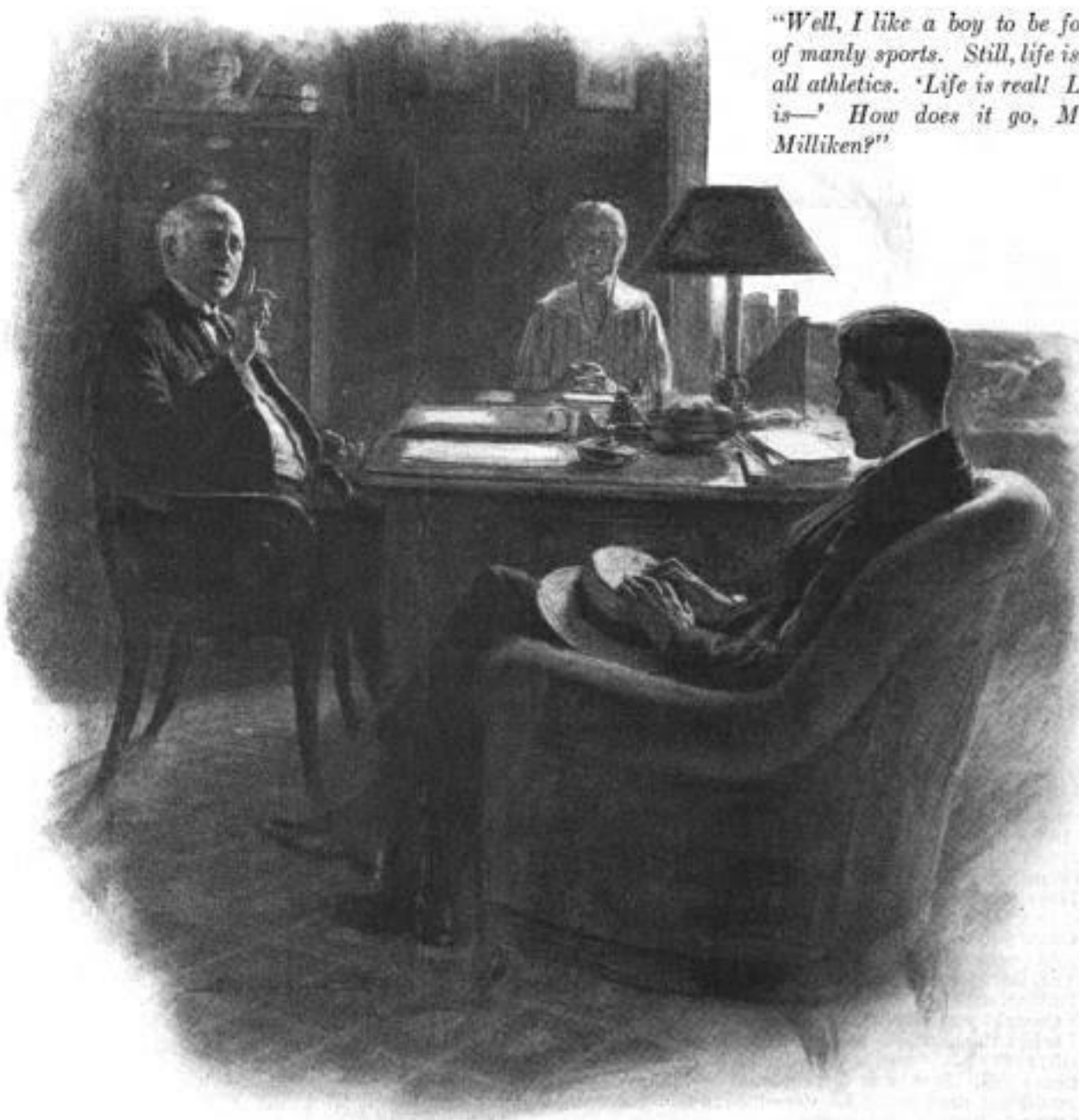
And then it seemed to pause expectantly, as though desiring some reply. Dead silence reigned in the saloon.

"Hullo, Ernest!"

Those nearest the piano—and nobody more quickly than Jane Hubbard—now observed that the white face of the man on the stool had grown whiter still. His eyes gazed out glassily from under his damp brow. He looked like a man who was seeing some ghastly sight. The audience sympathized with him. They felt like that, too.

In all human plans there is ever some slight hitch, some little miscalculation which just makes all the difference. A moment's thought should have told Eustace Hignett that a half-smoked cigar was one of the essential properties to any imitation of the eminent Mr. Tinney; but he had completely overlooked the fact. His jaw fell. His eyes protruded. He looked for a long moment like one

"Well, I like a boy to be fond of manly sports. Still, life isn't all athletics. 'Life is real! Life is—' How does it go, Miss Milliken?"



of those deep-sea fishes concerning which the recent lecturer had spoken so searchingly. Then, with the cry of a stricken animal, he bounded from his seat and fled for the deck.

There was a rustle of taffeta at Billie's side as Jane Hubbard rose and followed him. Thrusting aside a steward who happened to be between her and the door, she raced in pursuit.

Sam Marlowe had watched his cousin's dash for the open with a consternation so complete that his senses seemed to have left him. Of all the learned professions, the imitation of Mr. Frank Tinney is the one which can least easily be carried through single-handed. The man at the piano, the leader of the orchestra, is essential.

For an instant Sam stood there, gaping blankly. Then the open door of the saloon seemed to beckon an invitation. He made for it, reached it, passed through it. That concluded his efforts in aid of the Seamen's Orphans and Widows.

The spell which had lain on the audience broke. This imitation seemed to them to possess in an extraordinary measure the one quality which renders amateur imitations tolerable, that of brevity. The saloon echoed with their applause.

It brought no balm to Samuel Marlowe. He did not hear it. He had fled for refuge to his stateroom, and was lying in the lower berth, chewing the pillow, a soul in torment.

THERE was a tap at the door. Sam sat up dizzily. He had lost all count of time.

"Who's that?"

"I have a note for you, sir."

It was the level voice of J. B. Midgeley, the steward. The stewards of the White Star Line, besides being the civillest and most obliging body of men in the world, all have soft and pleasant voices. A White Star steward, waking you up at six-thirty to tell you that your bath is ready, when you wanted to sleep on till twelve, is the nearest human approach to the nightingale.

Sam jumped up and switched on the light. He went to the door and took the note from J. B. Midgeley, who, his mission accomplished, retired in an orderly manner down the passage. Sam looked at the letter with a thrill. He had never seen the handwriting before, but, with the eye of love, he recognized it. He tore open the envelope.

Please come up to the top deck. I want to speak to you.



Sam could not disguise it from himself that he was a little disappointed. I don't know if you see anything wrong with the letter, but the way Sam looked at it was that, for a first love letter, it might have been longer and perhaps a shade warmer. And, without running any risk of writer's cramp, she might have signed it.

However, these were small matters. No doubt she had been in a hurry, and all that sort of thing. The important point was that he was going to see her. A woman's gentle sympathy, that was what Samuel Marlowe wanted more than anything else at the moment. That, he felt, was what the doctor ordered. He scrubbed the burnt cork off his face with all possible speed and changed his clothes, and made his way to the upper deck. It was like Billie, he felt, to have chosen this spot for their meeting. It would be deserted, and it was hallowed for them both by sacred associations.

She was standing at the rail, looking out over the water. The girl appeared to be wrapped in thought, and it was not till the sharp crack of Sam's head against an overhanging stanchion announced his approach that she turned.

"You've been a long time."

"It wasn't an easy job," explained Sam, "getting all that burnt cork off. You've no notion how the stuff sticks. You have to use butter."

She shuddered.

"Don't tell me these horrible things!" Her voice rose almost hysterically. "I never want to hear the words 'burnt cork' mentioned again as long as I live."

"I feel exactly the same," Sam moved to her side.

"Darling," he said in a low voice, "it was like you to ask me to meet you here. I know what you were thinking. You thought that I should need sympathy. You wanted to pet me, to soothe my wounded feelings, to hold me in your arms, and tell me that, as we loved each other, what did anything else matter?"

"I didn't."

"I thought," he said, "that possibly you might have wished to comfort me. I have been through a great strain. I have had a shock..."

"And what about me?" she demanded passionately. "Haven't I had a shock?"

He melted at once.

"Have you had a shock, too? Poor little thing! Sit down and tell me all about it."

"Can't you understand what a shock I have had? I thought you were the perfect knight."

"Yes, isn't it?"

"Isn't what?"

"I thought you said it was a perfect night."

"I said I thought you were a perfect knight."

"Oh, ah!"

Silence fell. Sam was feeling hurt and bewildered. He could not understand her mood. He had come up expecting to be soothed and comforted, and she was like a petulant iceberg.

She gave a little sob.

"I put you on a pedestal, and I find you have feet of clay. I can never think of you again without picturing you as you stood in that saloon, stammering and helpless..."

"Well, what can you do when your pianist runs out on you?"

"You could have done something!"

The words she had spoken only yesterday to Jane Hubbard came back to her. "I can't forgive a man for looking ridiculous."

"I did my best," said Sam sullenly.

"That is the awful thought."

"I did it for your sake."

"I know. It gives me a horrible sense of guilt." She shuddered again. "I can never marry you now."

"What! Good heavens! Don't be absurd."

"I can't!"

"Oh, go on, have a dash at it," he said, encouragingly, though his heart was sinking.

She shook her head.

"When I said I would marry you, you were a hero to me. You stood to me for everything that was noble and brave and wonderful. I had only to shut my eyes to conjure up the picture of you as you dived off the rail that morning. Now"—her voice trembled—"if I shut my eyes now, I can only see a man with a hideous black face making himself the laughing-stock of the ship. How can I marry you, haunted by that picture?"

"But, good heavens, you talk as if I made a habit of blacking up. You talk as if you expected me to come to the altar smothered in burnt cork."

She looked at him sadly. "There's a bit of black still on your left ear."

He tried to take her hand. But she drew it away. He fell back as if struck.

"Well, I might have expected it. I might have known what would happen! Eustace warned me. Eustace was right. He knows women—as I do—now. Women! What mighty ills have not been done by women? Who was't betrayed the what's-its-name? A woman! Who lost... lost... who lost... who... er... and so on? A woman... So, all is over! There is nothing to be said but good-by!"

"No."

"Good-by, then, Miss Bennett!"

"Good-by," said Billie sadly. "I—I'm sorry."

"Don't mention it!"

"I hope—I hope you won't be unhappy."

"Unhappy!" Sam produced a strangled noise from his larynx like the cry of a shrimp in pain. "Unhappy!"



I'm not unhappy! Whatever gave you that idea? I feel I've had a merciful escape."

"It's very unkind and rude of you to say that."

"I'm not unhappy! What have I got to be unhappy about? What on earth does any man want to get married for? Good night, Miss Bennett. And good-by—forever."

He turned on his heel and strode across the deck. He had spoken bravely; but already his heart was aching.

As he drew near to his stateroom, he was amazed and disgusted to hear a high tenor voice raised in song proceeding from behind the closed door:

"I fee-er naw faw in shoe-ining arr-mor,  
Though his lance be sharrp and-er keen;  
But I fee-er, I fee-er the glah-mour  
Through thy der-rooping lashes seen;  
I fee-er, I fee-er the glah-mour..."

Sam flung open the door wrathfully. That Eustace Hignett should be even alive was bad—he had pictured him hurling himself overboard and bobbing about, a pleasing sight, in the wake of the vessel. Instead of which, here he was comporting himself like a blasted linnnet.

"Well," he said sternly, "so there you are!"

Eustace Hignett looked up brightly, even beamingly. In the brief interval which had elapsed since Sam had seen him last an extraordinary transformation had taken place in this young man. His wan look had disappeared. His eyes were bright.

"Hullo!" he said. "I was wondering where you had got to."

"Never mind," said Sam coldly, "where I had got to! Where did you get to, and why? You poor, miserable worm!" he went on in a burst of generous indignation, "what have you got to say for yourself? What do you mean by dashing away like that and killing my little entertainment?"

"Awfully sorry, old man. I hadn't foreseen the cigar. I was bearing up tolerably well till I began to sniff the smoke. Then everything seemed to go black—I don't mean you, of course. You were black already—and I got the feeling that I simply must get on deck and drown myself."

"Well, why didn't you?" demanded Sam, with a strong sense of injury. "I might have forgiven you then. But

to come down here and find you singing..."

A soft light came into Eustace Hignett's eyes.

"I want to tell you all about that," he said. "It's the most astonishing story. Makes you believe in fate and all that sort of thing. A week ago I was on the subway in New York—"

He broke off, while Sam cursed him, the subway, and the city of New York in the order named.

"Something is the matter," said Eustace Hignett. "I can tell it by your manner."

"Let me tell you that, as a result of that concert, my engagement is broken off."

Eustace sprang forward with outstretched hand.

"Not really? How splendid! Accept my congratulations! This is the finest thing that could possibly have happened. You are well out of it, Sam."

Sam thrust aside his hand.

"My heart is broken," he said with dignity.

"That feeling will pass, giving way to one of devout thankfulness. I know! I've been there! After all... Wilhelmina Bennett... what is she? 'A rag and a bone and a hank of hair!'"

"She is nothing of the kind," said Sam, revolted. "She is the only girl in the world, and, owing to your idiotic behavior, I have lost her."

"You speak of the only girl in the world," said Eustace blithely. "If you want to hear about the only girl in the world, I will tell you."

"I'm going to bed," said Sam brusquely.

"A week ago," said Eustace Hignett, "I will ask you to picture me seated after some difficulty in a carriage in a New York subway; I got into conversation with a girl with an elephant gun."

Sam revised his private commination service in order to include the elephant gun.

"She was my soul-mate," proceeded Eustace with quiet determination. "I didn't know it at the time, but she was. She had grave brown eyes, a wonderful personality, and this elephant gun. She was bringing the gun away from the down-town place where she had taken it to be mended."

"Did she shoot you with it?"

"Shoot me? What do you mean? Why, no!"

"The girl must have been a fool!" said Sam bitterly. "The chance of a lifetime, and she missed it. Where are my pajamas?"

"I haven't seen your pajamas. . . . She talked to me about this elephant gun, and explained its mechanism. Well, we parted at Sixty-sixth Street and, strange as it may seem, I forgot all about her."





*Of all the learned professions, the imitation of Mr. Frank Tinney is the one which can least easily be carried through single-handed*

"Do it again! Forget all about her again."  
 "Nothing," said Eustace Hignett gravely, "could make me do that. Our souls have blended. Our beings have called to one another from their deepest depths, saying... There are your pajamas, over in the corner... saying, 'You are mine!' Little did I know that she was sailing on this very boat! But just now she came to me as I writhed on deck. She seemed to understand without a word how I was feeling. There are some situations which do not need words. She went away, and returned with a mixture of some description in a glass. She said it was what her father always used in Africa for bull-calves with the staggers. Well, believe me or believe me not— Are you asleep?"

"Yes."  
 "Believe me, or believe me not, in under two minutes I was not merely freed from the nausea caused by your cigar, I was smoking myself! I was walking the deck with her without the slightest qualm. I have said some mordant things about women since I came on board this boat. I withdraw them unreservedly. They still apply to girls like Wilhelmina Bennett; but I have ceased to include the whole sex in my remarks. Jane Hubbard has restored my faith in woman."

Eustace Hignett finished undressing and got into bed. With a soft smile on his face he switched off the light. At about twelve-thirty a voice came from the lower berth: "Sam!"

"What is it now?"  
 "There is a sweet womanly strength about her, Sam. She was telling me she once killed a panther with a hat-pin."  
 Sam groaned and tossed on his mattress.  
 "At least, I think it was a panther," said Eustace Hignett, at a quarter past one. "Either a panther or a puma."

A WEEK after the liner "Atlantic" had docked, Sam Marlowe might have been observed—and was observed by various of the residents—sitting on a bench on the esplanade of that repellent watering-place, Bingley-on-the-Sea, in Sussex. All watering-places on the south coast of England are blots on the landscape; but, though I am aware that by saying it I shall offend the civic pride of some of the others, none are so peculiarly foul as Bingley-on-the-Sea. The asphalt on the Bingley esplanade is several degrees more depressing than the asphalt on other esplanades. The Swiss waiters at the Hotel Magnificent, where Sam was stopping, are in a class of bungling incompetence by themselves. The very waves that break on the shingle seem to creep up the beach reluctantly, as if it revolted them to come to such a place.

Why, then, was Sam Marlowe visiting this ozone-swept Gehenna? Why, with all the rest of England at his disposal, had he chosen to spend a week at breezy, blighted Bingley?

Simply because he had been disappointed in love. He had sought relief by slinking off alone to the most benighted spot he knew, in the same spirit as other men in similar circumstances had gone off to the Rockies to shoot grizzly bears.

To a certain extent the experiment had proved successful. If the Hotel Magnificent had not cured his agony, the service and the cooking there had at least done much to take his mind off it. His heart still ached, but he felt equal to going to London and seeing his father, which, of course, he ought to have done immediately upon his arrival in England.

He rose from his bench and, going back to the hotel to inquire about trains, observed a familiar figure in the lobby. Eustace Hignett was leaning over the counter in conversation with the desk clerk.

"Hullo, Eustace!" said Sam.

"Hullo, Sam!" said Eustace.

There was a brief silence. The conversational opening had been a little unfortunately chosen, for it reminded both men of a recent painful episode in their lives.

"What are you doing here?" asked Eustace.

"What are you doing here?" asked Sam.

"I came to see you," said Eustace, leading his cousin out of the lobby and onto the bleak esplanade. A fine rain had begun to fall, and Bingley looked, if possible, worse than ever. "I asked for you at your club, and they told me you had come down here."

"What did you want to see me about?"

"The fact is, old man, I'm in a bit of a hole."

"What's the matter?"

Eustace stared gloomily at a stranded crab on the beach below. The crab stared gloomily back.

"Well, you remember my telling you about the girl I met on the boat?"

"Jane Something?"

"Jane Hubbard," said Eustace reverently. "Sam, I love that girl."

"I know. You told me."

"But I didn't tell her. I tried to muster up the nerve, but what a dashed difficult thing a proposal is to bring off, isn't it! I mean to say, so jolly hard to work into a conversation, if you know what I mean. Well, anyway, I didn't bring it off, and it began to look to me as though I was in the soup. And then she told me something which gave me an idea. She said the Bennetts had invited her to stay with them in the country when she got to England. Old Mr. Bennett and his pal Mortimer, Bream's father, were trying to get a house somewhere which they could share. Only, so far, they hadn't managed to find the house they wanted. When I heard that, I had an idea. I happened to know, you see, that Bennett and Mortimer were both frightfully keen on getting Windles for the summer; but my mother wouldn't hear of it and gave them both the miss-in-balk. It suddenly occurred to me that Mother was going to be away in America all the summer, so why shouldn't I make a private deal, let them the house, and make it a stipulation that I was to stay there to look after things? And, to cut a long story short, that's what I did."

"You let Windles?"

"Yes. Old Bennett was down on the dock to meet Wilhelmina, and I fixed it up with him then and there."

"Why do you say you're in a hole?" Sam asked. "It seems to me as though you had done yourself a bit of good. You've got the check, and you're in the same house with Miss Hubbard. What more do you want?"

"But suppose Mother gets to hear about it?"

"But why should she hear of it?"

"Well, down at Windles it has been raining practically all the time, and after a couple of days it became fairly clear to me that Bennett and Mortimer were getting a bit fed. I mean to say, having spent all their lives in America, don't you know, they weren't used to a country where it rained all the time, and pretty soon it began to get on their nerves. They started quarreling. Nothing bad at first, but hotting up more and more, till at last they were hardly on speaking terms. Every little thing that happened seemed to get the wind up them. There was that business of Smith, for instance."

"Who's Smith?"

"Mortimer's bulldog. Old Bennett is scared of him, and wants him kept in the stables, but Mortimer insists on letting him roam about the house. Well, they scrapped a goodish bit about that. And then there was the orchestration. You remember the orchestration?"

"I haven't been down at Windles since I was a kid."

"That's right. I forgot that. Well, my pater had an orchestration put in the drawing-room. One of those automatic things you switch on, you know. Makes a devil of a row. Bennett can't stand it, and Mortimer insists on playing it all day. Well, they hotted up a goodish bit over that."

"Well, I don't see how all this affects you. If they want to scrap, why not let them?"

"Yes, but, you see, the most frightful thing has happened. Bennett's talking about taking legal advice to see if he can't induce Mortimer to cheese it by law, as he can't be stopped any other way. And the deuce of it is, your father's Bennett's legal representative over in England, and he's sure to go to him."

"Well, that'll do the pater a bit of good. Legal fees."

"But don't you see? If Bennett goes to your father about this bing, your father will get onto the fact that





"Great Godfrey," exclaimed Mr. Rufus Bennett, gazing on the scene. "Great heavens above!"

Windles has been let, and the first thing that'll happen will be that Mother will get to hear of it, and then where shall I be?"

Sam pondered.

"Yes, there's that," he admitted. "What are you going to do about it?"

"You're the only person who can help me."

"What can I do?"

"Why, your father wants you to join the firm, doesn't he? Well, for goodness' sake buck up and join it. Don't waste a minute. Dash up to London by the next train and sign on. Then, if Bennett does blow in for advice, you can fix it somehow that he sees you instead of your father, and it'll be all right."

"But I don't know anything about the law. What shall I say to him?"

"That's all right. I've been studying it up a bit. As far as I can gather, this legal advice business is quite simple. Anything that isn't a tort is a misdemeanor. You've simply got to tell old Bennett that in your opinion the whole thing looks jolly like a tort."

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know. Probably nobody knows. But it's a safe card to play. Tort. Don't forget it."

They walked back to the hotel. Sam gulped once or twice.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "Er—how is—er—Miss Bennett?"

"Oh, she's all right. We're quite good friends again now. No use being in the same house and not being on speaking terms. It's rummy how the passage of time sort of changes a fellow's point of view. Why, when she told me about her engagement, I congratulated her as cheerfully as dammit! And only a few weeks ago—"

"Her engagement!" exclaimed Sam, leaping like a stricken blanchmange. "Her en-gug-gug-agement!"

"To Bream Mortimer, you know," said Eustace Hignett. "She got engaged to him the day before yesterday."

THE offices of the old-established firm of Marlowe, Thorpe, Prescott, Winslow, and Appleby are in Ridgeway's Inn, not far from Fleet Street. If you are a millionaire beset by blackmailers or anyone else to whose comfort the best legal advice is essential, and have decided to put your affairs in the hands of the ablest and discreetest firm in London, you proceed through a dark and grimy entry and up a dark and grimy flight of stairs; and, having felt your way along a dark and grimy passage, you come at length to a dark and grimy door. There is plenty of dirt in other parts of Ridgeway's Inn, but nowhere is it so plentiful, so rich in alluvial deposits, as on the exterior of the offices of Marlowe, Thorpe, Prescott, Winslow, and Appleby. As you tap on the topmost of the geological strata concealing the ground glass of the door, a sense of relief and security floods your being. For in London grubbiness is the gauge of a lawyer's respectability.

The name of the firm leads you to suppose that there will be barely standing room in the office. You picture Thorpe jostling you aside as he makes for Prescott to discuss with him the latest case of demurrer, and Winslow and Appleby treading on your toes, deep in conversation on replevin. But these legal firms dwindle. The years go by and take their toll, snatching away here a Prescott, there an Appleby, till before you know where you are, you are down to your last lawyer. The only surviving member of the firm of Marlowe, Thorpe—what I said before—was, at the time with which this story deals, Sir Mallaby Marlowe, son of the original founder of the firm

and father of the celebrated black-faced comedian, Samuel of that ilk; and the outer office, where callers were received and parked till Sir Mallaby could find time for them, was occupied by a single clerk.

When Sam, reaching the office after his journey, opened the door, this clerk, Jno. Peters by name, was seated on a high stool, holding in one hand a half-eaten sausage, in the other an extraordinary large and powerful revolver. At the sight of Sam he laid down both engines of destruction and beamed. He was not a particularly successful beamer, being hampered by a cast in one eye which gave him a truculent and sinister look; but those who knew him knew that he had a heart of gold, and were not intimidated by his repellent face. Between Sam and himself there had always existed terms of cordiality, starting from the time when the former was a small boy and it had been Jno. Peters's mission to take him now to the Zoo, now to the train back to school.

"Why, Mr. Samuel!"

"Hullo, Peters!"

"We were expecting you back a week ago. So you got back safe?"

"Safe! Why, of course."

Peters shook his head.

"I confess that, when there was this delay in your coming here, I sometimes feared something might have happened to you. I recall mentioning it to the young lady who recently did me the honor to promise to become my wife."

"Ocean liners aren't often wrecked nowadays."

"I was thinking more of the brawls on shore. America's a dangerous country. But perhaps you were not in touch with the Underworld."

Jno. Peters took up the revolver, gave it a fond and almost paternal look, and replaced it on the desk.

"What on earth are you doing with that thing?" asked Sam.

Mr. Peters lowered his voice.

"I'm going to America myself in a few days' time,

Mr. Samuel. It's my annual holiday, and the guv'nor's sending me over with papers in connection with *The People v. Schultz and Bowen*. It's a big case over there. A client of ours is mixed up in it, an American gentleman. I am to take these important papers to his legal representative in New York. So I thought it best to be prepared."

The first smile that he had permitted himself in nearly two weeks flitted across Sam's face.

"What on earth sort of place do you think New York is?" he asked. "It's safer than London."

"Ah, but what about the Underworld? I've seen these American films that they send over here, Mr. Samuel. Every Saturday night regular I take my young lady to a cinema, and, I tell you, they teach you something. Did you ever see *'Wolves of the Bowery'*? There was a man in that in just my position, carrying important papers, and what they didn't try to do to him! No, I'm taking no chances, Mr. Samuel!"

"I should have said you were, lugging that thing about with you."

Mr. Peters seemed wounded.

"Oh, I understand the mechanism perfectly, and I am becoming a very fair shot. I take my little bite of food in here early and go and practice at the Rupert Street Rifle Range during my lunch hour. When I get home at night I try how quick I can draw. You have to draw like a flash of lightning, Mr. Samuel. You haven't time to be loitering about."

"I haven't," agreed Sam. "Is my father in? I'd like to see him if he's not busy."

Mr. Peters, recalled to his professional duties, shed his sinister front like a garment. He picked up a speaking tube and blew down it.

"Mr. Samuel to see you, Sir Mallaby. . . . Yes, sir, very good. . . . Will you go right in, Mr. Samuel?"

Sam proceeded to the inner office, and found his father dictating into the attentive ear of Miss Milliken, his elderly and respectable stenographer, replies to his morning mail.

The grime which encrusted the lawyer's professional stamping ground did not extend to his person. Sir Mallaby Marlowe was a dapper little man, with a round, cheerful face and a bright eye. His morning coat had been cut by London's best tailor, and his trousers perfectly creased by a sedulous valet. A pink carnation in his buttonhole matched his healthy complexion. His golf handicap was twelve. His sister, Mrs. Horace Hignett, considered him worldly.

"Messrs. Brigney, Goole, and Butterworth. . . . What infernal names these people have. . . . Sirs, on behalf of our client. . . . Oh, hullo, Sam!"

"Good morning, Father."

"Take a seat. I'm busy, but I'll be finished in a moment. Where was I, Miss Milliken?"

"On behalf of our client. . . ."

"Oh, yes. On behalf of our client, Mr. Wibblesey Eggshaw. . . . Where these people get their names I'm hanged if I know. Your poor mother wanted to call you Hyacinth, Sam. You may not know it, but in the nineties, when you were born, children were frequently christened Hyacinth. Well, I saved you from that."

His attention was now diverted to his son; Sir Mallaby seemed to remember that the latter had just returned from a long journey, and that he had not seen him for many weeks. He inspected him with interest.

"Very glad to see you're back, Sam. So you didn't win?"

"No, I got beaten in the semi-finals."

"American amateurs are a very hot lot; the best ones. I suppose you were weak on the greens. I warned you about that. You'll have to rub up your putting before next year."

At the idea that any mundane pursuit as practicing putting could appeal to his broken spirit now, Sam uttered a bitter laugh.

"On behalf of our client, Mr. Wibblesey Eggshaw," said Sir Mallaby, swooping back to duty once more, "we

## What Happened in Part I

AMONG the passengers crossing to England on the liner "Atlantic" were three young men and a girl. The girl was Wilhelmina Bennett—"Billie" to her friends. She was sailing to join her father in London. The three men were all more or less concerned with Billie, for Eustace Hignett had been engaged to her only a short time before; his cousin, Sam Marlowe, became engaged to her on the fourth day out; and Bream Mortimer, son of Mr. Bennett's dearest friend, was only too anxious to be engaged to her, but had never been able to manage a proposal, though he had tagged around after her since childhood.

Billie was young and romantic and she adored a man as long as he measured up to her ideal of a perfect knight; but let him once appear ridiculous and she was through with him. That was how Eustace had lost her. He was so poetic—loved

Tennyson and all—that she had agreed to slip over to the Little Church-Around-the-Corner with him. But his mother, the well-known English theosophist, who had come to America to make money lecturing, heard of the affair and effectively broke it off by hiding all Eustace's trousers on his wedding morning. Billie thought it ridiculous, and refused to accept his excuse for failing to appear. She broke her engagement at once.

Mrs. Hignett didn't want Eustace to marry, for fear that Windles, the beloved English home which belonged to him, would pass from her control. Windles was so dear to her that she had indignantly refused the request of Billie's father to rent it, and she was sending Eustace back to look after it.

Sam Marlowe, returning to London from a golf tournament in Detroit, had been jostled against Billie

on the crowded pier and his interest had been aroused when her dog bit him. Just as the boat was starting, Sam figured in what Billie thought was a valiant attempt to rescue a roll of her money that had fallen into the water. Sam had really been pushed overboard as he peered over the railing, but he didn't tell her that when a tug had fished him out of the river and replaced him, dripping, on the liner at Quarantine.

Small wonder, under the circumstances, that it took Sam only four days to persuade Billie that he was her heroic ideal. To please her, and to get rid of Mortimer, who was always dogging their footsteps, Sam agreed to help out at the ship's concert the next evening. He decided to give an impersonation of Frank Tinney, and relentlessly dragged the seasick Eustace from his berth, where he had stayed throughout the trip, to be the accompanist.



beg to state that we are prepared to accept service. . . . What time did you dock this morning?"

"I landed nearly a week ago."

"A week ago! Then what the deuce have you been doing with yourself? Why haven't I seen you?"

"I've been down at Bingley-on-the-Sea."

"Bingley! What on earth were you doing at that god-forsaken place?"

"Wrestling with myself," said Sam with simple dignity.

Sir Mallaby's agile mind had leaped back to the letter which he was answering.

"We should be glad to meet you. . . . Wrestling, eh! Well, I like a boy to be fond of manly sports. Still, life isn't all athletics. Don't forget that. 'Life is real! Life is—' How does it go, Miss Milliken?"

Miss Milliken folded her hands and shut her eyes, her invariable habit when called upon to recite.

"Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul. Art is long, and time is fleeting. And our hearts though stout and brave. Still like muffled drums are beating Funeral marches to the grave. Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime. And, departing leave behind us Footsteps on the sands of Time. Let us then—' . . . " said Miss Milliken respectfully. . . . "be up and doing. . . ."

"All right, all right, all right!" said Sir Mallaby. "I don't want it all. 'Life is real! Life is earnest,' Sam. I want to speak to you about that when I've finished answering these infernal letters. Where was I? 'We should be glad to meet you at any time, if you will make an appointment. . . .'"

"Oh, what's the good of answering the dashed thing at all?" said Sir Mallaby. "Brigney, Goole, and Butterworth know perfectly well that they have got us in a cleft stick. This young fool, Eggshaw, Sam, admits that he wrote the girl twenty-three letters, twelve of them in verse, and twenty-one specifically asking her to marry him, and he comes to me and expects me to get him out of it. The girl is suing him for ten thousand."

"How like a woman!"

Miss Milliken bridled reproachfully at this slur on her sex. Sir Mallaby took no notice of it whatever.

" . . . If you will make an appointment, when we can discuss the matter without prejudice. . . . Get those typed, Miss Milliken. Have a cigar, Sam. Miss Milliken, tell Peters as you go out that I am occupied with a conference and can see nobody for half an hour."

When Miss Milliken had withdrawn, Sir Mallaby occupied ten seconds of the period which he had set aside for communion with his son in staring silently at him.

"I'm glad you're back, Sam," he said at length. "I want to have a talk with you. You know, it's time you were settling down. I've been thinking about you while you were in America, and I've come to the conclusion that I've been letting you drift along. Very bad for a young man. You're getting on. I don't say you're senile, but you're not twenty-one any longer, and at your age I was working like a beaver. In fact, it's time you took your coat off and started to work."

"I am quite ready, Father."

"You didn't hear what I said," exclaimed Sir Mallaby, with a look of surprise. "I said it was time you began work."

"And I said I was quite ready."

"Bless my soul! You've changed your views a trifle since I saw you last."

"I have changed them altogether."

"Your trip has done you good," said Sir Mallaby approvingly. "The sea air has given you some sense. I'm glad of it. It makes it easier for me to say something else that I've had on my mind for a good while. Sam, it's time you got married."

Sam barked bitterly. His father looked at him with concern.

"Swallow some smoke the wrong way?"

"I was laughing," explained Sam with dignity.

Sir Mallaby shook his head.

"I don't want to discourage your high spirits, but I must ask you to approach this matter seriously. Marriage would do you a world of good, Sam. It would brace you up. You really ought to consider the idea. I was two years younger than you are when I married your poor mother, and it was the making of me. A wife might make something of you."

"Impossible!"

"I don't see why she shouldn't. There's lots of good in you, my boy, though you may not think so at this time."

"When I said it was impossible," said Sam coldly, "I was referring to the impossibility of the possibility. . . . I mean, that it was impossible that I could possibly— In other words, Father, I can never marry. My heart is dead."

"Don't be a fool. There's nothing wrong with your heart. All our family have had hearts like steam en-

gines. Probably you have been feeling a sort of burning. Knock off cigars and that will soon stop."

"You don't understand me. I mean that a woman has treated me in a way that has finished her whole sex as far as I am concerned. For me, women do not exist."

"You didn't tell me about this," said Sir Mallaby, interested. "When did this happen? Did she jilt you?"

"Yes."

"In America was it?"

"On the boat."

Sir Mallaby chuckled heartily.

"My dear boy, you don't mean to tell me that you're taking a shipboard flirtation seriously. Why, you're expected to fall in love with a different girl every time you go on a voyage. You'll get over this in a week."

The whistle of the speaking-tube blew. Sir Mallaby put the instrument to his ear.

"All right." He turned to Sam. "I shall have to send you away now, Sam. Man waiting to see me. Good-by."

AT ABOUT the time when Sam Marlowe was having this momentous interview with his father in grimy Ridgeway's Inn, Mr. Rufus Bennett woke from an after-luncheon nap in Mrs. Hignett's delightful old-world mansion, Windles, in the county of Hampshire.

He had gone to his room after lunch, because there seemed nothing else to do. It was still raining hard, so that a ramble in the picturesque garden was impossible, and the only alternative to sleep, the society of Mr. Henry Mortimer, had become peculiarly distasteful to Mr. Bennett.

Much has been written of great friendships between man and man, friendships which neither woman can mar nor death destroy. Rufus Bennett had always believed that his friendship for Mr. Mortimer was of this order. But never till now had they been cooped up together in an English country house in the middle of a bad patch of English summer weather. So this afternoon, Mr. Bennett, in order to avoid his lifelong friend, had gone to bed.

"Is that Mr. Mortimer?" he barked, as the door opened.

"No, sir. It is I—Webster." Not even the annoyance of being summoned like this from an absorbing game of penny nap in the housekeeper's room had the power to make the valet careless of his grammar. "I fancied that I heard your bell ring, sir."

"I wonder you could hear anything with that infernal noise going on," snapped Mr. Bennett. "Is Mr. Mortimer playing that—that damned gas-engine in the drawing-room?"

"Yes, sir. Tosti's 'Good-by.' A charming air, sir."

"Charming air be—! Tell him to stop it."

"Very good, sir."

The valet withdrew like a duke leaving the royal presence, not actually walking backward but giving the impression of doing so. Mr. Bennett lay in bed and fumed. Presently the valet returned. The music still continued to roll about the room.

"I am sorry to have to inform you, sir," said Webster, "that Mr. Mortimer declines to accede to your request."

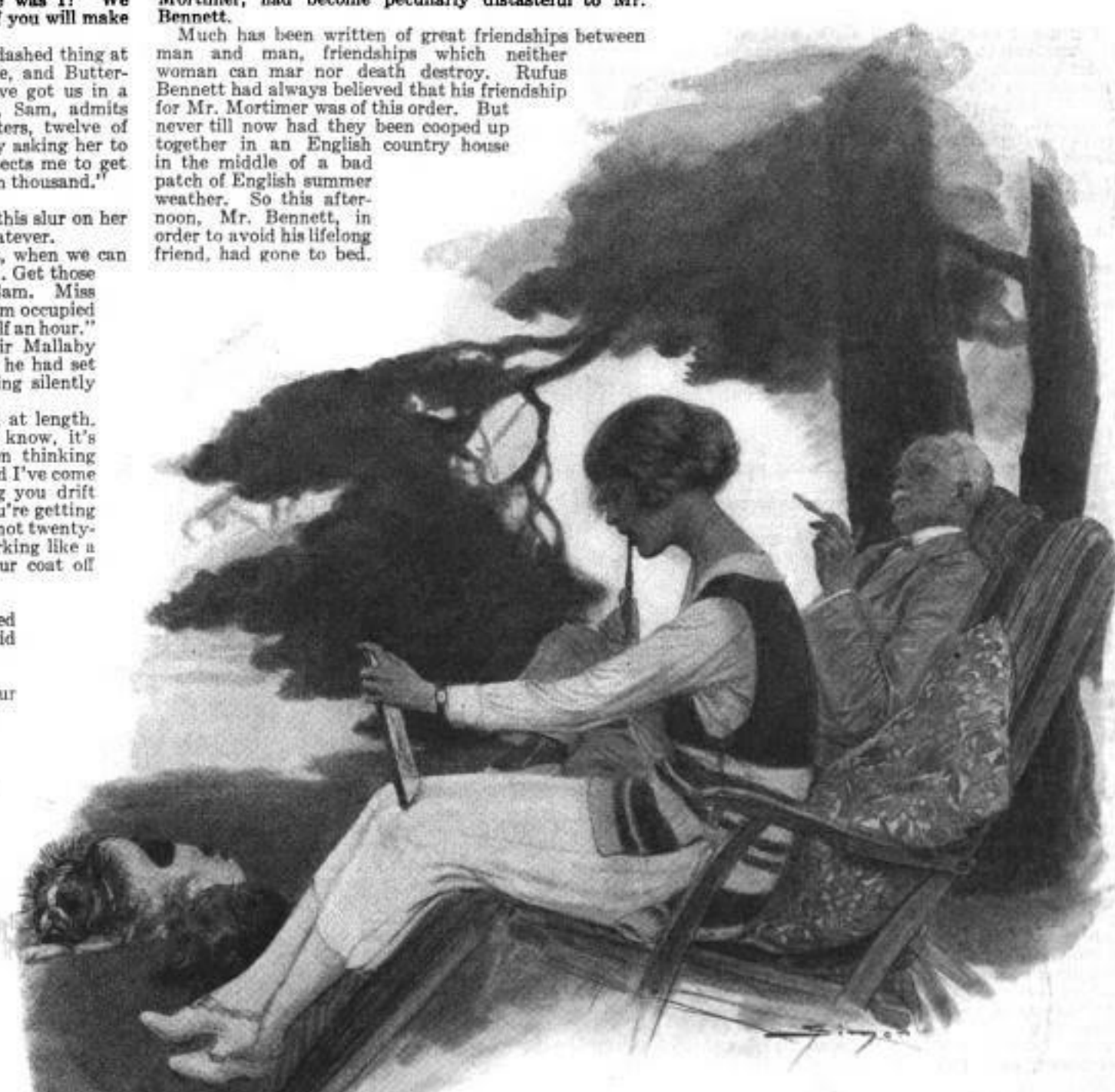
"You gave him my message?"

"Verbatim, sir. In reply, Mr. Mortimer desired me to tell you that, if you did not like it, you could do the other thing. I quote the exact words, sir."

"He did, did he? Webster, when is the next train to London?"

"I will ascertain, sir. Cook, I believe, has a time-table."

"Go and see, then. I want to know. And send Miss Wilhelmina to me."



Mr. Bennett crossed the lawn and sat down beside his daughter. "Sketching?" said Mr. Bennett

He awoke now with a start, and a moment later realized what it was that had aroused him. There was music in the air. The room

was full of it. It seemed to be coming up through the floor and rolling in chunks all round his bed. He blinked the last fragments of sleep out of his system, and became filled with a restless irritability.

He rang the bell violently, and presently there entered a grave, thin, intellectual man who looked like a duke, only more respectable. This was Webster, Mr. Bennett's English valet.

"Very good, sir."

Somewhat consoled by the thought that he was taking definite action, Mr. Bennett lay back and waited for Billie.

"I want you to go to London," he said, when she appeared.

"To London? Why?"

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Bennett vehemently. "Because of that pest Mortimer. I must have legal advice. I want you to go and see Sir Mallaby Marlowe. Here's his address. Tell him the whole story. Tell him that this man is annoying me in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]





Simpson

# Nurses by EVELYN GILL KLAHR

ILLUSTRATED by FREDERIC DORR STEELE

IT SEEMS to me there ought to be a supplementary religion for night nurses. God is enough in the daytime; but at night He seems so awfully far away and absent-minded, and not very much interested in night nursing. There you are, utterly alone with your patient, and with Death standing in the doorway. You get to wondering whether the doctor might not have made a mistake, and how much responsibility you ought to take upon yourself. In those lonely night hours a spider-sized worry grows as big as a hippopotamus; a memory which never comes near you in the daytime may haunt you the whole of a watchful night.

Daytimes it rarely comes into my head; but many is the night I have sat there and thought of what I heard that early morning hour four years ago at St. Bartholomew's.

It was two years after I had graduated, and I was back as special. Old Mrs. Castleman was wakeful that night, and along about two o'clock in the morning felt she wanted something to eat; so I slipped down the corridor to the diet kitchen.

It was dark in the diet kitchen, and I didn't even switch on the lights. I didn't need light to find the eggs in the ice box.

But when my hand was on the lid, I stopped, paralyzed. Right next to the diet kitchen was the internes' dining-room. There was no light there, either, and out of that inky blackness of the room there came the sound of a voice.

"I am awfully sorry," said the voice; "I know I'm a cad."

I knew that voice—Doctor Spencer's, "Dickie Spencer" we all called him. Baby specialist.

Then another voice answered. But I couldn't make out that one, it was too low.

"You are going to marry someone else?"

"I am," Dickie Spencer's voice sounded defiant. "I have made her care too much. I was a cad, or anything you please, to have done it; but since I have made her care I am going to marry her."

"Yes?" asked that other voice.

Dickie seemed to understand.

"I know," he said; "but you've got your work, your career. She hasn't anything but me."

(Oh, those women who have nothing but the men who belong to other women!)

The man's voice went on: "It's best for you, too. We would never have been happy. We tear each other to pieces."

I stood there, listening, motionless, petrified. My heart was thumping so hard, I couldn't breathe right.

"Good-by," said Dickie Spencer. And then, after a moment, "For God's sake, say good-by to me."

The other voice was monotonous. "There wasn't any feeling in it. 'I wish you luck in your profession,' it said."

Heavens, what generosity! I thought. And then my heart turned to ice, for she was saying, "Luck in saving other people's babies, and may your own babies all wither and die."

I wonder now I didn't die of fright. I grabbed my egg and ran tiptoe down the corridor. Even the corridor looked sort of creepy, though it had never done so at two A. M. before.

Mighty glad I was that my patient was awake that night, for the sound of her voice was reassuring, as she rambled on, telling me anecdotes of her first husband.

By morning I had recovered from my fright, and was simply dying to know who that girl was. Dickie had always been a flirt, for all they were so strict about that sort of thing at the hospital. I knew exactly the type of girl that always appealed to him, the sort that a man calls a "cute little trick"—little, attractive, and with a sort of pretty impudence. Of course I was out of touch with hospital gossip now, it being two years since my graduation. I didn't even know many of the girls at St. Bartholomew's, so I hadn't the least suspicion who it might be.

As soon as I went off duty early in the morning, I went over to the dormitory to sleep. But in the evening, before I went on duty, I went down to the garden to see if I could find Simpson, and get her to tell me about Dickie. She would know if anyone would, for even then she was pretty wonderful in baby cases, which meant that she and Dickie often worked together.

Simpson graduated the year before I did, the smartest girl in the class, the smartest girl, for all I knew, who ever graduated from St. Bartholomew's. She was a tall, thin girl, with perfectly gorgeous light red hair, and blue eyes, so big and bright that they looked gaudy. She had lovely color, except when she worked too hard, and then she was as white as a sheet. You never saw anyone like Simpson for work. "She eats it for dessert," one of the girls said.

I found her on the bench under the big maple tree, with roly-poly Bessie Graham.

I went across the garden to them, almost running in my eagerness; for, by this time, I was thoroughly enjoying the thrills of the night before, and dying to talk.

I went straight to the point. "Has Dickie Spencer been having an affair with someone?" I demanded.

Simpson looked at me with those gorgeous blue eyes. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, with half a smile on her lips; "imagine Dickie Spencer not having an affair!"

For just a moment I hesitated, because it struck me that Bessie Graham looked uncomfortable. Then I went on, for I knew for a fact, absolutely and positively, that little Bessie Graham was not Spencer's sort.

"Flirting, yes," I admitted; "but I mean a real one, a real engagement-ring-trousseau-honest-to-goodness-hope-to-die affair."

Said Simpson, "You have me dying, absolutely perishing with curiosity. Go on, my pet."

As I talked, Simpson picked up her little black shuttle and thread, and went on with her tatting. But she kept smiling to herself and shaking her head all the time I was talking.

Simpson is hard as nails, you know, and hasn't a particle of sentimentality. And she thinks women can make awful fools of themselves.

"How can they!" sighed Simpson, "how can they! Let this be a warning to all of us and all spinster nurses."

"Yes," I said, "but I feel kind of sorry for her."

Simpson nodded. "Been spending her days, no doubt, thinking of darning Dickie's socks and paring potatoes for him; spending all her leisure making things for their house. Then, presto! Dickie's fancy changes, and, with a flip of his little finger, over goes her little dream cottage, and the girl is half killed by the wreckage, while Dickie is buying railroad tickets for the other lady's honeymoon!"

"A lesson to all of us," she repeated. "It's far better to set our hearts on our jobs, for our jobs never jilt us; and while that poor

soul goes through life eating out her heart for a man who doesn't want her, we'll grow fat on our salaries and the gratitude of our patients, rewarded for not loving. Instead of for loving. Life," said Simpson, "is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

When I found that Simpson couldn't tell me who the girl was, I gave up; for, as I said, Simpson would know, if anyone.

I didn't say anything about it to the other girls, for fear I might accidentally strike the wrong one. As I was going along the corridor of Seventh Private, I passed Dickie Spencer.

As I passed him I said, "Say, look here, Dickie, try me on some kid cases sometime. Will you, Dickie?" (We always called him "Dickie" if there was no chance of anyone's hearing us.)

"I'll try you on some eligible young bachelors, Molly Hastings," he said.

He didn't, you see, take anyone seriously but himself; but he made up for it with himself. His own opinions, to his mind, were a little bit better than anyone else's; his diagnosis the only sure one; his patients most rapid to recover; his formulas for babies the only satisfactory ones. Funny, why everyone didn't hate him. But we didn't. I guess it was because he worked so hard, and cared so much for kids—sort of made a religion out of their right to live. I've seen him work all night over a little gamin in the ward, offspring of degenerate stock, future hobo or drunk.

And yet he had his right to his little chance of life, and Dickie Spencer was there to see that he got it; Dickie himself the next day as white and tired as a sick girl, and his thin, strong hands gone limp with fatigue, but as complacent as anything, and bragging a little of the kid he saved. He always looked awfully young then, when his thin face was so white, and his straight black hair was all rumpled. You didn't mind his bragging then. You didn't mind anything he did then, when you saw him working over those kids in the ward.

I WAS rather glad when I had the chance to nurse his own young one, four years later. It was, in fact, this very summer, in July. It's funny how I happened to take the case. I hadn't seen Dickie or any of them that I used to know at St. Bartholomew's for three years, because I had been nursing in Minnesota, where my married brother lives. Finally, I got homesick for the East, came back, and registered with two or three of the doctors I knew. But I just happened to run across Dickie in St. Bartholomew's when I went back there one day. He asked me if I was on a case, and I said I wasn't, and then he suggested my taking his youngster. I wondered why he didn't get Simpson, because by this time she had had wonderful success with babies. All the girls kept writing me about the big things she had been doing. He said he was afraid Simpson wasn't available, as she was working on the infantile paralysis epidemic over in New York, and that he would rather have me, any way, which was flattering. And I went with him the very next day to his summer place in New England.

The little fellow was named after Dickie, but they called him Rich. He was twenty-three months old, and wasn't really ill. But Dickie was going to take a trip West, and thought he'd feel safer to have the little fellow under professional care.

I blamed Dickie very much for not having given me more of the youngster's pathological history. The trouble with Dickie was that he was too proud of the kid. He didn't want himself or anyone else to think that the kid wasn't the finest, strongest, and healthiest youngster alive. He wrote out orders for Rich's diet, and told me that if anything should happen to go wrong—and there wasn't a chance in the world, he said, of that happening—why to call on Doctor Ellis down in the village. Only, he didn't want Ellis to monkey much with his boy, and he'd back my judgment against Ellis's any day in the week.

Then he was gone, and I was left alone with Mrs. Spencer and my little patient.

I didn't like Mrs. Spencer worth a cent. If you think Dickie was self-satisfied, I wish you could have seen his wife; always patting something about herself: pats to her hair, or her belt; not the worried pats you and I might give to see if everything was straight and smooth, but little self-centered, self-satisfied pats. And so bossy, in her smooth little self-satisfied way. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 92)



Out of that inky blackness there came the sound of a voice



"You could let me have a uniform, I suppose, until mine got here?"



# Border Stuff

By EDWIN C. DICKENSON

ILLUSTRATED by HERBERT DUNTON



IT WAS Slocum who gave us the first news of the Papago Girl. The Papago, if you don't already know it, is the one kind of Indian that is good even when it ain't dead. Farmers, mostly, and peaceable, when let alone. And the girl was the agent's daughter, and not a Papago. Every last *niño* in the tribe, and most of their pas and mas, worshiped her tracks in the sand. They respected her father because he was one of those Indian agents you don't hear about, being honest. But when it came to the girl, she was the spring in the desert.

Slocum had seen the girl when he had driven the Old Man out to the reservation. It seems that a Yaqui had taken a pot shot at one of the Papago boy herders and pinked him in the arm. So the Papagos had asked the Great Father in Washington to ship them a few hundred Springfields to discourage such-like curiosity on the part of the Yaquis. The Great Father didn't cotton to the idea of giving them such dangerous playthings offhand, and orders had come to the Old Man, out with troops under the shadow of Babuquivari and nearest the Papagos, to investigate.

So while the Old Man was having a pow-wow with the chiefs and Denison, the agent, Slocum was outside, trying to reassemble his Ford while the girl looked on.

You can't get many details out of a trooper when it comes to checking up a girl. When he came back Slocum couldn't even tell the color of her eyes. She was a thoroughbred, a high-stepper, with hair like Border Boy's (the captain's horse) mane. When she opened her eyes on you it was like seeing running water through cottonwoods from the top of a Mexican mountain. She rode her Mexican cayuse like a fine dancer floats over a waxed floor. This much we got out of Slocum, and that was all; but right on the heels of it she and her father came to visit the troop.

Slocum had left plenty for the imagination, but we had all under shot. Somehow, we had got the idea that she was a little thing. I guess it's because when a man cottons to a girl he likes to make her into a small and convenient package. Anyhow, this girl was tall and straight and full-chested. She had wide gray eyes. I

noticed that, for I had jollied Slocum for not knowing their color. And when they looked at you, you straightened up in your saddle, gathered up your reins, and tried to look as though you were an officer.

That night the troop serenaded her. How we sang! It's hard to get the feeling into it when you know there ain't a girl nearer than the railroad, twenty-five miles away, with the trains running night and morning. But here was this queen in white, sitting in the dusk between the Old Man and the lieutenant, with her head bent as though to shade her eyes with the brim of her hat.

"That will do, boys," said the Old Man at last. "Miss Denison wishes me to tell you if you sing any more she will cry. I didn't suppose it was as bad as that, but—"

"Boys, it was wonderful!" she interrupted in a clear voice. "If you only knew—" But that was as far as she got.

Someone started a cheer for her, to save the day, I guess, and we made some noise although I, for one, was sort of choked up, for I had been thinking what a life it must be for a real live girl out in that country, with a crowd of redskins, and only her father to talk sense to, when in the right place she could have had anything she wanted.

Young Slocum dropped in my tent for a talk after the sing. He came from back East, too, and we were swapping yarns about the places we had been to and the things we would do when we got through marking time on

*I wondered why she didn't get off her horse, and then I saw her ankles were tied fast together*



the Border. Then he led up to the Papago Girl, as I knew he would.

"Say what you like about the girls back East, Sarge, give me these Western girls."

I looked at him and grinned. "How many Western girls do you know, Bud?" I asked him.

"You've got me there, Sarge," he admitted. "She's the only one, but if the rest are like her— But, of course, they can't be," he answered himself, kind of thoughtful, and I saw he was hard hit.

"You said it, Kid," I answered. "Anyone can see that with half an eye. She's a queen, all right. What's that thing they say about a rose being as sweet when you call it by any other name?"

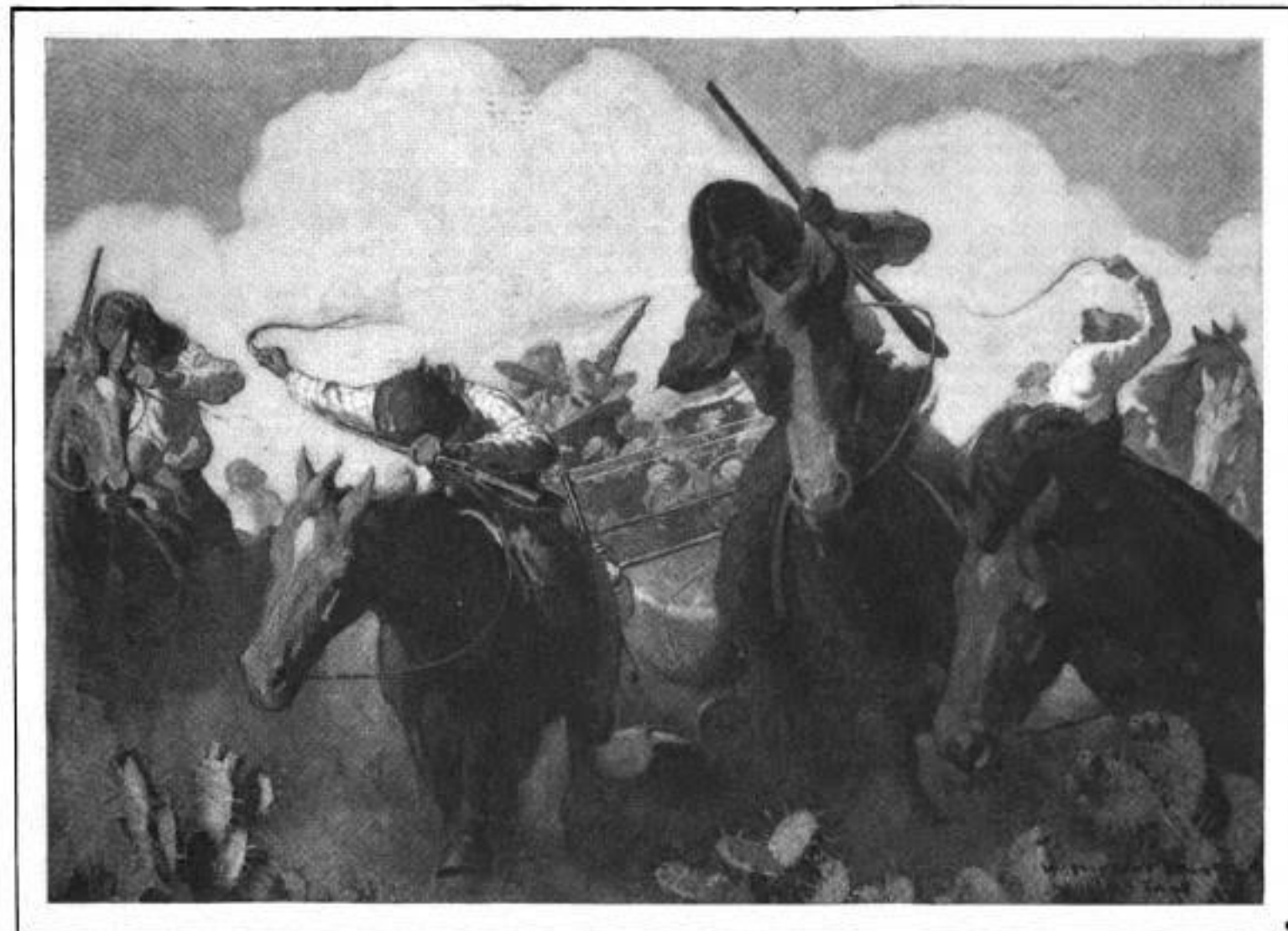
"Full many a rose is born to blush unseen," is what you mean, I reckon, Sarge."

"That's it," I agreed, and then, before I thought, I went on, "But she's seen when she blushes now; and, mark my words, there'll be an officer's lady in this troop before it goes North again if she stays around long."

Slocum's face grew long and he didn't say anything for a minute. Then he said, "She ought to have a brigadier at the lowest."

THE agent and his daughter went on to Tucson next day in their buckboard, and we didn't see them again until a week later when they stopped in on their way back to the Reservation.

The captain turned the troop out at five o'clock in the afternoon for special drill, and there wasn't so much as a grumble about it, although he put us through as many paces as though they had been inspecting officers. The men came tearing front-into-line from column-of-fours with their horses at the dead gallop, and after the drill was over and the Top was dismissing the troop, he gave us a kind of sardonic grin, and said, "One skirt



*There was yelling and shouting all about us now. Dim shapes sheered away on either side*



will put more pep in you fellows than an hour's cussin'. Dismissed!"

The captain and his guests were not there to hear that, of course.

After mess I saw the girl out watching Slocum while he "groomed" the car. He was going over to Tucson the next day on some errand for the captain and he was putting the finishing touches on it.

I sat in the door of the guard tent, it being my turn as sergeant of the guard, and could see the two youngsters gabbling away as though they had known each other all their lives. A fine pair they made, too, she tall, but he taller, and both as slender and straight as cactuses or "cactee" as Slocum would have said. He'd look up at her from his work, and she'd look away, then when he got his eyes back on his work she'd be looking at him again.

"The captain's too old for her, anyway," I said to myself. "But the Kid's got a long way to go before he's brigadier general," I added; "and that girl hadn't ought to be any enlisted man's wife—not with the pay he gets."

SLOCUM sort of tagged on to me later when I was making the rounds of the camp just before dark.

"I don't know how many Western girls you may have known, Kid," I said; "but you must have known a few Eastern ones."

"How's that?" he asked.

"I never saw any couple talk easier than you two do," I answered.

"Sarge," he came back, "that's the funny part of it. That's why I said she had it all over the Eastern girls, she's so easy to talk to. Why, I feel as though I had known her all my life."

"Hump!" I grunted. "That's a bad sign. Unless, of course," I went on, "you're almin' to be a brigadier."

It wasn't a rose that blushed this time. I could see it through Slocum's tan, even if it was almost dark.

I thought that would hold the Kid, and it did for a minute. Then he came back.

"I am aiming for that, Sarge," he said. "And you'll have to watch me for the dust."

I said nothing. There was nothing I could say. When a fellow wants the moon it don't make any great difference if he wants a star or two with it. He's just as likely to get all as one. And I didn't feel like encouraging him any because—well, because when I was his age I thought that by the time I got to be my age I might have two bars on my shoulder, anyway, and here I was, plugging along with three stripes on my arm.

Still, it wasn't quite the same, I had to admit, because young Slocum had an education. He'd left college to get into the Mexican ruckus. He'd only been in the troop a few months, and he was a smart soldier.

So I finally said, "I wish you luck, Kid," and let it go at that.

He was off for Tucson next morning before the girl was up, the flivver bumping away to the northwest in front of a cloud of dust.

The Old Man waited until the agent and the girl set out on the home lap of their journey, and then he set off on a patrol down to the border with a platoon.

That left the camp without any officers, the lieutenant being off on patrol and me in charge as sergeant of the guard, we posting our guard every evening after retreat. Besides this, the old guard was left in camp for stable and police duty.

I was making up my sleep, with the corporal in charge of camp, when young Slocum came back with the news that day.

The sound of the Lizzie's bones rattling waked me up I guess, for as I sat up in my cot I saw legs in puttees coming on the run, and in came Slocum, his eyes as big as his horse's and as excited as a greaser at a dance.

"Sarge, when did she go?" he half shouted at me.

"You little fool," I came back. "you've got your nerve with you to wake me up to ask me that after a night on guard duty."

"But, Sarge," he said, and he was almost crying, "the Yaquis are out and they'll—get her."

"Where did you get that stuff?" I asked, pretty short.

"At Tucson. There's a wire right from the Reservation. Some Indian called up from there, and said the Yaquis had raided them and were swinging east on a chance of picking up Denison. They've been sore at him ever since they heard he tried to get guns for the Papagos."

HAYES, the corporal of the guard, had come in behind Slocum to hear the news.

"Get a man away after the captain on the fastest horse in camp, Hayes, and have O'Brien mount up the old guard as soon as he can."

"What are you going to do?" asked Slocum pretty short.

"Do? You boob!" I said; "I am going to try to head off Denison and the girl in time."

"In time!" Slocum almost wailed. "When did they leave?"

"About nine o'clock."

"And it's three now! Why, man, they are twenty miles from here."

"Well, what do you expect me to do?" I snorted at him. "Sit here and listen to a raw Johnnie drivel?"

"No, Sarge," he said, straightening up; "but there's the Ford."

"That's a new one in Indian warfare. Little chance a flivver would have against a bunch of Yaquis," I said.

"It's a time to take a chance, isn't it, Sarge?" Slocum came back. He said it kind of quiet and looked me right in the eye. I knew then that some day he would be a brigadier general.

"How many men can you carry?" I snapped.

"Four in all. It would break the springs to take more."

"Fill her up with gas and water," I gave in, "and if she breaks down, I'll—well, I guess I won't do anything until the court-martial is over."

"Don't you worry, Sarge; she won't break down."

He could almost have eaten me alive he felt so glad.

In ten minutes we were rattling down the road that followed the creek. I call it a road, but you had to guess at it most of the time by the single wheel track Denison's buckboard had made that morning.

I was in bad, anyway, for sending the little car out to do cavalry work; so I thought I might as well do a good job and go myself, leaving the corporal of the guard in charge of camp. I sat on the seat with Slocum, and in the body of the car were two troopers, Nagle and Smith, who admitted to a row of medals apiece for fine shooting. They, with four Springfields and a dozen bandoliers of cartridges, was all the weight we could handle.

The road took a turn across the creek a few miles below camp.

"Hold on!" Slocum threw back over his shoulder, and he went bucking through water up to his hubs like a side-wheeler. It takes a pretty wild cayuse to strike terror to my heart, as they say in the novels, but I've got to own up that that rearing, bucking, swaying auto had me worn to a frazzle.

ONCE across the ford Slocum slouched down in his seat like as though he was Barney Oldfield, glued his eyes on the desert ahead, opened the throttle wide and left it there, trying to accommodate the country to the car instead of the car to the country. Every once in a while the rear wheels would come up out of the sand and swing around to take a peep at the front. The body was hammering away at the chassis as though to kill it was the only way it could save its own life. The language that came over my shoulder from the two men in the rear was enough to heat the water in the radiator itself if it hadn't been cut up so by the jolts.

Down the valley were a pair of buttes through which the trail led. Many a hot day on patrol I had ridden hour after hour toward those buttes without their growing any nearer. But to-day they came to meet us. There was no doubt about that. They were kind of a gate to the mountains beyond, the trail climbing slowly up to the passes behind them, and when I looked across the stretch of desert, with only a cactus or a mesquite-bush here and there to show that everything wasn't dead, and didn't see a sign of the buckboard, I shook my head to myself. The buttes were twenty-five miles from camp and more than half way to the Reservation. I was afraid Denison and the girl had been too anxious to get home, for their own good.

"See it?" snapped Slocum.

"See what?" I asked.

"Dust at the entrance to the buttes."

"More like steam from your radiator," I grunted, for I couldn't see any dust.

Slocum didn't say anything to that. He was charging down into a dry arroyo with a steep bank on the other side. More language floated forward from the rear end.

"A half-hour more of this, and I won't be able to hit Babuquivari at a hundred yards," grumbled Nagle.

BUT there was straight going now to the buttes, that is, straight desert going, and we went swooping across the almost level sand like a buzzard chasing a jack-rabbit.

The buttes grew tall and the paint came out on their sides—pink and gold and black. We climbed a slow rise to them, turned a curve in the trail, and for the first time had a good view of the opening.

I let out a shout. "The buckboard!"

Slocum threw me a look like ice water.

"Ay, uh," he said; "and no one in it."

He was right. It was the buckboard, and nothing else—even the horses were gone.

There wasn't anything more said. I guess all four of us were too busy thinking. The trail curved to the left beyond the buttes. All we could see was what lay in the narrow pass between, and that was the buckboard.

"No use stopping. Keep on going," I said as we neared it. Slocum nodded and swung out of the trail and by it. His tan had turned a dirty gray, but his jaw stuck out an inch more than usual.

The buckboard was stripped clean, and there weren't any dead Indians about.

"Jumped up from behind that wall and took 'em by surprise," I muttered half to myself. I looked the pass over and shook my head again. There were enough hoof prints for a regiment.

A minute later we shot out through the opening—and there were the Yaquis.

They were a matter of a couple of miles away and perhaps half that distance from the mountains. A cloud of dust rose up about them, blowing our way, and we could only guess how many there were; but the trail before us was spread out to a hundred feet or so with their hoof prints, and I didn't see any reason to change my first guess as to their number.

"Throttle her down, Kid," I ordered Slocum.

"Why?" he shot at me as fierce as a wild-cat.

"Why?" you fool," I answered. "Your old wagon is making as much noise as a riveter. Muffle her down until they see us, and then you can split her wide open for all I care."

I figured that they had taken a last look through the buttes before the car hove in sight, and seeing nothing had thought there wasn't any great hurry and were taking their time and not bothering to look back. But I knew it would only be a matter of seconds now before the Lizzie would give herself away, and then there would be action right off, though in which direction I didn't know. The men in the back of the car were feeding cartridges from the magazines into the breeches and cleaning the dust out of the sights. I lined my own gun up on the rear of the enemy, and saw right away that if we made any hits with the way we were hopping up and down it would be all luck.

THEN as I sighted along the barrel I saw the cloud of dust grow thicker. There came a far-away pop and the sing of a bullet.

"Now, soak it to her, Kid," I said to Slocum, and he opened her up.

Talk about your London fogs! In a half-dozen jumps we had run into their dust screen. You ate it and snuffed it up. It got in your eyes and made you see red. But Slocum didn't slow up. His exhaust was going like a machine-gun, and I guess that was what those greasers thought it was, for there wasn't any mistake about which way they were going. They were all trying to get away from that devil behind them, and spreading out fan-shape to do it.

"Watch out for Denison and the girl!" I called back.

There was yelling and shouting all about us now, and guns going off, too; but I reckon we were sending up some little smoke screen ourselves, for there weren't any hits. Dim shapes sheered away on either side. Once we shoved a fender up against a horse's rump.

"This is worse than a Chinese puzzle!" I shouted to Slocum. "Better slow up until we get our bearings."

But Slocum shook his head.

"We'll run out to windward of them, Sarge, and then perhaps we can see something. Anyway, we'll be between them and the pass."

"You're pipin' right, we'll be," I came back; "and then they are bound to clean us up to get away." But it didn't stop him.

In a minute we were breathing clear air again and the mountains were towering right up in front of us.

I looked back. You could see the front line of horses now. They were hearing off to right and left.

The Yaquis could see us, too. White puffs of smoke were showing up against the brown of the dust cloud and a bullet smacked into the side of the hood. But the engine kept on running.

"This won't do. Circle about and have another go at 'em," I ordered. "We got to keep 'em occupied."

So Slocum swung her about and charged again for the right flank. There wasn't any more firing from that direction when they saw us coming. As for those on the other flank, they were too interested beating it for the pass which we had left open.

"All men. Where's the girl?" I heard young Slocum mutter to himself.

Then he let out a yell, and turned the car around on two wheels. I was shooting at the time and saved myself by grabbing the wind-shield stanchion. When I got back to my seat I saw what Slocum had seen, four riders headed for the pass at the dead gallop, in column-of-twos, and from one of the rear two there was a skirt fluttering.

We charged back across the enemy's front then, three of us throwing the lead at them as fast as we could work our bolts. I say "front," but it was rear as fast as they saw us coming. Slocum bore to his right to head the four off from the pass. It was touch and go for a minute. We could see now that the two rear horses were lariat to the two front, and there wasn't any mistake about it's being the girl. Her hair was streaming back in the wind. She clung to her horse's mane with both hands. Poor Denison couldn't do even this much, for his hands were tied behind his back.

I TRIED to steady my rifle on the first two but it played circles all around them. So I aimed well ahead, for fear of hitting the wrong person, and kicked up the dust ahead of them with a 30-30.

This was too much for their nerves, I guess. First, I saw Denison's horse drop behind, and then the other Indian cut the girl's lariat, and her horse dropped out of the race, too.

I heard young Slocum sigh like a girl at that.

He pulled up beside the girl's horse and was out of the car before I could move, running toward her. The look she gave him would melt butter. I wondered why she didn't get off her horse, and then I saw Slocum fussing around her ankles, and I saw they had tied them fast together with a rope under the horse's belly.

"Keep those devils busy while I get Denison," I ordered Nagle and Smith, and while they did some real shooting, now they could get a steady aim, I ran over to where the agent sat his horse.

He was about all in. "You boys—" he said, and then he choked up and almost cried.

I cut the thong that bound his feet and helped him off the Indian cayuse. He could hardly stand on his feet, and I got an arm about him and helped him over to the car. The girl was worse than [CONTINUED ON PAGE 91]



# The Good Citizenship Bureau

Conducted by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON



ONE of the most interesting features of the School of Political Education held at the Chautauqua Institution this summer was the opening of the Question Box. The inquiries which had grown out of the various lectures given by eminent men and women were answered by Prof. S. H. Clark, University of Chicago; Prof. William B. Guthrie, College of Political Education, Minnesota League of Women Voters, and Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, president Chautauqua Woman's Club, and chairman Department of American Citizenship.

The audience numbered nearly one thousand, with a goodly proportion of men. A poll of their political interests was taken, with the following telling results:

Ninety per cent of the women present voted at the last Presidential election. Fifty per cent make a practice of reading political news and editorials in their home papers. Twenty-five per cent testified that they had voted for candidates and amendments other than those supported by male members of their families, while only five per cent of the women in that representative audience felt that they were permanently affiliated with any one political party.

Through the courtesy of Miss Emily R. Kneubuhl, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is able to reproduce a number of the questions and answers which will be interesting and helpful to students of citizenship and politics:

**Q. With all that a woman has to do, how, as a simple problem in arithmetic, is she going to find time to interest herself in politics?**

**A.** Woman's place is in the home; but to-day politics enters the home every time a woman uses water, gas, or electricity; every time she buys ice, milk, meat; every time she sends her children to school, parks, playgrounds, movies; every time she hears of pool-halls and dance pavilions that are not being operated for the best good of the community. Whether she will or no, as a simple problem in arithmetic, she must with the ballot express her opinion on these things. In municipal affairs women will make their greatest contribution.

**Q. Which is the better method in my home town: first, to teach the women about government and then take up the work on some local good-government problem, or to reverse this order? Will they be more interested in the machinery of government after trying to effect a local reform, or should the knowledge of government precede action?**

**A.** All action based on knowledge has a much better chance of being right than action, the result of impulse. However, very often women have become interested in government and its work after they have had experience—successful or otherwise—in endeavoring to bring about needed local reform. This question seems as broad as it is long, and the local conditions would determine the policy of the leader in any such community. Success could mark her efforts at the end of either of these two roads, provided a right motive stimulated the action along either path.

**Q. What legislation now pending in Congress should women promote? Oppose?**

**A.** The League of Women Voters has endorsed the principles found in the Sheppard-Towner Bill for protection of maternity and infancy, the Education Bill, the Bill for Independent Citizenship for Women, and the Bill for Regulation of Packers of this country. No bills have been definitely opposed, though many principles have been opposed.

**Q. Can a woman be President of the United States?**

**A.** There is nothing in the Constitution which would prevent any American-born woman from becoming the President of the United States, provided she could secure the necessary number of votes. It is interesting to know that in the Prohibition Party platform of last November, it was advocated that no "man or woman" should be the President of the United States, who did not possess a Christian character. This shows that at least one political party is recognizing that a woman as well as a man is eligible for this office.

**Q. What three books would be most helpful for a woman to keep on her table?**

**A.** (1—Mrs. Pennybacker): The Bible, the Constitution of the United States, and the Dictionary. **A.** (2—Doctor Guthrie): The Bible (or the Koran, or something similar), Grotius's "Laws of War and Peace," and "The Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States."

**A.** (3—Miss Kneubuhl): I approve of the other selections, but I would like to add: James Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and "The Federalist."

**Q. Do you feel, from your experience with women, that they possess potentialities of coöperation in political affairs?**

**A.** I have great faith in the ability of women to coöperate. Their war work proved this conclusively.

**Q. If I am ignorant of political issues should I vote? Is it patriotic to make an ignorant vote?**

**A.** Some vote is preferable to no vote, for there is a fifty-fifty chance that you will be right.

**Q. What is filibustering?**

**A.** It is a method used in legislative bodies to prevent a vote being taken; it consists mainly of long-winded speeches addressed to the Speaker. It retards progress.

**Q. Abraham Lincoln's often quoted expression was, "The common people are adequate to their needs." Is this also your opinion?**

**A.** Yes, provided we never forget that education is the foundation upon which democracy must be built.

**Q. How does the United States start its money in circulation?**

**A.** A study of the United States Federal Reserve Bank system would answer this question in full; but, to be brief, the United States, by paying its debts just as does an individual, starts money in circulation.

**Q. How are political parties of the United States financed?**

**A.** The only regular way is that of the Socialists, who have a party membership, and get dues from each member. The other parties are financed by funds and contributions. These run into very high sums.

## Found in the Bureau's Mail Bag

**WISCONSIN** is the first state to enact a blanket law giving its women all the privileges under the law that men have. It reads:

Women shall have the same rights under the law as men in the exercise of suffrage, freedom of contract, choice of residence for voting purposes, jury service, holding office, holding and conveying property, care and custody of children, and in all other respects.

## "At Your Service"

**THE** following helps are available through the Good Citizenship Bureau:

1. "Good Citizenship Made Easy"  
A booklet of practical suggestions. Price, 10 cents.
2. Good Citizenship Leaflets  
As follows: (a) "How to Register;" (b) "Primaries, and Why They are Important to You;" (c) "How the President is Elected;" (d) "Nominations;" (e) "Law-Making;" (f) "Taxes and Where They go." Price, 4 cents each.
3. "American Life and Politics in Fiction"  
A list of 58 worth-while novels covering various phases and periods.
4. "This Government of Mine"  
A list of the 47 best and most entertainingly written books on American history, biography, travel, etc.
5. "Put a Two-cent Stamp to Work"  
A list of institutions in different states which supply help to all interested in civic betterment.
6. "The Good Citizenship Bureau:  
What It Has Done and What It Can Do for You."
7. "Your Community and Its Government."
8. "Simple Facts About Local Politics"  
This textbook on how cities, towns, and counties are governed also contains club programs. Price, 10 cents.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 will be sent on receipt of postage (2 cents for each leaflet).

The Good Citizenship Film, "Women Who Represent Women in Washington." Excellent for civic, political, or community clubs. Nominal charge.

Address Good Citizenship Bureau,  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, New York City.



Miss Emily R. Kneubuhl, of Minneapolis, who had the honor of conducting the first School of Political Education ever held at Chautauqua Institution, New York

"The Massachusetts Plan" is the title of a practical leaflet issued by the Massachusetts League of Women Voters. It outlines the various programs which have been prepared under the direction of Miss Mary E. Woolley, chairman of the American Citizenship Committee and president of Mount Holyoke College. Plan I shows how women's organizations can coöperate with local educational and civic bodies, and vitalize Americanization work among foreigners by giving it the human or social touch it so often lacks. Plan II shows how to reach the indifferent civic group by means of "Citizenship Play Programs." Plan III, "A Know-Your-Town Questionnaire," will appeal especially to women's organizations whose program starts where it should, with the study of local conditions. Finally, it outlines the University Extension services rendered by the State Board of Education. These programs can be adapted to the needs of almost any community. Copies of the pamphlet can be secured by addressing Mrs. True Worthy White, Civic Director, Massachusetts League of Women Voters, 10 Arlington Street, Boston.

The Illinois League of Women Voters is doing all sorts of interesting and practical things this year. During the summer it has cooperated with the Home Advisers in carrying the gospel of good citizenship to women in rural districts. As fourteen Illinois counties are organized in home bureaus, with a membership ranging from five hundred to seven hundred in each county, the interest of rural women in local problems is on the increase. A school of citizenship was conducted in cooperation with the Pontiac Chautauqua, and the State League had a booth at the State Fair. Beginning Saturday, November 26th, the National Board, League of Women Voters, will convene for three days in Chicago, and a regional conference will follow on the 29th. On Wednesday, the 30th, the Illinois State League will hold its first annual convention, in connection with which there will be held an Institute of Efficient Government, and a training class for teachers of citizenship. Readers living in and around Chicago should note these dates and attend the meetings. They will be worth while.

The Pennsylvania League of Women Voters comes to the front again with some extremely fine literature. First: a "Manual of Citizenship for the State of Pennsylvania" suitable for the use of any civic organization in that commonwealth. Second: a correspondence course in citizenship covering county, city, township and borough government; especially good for clubs in detached communities. Third: practical questionnaires compiled by the Luzerne County League (Wilkes-Barre), and charts showing offices to be filled at different elections, issued by the Delaware County League. All of this literature furnishes a good model for organizations in other states that are preparing literature for local use. It can be secured by addressing the Pennsylvania League of Women Voters, 1606 Finance Building, Philadelphia.

Have you a baby in your home? Or an invalid? Anyone whose life depends upon milk?

Then you'll want to read the "Good Citizenship" page for December, the story of how a group of civic-minded women revolutionized the milk supply of their town—and raised its health standards.

Civics is not just voting. It's acting—for individual and community safety.



# There's No Such Thing as Chance

By DOROTHEA BRANDE  
ILLUSTRATED by  
HERMAN PFEIFER

DOWN the steep and narrow stairway a girl came slowly. She held a paper "spill" in her hand, its tip glowing and dancing with her careful motion. A double window of stained glass on the landing was thrown up and the soft air of summer blew in from the lake, threatening the tiny flame. She curled her hand around it protectively, slipping solemnly and almost reverently from step to step of the carpeted stairs. Near the foot of the stairway she stopped, and leaning over the wide walnut railing turned the round key of a gas jet. The hanging lamp was bright and new and the key scraped stiffly around. There was the hiss and odor of gas, and with a quick and frightened movement the girl held the spill toward the jet. The light caught with a jump, and she fell back trembling. She shook out the lamplighter and laughed a little, looking proudly at the chandelier. All its prisms were swaying with the motion of her nervousness, and the narrow hall was full of glancing rainbow lights.

"There!" she said, holding the charred paper away from her dress. She drew her breath with pride and relief and went on down the stairway, looking back at the light above her over her shoulder. The heavy double doors were open to the summer air and, outside, the Chicago prairies, misty as cloud in the dusk, stretched endlessly out toward the west.

In the huge parlor lights were already burning dimly. The girl went slowly over the thick carpets, looking about her with satisfaction—at the heavy sliding doors between the hall and the parlor, at the carved walnut frames of the mirrors, at the straight, slender rods of the gas fixtures, and up at the plaster carvings in relief on the ceiling. She put up her hand tentatively to one of the jets, nearly extinguished it with the first turn, retrieved her mistake quickly, and sent the light from it flooding the desk.

She sat down with dramatic, youthful impressiveness, drew out pen and paper, and began to write:

CHICAGO, August 17th, 1873.

MY DEAREST SALLY SUE: To-night marks an epoch! I have just lighted the gas! That was the surprise Pa had us all worked up about. The whole house is just as fine as he told us it would be—of Athenian marble, and three stories high, besides the basement where the dining-room is; and it has a mountain of steps up to the front door—but he never told us about the gas! The woodwork is elegant black walnut, carved, and there is a fresco on the ceiling and a stained glass window on the stairs. From the back windows you can see the lake and the beach, not half a mile away, and west of us are the prairies. We are right on the edge of town, with no one at all north of us, or rather, just one or two, and they are way north, really beyond the cemetery.

Of course, there'd have to be something wrong. Well, there is: Lucia's outlandish husband has died, and she wants to come back here. Pa says she shall, and Mama says if she does we'll go. She can't bear to introduce a daughter—only her stepdaughter, too,—by the name of Angelotti, and I can't honestly blame her. You know how Pa and Mama are, Sally Sue; they're deadlocked now. I do hope Lu will have the grace to back out pleasantly; but I must say she's not likely to.

Chicago is splendid, and there is no feeling about Southerners any more. And, what do you think? Just by chance—Ma says there's no such thing, really, but I must say it looks as if there were, sometimes—the Mathises have moved back from Louisville, too. Gregory Mathis just came home from college last week. I think he's very nice, but Pa hates him; so you may guess, if you can, whom Gregory likes.

I could write on forever, but the old words ring in my ears: "Oh, is Janey Lewis talking still?" so I shall stop. Do write to me, but don't think that you can make me lonesome. You should see the lake on a sunny day!

Isn't it just my luck that Lewis and Mathis should be so like?

Most lovingly yours,

JANEY.

"There!" said Janey Lewis, and folded the letter most carefully. She slipped it into the envelope and addressed it with thin, tendril-like writing. Outside, along the hard pathway, sounded footsteps, and the sound of a boyish whistle raised in "Upidee." Janey Lewis jumped to her feet and stood, her hair turned into a halo by the flooding gaslight, one hand catching at the cameo on her breast.

Gregory Mathis came up the steps.

THE huge revolving doors of the Biggest Store on Earth whirled around and spun one girl and then another out into the canyon of Washington Street. The sun had just gone down; and the tall buildings were blue in the violet dusk, against a sky streaked with gray and rose. The light from show windows streamed across the pavement, and the sign of a movie on State Street had begun its relentless flashing—off-on, off-on, off-on. The chill spring air came damp and heavy from the lake.

"Hoo! It's cold when the sun's down!" the first girl said, jumping free of the door. She did a little shuffle on the pavement, hunched her shoulders under the smart thin stuff of her coat, and dug her hands deep into her pockets, waiting for the other girl to join her. Her eyes were sharp and black and as remorseless as the sign on the movie. "Going over to Michigan for the bus?"

"No, but I'm going north down Michigan," Bernadette said. She swung into step beside her companion and caught her arm. To see Bernadette go down the Chicago streets was to see all the girlhood of the world laugh down the windy ways of spring. She drew their linked arms closer and laughed.

"That's the end of Benson's," she said, and gave the huge store, sitting stolid and pompous in the twilight, a mock salute of farewell from the brim of her hat. "Nothing ahead there."

"Nothing ahead!" gasped Rose, aghast at such heresy against that admitted monument to Opportunity. "Are you leaving Benson's?"

"Well, nothing ahead for me," Bernadette corrected. She threaded deftly between the street cars and trucks of Wabash Avenue, lending the mortal Rose the protection of her invulnerability by their linked arms. "I have left. To-night."

Rose fell into a high-heeled trot beside her. "Got another job yet?" she queried, her sharp little eyes glancing from Bernadette's excited eyes to her mouth, curved with the zest of adventure. In seven years Rose had risen

glance of deep respect. "That ought to be a regular job," she said wistfully. "You talk French, don't you?"

Bernadette doubled forward with mirth. "No; I speak a vile patois, but it's good with Mrs. Ellison," she said. She raised her voice three notes to a querulous falsetto. "'Maaree, esk ong maa tellyphonay?'"

"Is that French?" Rose asked humbly, at sea.

"No, that's the point, it's not," Bernadette said, her voice catching with laughter. "But when I heard the revered Mrs. Ellison, president of the Friends of France, spring that—I was standing humbly and unobtrusively inside the door—I knew I was safe. I said, 'Madame!'—she did a little ceremonious dip of respect—'est-ce que je vous dérange?' and when she heard my name and that I'd done library service at college, it was all over but the decorations."

"Go on; you do, too, speak French!" Rose rallied her skeptically. "Don't you, honest?"

"Ever draw your nail over hand-painted china?" Bernadette asked her. "That's the feeling Canadian French gives a real Frenchman."

"Someone will put Mrs. What's-her-name wise," Rose hazarded, with unusual acumen. "Some French teacher or someone."

Bernadette turned sidewise to see herself in a shop window. Her head was set with adorable impudence on her slim shoulders. Her deep eyes were lusterless as velvet, shaded by lashes which drooped sadly at the corners and gave her face in repose a pathos to which she had no honest title. Her honey-colored hair was as smooth and glossy, and clung about the little round crown of her head as suavely, as the painted hair of a china doll. Her mouth was heart-shaped and deep red. She was altogether delicious and unexpected and devastating. She put up her chin.

"Oh, I think not!" she said.

Rose grumbled openly. "Oh, I suppose not," she admitted, as Bernadette swung her around the corner of the Library into the Boulevard. "Of course they won't. That's just your luck."

Bernadette stamped her foot. "Luck!" she cried. "That's all you talk at Benson's till I'm sick of it. There's no such thing as luck."

Rose caught her up sharply. "Oh, no, I don't suppose it was luck made those two women come to you for gloves and then talk French to each other! I bet that was what started it. Honestly, now wasn't that just chance?"

Bernadette laughed aloud at the memory of herself, carefully fitting the gloves of the woman who deplored in French her inability to get away long enough to rest, to the friend who commiserated her on being probably the only woman in the city who understood both French and library procedure.

"All right, that was chance, if you like," she said. "But do you know what you'd have done, the rest of you? You'd have said, 'Gee, I wish I'd a' had the nerve to tell her I could 'a' done it!' and for a week you'd have groused about no luck. Well, I got the job; and that's not all I'm going to get, either." She explored her hand bag and drew out a slip of paper. "Where's 1007 North State Street?"

"Somewhere south of Division. Why?" Rose asked, none too amicably.

"Well, I'm thinking of living there," Bernadette said, reasonably.

Rose, quite convinced now of her madness, stood stock-still on the wide bridge and surveyed her with open mouth.

"Leave the El Dorado?" she almost squeaked. She continued unable to close her lips again, and plied Bernadette with busy, incredulous eyes. That anyone fortunate enough to live at the streaming junction of Wilson Avenue and Sheridan Road, where all

night and every day unceasing incense went up to the god of urban pleasure—a heady incense compounded of the fumes of gasoline, the scent of cigarettes, and of infinite powders, an incense that was the breath of life to Rose—should willingly leave that paradise was beyond her comprehension. True, El Dorado was only an ex-apartment building, rather clumsily thrown together into a "hotel,"



Mrs. Ryan lighted a small jet—the room was just a room, that was all, with a jerry-built morris chair and a little dresser

from inspector to head of the ribbons, and she regarded Bernadette with a mixture of awe at her daring, and friendly concern for a failing mind.

"I have, my love," Bernadette said, enjoying her. "Librarian at the Bibliothèque des Amis de France—French Library, that's all."

Rose gave her the tribute of a moment's silence and a



On Hallowe'en when we are seen  
We'll make a big sensation  
And far and wide on every side  
Spread Campbell's reputation!



## The hit of the evening!

There, at the very beginning of the feast, it greets you with the sunny smiles of summer. It puts a sparkle in your appetite. Rich, spicy, delicious, served steaming hot, every spoonful invites to pleasure. Start the dinner with Campbell's Tomato Soup and every dish seems to gain a keener flavor!

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

is one of the most popular of the famous soups which have made the name of Campbell's a household word. Pure tomato juices, velvety creamery butter, pure granulated sugar, dainty herbs and spices all go to make Campbell's Tomato Soup a leading favorite of the American dining table.

#### Rum Tum Ditty

Pour contents of one can Campbell's Tomato Soup into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add one pound cheese cut in dice. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with soup. Add red pepper to taste and one egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast.

21 kinds

12c a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



but the over-stuffed suite of its reception-room was so modishly puffy, and its floor lamps shone so bravely through their rose and blue silk shades!

Bernadette, regarding her open-faced amazement, was quite unable to tell her what a nightmare the stuffed suite and the floor lamps were to her; to tell her that ever since she had been amiably shanghaied into El Dorado by her fellow saleswomen she had wondered why on earth she had believed that Chicago would be more bearable, after college, than the little village just over the Canadian line.

"Well, I want to be near town, for one thing," she began; "and I guess Wilson Avenue's not my speed, Rosie; and this will be cheaper than El Dorado, too."

Rose, having at last received a reason which she could accept, relaxed her taut facial muscles and took up the march.

"Well!" she said, "I'm not going to walk all the way to State and Division, believe me! Me for a bus. I'll see you when you pack up, won't I?"

"I'll run in," Bernadette promised. "Never mind me, Rose. I'm not going foolish. I've just made up my mind what I want, and I'm going after it."

AT FIRST sight 1007 North State Street looked hardly more alluring than El Dorado. It owned not so much as a spear of grass, for it had sold the tiny plot that was its birthright to a delicatessen, which, white and glazed and shining, came out flush with the sidewalk to flaunt its six-pointed, gold-lined glass Star of David. The supernatural whiteness of Mr. Meyer Cohen's delicatessen threw the grimy smoke-color of Mrs. Ryan's rooming-house into even deeper gloom, and between it and its neighbors on either side there was not room for so much as a visiting card. Bernadette considered it, dubious finger on lip, but decided at last to ascend the endless stairs and see what Mrs. Ryan might offer.

"Ugh!" said Bernadette to herself in the vestibule. "Gas!" And, indeed, an odor in which mustiness and cookery vied with gas and were vanquished did penetrate even the heavy double doors of the vestibule. Bernadette told over its advantages: It was cheap; it was near town; it was quite good enough for a person who was just going to camp there on her way to glorious matrimony via the French Library. Her courage had quite returned by the time the inside doors were opened and her landlady appeared.

Mrs. Ryan was old, taciturn, and unbending, and, unlike her species, she made no attempt to decorate what she had to offer. Yes, she had one room. It was on the third floor and at the end of the hall; but there was only one other person to the third-floor bath, and the room was quiet. If Bernadette wanted to see it she might.

Bernadette came into the hall, which was pitch-dark and almost overwhelmingly odorous. She stumbled up the narrow stairs in Mrs. Ryan's sure wake, moving by touch and sound and getting well bumped at every landing. At the end of the hall on the third floor Mrs. Ryan threw open a door and lighted a small jet. The room was just a room, that was all, with a folding-bed and an ancient plush couch, a jerry-built morris chair and a little dresser. Its one window looked out over the pebble-covered roof of the second story into a graveled schoolyard with one wizened tree. But at least there were no floor lamps and the room was two and a half a week; Mr. Cohen, on the ground level, could probably provide beans and bread.

"I'll take it," said Bernadette with a gusty sigh. The first step on the road to glory seemed very rough.

"Nobody needs to know where I live," she thought, dropping the sleazy curtain. And the three dollars' difference between this room's rent and that at El Dorado and all the money saved on car fare, meant worlds of difference in her clothes. She counted out two and a half dollars into Mrs. Ryan's indifferent palm.

And so every day Bernadette went out of the musty odors of Mrs. Ryan's into the clean, fresh spring morning and walked to the French Library. And never in her life had she been so happy. She loved the Library and its deep chairs and soft rugs, and the gleaming bookcases that went all around the walls. Mrs. Ellison was very proud of her, and took her bright competence, her admirably imitative accent, and her very correct bearing as a tribute to her own shrewdness.

By contrast with the Library, Bernadette's little third-floor room was almost unbearable. She got into the way, soon, of staying after the shirred silk curtains were drawn down over the glass doors and the little lamp on her

librarian's table was snapped off officially for the night. She would draw a deep chair into the window corner and turn on a reading light, and there, with one foot curled beneath her, and sometimes with one of Mr. Cohen's apples and a sandwich, she would stay till the Boulevard turned blue and lights came out suddenly along the street, clusters of luminous white flowers and great single red ones.

She was sitting there so one night, deep in a book of Loti's, thousands of miles away from Chicago, under the spires of Stamboul. It was the sound of the huge door knob rattling futilely which roused her at last. Ordinarily,



*The night was warm and soft, and even the city was scented with spring*

she would have let the knob go on rattling away, and if it had grown too insistent she would undoubtedly have made a face at it and gone on reading. Everyone who had a right to enter the library after hours had a key, and belated stragglers were none of her affair. But the spell of Loti was too deep. Only half disenchanted, Bernadette stumbled to the door and opened it, her eyes still full of dreams.

WHEN Janey Lewis had first looked up at Gregory Mathis in 1873 she had thought him the tallest, brownest thing, with the pleasantest smile she had ever seen. And now, if Janey had only known it, another girl looked up at her son and Gregory's and thought the same thing and felt the same way to a heart-beat, as he stood there, first smiling, then taken aback.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he said. "Isn't Miss Bowman here?"

"Miss Bowman's in Bermuda," Bernadette told him; "and I'm the librarian here now."

"Oh," he said, rather at a loss. He looked around a little helplessly. "Well, that floors me," he said. "Miss Bowman was my last bet."

"Could I help?" Bernadette asked. She opened the door a little wider and pushed on the electric switch. He came into the light-flooded room, and when Bernadette had gone to sit beside her desk he dropped with relief into a deep reading chair.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "I'm looking for a house that's disappeared. I thought Miss Bowman might know about it, since she knows all about my family."

"She's been gone a month," Bernadette told him. "I'm sorry."

"A house and a woman," he said. "You wouldn't think you could mislay a house—a whole street, in fact—and a woman with a name like Angelotti, would you? I've asked every policeman in Chicago where Walcott Street is, and they all think I've gone mad. I've bought three street guides; but they don't show it. And I've searched every directory for Angelottis and gone hunting down dozens of them, even without the proper first name, but the one I want eludes me." He smiled at her. "My name's Gregory Mathis," he said; "and it's my mother's old home and her half-sister I'm looking for. Miss Bowman used to know them, and I thought she could help."

"I'm sorry," Bernadette said again. "Would Mrs. Ellison know, perhaps? You might come to-morrow and ask her."

She got up, slipped Loti back into his niche and closed the bookcase door, locked up the desk and got out her gloves with finality; but Gregory Mathis, standing when she did, remained undismissed.

"I'm afraid I'll have to close up now," she said at

last. "It's really hours after our regular closing time." "Oh, yes," he said. "Well, I'll try Mrs. Ellison to-morrow then." He looked rather at a loss, and it had not been many months since Bernadette was as strange in the city as he.

"I wish I knew Miss Bowman's address, even," she said. "But she said she was just going to blow wherever she listed for a while, she was so tired of things that went by numbers and rows. Bermuda for a while, and then anywhere. But Mrs. Ellison's been in Chicago a long time. She will probably know."

She put her hat on by the aid of a darkened glass door and turned to lock up.

"It will have to be found in a hurry, if it's to do any good," Gregory said. "You see, this is a sort of sentimental pilgrimage I'm making, vicariously, for my mother. She's not well, and she wants to hear from her old home and from her sister, and I haven't much time to lose. I thought it would take a couple of days at most."

They went side by side down the stairs and out into the Boulevard. The night was warm and soft, and even the city was scented with spring.

At the door he looked at her a little hesitantly, as if expecting dismissal, but Bernadette walked along with her head bent, listening to him closely, and he took her silent attention as permission to walk with her if he chose. And the two of them, bound together by the spring night and the echo of Janey's old romance, went together down the city street.

At the river they leaned over the bridge and watched the oily water flowing sluggishly along past the black piles of the wharves. Spring and Bernadette's gentle friendliness in a strange town unloosed Gregory's tongue, and he told all he knew of the home he was searching for. Little by little, it grew up for Bernadette into a mansion in

Arcady—in Arcady, indisputably, in spite of the mountain of steps and the walnut woodwork, for Janey had given it to her son and Gregory's with all the enchantment of her happy memory around it. In Bernadette's mind, Gregory's fair white house and the awful gloomy pile that was Mrs. Ryan's stood side by side in dreadful contrast. If he should ever know, this fastidious young Southerner who had come to find his mother's lovely house, how dreadful a place she lived in, could he ever look at her again? Bernadette cupped her white chin in her palm and listened abstractedly.

"I'll have to get on, I'm afraid," she said at last. "—You'd better not come any farther with me," and to her disgust her voice sounded pleading. To her relief Gregory took her quite at her word, and immediately.

"To-morrow, then," he said pleasantly. Bernadette turned down the street and he turned back toward town, but after half a dozen steps they both looked around. They laughed at that, and they swung out their hands simultaneously in such an identical gesture of intimate farewell that Bernadette went on to the stuffy odors of Mrs. Ryan's rather breathless, and feeling for almost the first time in her life truly alone.

Walcott Street was unknown country to Mrs. Ellison when Bernadette asked her about it next day. She listened to the quest of Miss Bowman's friend.

"Maybe Howard knows," Mrs. Ellison hazarded, and sat down to telephone her husband. "Howard, who's Walcott Street, do you know?" she asked. "There isn't! Are you sure there isn't? . . . Sure? . . . There, I know there wasn't," she said, turning back to Bernadette. "He'd be sure to know if there was, for his family has been here for ages—ever since the Fair."

And Bernadette, to whom three decades of living in Chicago were as a cycle of Cathay, turned to making labels, feeling that poor Gregory's quest was hopeless indeed. She shook her head at him from the desk when he came in.

"Mrs. Ellison never heard of Walcott Street," she said sadly. "Mrs. Ellison, this is Mr. Mathis, who was looking for Miss Bowman."

Mrs. Ellison trailed up. "Oh, you're Miss Bowman's little Greg Mathis, aren't you?" she asked, laughing, he was so obviously not anyone's "little" anything at all. "I've seen pictures of you in everything from an artificial snowstorm to a track suit. Miss Bowman will be so sorry to have missed you. And so you can't find your house. How odd!"

"I don't see how I can miss it," Gregory said. "North, near the lake; south of a cemetery; Walcott Street, Angelotti. Should you think such a combination could escape me?"

"Oh, near a cemetery!" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 29]





The Doctor: Perfect health for baby and for grown-ups, too, requires clothes that not only look clean but are hygienically clean.

# What have clean clothes to do with health?



## What is Naptha?

It is that powerful yet harmless dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners to cleanse safely and to freshen dainty fabrics and delicate colors. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer. Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha.



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More, perhaps, than you realize! Consider the health-value of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. They not only *look* clean, but they *are* clean through and through.

Because—The clothes are given a *double* cleansing; they are naptha-cleaned and soap-and-water cleaned.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves the body oils that hold the dirt fast to clothes. Thus the naptha makes the dirt let go by soaking it loose, with only a light rub on extremely soiled places. All the poisons and oils of perspiration in the clothes are completely taken out. The naptha having done its work vanishes completely, carrying away all odors. Then the soapy water flushes away the dirt.

Wash all your clothes, even the fine dainty baby garments, with Fels-Naptha—the perfect combination of good soap and real naptha. Then your clothes will be *doubly* clean—*hygienically* clean. The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# From the Gift Shops

*Suggestions that may help you find just the right thing for the right person*



**A** BRIGHT bit of inspiration for any room is this unique flower holder striped in orange and black on a cream background, with a medallion decoration in blue, orange, and green. (8 inches high.)



I'm Thankful Stebbins. You'll find more about me at the bottom of the page.

**IMPORTANT:** A complete list of the names and addresses of the shops where these gifts may be purchased, together with price list, will be sent upon receipt of a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address GIFT SHOP EDITOR, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.



**MY NAME'S** Fido, and I've saved over one hundred dollars, as my mistress, Grace Margaret Gould, will tell you. You can't buy me (Miss Gould won't sell me), but I've a lot of relations that look just like me who are looking for good homes. We have iron constitutions and are not afraid of hard work. You can use us for savings banks or door-stops.



**H**ERE'S a decorative letter file, covered with glazed chintz paper in crisp, fresh colors—rose, blue, purple, green, and yellow on a cream background. The flap is lined in plain blue. A most acceptable gift for almost anyone, we should think.

**B**OXES, like baskets, have a fascination all their own, and such charming ones as these make delightful gifts in themselves. Both have glazed surfaces that will not soil. The box just above is an artistic salmon pink with gold-bordered cover framing a beautiful old-time print in rich colors and carrying a quaint Christmas sentiment.



Box in turquoise blue with cherubs in soft shades of brown. (Diameter, 6 inches.)

Our backs are quite fetching. All six of us have them.



**T**HIS delicate little perfume pitcher, with its tiny tile to stand on, is quite the most intriguing thing of its kind we've ever seen. The general color effect is an exquisite blue, but there are alluring touches of coral pink and emerald green.



Both letter file and flower pot holder have a glazed finish that will not soil.



**F**OR the Christmas plant that everyone likes to give, this chintzy flowerpot holder adds just the necessary personal touch. The colors are the same as on the letter file above.



**A** CONDIMENT trio made all "in one piece" so that you can pass it by just taking hold of the handle. The colors are quite Czecho-Slovakian—vivid blue and red stripes, and flowers in red, blue, and green.

**F**OR holding little books on the bedside table or boudoir desk these engaging book ends are just the thing. The hand-painted border design is in gold superimposed on robin's egg blue; the flowers are rose with touches of vermillion and yellow.



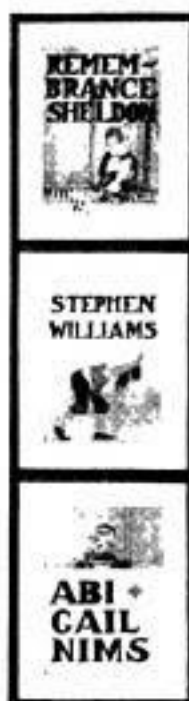
**"JUST BORN"** is the way one person described these miniature salts and peppers painted in gay peasant colors. They're only an inch and three-quarters high, by the way.

Be sure to send a colored candle with the candlestick.



**F**OR the corner that needs an odd piece of bric-à-brac the solid brass candlestick above (8 inches high) is a choice bit of decoration, with its hand-painted orange, blue, and purple flower design on bands of brilliant black.

**A**NOTHER perfume container, quite the latest novelty, is the long-stoppered bottle shown just above. You can see how long the stopper is if you look closely. A blue band, gold edged, ornaments the bottle, and the pointed gold stopper also has a band of blue.



You ought to see some of our other costumes!



**S**ELDOM have we come across anything so enchanting as these "Olde Deerfield" paper dolls, representing the little captives carried off by the Indians in 1704. Their true stories are told in six fascinating little books, with colored pictures, which accompany them. Besides the books, the set consists of six cut-out dolls (see "Thankful" above), each with several beautifully colored costumes, the old-fashioned Williams homestead from which several of the little captives were taken, and the picturesque wigwam of Arosen, the Indian. This gift would be ideal to send a family where there are several children.



# The PRICELESS INGREDIENT

*In the city of Bagdad lived Hakeem, the Wise One, and many people went to him for counsel, which he gave freely to all, asking nothing in return.*

*There came to him a young man, who had spent much but got little, and said: "Tell me, Wise One, what shall I do to receive the most for that which I spend?"*

*Hakeem answered, "A thing that is bought or sold has no value unless it contain that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for the Priceless Ingredient."*

*"But, what is this Priceless Ingredient?" asked the young man.*

*Spoke then the Wise One, "My son, the Priceless Ingredient of every product in the market-place is the Honor and Integrity of him who makes it. Consider his name before you buy."*

Three words of this old tale—"The Priceless Ingredient"—tell the story of the House of Squibb, revealing the secret of its service and success.

E. R. Squibb & Sons was founded in 1858 by Dr. Edward R. Squibb, a physician and chemist of high principles and ideals. He was inspired, not by hope of financial gain (for he had money enough for all his needs), but by professional duty and personal honor. His aim was to set a new and higher standard in chemical and pharmaceutical manufacture, by making products of greater purity than had yet been known.

Within three years the Squibb Laboratories had attained a position of leadership. In 1861 the Government of the United States turned confidently to Squibb for products needed for a million

men in our Civil War. That was sixty years ago. The reputation so early won, the House of Squibb holds today inviolate and values far above profits.

In 1917, as in 1861, the United States Government again turned confidently to Squibb for products needed for millions of men in the World War, and after the War, conferred upon the House of Squibb the Award for Distinguished Service.

For more than half a century the name Squibb has been recognized as full guaranty of skill, knowledge and honor in the manufacture of chemical and pharmaceutical products made exclusively for the medical profession and used only by the physician and the surgeon.

The name Squibb on HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS is equally valued as positive assurance of true purity and reliability.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.

Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.

Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—highest quality. Pleasant and effective.

Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamins.

Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.

Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.

Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.

Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no soap or other detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.

Squibb's Talcum Powder—Carnation, Violet, Boudoir, and Unscented. The talcum powder *par excellence*.

Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.  
The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

# SQUIBB

RELIABILITY

UNIFORMITY  
PURITY  
EFFICACY





## For Making Home Made Candy

For making bon bons, delicious fudge and candies of all kinds, as in all other cooking, Carnation Milk is convenient, economical and pure. It is just cows' milk evaporated to the thickness of cream, then sterilized in air-tight containers. Your grocer is the Carnation Milk Man. Send for our Cook Book containing 100 economical, tested recipes.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.  
1155 Consumers Building, Chicago  
1255 Stuart Building, Seattle

# Carnation Milk



"From Contented Cows"

The label is red and white

**Fudge**—2 cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Carnation Milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 2 squares chocolate. Put sugar, Carnation Milk, water and cream of tartar in a sauce pan. Stir thoroughly. Place on stove and boil slowly. When nearly done, add chocolate and continue cooking until the candy forms a soft ball when dipped in cold water. Remove from fire. Let it partially cool, then stir vigorously. Turn into a greased pan.

**Divinity**—2 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Carnation Milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup corn syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, whites of 2 eggs. Put sugar, corn syrup, milk and water in a sauce pan. Stir thoroughly. Place over fire; continue stirring until it begins to boil. Boil until it registers 255 or until it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Remove from fire; let stand while beating the whites of eggs. Beat the eggs very stiff. Pour the syrup slowly over the beaten whites, beating constantly. Add nuts if desired.

There are many other recipes as good as these in the Carnation Cook Book. Send for it.

## For the Christmas Candles

Designs by EDNA S. CAVE



**S**CREEN your electric candles with flowers—the light gleams bewitchingly through a petaled spray of daisies, roses, and lilacs in the new lacquered finish.

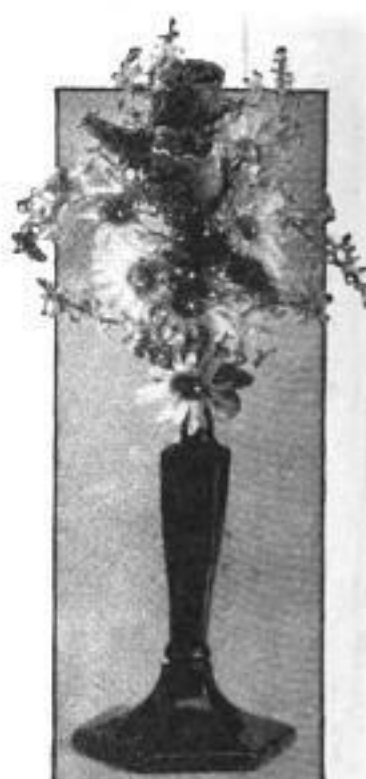


At candle-lighting time these shades will bring you pleasure

Through amber-toned parchment a warm glow always alluringly falls



**C**UNNING oval shades of tan, holding formal little pots of pods, leaves and stems in black and green, suit a double brass wall sconce, which, by the way, can also be obtained in single and triple style. The shade below—with its blue-green basket of gay little flowers arranged against a black ground—is stunning for a single wall sconce.



**T**HE bouquet may be purely decorative, with or without a black candle behind it, in a black candlestick, if you lack electricity.



**S**OMEHOW, stiff little urns of bright fruits, centering ovals of black painted parchment, seem just right on shades for mantel or buffet candlesticks of old copper or brass, like those shown above.



Just to give you an idea of the flower ornament in detail



Of excellent design is this wooden sconce in antique gold

**I**NFORMATION as to where the candlesticks and sconces illustrated on this page may be obtained, together with their prices, will be sent on receipt of a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address The Christmas Candle Editor, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Write early!

Garden flowers grow colorful and straight on this fascinating shield



## Working Designs and Directions

**P**ATTERNS, color schemes, and directions for making these candle shades, and directions for making the flower screen will be sent on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps. Order H-377, Candle Shades, and address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.



# The Fad for Flowers

*Brings in the vogue of silk and worsted*

Designs by PEGGY ENGLEMAN and MARIA LA SPINA

*Directions for making silk and chiffon flowers, on page 78—worsted flowers on page 96*

**C**LEVER twists of old-gold, old-rose, and old-blue silk—all old, you notice but the mode, which is very, very new—are mounted on a black velvet ribbon to wear girdle-fashion with a plain tailored gown. On a simple hat they may serve as the only trimming.



*These roses in real life are as large as their hot-house cousins*



**W**ILD roses with peach-bloom petals of chiffon flutter airy-fairy-like among graceful green sprays of maiden-hair for a pretty girl's dancing frock.



**N**OT all the lovely flowers there are grow in gardens, as you'll agree when your eye falls on the blossoms at the left, where the shell tints of dawn and sunset have been caught and held in clustered rosebuds of chiffon and silk. They're at home on an evening frock or hat or a frivolous negligee.

*Wind the stem of the poppy with green wool*

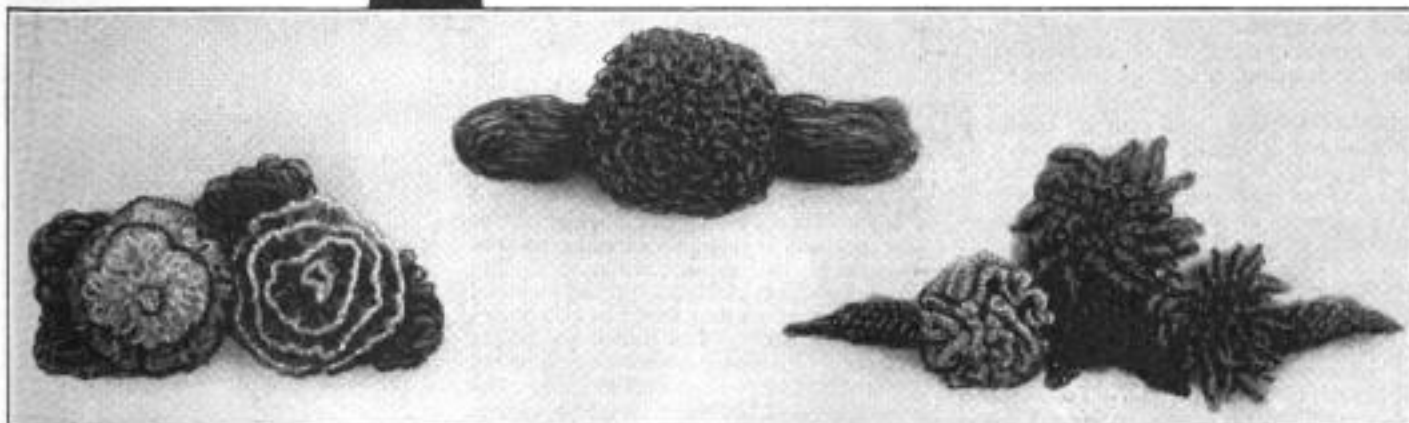


**C**RISP and fresh, these American Beauties of taffeta will bring a gorgeous flash of color to a dark costume.



**A** TRIO of colored wool flowers like those at the left smartens a black velvet sash, or gives to a sports hat the handmade air of distinction that always appeals to every woman.

**D**EEP orange melts subtly into yellow as the crinkled petals of this chiffon poppy ring themselves round and round, farther and farther from the heart, to reach a five-inch span.



**F**ASHION'S fancies this season are stance, the camellia twins—one, loose-looped orange chrysanthemum strangely effective with tendrillish

bright wool flowers crocheted in a variety of original stitches. There are, for instance, white whorls with canary edges, the other, canary with white edges; a stunning with green yarn petals for a sports hat ornament; and a group of dahlias, petals of orange, purple, and yellow interspersed with triangular green leaves.

## Mrs. Knox's Corner

### HOUSEHOLD DISCOVERIES WITH GELATINE

HOUSEKEEPERS everywhere are constantly sending me new and unusual uses for gelatine. These hints are so interesting that I am giving as many as possible here, together with one of my own gelatine specialties. If you, too, have discovered some new use for Knox Gelatine, send it to me that I may publish it in this corner.

#### A DELICIOUS THANKSGIVING DESSERT

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water 1 cup maple syrup  
White of 1 egg 2 cups cream  
1 teaspoon vanilla 1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/2 pound nut meats, chopped

Soften the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes and dissolve over hot water. Heat the maple syrup and pour on the beaten white of the egg, beating until very light. Beat in the gelatine and, when cool, fold in the cream, beating well, and add vanilla, salt and nut meats. Line mold with lady fingers or slices of stale sponge cake. Turn in the cream and chill.

*For after-dinner candies, try Knox Gelatine mints*

Fruit juices, from canned or "put up" fruits, need not be served with the fruit but poured off, saved and made into Knox Gelatine desserts and salads. The juice from canned strawberries, loganberries, or blackberries makes a most delicious jelly when combined with Knox Gelatine, or with nuts, cheese and lettuce, a delightful fruit salad.

Canned apricot juice, jellied with spices and grated orange rind, makes an appetizing relish for meat or fish.

Canned pineapple juice, molded with sliced tomatoes or cucumbers, makes a most unusual jellied salad.

In these fruit juice desserts and salads, use one level tablespoon Knox Gelatine for every 2 cups of juice, or 2 level teaspoons to a cup of liquid. First soften gelatine in cold water and add fruit juice heated sufficiently to dissolve gelatine. Pour into wet molds and chill.

Bread crumbs, rice and nuts, combined with Knox Gelatine, make a nutritious "Vegetarian Nut Loaf." This may be used in place of meat and is appropriate for a simple home luncheon or dinner. See detailed recipe page 5 of the Knox booklet "Food Economy."

#### Many Gelatine Discoveries in Knox Booklets

There are many additional uses for gelatine in my recipe booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" which contain recipes for salads, desserts, meat and fish molds, relishes, candies, and invalid dishes. They will be sent free for 4c in stamps and your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

**KNOX GELATINE**

109 Knox Avenue

Johnstown, N. Y.



*"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—think of KNOX"*



*This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavour for the convenience of the busy housewife*





No. 420—2-3 yr. \$1.75

**Hand Embroidery**

On Children's Dresses, Undergarments or articles for home adornment, always adds a distinctive touch entirely separate from any other kind of trimming; and there is no simpler or more economical way to possess beautiful hand embroidered garments than through

**ROYAL SOCIETY  
EMBROIDERY  
PACKAGE OUTFITS**

These nationally known, trade marked packages contain garments and decorative articles, stamped with designs for embroidering, always in refined styles and of first class materials. The wearing apparel is usually entirely made, even with exacting care and every package is supplied with sufficient floss. You can avail yourself of this exceptional opportunity to have many exquisite articles that would be very costly if you bought them already hand embroidered; and even if you have never embroidered before, the simplified direction chart tells you exactly how. Send for Latest Illustrated Circular

**A Beautiful Yoke of Filet**

Which will be well worth your time in the service it will give crocheted with

**ROYAL SOCIETY  
CORDICRET**

A hard twisted mercerized crochet cotton, made of the finest long staple cotton, and anything crocheted with it never fails to satisfy. White and Ecru, all sizes; Colors, sizes 3, 10, 30, 50, 70.

Send for directions in the New Book No. 15—Price 15c.

Just off the press—the latest Crochet Book containing handsome Sweaters and Tams in new stitches. Edges, Gown and Camisole Yokes, Filet Collar, Luncheon Set, Scarfs, Pillow, Slippers, etc., with enlarged charts for counting Filet, etc.

Sold By Dealers Everywhere

**H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.**  
Union Square West New York



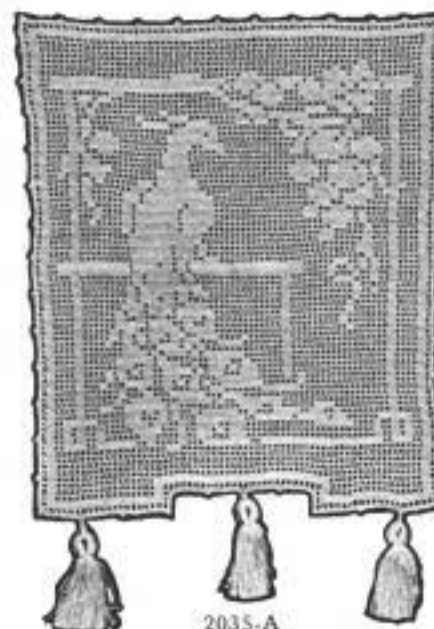
2034-A

# The Proud Peacock

*In filet and cross-stitch*

Designed by  
**EVELYN PARSONS**

TO THE present generation both "anti-macassar" and "tidy" are words with little, if any, significance; but fashions have a way of harking backward, reverting to type, as it were, or, rather, to tidies. So it behooves us all to take notice that "a tidy" is a more or less ornamental covering for the back of a chair, the arms of a sofa, or the like, to keep them from being soiled. Nor is there any doubt as to the cause of said soil—on the backs of chairs, anyway—as an analysis of the other word, antimacassar, shows: *anti*, against; *macassar*, oil—a pomade made from almond, olive, or peanut oil in the island of Macassar. So, now we know there's a real reason for their revival, let's to the making of them.



2035-A

The arm pieces may be used on either davenport or chair

THE davenport antimacassar (shown at the top of the page) measures thirty-nine by fourteen inches; the smaller one, for a chair back, twelve by eight inches. The arm pieces may be used with either.

Number 30 ecru cotton is used, but the size of the piece may be regulated by the number of the cotton.

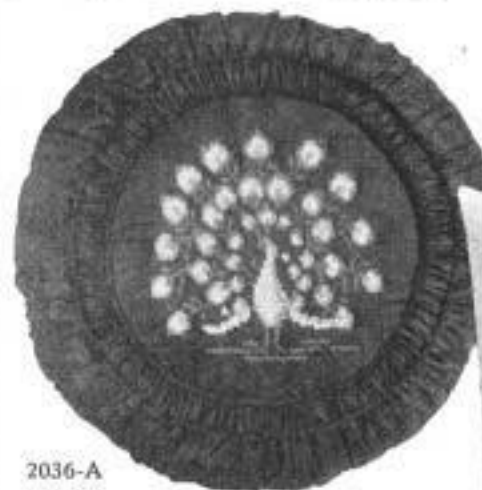
For these designs we provide black and white filet patterns and crochet directions as follows:

2034-A—Davenport antimacassar and arm pieces 25 Cents

2035-A—Chair antimacassar and arm pieces 15 Cents

The tassels, which are simple to make, give a nice finish to these pieces.

A TABLE runner of heavy gray linen with a peacock cross-stitched in bright colors would prove a decorative addition to den or living-room. The same design might be repeated in the center of an oblong or square cushion of the linen, also.

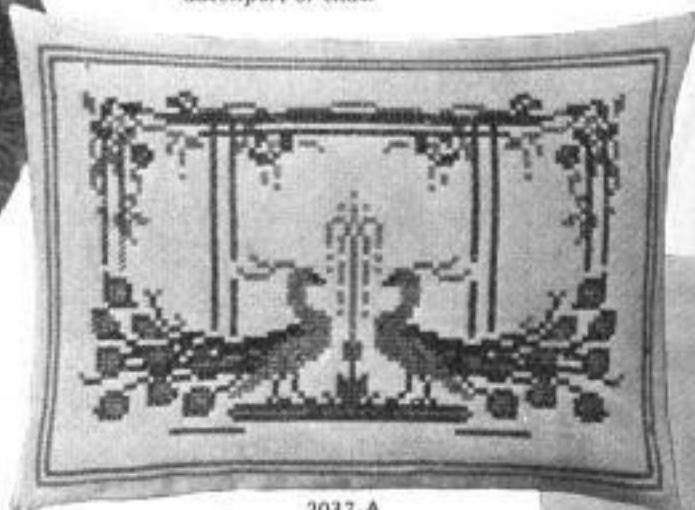


2036-A

HOW about this round cushion of shirred black taffeta, with a peacock cross-stitched in brilliant colors, for the bachelor that's hard to please?

2036-A—Pattern, cross-stitch canvas, and directions for making up the pillow 30 Cents  
Embroidery cottons (5 shades) 35 Cents  
(1½ yards of 36-inch material required)

**HOW TO ORDER:** Give name and address. Remit by check or money order. Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Address Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.



2037-A

A HEAVY tan linen canvas cloth is used for this very effective oblong pillow. The pattern is worked directly on the squares of the woven material. The squares are very distinct, and the material loosely woven, so that the embroidery can be quickly done. The colors are bright green and blue and golden brown, a lovely combination on the tan background. The border around the edge is a line of blue and a line of green in cross-stitch.

2037-A—Cross-stitch pattern 15 Cents  
Beige material (for a 20 by 16 foundation) \$1.50  
Colored embroidery cottons 45 Cents

2038-A—Cross-stitch pattern and canvas for working two ends 40 Cents  
Colored embroidery cottons 50 Cents

NOTE: We do not furnish the gray linen.



2038-A





# Beware False Tones, Mothers

## Say Educators High in the Musical World

CAN a child's "ear" for music be spoiled by phonographic music, in the home, which fails to convey true tones and correct interpretations?

Highest musical authorities see that danger present. And noted educators are pointing it out to parents.

"Music for the children should be put to as exacting a scrutiny as their playfellows," says one writer. "Especially phonographic music, so often selected carelessly. For there is grave danger of spoiling a child's 'ear' for music by false tones. The instrument must achieve true reproductions. And the records provide correct interpretations."

"Live with good music," writes a world noted authority, "and you appreciate good music. But live with poor music and soon you mistake it for good. The broader sense of musical understanding, associated with cultured people the world over, is largely a reflection of the music lived with during the impressionistic years of childhood."

### In the Homes of Greatest Musicians—the Brunswick

For the reasons outlined above, musicians, critics and teachers have put all phonographs, all records to the acid test of comparison. Have heard them all, judged them all.

And in the homes of greatest musicians, both in Europe

and America, you will find Brunswick—the musical world's accepted ideal in phonographic expression.

### Due to Exclusive Methods

This universal preference of the knowing is due to Brunswick's exclusive methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, by means of which perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult tones" is attained. Methods which apply to no other make of phonograph or records.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, embodying the *Ullona*, which cushions the path of the needle by proper suspension, and the oval *Tone Amplifier* of moulded wood, is exclusively Brunswick.

The Brunswick Method of Interpretation, which results in sweeter and more beautiful records, and assures thoroughly correct interpretations, has not been successfully imitated.

Hence, those high in the musical world, will tell you that buying any phonograph, without at least hearing The Brunswick, is a mistake. And that to be without Brunswick Records is to be without much of what is best in music.

For a demonstration, at which you will not be urged to buy, call on the nearest Brunswick dealer. The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare—then judge for yourself.

Prices of Brunswick Phonographs range from \$65 to \$775. Fourteen models in various finishes, including authentic period designs.



Note: New Brunswick Records are on advance sale at all Brunswick dealers on the 10th of each month in the East, and in Denver and the West on the 20th.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Chicago  
Manufacturers—Established 1845

© B. B. C. Co., 1921

# BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

### Hear these Brunswick Super-Feature Records

Among the most notable examples of Brunswick's new Interpretation are these three—especially desirable as models of correctly interpreted music for homes where there are children.

30011—Ave Marie (Bach-Gounod) . . . . . Florence Easton  
30010—Di Provenza il mar (Verdi's "Traviata," Act II, Scene 1) . . . . . Giuseppe Danise  
10040—Dreams of Long Ago (Carroll-Carus) Mario Chamlee

On sale at any Brunswick dealer's in conveniently packed envelopes of 3—price \$4.00. Or singly if desired.

Any phonograph can play Brunswick Records





Individual Arm Chair and Table, matching the suite below.

# KARPEN FURNITURE

WOMEN know that fine furniture, restful and in good taste, is a constant source of pride and comfort in the home.

Beauty of design and pattern is easily recognized but assurance of its permanency is doubtful without the unqualified guarantee of an established name.

Karpen Furniture is good furniture—guaranteed furniture—and for your protection we affix the Karpen name-plate to every piece.



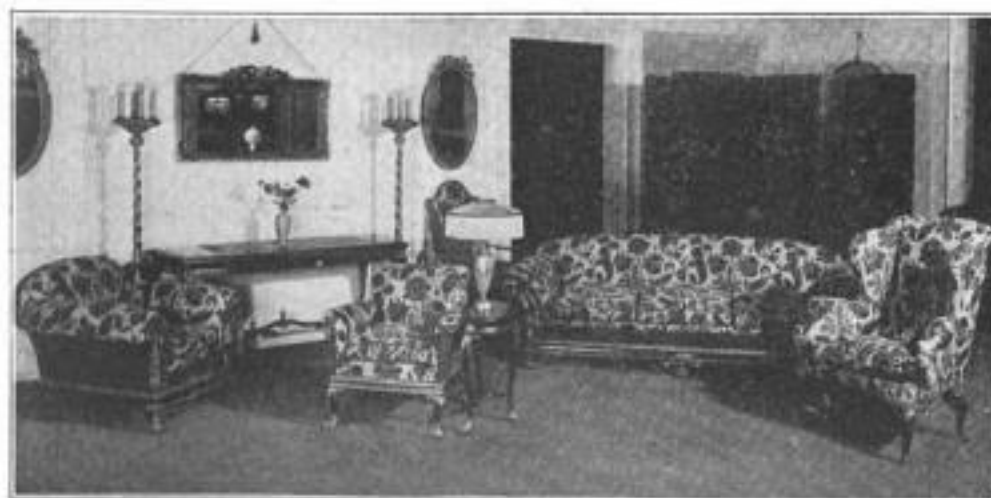
On every piece  
Make sure it is there

We shall be glad to send you upon request Book C of "Distinctive Designs" with name of nearest Karpen dealer.

**S. KARPEN & BROS.**

Exhibition Rooms  
801-811 S. Wabash Ave.  
CHICAGO

Exhibition Rooms  
37th St. and Broadway  
NEW YORK



A Karpen Suite of Modern Design Style No. 604. Underframing and tables of solid mahogany, hand-carved, luxurious upholstery and beautiful fabrics.

## From Reed and Raffia

*A Christmas craft that's easy  
on your eyesight*

Designs by

MAY ALICIA SHANNON  
MARGARET RICE  
CARRIE McCOMBER and  
CARRIE B. WHITEHOUSE



Put a holiday plant  
into a basket of  
your own weaving



THE beauty of the basket below lies in the fineness of the weave; the reeds are left in their natural color, with decorative orange and black stripes. And it's such an all-round useful sort of basket to have.



Notice the nobby  
little knob on the  
cunning trinket  
basket

ONE of the most durable work baskets in the world can be woven from reed and raffia. Made in the tough twining weave of the Indians, the one above has a telescoping cover, with a ring handle. The trinket basket at the left is in the same weave.



PURPLE outside, vermillion within, the reed basket above is cleverly made with a square bottom and a circular top.

The black basket at the right has a yellow and vermillion border



Graceful of line and simple is the reed work basket at the left

DIRECTIONS for making all the baskets shown on this page will be sent for fifteen cents. Order H-376, in care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



GRAPES the color of ripe Tokay, soft woodsy brown stems and green leaves, all woven in a natural-colored background of raffia decorate the sixteen-inch serving tray at the left; the small sandwich plate above is rich seal-brown and severely simple. In both these bits of basketry raffia is woven over reed in the "lazy squaw" stitch.



## With a Paint Brush

*Almost anyone can make the presents pictured*

Designed by  
**ELIZABETH MACKENZIE  
ROTH**

**EVERYBODY'S** carrying 'em—these straw basket bags splashed with a gay flower design. They'll hold your book and your sewing and your handkerchief and a stray parcel or two—or a business lunch.



**THE** orange and rust and henna tints of the bouquet above invite you to wear with them the sweater which you probably possess in one of these shades of the hour.



**THE** feature of the tan basket above is not so much the interesting fruit decoration, or its convenient shape, as it is the little turn-over collar it wears. The basket at the right has a fetching design in rose outlined with black.



**FOR** a bridge fan the table markers at the left will have a unique appeal. Really, you know they're just ordinary tin street-door numbers from the "five-and-ten," and you put on the twining posies with your own paint brush.



**FULL-SIZE** working patterns for all the designs shown on the page, together with a color chart and instructions for painting, will be sent for fifteen cents in stamps. Order H-375—Painted Baskets and Tin, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



**BRIGHT** conventionalized flowers entirely transform prosaic black tin book ends from a stationer's shop.



**QUITE** the latest in trays are those of black with a glowing colored design painted in the middle. If there's a border so much the smarter. The one at the left has a motif of boldly mingled yellow, red, blue and green, and a decorative little border which repeats the same hues.

*Makes things  
taste better*



## HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

**THERE'S A TANG** to Heinz Tomato Ketchup that delights the appetite and makes everything taste better. The distinctive flavor of Heinz Ketchup blends so deliciously with everything it touches, that it makes every meal a success.

Such wholesome goodness can only come as the result of the skill and care in preparation for which the Heinz kitchens are famous.

Luscious tomatoes grown where soil and climate unite to produce the best, are picked when red ripe on the vine. Then they are skillfully spiced and cooked by Heinz experts—long experienced in giving perfection to 57 varieties of good things to eat.

### Heinz Chili Sauce

HEINZ Chili Sauce adds a surprisingly delicious flavor to everything it touches. Carefully selected tomatoes skillfully spiced and seasoned make it a delightful relish.

Some of the

**57**

Vinegars  
Spaghetti  
Baked Beans  
Apple Butter

*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*



# Heirloom Plate



From Generation to Generation

## Silver and Sentiment

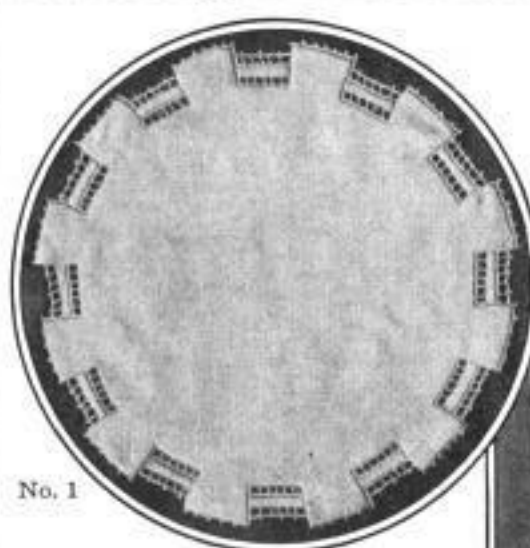
THERE'S a world of mystery, romance and sentiment in silverware. If the knives, forks or spoons our great-grandmothers treasured so tenderly could talk, what stories they could tell of their journeys down through the generations.

Heirloom Plate is silverware that kindles pride of possession. It will remain the family plate from generation to generation because it is so well made that *it is guaranteed for one hundred years*. And there is a quiet elegance to Heirloom Plate that lends that elusive air of refinement to any table.

Finest dealers will show you Heirloom Plate in the single pieces or complete chests. Write for name of dealer nearest you and illustrated catalog.

WM. A. ROGERS, LTD., Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto

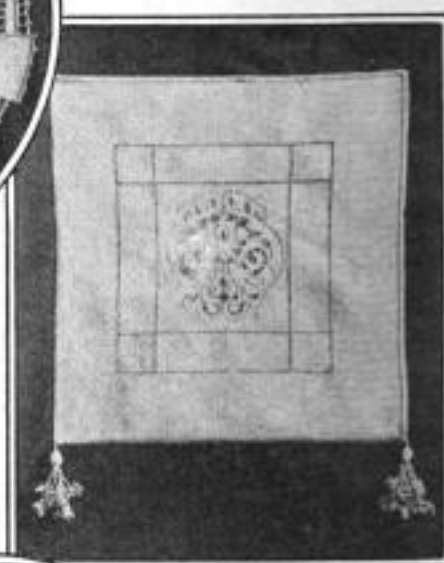
Soup Spoon



No. 1

Beautiful Things for  
Gifts in  
Cutwork Embroidery

DESIGNED BY  
ELIZABETH LOING  
AND  
MARION MCL. SHAW



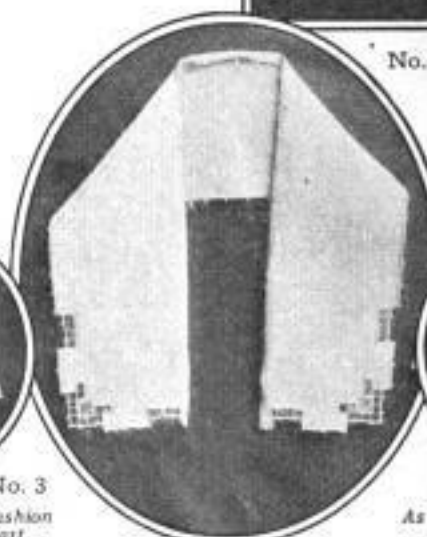
No. 2

Italian hemstitching, cutwork, and tassels of unusual character combine to make this stunning chair-back cover



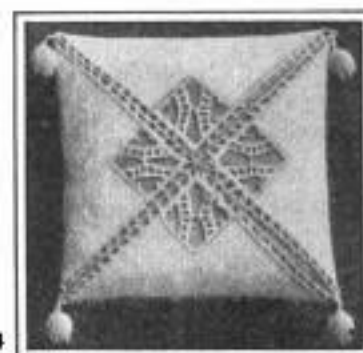
No. 3

Cutwork has become a fashion note this season in smart dress accessories



As evidenced in this collar and cuff set to wear with one's tailleur

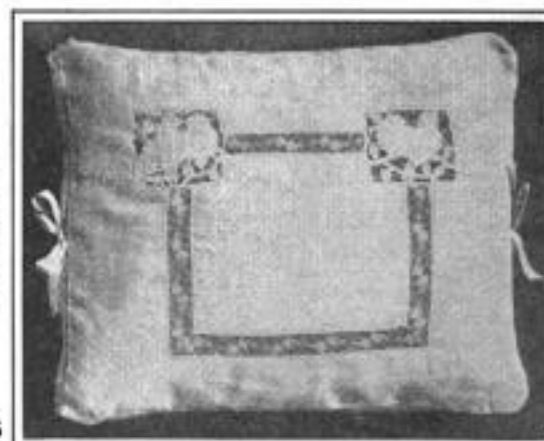
THE cutwork linens shown in the June "Companion" were so very much appreciated that we are pleased to be able to offer these new designs in both the finished and unfinished articles.



No. 4

IN ORDERING, please send check or money order, if possible. Stamps or currency used at owner's risk. Address "Cutwork," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

The little pincushion above may be made up over pink, blue, yellow, or lavender (see price list below). The tassels come with it



No. 5

Imagine this exquisite baby or boudoir pillow, with its little love birds for decoration, made up over pink or blue silk (4 1/2 in. square)

PRICE LIST: In each case the price quoted for the stamped article means that the work is started and that working materials and directions are included.

- |  |        |   |        |
|--|--------|---|--------|
| No. 1. Centerpiece (18 inches) on natural linen crash                      | \$3.25 | No. 4. Pincushion on white linen, wool for pad and silk to cover (state color desired)      | \$2.00 |
| Finished centerpiece   | 6.00   | Finished pincushion   | 3.50   |
| No. 2. Chair back on oyster-white linen (14 by 13 1/4 inches) with tassels | \$4.50 | No. 5. Pillow cover (11 by 14 inches) on fine white handkerchief linen, insertion included: |        |
| Without tassels  | 3.75   | With down pillow and pink or blue silk for covering   | \$9.25 |
| Finished chair back  | 8.00   | Without foundation pillow   | 6.25   |
| No. 3. Collar and cuff set on medium Madeira white linen                   | \$3.60 | Finished pillow   | 12.50  |
| Finished collar and cuff set   | 7.00   |   |        |





## A way to be American in Loveliness

"IT really won't do a particle of good for me to make this test for I am prejudiced. I use an imported perfume—never think of using American perfumes." This was said by one of the women asked to take part in the International Perfume Test.

As it happened, the brand she named, an expensive foreign perfume, was among those in the Test. Yet, when she did make the Test, with no means of telling one perfume from another, and judging the perfumes by their fragrance alone—not by labels or by oddly-shaped bottles—it was Florient she selected as her first choice.

This woman thus discovered that her unbiased choice was an American perfume, no longer disdained, and that her former prejudice was founded on a worn-out tradition.

It took the International Perfume Test to put to rout that tradition, and this is how it was done:

Two men, prominent in New York City, conducted the Test, with the assistance of 103 women acting as jurors. The two judges purchased three of the most popular imported perfumes and three Colgate Perfumes—all in original unopened bottles. They poured the contents into six plain bottles, numbered from one to six, and kept a record by which they alone knew which number represented each perfume.

Each of the jury of 103 women chose her favorite from six slips of Perfumers Blotting Paper, scented from the numbered bottles under the supervision of the Judges. Each indicated her first choice, her second, her third, etc. A careful record was kept of all selections.

The result, when perfumes were thus judged by preference alone, was most interesting. Many of the women had stated—before the Test—a decided preference for some foreign brand. Yet in the Test—Colgate's Florient (Flowers of the Orient) won first choice.

Many thousands of women have since made the Test and found how true was the perfume judgment of the impartial jury. You, also, can make it, and find in Florient a true expression of American loveliness.

## COLGATE'S Floriant Perfume *Flowers of the Orient*



The 103 women who made the International Perfume Test were chosen from among professional and business women, college women at Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr, distinguished women of the stage, then playing in New York, women of prominence and the plain everyday Mrs. A and B—all fastidious about their perfume.

For details of the Test and a miniature Test Set by which you yourself may compare the delightful Colgate perfumes with whatever you are using, send 2c in stamps to Colgate & Co., Dept. J., 109 Fulton Street, New York City. If in Canada, address 137 McGill Street, Montreal.





## Flavoring Secrets of Virginia Dare

How Liquid Spices Enrich Pumpkin Pie  
How to Transform Prunes into a Chef's  
Creation  
How to Have Fruit Flavored Desserts Out  
of Season

**VIRGINIA** Dare gives additional flavoring secrets for holiday baking—made possible by the unusual quality of Virginia Dare **DOUBLE-STRENGTH** Extracts—which are stronger in flavoring power than any on the American market. There are 21 Virginia Dare Flavors all **DOUBLE-STRENGTH** and a Vanilla which Virginia Dare believes to be the most wonderful Vanilla you have ever tasted. These extracts cost no more and in some instances cost less than single-strength flavors and go twice as far.

There are many additional flavoring discoveries in Virginia Dare's free book "Flavoring Secrets," a remarkable book which you should have.

**HOW Liquid Spices Enrich Pumpkin Pie**—To get the richest—seasoned to perfection—taste into your pumpkin and mince meat pies this Thanksgiving and Christmas, use the new liquid seasonings—Virginia Dare **Double-Strength** Clove, Nutmeg, Lemon, and Cinnamon in place of the ordinary dried spices. These new liquid spices add to these dishes a richness, a mellowness, and flavor which cannot be procured in any other way. (See pages 20 and 21 of "Flavoring Secrets.")

**HOW to Transform Prunes Into a Chef's Creation**—By combining mashed prune pulp with stiffly beaten egg whites, sweetening and flavoring to "the queen's taste" with a little Virginia Dare **Double-Strength** Lemon or 150% **Strength** Vanilla, pouring into individual parfait glasses or a pudding dish, a Virginia Dare Prune Whip which the chef calls "Riviera Prune Cream" is made. (See recipe, page 24, "Flavoring Secrets.")

**HOW to Have Fruit Flavored Desserts Out of Season**—Raspberries, peaches, cherries, pineapple—the most delicious of the fruit season's fresh fruits, are captured, concentrated, and bottled into Virginia Dare **Double-Strength** Fresh Fruit Extracts—Virginia Dare Pineapple, Raspberry, Peach, and Cherry—ever ready for use in Winter fruit puddings, desserts, ice creams, cakes, and cake icings. (For recipes, see pages 14-25 of "Flavoring Secrets.")

**DR. LEWIS B. ALLYN SAYS:**  
"Virginia Dare **Double-Strength** Extracts leave nothing to be desired."

There are 21 Virginia Dare Flavors—any fruit or spice flavor you wish.  
If you cannot get them from your grocer, send his name and address and Virginia Dare will see that you are supplied.

### Virginia Dare

will prove to you that Virginia Dare **DOUBLE-STRENGTH** Extracts are stronger than single-strength flavors—that they do not lose their flavor in baking nor "freeze out" in ice creams.

**Other Virginia Dare Flavoring Secrets**  
Many unusual but delightful ways of using these extracts, together with 75 wonderful recipes, are given in Virginia Dare's book, "Flavoring Secrets."

Virginia Dare is so anxious to have you try at least one of these Extracts that she is making a special offer of a liberal quantity of Virginia Dare Vanilla or Lemon Extract together with her booklet, "Flavoring Secrets."

### A Trial Bottle For You

Clip coupon below and mail it today to

Virginia Dare

Garrett & Company Inc.

10 Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### E-11

Enclosed find 10c for which please send me a trial bottle of your wonderful Virginia Dare 150% **Strength** Vanilla or Virginia Dare **DOUBLE-STRENGTH** Lemon Extract (state which), together with your book, "Flavoring Secrets."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Grocer's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Embroidered Gifts

Smart, practical,  
and easy to make before Christmas

Designed by EVELYN PARSONS

When packing for the week-end,  
Each modish little case  
Will keep a dainty slipper  
In its proper place.

**WHO** could resist a pair of these spiffy little slipper bags made of pink or blue chambray and cross-stitched in black? You can't make any mistake in selecting them for a gift, and they're very easy to make. So there's one name, at least, checked off the Christmas list.

2040-A—Two bags stamped on pink or blue chambray  
Embroidery cotton 60 Cents  
and black silk cord 25 Cents



On just a kitchen pinafore,  
A bit of decoration  
Will make its use a real delight,  
And prove an inspiration.

2039-A



2040-A

**MORE** and more alluring grows the kitchen pinafore, yet never once forsaking its practical mission. See how smartly this one fits, and how cutely it can be spread out straight for ironing. It's made of tan chambray, and appliquéd in pink, lavender and green. White bias binding and a running stitch of lavender finishes the edge.



2039-A—Apron stamped on tan chambray \$1.15  
Colored appliqué, embroidery cotton and bias binding 45 Cents  
Transfer pattern of design, including cutting lines of apron 30 Cents  
The colored material is applied with buttonhole stitches.



2041-A



2042-A

**MONOGRAM** towel 2042-A is embroidered in solid white. Any three letters may be combined in this style of monogram.

2041-A—Towel stamped on huckaback (22 by 15 inches) \$1.00  
Boil-proof embroidery cotton, white and blue (green, lavender, pink, or yellow may be substituted) 8 Cents

2042-A—Towel stamped on huckaback (22 by 15 inches) \$1.00  
White embroidery cotton 8 Cents

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** When ordering, print plainly the three letters desired.

**THIS** decorative hollyhock bag with its smart black rings may be lined with a bright-colored silk, to match any color used in the embroidery.

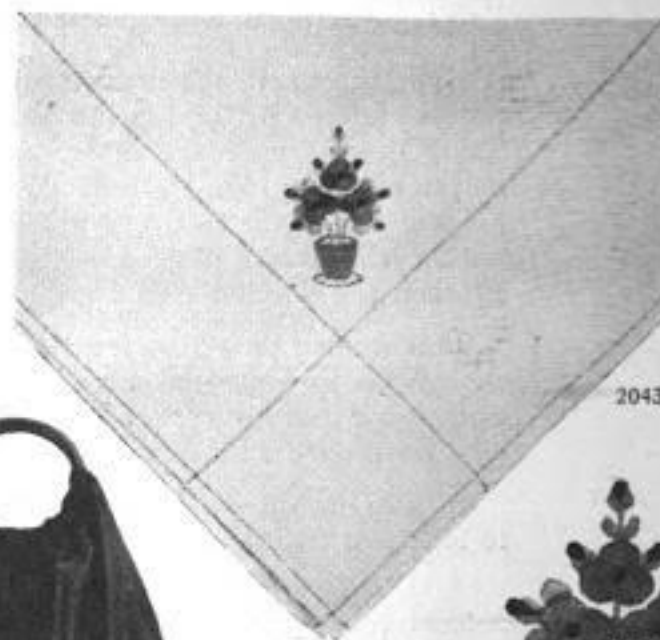
2044-A—Bag (17 by 15 inches) stamped on black surf satin 75 Cents  
Yarn (lavender, pink, green, and yellow) and two black rings 60 Cents  
We do not provide a lining for the bag.

**HOW TO ORDER:** Give name and address. Remit by check or money order, if possible. Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Address Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.



2044-A

Bright-colored hollyhocks embroidered in wool on black surf satin.



2043-A

Gay is the word for this quaint little flowerpot, which ornaments the corner of the card-table cover above.

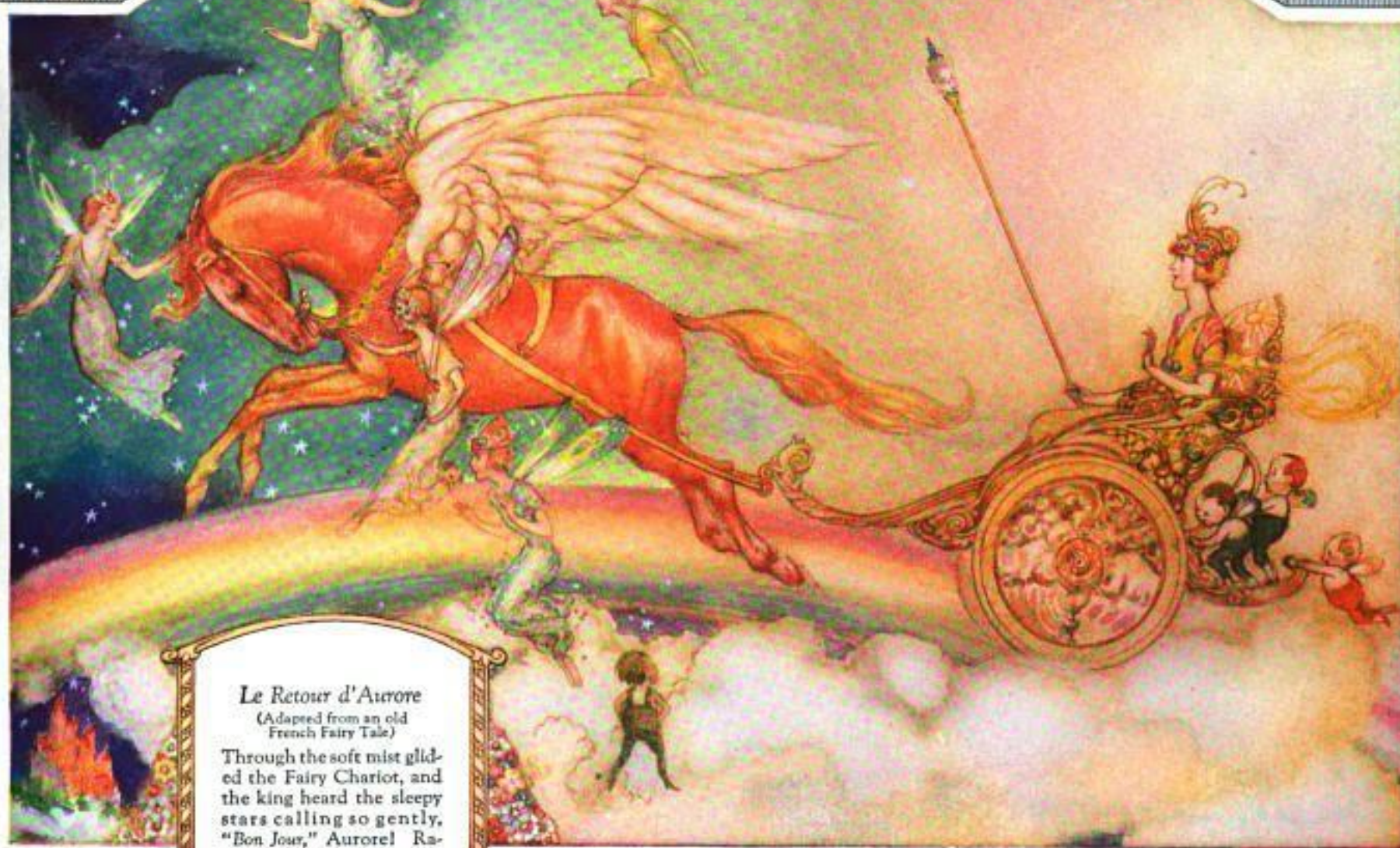


**THE** card-table cover itself (2043-A) is made of heavy tan linen with drawn-in threads of black to form a border. The very Christmasy little flowerpot is embroidered in bright blue, and it holds brilliant red flowers with equally brilliant green foliage.

2043-A—Cover (36 inches square) stamped on heavy tan linen \$1.60  
Embroidery cottons 25 Cents

Directions for drawing in the colored threads are sent with the stamped goods.





#### Le Retour d'Aurore

(Adapted from an old French Fairy Tale)

Through the soft mist glided the Fairy Chariot, and the king heard the sleepy stars calling so gently, "Bon Jour," Aurore! Radiant Aurore, fresh in her young fragrant beauty, thus brightened the life of the Monarch—la vie du roi.

© A. H. S. Co., 1921

## Une Toilette Harmonieuse, graced by the Art of France

WOULD Madame, in the ways of fashion, walk side by side with the French ladies of Longchamps, with the Dames de Deauville? Would Mademoiselle in her toilette be as French as the fashion of La Belle France herself?

Then, indeed, it is necessary that one heed this counsel of those smart Parisiennes: "Use in each *spécialité de toilette* but a single fragrance—a single French fragrance."

Ah! It is obeyed, and what charm of loveliness is yours! And what a fragrant loveliness it is, graced

with a charm truly French and a smartness Parisian.

And is it not because Djer-Kiss has contributed its French art and *parfum* from the very first step in the *toilette* to la fin—the finishing touch? Does not Madame find daily use for the Soap, Talc, Toilet Water, Sachet, les Crèmes, Rouge, Face Powder and Extract? For each and every *spécialité de Djer-Kiss*?

Is it not known among the fashionable that there are no toilettries more pure, more chic, more Parisian, nor none so fragrantly beautifying? You will wish to add them—these *spécia-*

*lités de Djer-Kiss*—in increasing number to your dressing table, will you not?

*Par exemple, Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Rouge et Crèmes*

Well may Madame depend upon these wonderful French Toilettries to complete her beauty. Well may she say that in them she finds that freshness and charm which so many seek. Do try them all. You will love them all for every occasion de *société*!

#### Special Sample Offer:

Send 20c and receive the dainty "Week-end Specialty Box" containing serviceable samples of Djer-Kiss extract, face powder, cold cream and vanishing cream with dainty satin sachet. Address Alfred H. Smith Co., 38 W. 34th Street, New York City.

EXTRACT  
FACE POWDER • TALC  
TOILET WATER  
VEGETALE

# Djer-Kiss

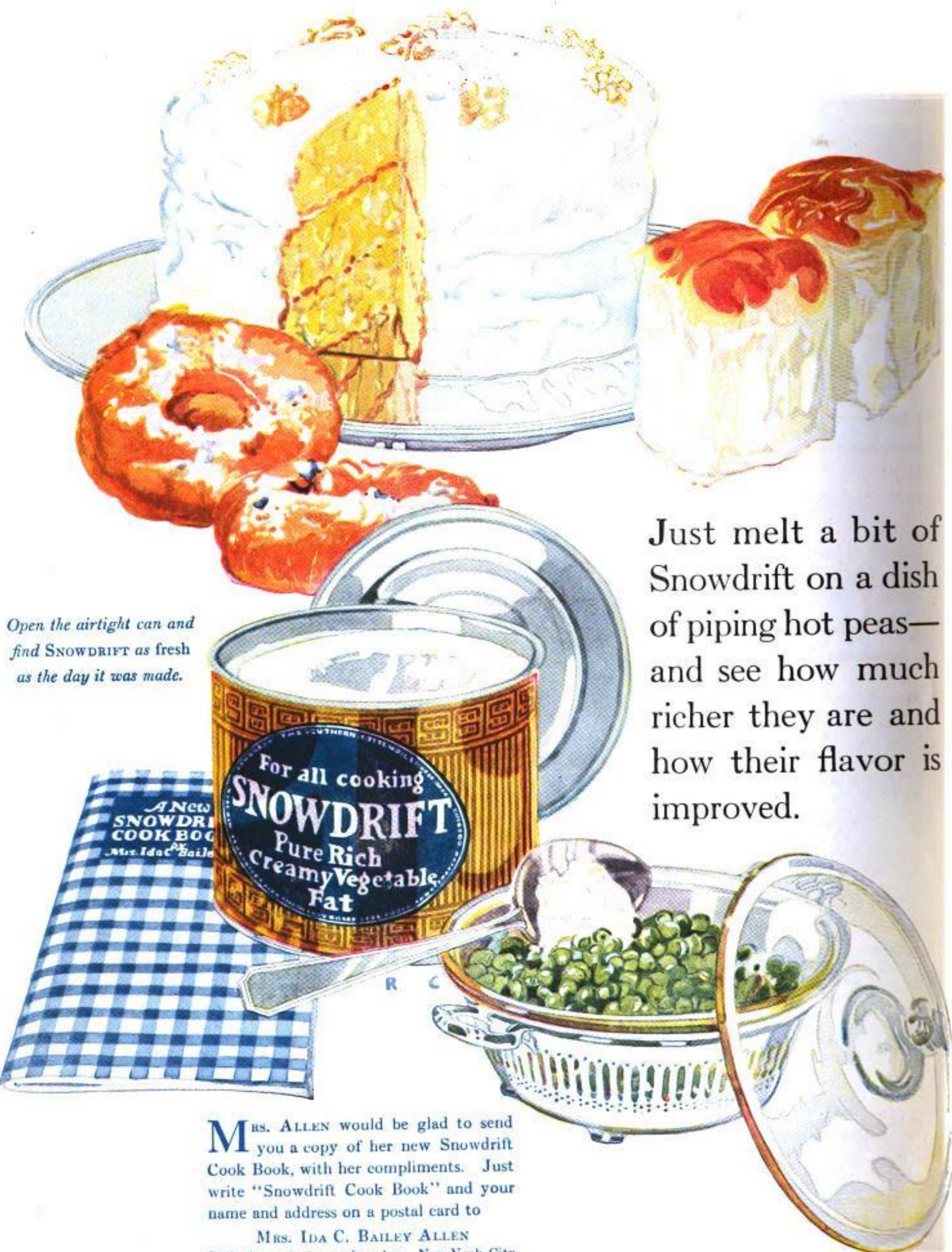
Made in France  
PRONOUNCED "DEAR-KISS"

SACHET  
SOAP • ROUGE  
COLD CREAM  
VANISHING CREAM

These *spécialités*, Rouge, Soap, Compacts and Creams, temporarily blended here with pure Djer-Kiss concentré imported from France







*Open the airtight can and find SNOWDRIFT as fresh as the day it was made.*

Just melt a bit of Snowdrift on a dish of piping hot peas—and see how much richer they are and how their flavor is improved.

**M**RS. ALLEN would be glad to send you a copy of her new Snowdrift Cook Book, with her compliments. Just write "Snowdrift Cook Book" and your name and address on a postal card to

MRS. IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN  
74th Street & Amsterdam Ave., New York City



*The Companion's Picture Section for November*



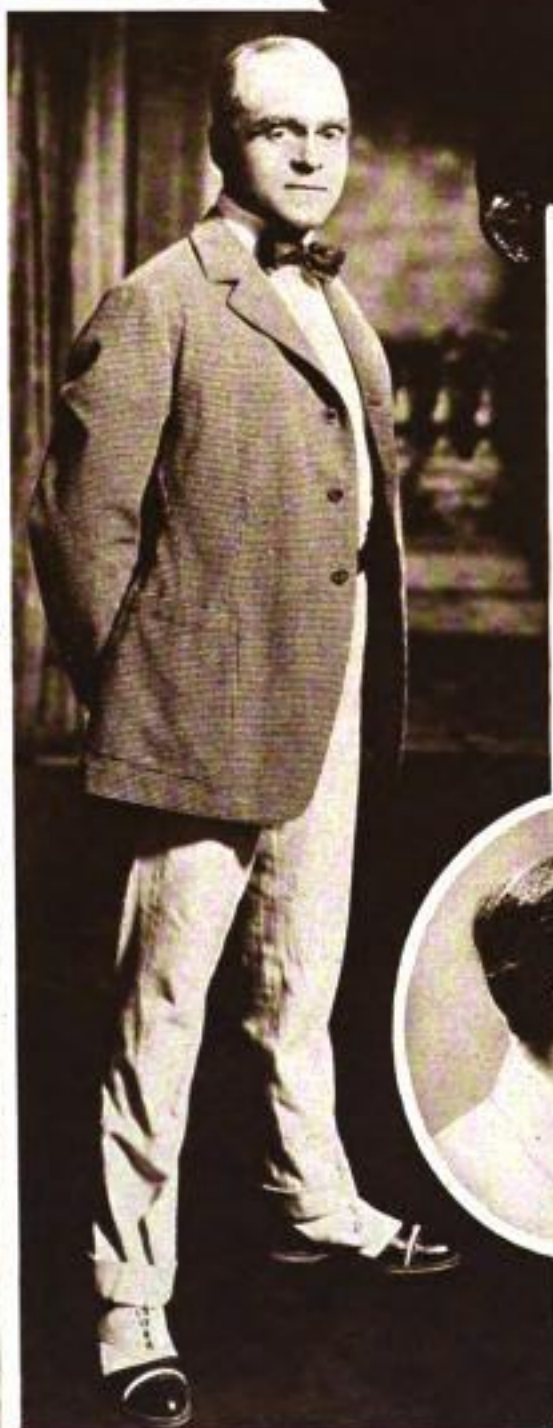
PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE

A Study In Black and White: Constance Binney and Rusty



"I LOVE you, dear," says Lynn Overman, in "Just Married," (below), and every woman in the audience gurgles:—"Oh-ee! He does." It's all in the way he looks at *her*!

SO POETICAL!" says one girl. "He's nursing a secret sorrow!" cries another. Yes, John Barrymore who, as the film-hero, "Dr. Jekyll," fills the big circle, has these charms—and more.



ASK almost any girl why she likes Grant Mitchell, standing sturdily on your right, and she'll say, "He's so like the man I'm going to marry!" And as "The Champion" Mr. Mitchell is especially human, homey, and American-mannish.

STARS come and go, but William Faversham shines preeminently in romantic plays like "The Silver Fox." He deserves more room than the dinky oval (center); but the art editor would show off Mr. Mitchell's sports shoes and Mr. Ditrichstein's sniftyspring suit!

THE handsome fellow above is Douglas J. Wood, who plays the first Cornelius Vanderbilt, founder of the Vanderbilt fortune, in the fascinating comedy, "Little Old New York." Looks a bit stern, but surely that's a dimple in his chin!

"NAUGHTY!" the ladies say of the gentleman with the monocle, who is Leo Ditrichstein, prince of stage philanderers. They laugh with him because he is droll as well as naughty; but marry such a man in real life? Never!

## Women Like These Actors



# The Queen is in the Counting House

*And proves herself very  
deft at "counting  
out the money"*

MRS. WILLIAM  
LAIMBEER, as-  
sistant secretary  
of the United  
States Mortgage  
and Trust Com-  
pany, New York,  
translates the  
unfamiliarities of  
banking func-  
tions into simple  
terms and friend-  
ly services to its  
women cus-  
tomers.



CHARLOTTE  
FAIRFIELD

MRS. F. J. RUNYON (right), president of the First Woman's Bank of Tennessee, at Clarksville, is head of the only banking institution in the country entirely controlled by women. Mere man may buy stock or borrow, but only women may rule its policy!

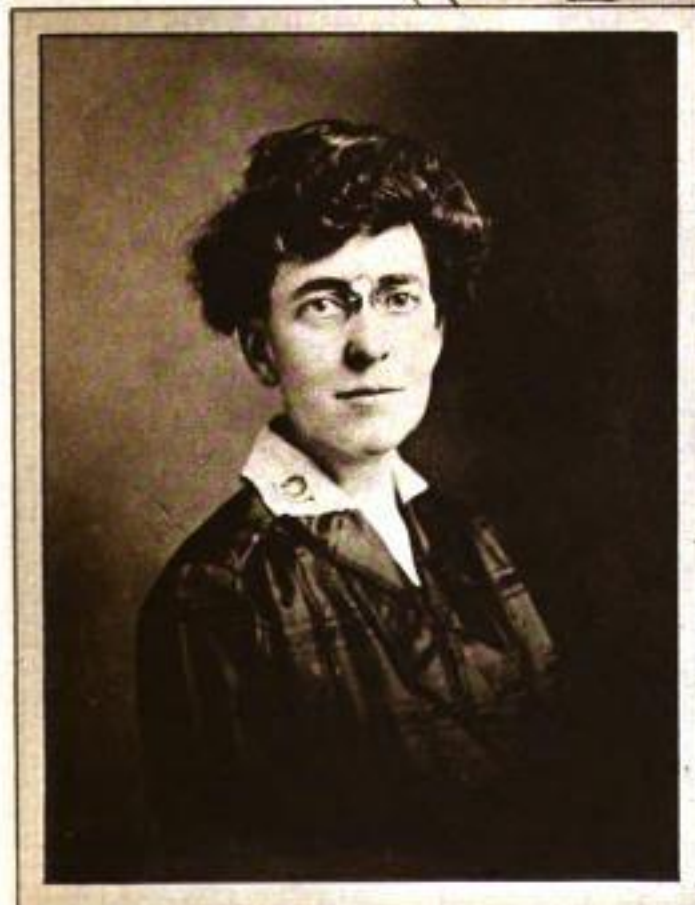


THE COLUMBIA TRUST COMPANY was the first New York trust company to have a woman officer, and Miss Virginia D. H. Furman (above), their assistant secretary, is the record holder. She explains to her clients what a "trust" is and why it is.



MISS NELL E. CHERRIER (left) has charge of the Bond and Mortgage Department of the Bay Ridge Savings Bank, Brooklyn, New York, and thus rules over bonds, mortgages, and other valuable bank properties.

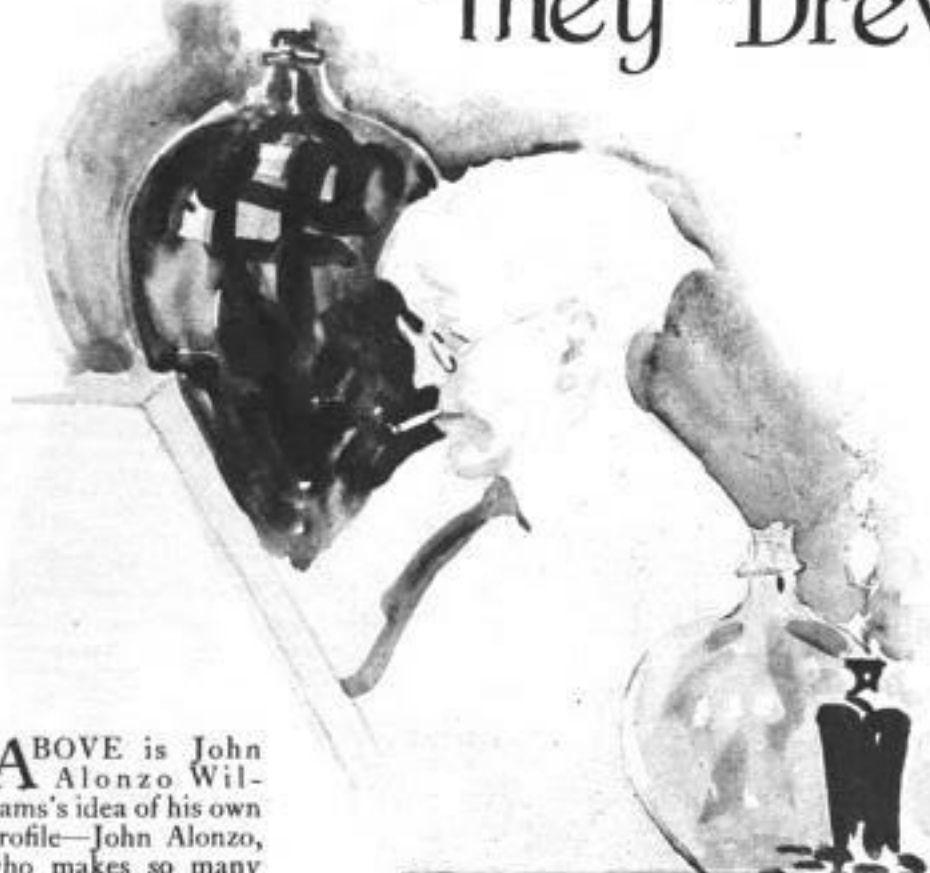
MISS ADELE H. KIRBY (right), assistant secretary treasurer of the Plainfield, New Jersey, Trust Company, has endeared herself to the commuting customer by arranging to purchase and mail his monthly railroad ticket, charging it to his bank account, thus saving him many hours of weary waiting and loss of temper. Booklets bearing upon personal problems of investment and estate management manifest the interest of a woman banker for her customers' needs.





# They Drew It on Themselves

*For each artist supplied his — or her*



**A**BOVE is John Alonzo Williams's idea of his own profile—John Alonzo, who makes so many beautiful illustrations for the COMPANION. All about him are specimens of old bottles which he collects—empty!



**B**EHOLD at the right Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock—and according to his own facile brush he is ungallantly crowding his lay figure bang into the canvas. Maybe the air of California, which he is now enjoying, makes him behave thus.



**H**ERMAN PFEIFER, who made the pictures for Edna Ferber's novel, "The Girls," supplied the sketch of himself shown below. It is a fine sketch, all except the likeness, which is libelous. Mr. Pfeifer *never* looks cross! He *never is* cross!



**A**ND what do you think Neysa McMein said of the picture she drew of herself, just above? "Unfortunately, this looks like me." But we stand ready to tell the world that it doesn't do even partial justice to her vivid handsomeness.



**W**E HAVE always wondered what was the matter with artists. Now we know. Modesty—that's what it is. When they were asked to send us self-portraits for publication, did they turn in a sheaf of Venuses and Apollos? No, they did not. They sent pictures that were far, far below the real standard of artistic personal pulchritude, and, would you believe it, they insisted that they were good likenesses! If this is not modesty, what is it?



# as it Were

—self-portrait



**MONSIEUR J. SIMONT** (above) is a real Frenchman, who has been in America only for a short time, and who came to this country, because, he tells us, of the splendid variety of material offered to illustrators here. In France the illustrating artist is limited strictly to one field, and this is a serious check on his versatility. No fear about M. Simont's versatility—it has been demonstrated to COMPANION readers recently in many distinguished fashion and fiction drawings.



**CHARLES E. CHAMBERS** —at the right—would evidently have us believe that he affects a wild, poetic coiffure. It isn't so—he brushes his hair as neatly as any lawyer or broker. We wish he'd sent a sketch of his house along with his likeness—it's the most wonderful place!



**ABOVE** is George Wright—who made those inimitable pictures for "An Island in a Thousand," hard at work in his spacious outdoor studio at Westport, Connecticut. His costume, his concentration, his choice of scenery, his affectionate consideration for the sleeping pussy—do not all these bespeak the real artist?



**AS FOR** Nancy Fay, when she was importuned for her picture, she sent us the drawing reproduced below and a brief note, as follows: "I am in Colorado and hope sometime to have a look at the Rockies. Just now I'm too afraid of stepping on a rattlesnake to look up."





# Screening the Great Disraeli



ALL his ardent and many admirers will rejoice to know that George Arliss has been acting Disraeli again—this time for the movies.

The lovely setting of the screen version was furnished by—



—the Pratt Estate, Long Island.



CLARISSA and Charles, Disraeli's secretary, furnish the love interest of the play. And in the top picture appear other members and conspirators of the house party where Disraeli hatched his scheme to buy the Suez Canal for England.

Just above is Disraeli with Lady Beaconsfield, his wife, to whom he was so devoted; and the upper view shows the great Prime Minister in Court attire on the night of his triumph.





DRAWN BY CHARLES SHELDON

COSTUME FROM HARRY COLLINS

## *Bloused a Bit—and Mostly Black*

Harry Collins pays his respects to the new bloused silhouette, and the vogue for black combined with high color, in this afternoon gown of black Kitten's Ear Faille, and King's blue georgette all-over embroidered in emerald green and heavily beaded with jet.



# Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

*Miss Gould has begun already*

**HOW TO ORDER.** Be sure to state size and color. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails. Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No articles sent C. O. D., or on approval. Miss Gould does not do general shopping. She purchases only the articles shown on this page. Orders for these articles cannot be filled after December 20th.

**ABOUT RETURNED GOODS:** Any purchase not satisfactory may be returned, but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if articles are for exchange or refunded money. Do not return to the "Woman's Home Companion." Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed. If you cannot find these garments in your local shops, Miss Gould will gladly buy them for you.



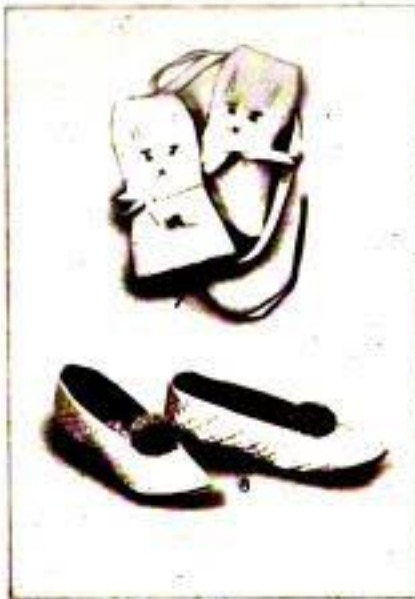
No. 1. Blouse, \$5.00



No. 2. See also No. 3, below



No. 5. See also No. 6, below



No. 4



- No. 1. Charmingly smocked overblouse of crêpe de chine. White, flesh, navy blue or black. Sizes, 36 to 44 bust. Price, \$5.00.  
 No. 2. Nainsook nightgown daintily tucked, and trimmed with real filet lace. In pink or white. 36 to 42 bust. Price, \$2.50.  
 No. 3. Step-in chemise to match gown No. 2. (Not shown.) Ribbon shoulder straps. 36 to 44 bust. Price, \$2.50.  
 No. 4. Pink glove silk step-in chemise trimmed with valenciennes lace and ribbon shoulder straps. 36 to 42 bust. Price, \$2.95.  
 No. 5. Flesh-pink glove silk underdervest with ribbon shoulder straps. 36 to 42 bust. Price, \$1.75.  
 No. 6. Bloomers to match No. 5. (Not illustrated.) Elastics at knees and waist. 24, 26, 28, and 30 waist. Price, \$2.75.  
 No. 7. "Kitten" mittens of white eiderdown lined with pink or blue silk and attached with white ribbons. Suitable up to one year. In decorated box. Price, \$1.25.  
 No. 8. Quilted satin bedroom slippers with pompons. Copenhagen, old rose, heliotrope, or black. Sizes, 2½ to 8. Price, \$1.85.  
 No. 9. Hatpin of imitation jade and rhinestones. Price, \$1.00.



- No. 10. Men's imported English billfold of pigskin. Price, \$3.00.  
 No. 11. Sterling silver bar pin set with rhinestones. Price, \$3.95.  
 No. 12. Fitted vanity case of black patent enamel on wooden box. Large mirror inside of cover. Price, \$3.25.  
 No. 13. Armor mesh bag heavily silver-plated, with decorated top, fitted with diminishing mirror inside of cover. Price, \$5.00.  
 No. 14. Imported English pocket-book of velvet calfskin, silk-lined and fitted with mirror and change purse. In gray or brown. Price, \$3.00.  
 No. 15. Tasseled necklace of imitation topaz, sapphire, or jet beads. Price, \$1.95.  
 No. 16. Carved imitation jade pendant on black silk cord, with rhinestone slide. Price, \$3.75.  
 No. 17. Necklace of Oriental luster pearl beads. (18 inches.) \$1.75.  
 No. 18. Sterling silver pencil on black grosgrain ribbon. \$1.00.  
 No. 19. Jet beads. (28 inches.) Price, \$1.75.  
 No. 20. Fashionable ostrich feather fan with imitation tortoise-shell handle. Black, white, jade, pink, turquoise, or orchid. Price, \$8.75, with \$.78 tax, total \$9.53.





**B**EAUTIFUL hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

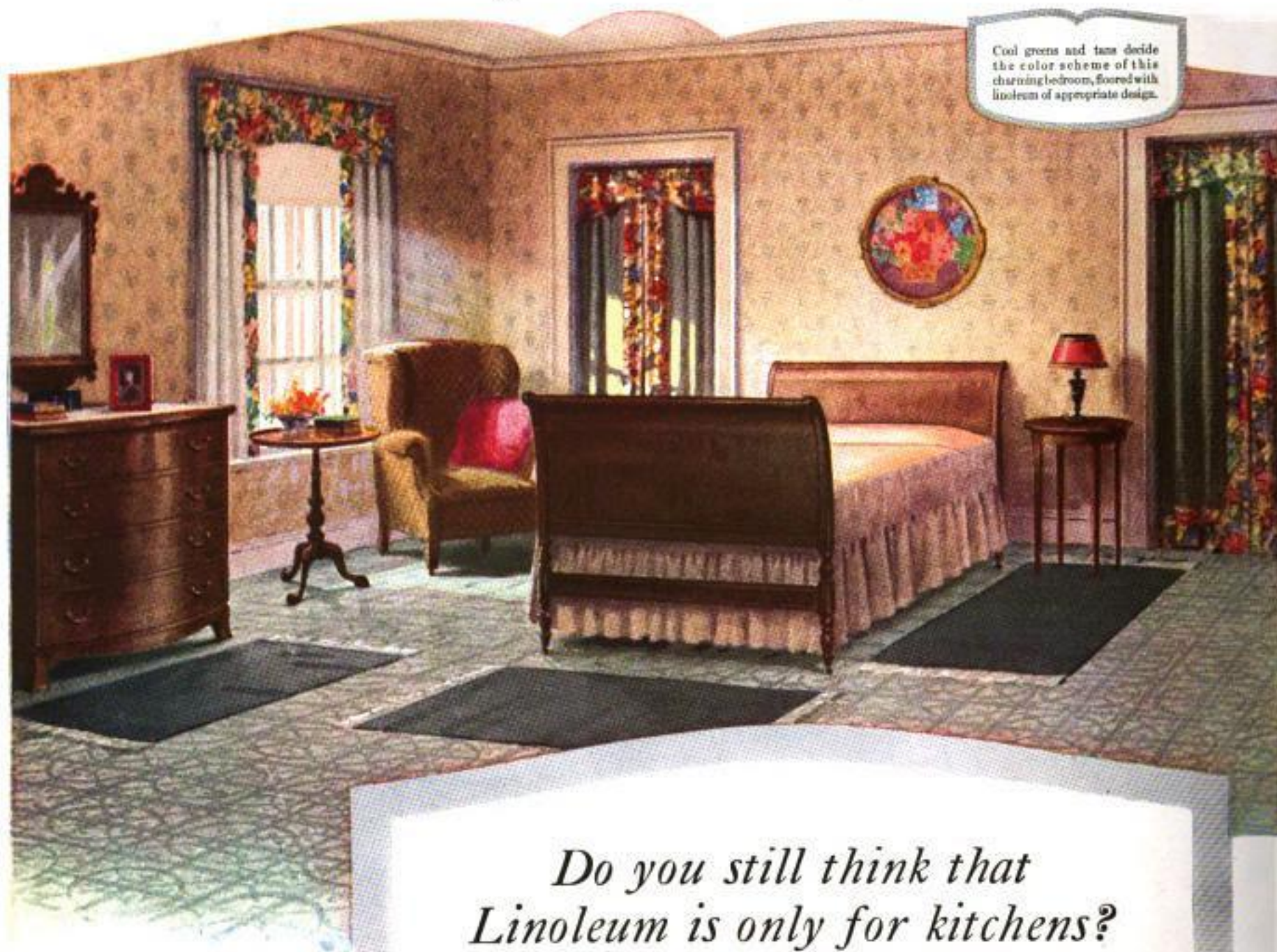
*Splendid For Children—Fine For Men*

**WATKINS**  
**MULSIFIED**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**



# Armstrong's Linoleum

## for Every Floor in the House



### *Do you still think that Linoleum is only for kitchens?*

PERHAPS you got that idea years ago, before the European custom of using linoleum as a permanent floor had gained acceptance in America.

Today, you will find beautiful floors of Armstrong's Linoleum in many American homes. Occasional waxing and polishing keeps these floors in perfect condition. Handsome fabric rugs are laid upon them.

With the rugs scattered here and there, linoleum floors are warm, comfortable. Every woman knows how easy it is to keep linoleum clean.

You can build the color scheme of any room from a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. Whether the tone is brown or tan, blue or green, rose or gray, you can make a room quite as attractive as

the bedroom pictured. The Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration will be glad to offer suggestions.

A bedroom 12x12 feet can be floored with the Carpet Inlaid Linoleum in the illustration, at a cost of about \$36.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This includes cementing the linoleum down firmly over builders' felt paper, the most satisfactory way to lay linoleum as a permanent floor.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

#### *The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration* (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT  
922 College Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania

If one of these Armstrong patterns is more appropriate for your bedroom than No. 752, shown in the illustration, order (by number) from your merchant.



8942



26



14

Look for the  
CIRCLE "A"  
Trademark on  
the back of the  
linoleum.



#### Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of pleasing and artistic designs.



# She Takes to Caracul and Capes

*And discovers that she looks particularly well in the off-the-face hat*

DRAWN BY  
CHARLES SHELDON

Hats from  
FERLÉ HELLER

Furs from  
H. JAECKEL & SONS

THE bulky, big-at-the-top, small-at-the-bottom fur wrap of last season now finds itself confronted with two weighty rivals: There's the cape. And there's the coat. The cape is wrappy—but has no sleeves. The coat has sleeves, and isn't wrappy. Women who want to be a little before the minute are favoring capes. And the more conservative select coats that are straight in line, or, if anything, flare a bit at the bottom. Caracul is the voguish fur of the moment.

HERE are a few of the things you'll hear about when you hear about hats this season: black ciré and metal effects, ribbon, beads, ostrich, brocades, hatter's plush, panne velvet, wide effects, and off-the-face shapes. There's much talk of big hats, but, as a matter of fact, all sizes are worn.



EVERY winter must have its fur. And this winter's fur is certainly caracul. The gentle murmurings of its popularity last spring have more than justified themselves. Caracul is with us.

Russian sable is, of course, always so expensively rare that it holds its place. Mole-skin is considered most desirable this year, and so are mink and squirrel. And krimmer, that delightfully picturesque, delightfully gray and curly pelt, seems destined for a large amount of popularity. For contrast, there's a liking for long-haired furs, such as fox, skunk, and monkey, especially for trimming. Coats of short furs often show collars and cuffs of the longer furs.

The craze for shawls is probably responsible for the cut of the caracul garment shown above. Every woman is now bent on owning an old-fashioned shawl, you know, for she finds its fringe and its wrappy folds extremely becoming. A fur shawl, then, is not so surprising. This one is made of a very large oblong of natural-tone caracul, edged on three sides with deep silk fringe, the shade of the fur. It should be worn by someone who can put it on with nonchalant dash.

The success of any costume depends on how it all hangs together. Line and color, and general atmosphere of wrap and hat and gown ought to be in accord. The hat chosen by Ferlé Heller to complete the caracul wrap is just right. Black, like so many of the season's hats, it features the popular off-the-face line. The material is panne velvet, the trimming, loops of black brocaded ciré braid.



THOUGH capes imply a sweeping, billowy silhouette, that's not what you'll find in the new ones—but rather a slim dignity that's refreshing after the bulky styles of last year. The moleskin cape above is a good example of the trend. It's quite straight, you see, with a moderate collar; and it achieves beautiful distinction through the arrangement of skins that are used vertically at the top of the cape, and follow a horizontal direction at the bottom. The vogue for buckles and ornaments of all kinds is emphasized by the clasps of gold metal and apple-green enamel that hold the cape at the throat.

The hat worn with the cape emphasizes the off-the-face line, and also the tendency to build out hats at the sides. The crown is of black panne, the draped brim of black and gold ciré ribbon. Ciré effects, by the way, are very well thought of in millinery, as well as in frocks. A little "shininess" is now the thing.

Again black—but small, for contrast—is the chic little turban shown at the bottom of the page, of hatter's plush closely draped and trimmed high in front with a cockade of glycerined ostrich. This hat, though it has an air of demure coquetry when it's posed, as it is here, on a young girl, becomes surprisingly dignified if it's worn by an older woman. The twofold mink scarf shown with it, defies all ordinary arithmetics by proving that doubling the number of skins more than doubles the charm. It is put on in a manner calculated to bring out all the flattering quality of its pelt and its cut.



# When Wearable Clothes Are Hard to Find

## The Short Woman



No. 4097



No. 4096

"MAKING the most of yourself" may sound humorous, when applied to the short woman, but it's really no joke, is it? Every inch of height you seem to add means work. And if you need to take off width at the same time, it's all the worse.

Listen to the things you can't wear: First of all, you simply mustn't attempt large-patterned materials. You can understand the why of this easily enough. If the woman is little, and the design is big, one sees all design and no woman. And what woman likes that?

This rule of proportion holds, too, for all trimming and general cut of clothes. Keep such things as collars, sashes, and flounces subordinate to you. Dominate your clothes. Have all the lines seem to go up and down instead of around. Don't wear your clothes too short, nor yet too long—too tight, nor yet too loose. Moderation should be the watchword of the short woman in choosing clothes.

If you are slim, of course you can wear more bouffant styles than if you are inclined to be stout. But if you are—pardon the word—skinny, don't affect stiff and billowing taffetas. They will dominate you. If you are

Hats can do much to counteract shortness, if only they follow the upward instead of the outward trend. Shun excess height, however, and if your face is broad, be grateful for a little brim, such as you'll see in the black velvet hat at the top, with its slanted bow of ciré ribbon. The youthful dark brown velvet hat (center) depends for height partly on draping, and partly on the Spanish shell comb pin. The third hat is a matron's model of black duvetyn, moiré ribbon, and jet nail-heads—high loops at the back.

just a bit too stout, be careful of your fabrics, too. The soft ones like crêpes and dull-finished satins and supple woolens are best.

Here are two special dresses for the short woman. If you are more thin than fat, No. 4096 is for you. Notice how the collar, the tucked vest, and the loose straps on the skirt carry the eye up and down. The flaring sleeves

are new, and becoming to the woman of moderate build. Navy blue or black twill would suit this design excellently. Or you might try Kitten's Ear Faille, crêpe satin, or Canton crêpe.

Now, notice the difference in the dress for the stout short woman. The skirt plaits have somewhat the appearance of the straps on the other dress, but the unbroken line from neck to hem, and the position of the plaits nearer the front of the dress help give a slender look. The extended vest and the close-fitting sleeves are also good points. Faille, crêpe, and twill are suggested, with embroidered ecru batiste for the vest.

No. 4096—Straight-hanging Dress with Deep V-Opening. Sizes, 34 to 40 bust. Width of skirt, size 36, one and five-eighths yards. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

No. 4097—Straight-hanging Dress with Vest: Front. Sizes, 36 to 46 bust. Width of skirt, size 40, one and three-fourths yards. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

Order patterns from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns sent first-class mail.



# Dollar Gifts for Christmas

*Some for less, none for more, and all wearable*

**A** LITTLE thought, a little time, and a little money is a good recipe for the acceptable Christmas gift. That is, if you want it to be really wearable—not the kind the receiver regretfully does up again in its white paper wrappings and packs away in the bottom drawer.

How about some little caps to match a favorite negligee? Here are three new ideas (No. 4094). The tam-o'-shanter and the demure frilled poke bonnet below it are dainty in taffeta, while the third one is particularly suited to georgette. The cross lines of heading give to the cap a novel touch, and the flowers are made of the georgette, from a pattern that's included. If you happen to have odd bits of chiffon on hand, you might line a pale blue cap, say, with gold or lavender, with pretty effect and make the flowers of the lining color. Or georgette might be lined with a piece of lace.

**N**ET frills trim the pink cotton crêpe knickers No. 4050, and in No. 3994, pale yellow batiste is cross-stitched in blue to match its ribbons. No. 3915 is of pink batiste with lace-frilled motifs.



4094

**Y**OU can't imagine what a square of orchid taffeta will do for you till you try making it into a cap, like the one at the top of the panel, with its lace frills and its gold bowknot. The demure bonnet below it is of sea-green taffeta frilled with net, and below that you'll see a flame-colored georgette one beaded in crystal with flowers of the fabric.

**T**HESE patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent first-class mail.

No. 3915—One-piece Drawers. Sizes, 26, 30, and 34-inch waist. Pattern, sixteen cents.

No. 3994—Step-in Chemise with Pointed Shoulder Straps. Sizes, 34 to 40 bust. Pattern, sixteen cents.

No. 4050—Bloomers with Leg Vent. Sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Pattern, sixteen cents.

No. 4094—Tam-o'-Shanter, Poke, and Round Boudoir Caps (including directions for making flowers). One size only. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4095—Pinafore Apron (including transfer pattern for embroidery). Sizes, 34 to 40 bust. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

3915

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**K**NICKERS (No. 4050) are easy to make, and useful in cotton crêpe, batiste, cross-barred muslin (or crêpe de chine, if you want to spend a little more money). No. 3994 cuts from a yard and a half of batiste, and the suggested rolled and cross-stitched edges are rather new. If you prefer, you may copy some of the new French lingerie—making your chemise of batiste in one color and binding it with a contrasting shade—blue with rose or maize with lavender.

Many girls and women are wearing step-in drawers in place of bloomers now. Motifs of gathered lace give No. 3915 a Christmasy look. As for aprons, what could be more welcome! The unbleached muslin one below, No. 4095, is humble enough as to fabric, but the bright rose calico pipings give it quite an air. Chambray may be bound with checked gingham, or you can use a gayly-flowered chintz or a small-pattered print.

**P**ART of the charm of No. 4095 is due to the buttons, sewed on with rose thread to imitate flowers, with the green leaves embroidered.



4095

Perfume—lovelier than the air  
From the glowing gardens rare  
Of old France  
Vialled in pure crystal clear  
Luxury without a peer  
Yours—perchance?

*Fleurs d'Amour*  
FLOWERS OF LOVE

Extrait, Eau de Toilette,  
Savon, Poudre, Sachet,  
Talc, Brillantine

May we send you illustrated booklet—our guide to the most exquisite  
Parisian Toilet Specialties

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NEW YORK

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Best  
Dealers  
Everywhere



Are you  
afraid of your  
tooth brush?

**M**ANY people are. For correct brushing sometimes makes the tooth brush show "pink."

This is Nature's warning. Take heed.

Ipana Tooth Paste keeps your teeth strong and white through firm and healthy gums.



**IPANA**  
TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist carries Ipana Tooth Paste in full-size tubes at 50c. Or send 10c today and we will send you a generous introductory sample.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
New York

## Clothes They Can Button Up

*The younger generation goes in for self-service as well as style in clothes*

**W**HEN you can button up your clothes yourself, you are almost grown-up. In fact, you are so nearly grown-up that you feel as if you could look down with something like scorn on small sister or brother who still needs help in dressing. Of course, buttons have to be conveniently arranged or it can't be done satisfactorily. Buttons in the back are slippery and tricky, and have no proper place in clothes you button up yourself. But real button-ups like these are as easy as can be. Patterns may be ordered from Pattern Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City. They are sent first-class mail.



No. 4098—Blouse and Plaited Skirt. Sizes, 8 to 14 years. Pattern, twenty cents.  
No. 4099—Coat Dress. Sizes, 8 to 12. Pattern, twenty cents.



No. 4098



**I**T'S simple to dress yourself for school if you have a blue serge plaited skirt set on a front-buttoning underwaist, with a blue and tan checked blouse that goes on over the head, like No. 4098. The skirt in No. 4099 works the same way, and the blouse is cut something like a coat. It's nice in plaid worsted and jersey. Even a little girl can do herself up in a smocked serge or jersey bloomer dress, like No. 4100. And any boy would scorn help with the slip-on No. 4101, with its funny cat's face.

No. 4100—Yoke Dress with Bloomers (including Directions for Smocking). Sizes, 4 to 8 years. Pattern, twenty-five cents.  
No. 4101—Boy's Slip-on (including Transfer Design for Cat's Face). Sizes, 2 to 6 years. Pattern, twenty-five cents.  
Directions at left for ordering patterns.



No. 4098



No. 4100



No. 4101



No. 4099



NAPHTHA  
SOAP

WHITE  
LAUNDRY  
SOAP

NAPHTHA  
SOAP

WHITE  
LAUNDRY  
SOAP

NAPHTHA  
SOAP

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SOAP

WHITE  
LAUNDRY  
SOAP

P AND G  
THE WHITE  
NAPHTHA SOAP

## Two Soaps in One

—that's why P and G The White Naphtha Soap is faster and safer than any soap you ever have used.

### What it is

A big white cake that has the quick action of high grade naphtha soap plus the safety of fine white laundry soap.

### What it does

Washes clothes without boiling and without hard rubbing, yet keeps them white as snow. Absorbs dirt anywhere, on anything, almost as quickly and instantly as a sponge absorbs water. Saves your time and strength in a dozen ways every day, yet does not harm anything that it touches. Use it for everything. Its suds, not your arms, do the work, and as gently as you would.

*Not merely a white laundry soap;  
Not merely a naphtha soap;  
But the best features of both, combined.*

That is why it is used in more homes than any other laundry soap in America.

#### A standard product of proven value

Experienced housekeepers are now buying only known goods of unquestioned worth. They are buying more P and G The White Naphtha Soap than ever because in quality and quantity it is recognized as an unsurpassed value. Tremendous output that permits the purchase of raw materials on the most economical basis, modern manufacturing facilities that keep cost of production at the minimum, strategically located factories that reduce freight expenses,—this soap enjoys the advantage of everything necessary to keep quality up, price down, and make it the greatest laundry soap value in the world.

for  
Speed and  
Safety





## For All Women Who Want to Keep Young



### College Girl Corsets

Study the lines of MacGarry's beautiful statue, "Womanhood," shown above. Study the corseted figure. Note how College Girl corsets mould the figure in right posture and lines of genuine beauty. Wearing these scientific corsets is like a daily habit of healthful exercise for figure development.

## One Month Will Show

the great benefits of the new law of corseting

Every woman should read "The Scientific Law of Corseting." The coupon brings this book to you.

You will note the benefits of this new law of corseting within a month after you put on a "College Girl" corset. The new law ends the evils endured by the 70% of women who are incorrectly corseted. It brings a new grace and style, a new degree of comfort and of health, perhaps even longer life. The value of such benefits is beyond measure.

As developed by our 38 years' experience, the natural "lines of control" which give shape to the human form are the basis of the new law. These "lines of control" are the spine, the pelvic basin, and the thighs. They bear the same relation to the organs and the surface of the body as the beams and foundations of a house bear to its rooms and surface.

### Parallel Control

The influence of any College Girl corset exactly parallels the control of these natural lines. The figure is

comfortably moulded into right posture and right lines by gentle influence exerted from the basic "lines of control" in the corset parallel to those in the body. Wearing these scientific corsets brings the benefits of regular wholesome exercise for figure development. They correct too common ailments.

That flesh and tissues respond to directing guidance is known to every physician. They can be gently pushed about and "flow" and "set" accordingly. Thus without compressing the figure unhealthfully a naturally beautiful development is attained.

### For All Women

Every type of figure has its correct model in College Girl corsets either in back or front lace styles. The proper model for you will fit immediately as if specially made for you. It needs no "breaking in."

There is now a scientifically correct corset for every woman. The new law brings priceless benefits and every woman should read "The Scientific Law of Corseting" to understand all that it means to her.

Send the Coupon for your copy.

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Please send me at once "The Scientific Law of Corseting."

Name.....  
Address.....  
Dealer's Name.....

## Cut in One Piece

The romper that looks like a dress

By  
ISABEL  
DE NYSE  
CONOVER



No. 4102

IT'S the tucks that do the trick this time. A tuck through the lower part of the romper makes it look just like a little dress with bloomers. And it's so much easier to make than a dress with a hem, and bloomers with complicated crotch seams, waist bands and plackets. In fact, it couldn't be easier to make, for it's another all-in-one garment as you will see by glancing at Fig. 1 below. The lower tuck is not the only nice thing about this garment, either. It has tucks at the shoulders. Probably you haven't suspected it, but they are put there to give the kimono sleeves a more comfortable fit. There won't be a mass of surplus goods crushed in at front and back of armhole.

The first thing to do in making the romper dress is to stitch the dart tucks at the shoulders. Fig. 2 will give you an idea of how to fold the goods and stitch. As soon as these tucks are stitched, bind the neck edge and the lower edges of the sleeves. Fig. 3 shows the first stitching in sewing on

the binding, and Fig. 4 the second stitching.

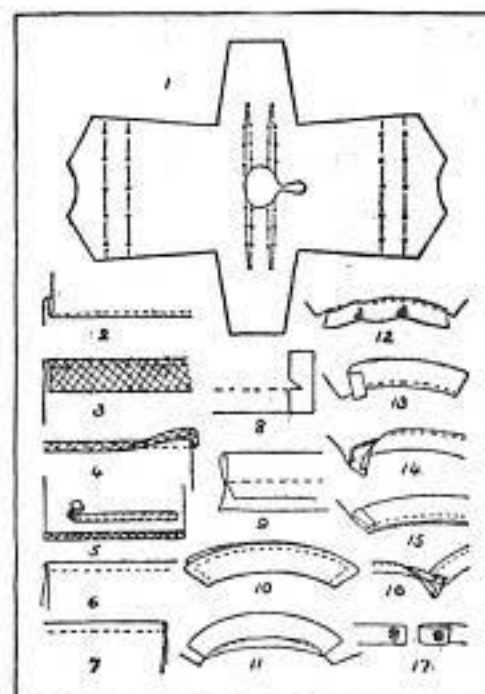
It is always an advantage to make a garment so that it can be ironed flat, that is, so that the gathers can be opened out flat. A simple finish that will accomplish this at the lower edge of the sleeve is a casing. Fig. 5 shows how to stitch it. After the sleeve seams are closed, run a tape in the casing, draw it up to the desired size, and tie it.

Close the sleeve and under-arm seams in one continuous stitching. French seams give the neatest finish. Lay the two pieces to be joined with the right sides together, and stitch, as in Fig. 5, then turn the garment wrong side out, and stitch, as in Fig. 6.

There are perforations in the pattern which will help you in laying in the tuck. A piece of cardboard notched is a wonderful help in keeping it just even, too. (See Fig. 8.) In stitching the tuck, stitch just through the two thicknesses. (See Fig. 9.)

The romper has an under-leg opening finished with an extension, and facing. Cut two pieces for the facing, and stitch them together, as shown in Fig. 10. Join the extension to the back, as shown in Figs. 11 and 12. Face the front of the romper at the closing, as in Figs. 13 and 14.

Finish the lower edge of the leg openings with a facing. (See Fig. 16.) If the elastic leg bands have snap fasteners, as in Fig. 17, it is an easy matter to take them out when the romper is laundered.



TRY something new in a romper material—sateen, challis, or French flannel. Any of these will make up attractively in No. 4102—One-piece Romper Dress. Sizes two to four years. Pattern, twenty cents. Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent first-class mail.

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## Your Personality and Your Hair

Ah, the charm that is added to every personality by lovely hair! It is wonderful!—it is wonderful!

Beautiful hair is the keynote of many a charming presence. What lustrous softness—what glints and gleams—what dusky shadows—what response to the play of shifting lights!

And yet, what natural beauty lies all unappreciated in hair which has never been given a true opportunity to show its loveliness. Who knows the possibilities of her hair until a joyously healthy scalp has sent *health* tingling along each hair to its very tip?

For remember that a healthy scalp is the foundation of beautiful hair. By helping to keep the scalp clean and healthy, Packer's Tar Soap (cake or liquid) helps to make real hair health possible.

Packer's Tar Soap is made from healing and stimulating *pine tar*, fragrant of the pine forests from which it comes, from soothing glycerine and bland vegetable oils. These beneficial ingredients are valuable for the way in which they assist willing Nature to maintain a natural, healthy condition of the scalp. The fullest benefits come from using Packer's regularly according to the directions. Why deprive your hair of these benefits—buy a cake of Packer's from your druggist now.

For forty-nine years Packer's Tar Soap has had the distinction of extensive use by the medical profession.

### THE "PACKER" MANUAL (free)

A wealth of practical information is presented in our manual, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." This Manual, now in its fifth large edition, reflects current medical opinion and sums up what the makers of Packer's Tar Soap have learned about hair health during almost half a century. A copy of the Manual will be sent free on request.

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Send 25 cents for these three Samples or 10 cents for any One of them

Half-cake of PACKER'S TAR SOAP, good for several refreshing shampoos—10 cents. Your druggist has the full-size cake.

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Liberal sample bottle of PACKER'S CHARM, a skin lotion of peculiar efficacy—10 cents. Sold in one convenient size, by most druggists.

# PACKER'S TAR SOAP

*Cake or Liquid*





# Good Looks

## The true story of a memory jogger

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD

**H**AVE you ever seen a memory jogger? I have one. And I keep it just for you. I am always jotting down something, and every time I jot, it's with the thought of helping you. It's no wonder we are friends, is it?

My memory jogger is most good-looking. Of course it ought to be, for it plays such a big part in my Good Looks work. It's a little hand-tooled green leather case filled with loose sheets of paper. You won't find a telephone number, an address, or an engagement in it. You see, it isn't that kind of a jogger.

I can't help but laugh when I think, if I lost it, how it would surprise the finder. If he happened to be a mere man, what would he think if he pulled out a page and this should greet his eye: "Mouths made more kissable. Just heard of special treatment. Quick results." Or, "Night beauty masks now come to improve noses!" Or, "Rouge just out that keeps its place and color even when one's best young man is very near at hand. But better not mention this in W. H. C. We don't believe in make-up because a natural color is always much prettier."

I think the finder might have his misgivings as to the owner's sanity, don't you? But not so with us. We understand. You and I like all sorts of beauty hints. That's why I'm going to tell you some of the secrets tucked away in my memory jogger.

Here are the pages. Read for yourself—and good looks to you!

Milk—that old-time beautifier—is now chief ingredient in a wonderful new astringent. So many women write me for a good astringent that I am glad to know about this one. It acts as a bleach and a tissue builder; helps to fade out freckles and moth spots; works successfully on wasted tissues, bringing them back to health; strengthens flabby skin, and makes it soft and young-looking. Should be used both night and morning after the face has been thoroughly cleansed. I'll say, "Thank you" if it lives up to half its reputation.

A good idea for a little Christmas gift—ten beauty-mask powders tucked in a box. One powder for each day of the week, and a few left over for good luck. Each powder, when mixed with a little water, forms a complete beauty treatment. It makes a creamy paste, which you spread over the face. Let it stay on as long as possible. Then wash off with cold water. These little beauty treatments take away that tired, strained look, and give the face freshness.

A floating soap bowl: Fine substitute for the elusive small cake of soap that's so hard to "catch." You know fishing for soap isn't the pleasantest of occupations. These bowls certainly appeal to me. They are rather large in size, are wooden, and light enough to float in the water. They are filled with a French soap which does not dissolve easily. This special soap is made of vegetable oils and is molded right in the bowl. You can't remove it. The soap is perfumed, and with each bowl comes a bath brush.

A nail polish that looks like raspberry juice! But there's something better about it than its color—it's waterproof. You apply sparingly, and then buff the nails vigorously. As quick as a wink, you have a lovely luster, and the best part of it all is that you can wash your nails all you want and they still keep shining.

No need of a rough, red skin. Try vaseline. It belongs with the beauty winners. Get the white vaseline, that comes delicately perfumed. (No, it won't grow hair.) Use it as you would cold cream. After motoring or walking in the wind and cold, rub the face with the vaseline, and feel what comfort it gives. If used often enough it smoothes and refines the skin.

It makes dry, cracked lips soft and kissable.

Just heard of a new remedy for that horrid, puffy look under the eyes. It's a rubber strap. Funny, but I mistook it at first for the lower half of a pair of auto goggles. Anyone might, though. The woman I saw wearing it looked for all the world as if she were peeking out at me over her goggles. It's made of soft rubber, and has a flexible wire piece that fits over the nose. You tie it on with pink ribbon. It's used in connection with a special tissue eye cream. You put this on first, gently patting it under and above the eyes—then the goggles. Oh, dear no! The eye strap. Said to take away the bags under the eyes, unless they come from one's state of health. Also recommended to remove the little lines that are often due to eye strain.

Treat blackheads to an herb bath, and see what happens! Even the stubborn ones will begin to take their departure.

You wash away the blackheads, but you do it with water that has been specially prepared. Use hot water—a basinful is about right. Dip into this, squeezing it well, the little bag filled with herbs. These herbs have a medicinal quality. They give out a milky, balsamic solution which acts directly on the blackheads, loosening them. And it also helps to normalize a too-oily skin. A bag should be used but once. After the face has been bathed, say for five minutes, or ten if you are not too busy, rub a piece of ice over the skin. This will stimulate the circulation and give the face a good alternate bath.

Just now Paris is saying "darker powders." I've always recommended the use of the more natural shades of powder—matching the powder to suit the shade of the skin. I've never approved of the dead white powder which is so apparent, unless for a very fair skin. It suits few faces. A pink powder is not to my liking, either. For the

We have just one small confession to make: That clever artist, Helen Thurlow, has improved just a little on the original memory jogger sketches

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**  
All good things must come to light sometime. We think that Miss Gould's memory jogger has remained a dark secret long enough.



average complexion, a natural flesh shade is best. One with the faintest of peach tints gives a velvety bloom to the skin. Another hint from Paris: The

newest powder boxes over there are covered with glass and show an artistic cut design for decoration. Saw one here in New York the other day. They really are a deep cover fitting over the entire paper powder box. When the powder is used, another box may be put under the glass cover. Lovely for the dressing table.

You burn your perfume now! Don't forget to tell this to the woman who reads my Good Looks page. I had a lovely whiff of it. Made me think I'd been transported to Egypt. Suggests Oriental women, and things mystical and alluring. But there's nothing heavy about the odor. It's like the fresh fragrance of a flower garden. You can sniff rose, lilac, or geranium. The perfume comes in tablet form in a cut glass container, and I was surprised how long the fragrance lingered after the tablet had been burned.

Honey, to bring the flower-freshness back to your face. Mustn't forget that honey is the product of flowers, and if properly used will give the pink and white freshness of youth to the skin that is old and tired-looking. Tell my Good Looks friends about the honey mask. Following is the recipe: Mix a tablespoonful of strained honey with a tablespoonful of fine white flour. Add a few drops of rose water, just enough to make the honey paste smooth and as liquid as you need it. Spread carefully over the face. Let it stay on half an hour and then wash off with cold water. Try the mask twice a week for a month. Result—youth back in your face.

Glad to see in the shops so many attractive cases for powder puffs. The prettiest of the new cases is in the form of a pansy, beaded in the natural colors of the flower. Back of the pansy is a little pocket in which the powder puff is slipped. Other cases are of crocheted silk, and still others of brocade.

I saw a buffer the other day that I mustn't forget to mention in my November Good Looks page. It's so convenient to take on a trip. The new idea is that the top of the buffer is really a little box. It is filled with the manicure requisites—orange stick, emery board, nail file, and a little box of polish.

Miss Gould will be glad to help you with your Good Looks problems, if you will write. Be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. Address Grace Margaret Gould, Good Looks Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.





# Your skin is what you make it

**H**AVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with a naturally lovely complexion, brilliant in color—fine in texture?

The truth is that you, too, can have a beautiful skin.

For every day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. This is your opportunity to make it what you will. If you begin, now, to give this *new skin* the special care it needs, you will find that within a week or ten days you can bring about an astonishing improvement.

Examine your skin in a strong light. Is the texture growing coarser—are the pores becoming enlarged? If so, you should begin at once the following treatment:



*Special treatments for each type of skin are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

**EACH NIGHT** before retiring, dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly, first in clear tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

**T**HE first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding, as it should, to a more stimulating kind of cleansing. After a few nights this drawn sensation will disappear, and your skin will emerge so smooth and soft to the touch you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles—for blackheads, blemishes, pale, sallow skin, conspicuous nose pores,

etc.—are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

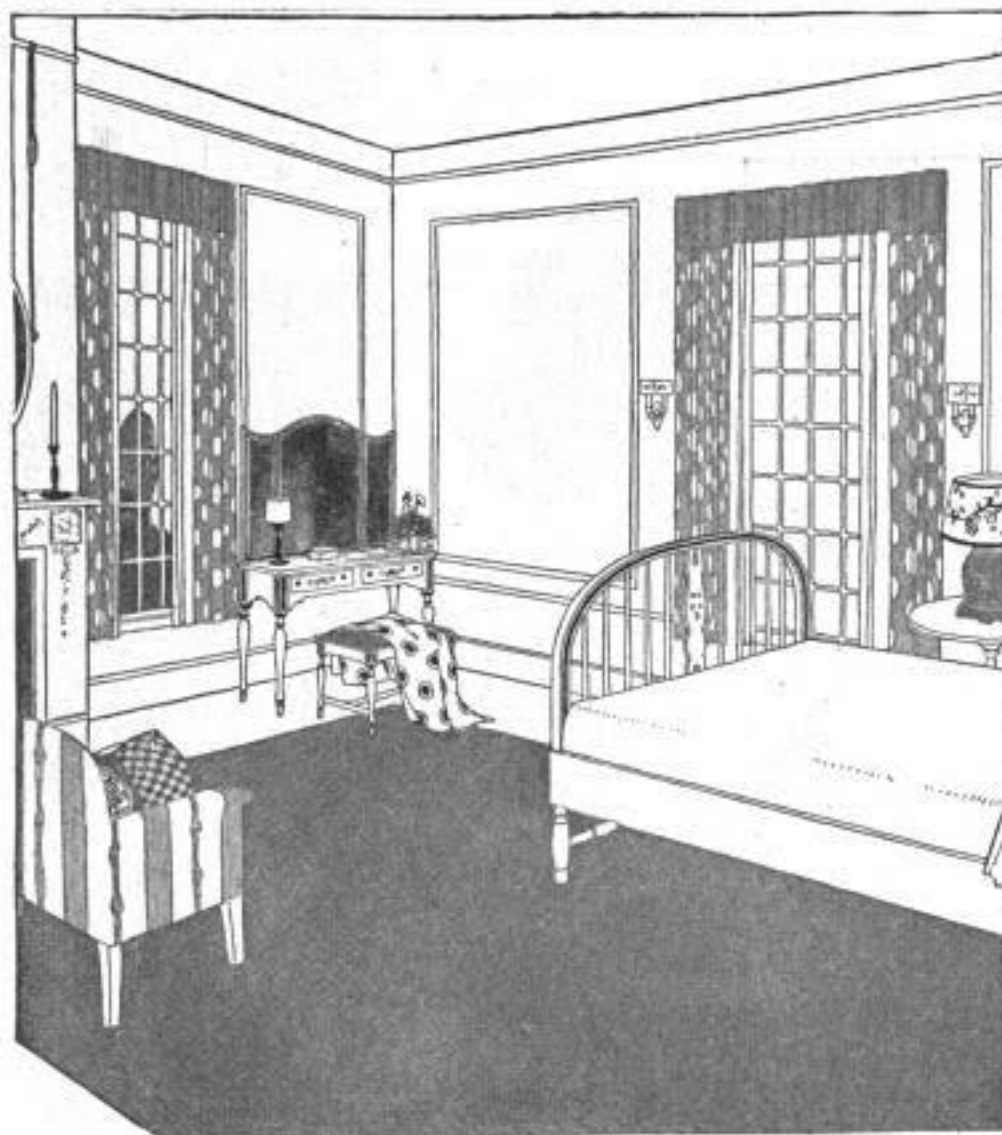
Get a cake of Woodbury's today at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the special treatment your skin needs.

You will find Woodbury's one of the most economical soaps you have ever used; a 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

## "Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"; a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 211 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 211 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





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have the thickness that you've known in other rugs; but their character is different. They are all pure linen with linen's famous qualities a thousand times intensified.

Their restful one-tone colorings are rich and true—the colors that linen takes so perfectly, the colors that you've known in dainty frocks. And, of course, these linen rugs are mothproof and reversible.

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"Rooms of Restful Beauty" a booklet full of real help on interior decoration will be mailed free on request.

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**OF DULUTH, MINNESOTA**

NEW YORK      CHICAGO      BOSTON  
WASHINGTON      SAN FRANCISCO

## The Perfect Rug for Bedrooms

## Better Babies' Coiffures

*Display plenty of delightful individuality*

IT IS to be hoped that Cyril Finn's daddy isn't a tease, for that kewpie-kurl style of hairdressing (right) is too, too inviting when a rough-house acts in, and four and a half months isn't any too young to begin it, either, if you're a boy.



SIX times bobbed at seven months—did you ever see a coiffure of that age to equal it? It belongs to Frances Louise Osborn (below), of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Frances must be quite cheery over it, for her chest development is that of a one-year-old.



SHE doesn't need a permanent wave—not with that coy little curl in the traditional middle of her brow. Doubtless, when Eudora (above left) is good "she's very, very good," but could she ever be horrid?

ALGER BOLLINGER (above) favors the pompadour; already, at the age of seven months, he has a good start for college days. Or maybe his mother has been reading him a bedtime story about wild Indians.

## What the Better Babies Bureau Is

**THE EXPECTANT MOTHERS' CIRCLE:** Any woman eligible, whether she is a subscriber to the COMPANION or not, may become a member, receiving each month a letter of advice on the care of herself and the preparation for her baby. Several practical little pamphlet circulars showing designs for maternity dresses and a common-sense layette are some of the helps sent with the letters. No matter at what period you enter, everything from the first month will be sent. No mention of the Better Babies Bureau is made on the envelopes in which the material is mailed. Enclose a self-addressed envelope with Fifty Cents in stamps, for postage, and state what month you expect your baby.

**THE MOTHERS' CLUB:** Every mother of young children is eligible and need not be a subscriber to the COMPANION to join. Pamphlets, together with monthly letters of instruction on the care and feeding of babies under one year of age (covering such subjects as colic, constipation, weaning, teething, etc.), will be sent to any mother who sends Fifty Cents in stamps and states the age of her baby. There are also leaflets giving diet lists, and other helps for babies from one year of age to three years. This literature is all included in the Mothers' Club's monthly service, but if the letters are not desired the additional literature will be sent for Ten Cents. A self-addressed stamped envelope will bring a prompt reply to every inquiry.

**THE COUNCIL-ROOM:** Anybody interested in promoting the Better Babies movement through contests, health exhibits, club work, etc., may write us for suggestions and literature. Libraries, Milk Stations, Child-Welfare Leagues, Colleges or Schools may secure our set of seven Better Babies Health Posters, 22 by 26 inches in size, also literature for distribution. Address all inquiries to BETTER BABIES BUREAU, or to Mrs. Caroline French Benton, Counselor, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

### The New Baby

A LITTLE folder tells the big news. The cover shows the stork with the baby, and inside is a clever verse, with a chance for you to fill in the

correct figures. Price, five cents each. Address Baby Announcements, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# The Golden Age in Corsetry

Every Woman Her Own Model In This Modern Plastic Art

**C**ELLINI, that eccentric Florentine, had notions all his own upon the right of the human form to self expression. On a feast day he selected the most beautiful boy in the procession and gilded his naked body from head to heel. Hygienically the idea was imperfect, for the boy died from choking at the pores. Artistically, however, the effect was all that could be desired, for here and very simply Cellini achieved the exquisite result of clothing a perfect living body in its own individual perfection. He lost not a single line and ennobled all.

In pursuing the plastic art of moulding the physique to the requirements of existing fashionable lines the enlightened corset designer must never slight or torture the complex-contour of the individual woman. Since the art of corsetry is plastic there is fortunately the constant opportunity of redeeming doubtful lines while presenting good lines at their best. But always the resultant effect must be natural, personal and never obviously "arranged."

## The Phantom Fitter

There has risen to a high place in the world of Fashion a corset which delights not only through its many classic features of design but also through the unique quality of lending itself to what is practically a fresh and effortless fitting every day it is put on. It is as though there were an invisible fitter of rare cleverness constantly at hand in Madame's own boudoir.

First of all this corset of allure (The P. N. Practical Front Corset) has a pliable elastic vest which clasps in front directly at the center of the body. This assures that the corset is on straight before lacing, will be straight after lacing and remain precisely central and vertical throughout the most strenuous day. It can't ride up to mar your much prized frock lines.

After clasping the vest the corset is laced handily over exceedingly flat especially designed hooks which take the lacing easily and engage it surely. The lacing, thanks to this

exclusive construction, exerts just the right tension to relieve the vest and at the same time mould the



The constant opportunity of redeeming doubtful lines while presenting good lines at their best

corset exactly to the form's desire. Hence a fresh and unfaillingly perfect fitting every time you put the corset on.

## Shapely to the Last

The innate resiliency of the P. N. Practical Front Corset is one reason why it holds its shape indefinitely. Another factor is the daily relacing and relaxation to which every corset is entitled. This daily lacing is drudgery with other corsets but in the P. N. Practical Front Corset it is an agreeable impossibility to avoid unlacing and simplicity itself to relace.

Thus the P. N. Practical Front Corset thrives on service—retains its contour unmarred even

as long as the superb materials and super-construction endure. Aesthetic considerations aside, this permanence of shapeliness very appreciably extends the life of outerwear. As the corset is so the frock will look. As the corset holds its shape so will the lines survive.

It might be expected that such an attractive corset must be designed solely for a particular type or taste. Far from it. Its principles are so sound and simple—it models so numerous and diverse in styles and shapes that every woman of every physique and preference has an appropriate P. N. Practical Front Corset at command. Selecting, trying on and wearing it will prove a revelation in the exceeding comfort and healthfulness of new art in corsetry.

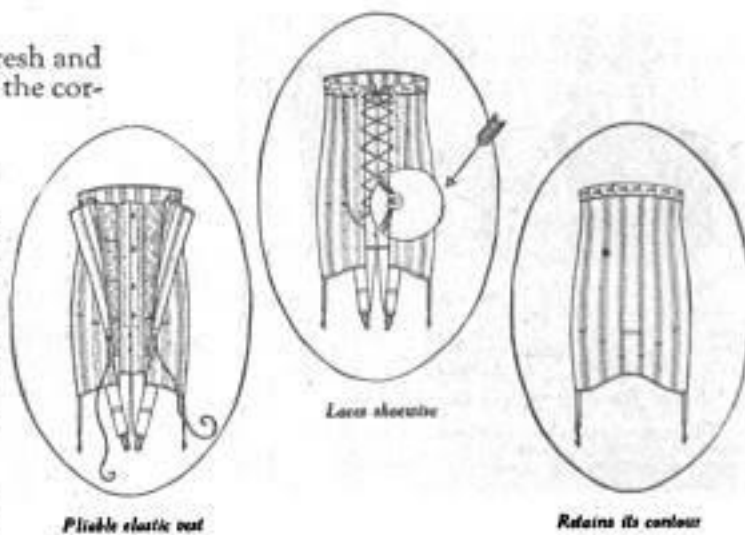
The prices of the P. N. Practical Front Corset are moderately placed at five dollars and upwards to twelve. At most good stores or departments where corsets are sold you may select your appropriate model, or upon request the makers will gladly mail you a catalogue complete.



As though there were an invisible fitter of rare cleverness constantly at hand



Cellini achieved the exquisite result of clothing a perfect living body in its own individual perfection



**P. N. Practical Front**  
Pat. U.S.A. and Foreign Countries  
**CORSETS**  
**L. NEWMAN & SONS**  
 224 Fourth Ave.  
 New York  
 BOSTON CHICAGO

Manufactured exclusively in Canada by DOMINION CORSET CO., Quebec, P. Q., Canada;  
 in England by WILLIAM PRETTY & SONS, LTD., Ipswich, England



## UNUSUAL GIFTS SHOP EASILY AT HOME

Today more than 150,000 families are saving time, health and money by doing their Gift Shopping by mail, at the famous old Salem house of Daniel Low & Co., established more than half a century ago.

The Daniel Low 168-page "Gift Book" is sent free on request. It contains illustrations and full descriptions of hundreds of unusual gifts, remarkable for their variety, good taste and value. Use this book to shop AT HOME, at the very lowest prices for good merchandise.

Send for this "Gift Book"

Here are a few suggestions:



**Mother Goose Doll**

with four aprons of different printed rhymes. Adorably dressed, Kapoc stuffed, 9 in. tall, verse boxed. N 1097 1.50



**Barometer Flower**

Blossoms as the weather. Pink when stormy, blue for clear. In tiny pot, verse boxed. 5 1/2 in. high. N 246 .50



**Treasure Chest**

for the dressing table. Of fragrant cedar covered with cretonne. Has 7 compartments containing all sorts of pins, hair pins, safety pins, invisibles. N 2095 1.25



**The Readipad**

Paper Pad 4 x 6 in. with perforated coupons, attractive brass frame with perpetual calendar and place for pencil. Saves forgetting little things. 2410 1.50



**"Deskette"**

with pad of note paper, leather stamp book and calendar, pockets for envelopes and letters, pen loop. Genuine leather, 6 1/2 in. closed. L 645 1.75



**For Women**

**Such Slippers**

All genuine sheepskin with the natural fleece inside. So soft and comfortable one hates to remove them. A splendid gift. All sizes — give size. W 335 Rich brown color with fur edge. 3.75



**Auto Clean-Up Kit**

Solid leather case, 10 in. long, with fine whisk broom, soap box and pocket with towel. Just the gift for motorist. L 1248 2.25



**Dutch Silver**

A useful reproduction for bonbons, butter or lemon. diam. 4 1/2 in. F 1992 1.65



**Pyrex Casserole**

Sheffield reproduction, daintily pierced, 8 in. oval Pyrex lining. Special price. F 1996 5.00

**Tool Kit**

Six tools in one—hammer, hatchet, wire cutter, tack puller, screw driver, pipe wrench. Length 8 1/2 in., leather case. Z 1071 1.75

Send for the "Gift Book" today

Fill in the coupon below and see how easy it is to shop from our 168 page "GIFT BOOK" with its many suggestions and much saving this Christmas. FREE. An unusual display of jewelry, silver, leather goods and novelties. We prepay charges, satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed.

Valuable information about diamonds is given in the Daniel Low DIAMOND BOOK. Ask for it. It will save you money.

**DANIEL LOW & Co.**  
219 TOWN HOUSE SQUARE  
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
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## Just Vanities

*Somehow, everybody likes 'em for Christmas presents*

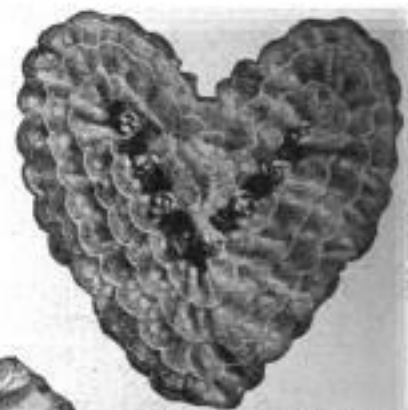
[For further descriptions see page 78]

**E**NGAGINGLY feminine are the frilly negligee and cap at the left. The negligee is just one and one-half yards of dotted Swiss folded over once, French-seamed up the sides fifteen inches from the bottom, cut up the center front and rounded out for the neck. Two six-inch lace-frilled slits artfully allow a pair of pretty shoulders to peep out, and shoulder slits, as well as bottom edge, of negligee are saucer-scalloped. Baby ribbon rosettes, with long graceful streamers and wee pink roses made from nine-inch lengths of chiffon an inch wide, twisted over very narrow gold or silver ribbon, add a Frenchy air. For description of the boudoir cap illustrated see page 78.

**G**ARTERS of blue satin ribbon, lace-edged, and rose and rosette adorned, are boudoir companions of the negligee and cap above. Three fourths of a yard of four-and-a-half inch ribbon are required for each garter. Fold the ribbon over one inch at the top, and stitch to make a space for running in elastic.



Silk geometry—that's the blue sachet square with corners turned back to form triangles on the pink lining



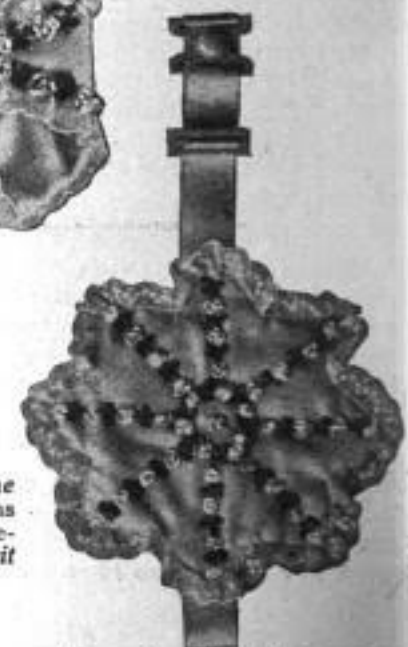
Have a heart for your handkerchiefs



**F**OR the frivolous dressing table here's the most Parisian of powder jars. Cut a circle of pasteboard the size of the top rim of a clear glass finger bowl. Cover the pasteboard with turquoise silk, and at right angles to the edge sew a strip of gilt gimp, thus making a little lid for the jar. A nosegay of small silk buds serves as a handle.



**F**OR the more intimate of your possessions these sacheted lingerie clasps are au fait



Flower-shaped of yellow taffeta is this lingerie clasp sachet

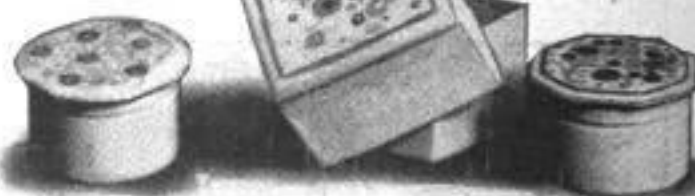
**T**HE fastidious girl loves a touch of individuality in her personal possessions. That's the why of this ribbon cover in two tones of rose, edged with French gimp, for a plain talcum powder can.



As sweet as the heart of a rose will be the lingerie of the girl who receives this sachet of pink ribbon



**T**O MAKE the sachet join the ends of two pieces of ribbon and shirr together around edge. Make three more shirrings and stuff the resulting case with cotton sprinkled with sachet powder.



Make the design free-hand, or trace and transfer it with carbon paper

**B**ASKETS hold many things—this pink checkerboard one, woven of ribbon, handily holds pins, which are stuck into the lamb's-wool stuffing between the back and front of the basket. Narrow ribbon joins the top, bottom and sides, and the handle is whaleboning covered with gold ribbon.

**Q**UAINLY smart on the modern girl's dresser are these old-ivory vanity boxes, with tiny conventional flower decorations. One of them has a rose, and green and blue design; the other, an even more rainbow-like group of flowers—violet, blue, rose, yellow, and green. The painting is done with a mixture of oil paints and white enamel in one coat, without varnish. Enclose such a gift, if you would have it complete, in an outside box painted with a monogram, or with the same design. Patterns for decorating the two boxes, will be found on page 78.



# Really Useful

Everybody likes something of this sort for Christmas, too

[For further descriptions see page 80]

WHAT to do with umbrella and rubbers in a little bit of a closet! The business girl, or, in fact, any girl at all, will like the unique and practical case for them to hang on the back of the closet door. The case measures thirty by seven inches, with an eleven-inch box-plaited pocket for rubbers added at the bottom. Through a large crocheted ring the ferrule of the umbrella slips, and bone rings serve as hangers at the top. Moreover, a quaint stalk of pink garden hollyhocks grows up decoratively on the natural-colored linen background. Pink and green Japanese crepe, held in place with large irregular running stitches, makes the design.



Ready for your umbrella and rubbers



WITH your fluffiest friend this effective camisole yoke will make a hit. The crocheted clasps through which the shoulder ribbons are run are a particularly chic touch.



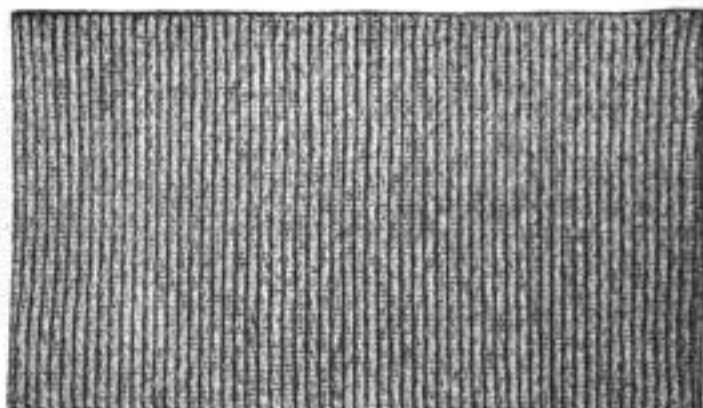
THE tooth-brush case below, rubber-lined, matches the washcloth case, but also makes a neat little separate gift to the girl who's always on the go.



TO HOLD the washcloth when traveling, this pink linen case below, feather-stitched and bound, and lined with rubber, is both practical and pretty.



CUFFS of yellow linen filet net darned with cream thread to match the turnover scrim top are the original features of this green bag, knit of twine.



TO THE house-keeper, a bath mat is an acceptable gift, and this one is quickly crocheted out of any soft cotton cord. If you use left-over crochet cotton be sure that it's all the same size.



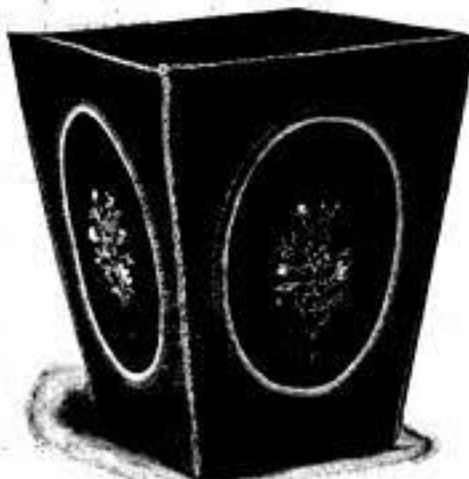
YOU needn't burn your wrists taking a hot pie plate out of the oven if you slip your hands into the clever oven holder at the left. There's a cretonne pocket for each hand, the holder is padded, and measures twenty-four by four and a half inches at the widest part. The pocket is seven and a half inches long.



The double-barreled holder hangs up



BLACK silk elastic, brightened with crocheted wool posies and two colored bone ring handles, will hold a little straw extension basket together quite as well as a prosaic leather strap.



AN OLD-FASHIONED oval of twisted cord frames a wool-worked flower spray on each panel of a black cloth waste basket. Use any embroidery design and carry it out in red, blue, green, and yellow.



## Get Thin -to music!

You can. It's easy. I'll prove it in five days' time—free. In your own home, with your own phonograph. Read my offer.



My safe and sane method of reducing makes any figure normal, in surprisingly short time. In over five thousand cases, I have not had a single failure.

Reducing the Wallace way is play. A 20-minute lesson daily—so music! You simply cannot resist this interesting, restful method.

### How I Reduce You

Food does not cause fat. Many stout men and women eat less than a child of ten. My method lets you eat, but your system uses all your food for blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left from which Nature can make fat.

Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is nothing. If you are 50, 60, 75 lbs. overweight I require a little longer. But the results are the same; a normal figure, symmetric body and limbs, remaining flesh firm and smooth, and a glorious state of health.

### Read These Letters

(Printed by Permission)

I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get thin, but your first lesson took off 12 lbs. and I eat everything I want. It is all so wonderful, music and all! You have brought a blessing into my life.—(Mrs.) Mildred M. Sykes, 300 N. Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Having reduced 60 lbs., my friends pass me without recognizing who it is. I feel and appear ten years younger.—(Mrs.) Grace Hatcher, 4635 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

In twenty-two days I have reduced 11 lbs. I love the lessons, and am feeling better than in months.—(Mrs.) V. W. Skinkle, 914 N. 40th St., Omaha, Neb.

I have reduced 15 lbs. in two lessons and you are free to use my letter.—(Mrs.) Esta Arbaugh, Mandamin, Ia.



**Free Proof** I have no books to sell. No pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I can reduce you, by Nature's own laws, with perfect and permanent results. I'll prove that I can—before you pay a penny. Fill in coupon and I'll send free and prepaid, plainly wrapped, full-size record for five-day trial. Use it, and note the result. That's all I ask!

*Wallace*

WALLACE, 178 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send record for first-reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or return your record at the end of a five-day trial. This does not obligate me to buy.

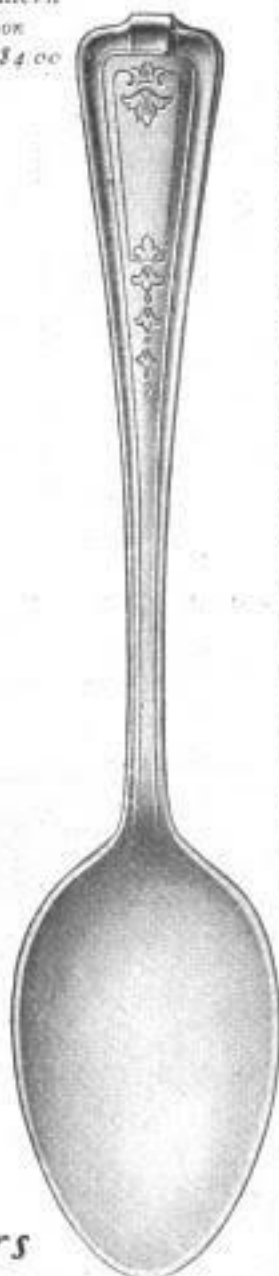
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
St. & No. \_\_\_\_\_  
P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





1847 ROGERS BROS.  
SILVERPLATE

Louvain Pattern  
Tea Spoon  
Half Dozen, \$4.00



THE pleasure taken in entertainment—be it at the formal dinner or afternoon tea—is heightened when your guests have the opportunity to admire the proper silverplate; when the service is all in one pattern—spoons, forks and knives matching the tea set, tray, etc.

This harmony of pattern is a feature of "1847 Rogers Bros." which gives to this brand of silverplate a particular advantage in the eyes of those who wish to acquire a complete table service, whether the latter is to be purchased outright or built up gradually, a piece at a time.

Sold by leading dealers.  
Illustrations of other patterns on request for Booklet "K-48" to International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate  
for Seventy-five Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

## Six Lively Games

For the Thanksgiving family reunion

By EDNA GEISTER

THERE is nothing like a round of lively games to make a family reunion go off with a snap. With one or two leading spirits to get folks started and keep them going, the fun is assured. Make everybody join in, from grandmother to grandbaby.

### Exploration

IF TABLES the size of an ordinary kitchen table are procurable and are placed end to end, they make an admirable hunting ground. However, chairs can be used if they are arranged (the seats turned in) so that they cover about the same space that the tables would. A man and a girl are placed at diagonally opposite corners of this territory. Both are blindfolded, and at a signal must begin to go around this unknown country, their only guide being the table, on which they must keep their hands. It is the business of the man to catch the girl. Her business it is, however, to frustrate his plans. As both are holding on to the edges of the tables feeling their way around, and both are moving as quietly as possible in order to hear any movement of the other, it is inevitable that the girl, in her stealthy efforts to evade her pursuer, will eventually walk straight into his groping hands! Another man and girl are chosen, with perhaps one more couple to follow them.



FOR the first event in the partnership relay, each man carries a glass full of water; at the goal he hands it to the girl, who must drink it all before both partners, with arms still linked, can rush back to the starting point.

### Partnership Relay

SIX or eight couples are placed in groups of two couples each, one couple standing behind the other, the entire group about twenty feet from a goal line. The girls take their partners' arms and retain possession throughout each event, despite the inevitable protest at lagging! At a signal each first couple walks to the goal line, carrying out directions given before each event of the relay; then hurries back and touches off the second couple. Events might be as follows:

1. This is illustrated and described above.
2. Each man has a cracker. At the goal he gives it to his partner, who must eat it, and is not allowed to start back until she can whistle.
3. At the goal line the man sings up the scale, and waits for the girl to sing down the scale before they can go back.
4. While they are hurrying to the goal line, the leader may blow her whistle at any time, which is the signal for them to turn completely around once, and then continue their course. Because their arms are locked and because they always have different ideas about the right way to turn, complications arise!

### Indications of Mirth

FOUR or five persons who are the left-overs in a game which provides the chance to get a partner, can be made to pay a forfeit that is a real one! These left-overs are lined up in a row facing all the other guests. They are told that they are to be given a chance to vindicate themselves in a try-out of particular talent. The first test is as to the musical quality of each one's laugh. Each in turn laughs for the audience in as musical a tone as he can muster up. The audience votes for the best one.

Next, each in turn must laugh as long as he can without taking a breath. The next test is for shrillness; the next for the hearti-

est, and the last for the most contagious laugh! Such forfeits are a game in themselves.

### Compulsory Acquiescence

THIS, too, may be used as a penalty, but it is always wise to choose your victim with care. He is asked to stand before the others of the party, and then told to make a speech on some subject in which you are sure he is very much interested. But he is to take the opposition. For example, if he is a politician and a strong Democrat, ask him to say the harshest things he can think of about a low tariff; or if he happens to be an automobile enthusiast, ask him to denounce motoring; or if it is a grandmother who is known to idolize her grandchildren, ask her to speak on "The Despair of My Life, My Grandchildren." In each case the speaker is to pause after every statement, and everyone present must applaud loudly and call out "Hear! Hear!" The leader acts as monitor and announces that anyone whose applause is found to be unsatisfactory is likely to be the next one to be asked to make a speech. Here again the leader uses her judgment, and cuts off the speaker just at

the right time, calling for anyone she chooses as the next speaker, disregarding his assurance that he clapped hard!

It is often wise to choose subjects in which the whole group is interested. At a community party some prominent citizen might tell why he thought his home town a blight on the face of the earth!

### Whistle!

THE group is told that a whistle will be blown behind the back of the person who is chosen to go into the center, and that he, because of a magic coat he has put on, has clairvoyant power and can immediately turn around and tell who did it. If he should by some mishap make an error, the whistle changes hands, and he can without question guess who did it the second time.

Mr. Victim goes into the center and the magic coat is put across his shoulders. Great care must be used, however, that he cannot possibly see that the whistle, which is a very light one, is hanging on a short cord pinned securely on the back of the coat just between the shoulders. The sleeves are tied in front and the coat is bunched across his back so that plenty of thickness is arranged for, in order that he may not feel the whistle as he turns around rapidly. Other guests crowd in on him very closely, so that the whistle can be reached easily and can be blown by any one of the onlookers without the victim's feeling the tug.

When the leader says that all is ready, someone back of him blows an ear-splitting blast on the whistle. Immediately everyone puts his hands behind him. Mr. Victim turns around at once and accuses the guiltiest-looking one of holding the whistle. The guilty-looking person holds up his hands and shows that he has no whistle, and vows that he did not pass it to anyone else. Only one guess as to who did it is allowed in each case.

Sooner or later the unfortunate in the center discovers who has been holding the whistle all the time, and that is the strategic time for everyone to go into the other room!





### Given Away!

A can of Old English Wax will be given away with every *Waxer-Polisher*. This entirely new Old English device puts the wax on the floor and polishes the floor. Not a weighted floor brush. It makes floor polishing as easy and simple as running a carpet-sweeper. It lasts a lifetime. If your dealer can't supply you, we can. Use the coupon below for this short-time offer.

### How to Clean Your Floors

Old English Brightener is the ideal cleaner for your floors—waxed, varnished, or shellaced—and for your woodwork and furniture. It is the preparation that cleans perfectly without injuring the finish. It leaves a light film which polishes beautifully, protects against wear, and makes the finish last twice as long. Contains no oil, so it will not collect dust, discolor the wood, or soil your rugs.

## Do your floors grow more beautiful with age?

They will if you finish them this simple, inexpensive way. As the years go by, their added beauty will delight you more and more as they reflect your pride of personal possession.

You can have beautiful, serviceable floors so easily. All you need is a soft cloth and a can of Old English Wax. Or you can use the *Old English Waxer-Polisher*. It's the new, easy way to put on wax and polish floors. Be sure to read our free offer.

Old English Wax gives your floors a rich, velvety polish, so hard and wear-resisting that heel-marks, grease, or scratches can't get through it. This is the *easy* way to keep your floors beautiful, no matter whether they're hardwood or softwood, varnished or shellaced.

You need no special skill or experience to apply Old English Wax. And you needn't wait days to use the room; you can walk on the floor at once. And polishing with Old English Wax costs less than one-third of

most other kinds of finishes. One pint can, at 85c, will cover the entire floor of a room 14 by 18 feet.

Leading floor men and decorators prefer Old English Wax because it contains more hard, high-grade imported wax than any other, so it goes further, lasts longer, and of course costs less.

Try a can and see for yourself how it beautifies and protects your floors, woodwork, and furniture. Then you will use it always.

### Mail Coupon for Free Book

Contains expert advice based on over a quarter of a century's experience in finishing—

Hardwood Floors	Softwood Floors
Furniture	Woodwork
Phonographs	Linoleum
Table Tops	Automobiles
Leather Goods	Pianos

Get Old English products at your paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing or department store—or write.

For dancing, sprinkle Old English Powdered Wax lightly over the floor—the feet of the dancers put on the polish.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 1236 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio  
Canadian Factory: Toronto

# Old English Wax

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY  
1236 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
☐ Send me your free book, "The Care of Floors, Woodwork and Furniture."  
☐ Send me, all charges paid, an *Old English Waxer-Polisher*—at the special time-limited price, \$3.50 (Denver and West, \$4.00), which I enclose.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Eatmor Cranberries



### Cranberries should be on the table every day

They are the most delicious—healthful—economical of fruits.

8 lbs. of cranberries and 2½ lbs. of sugar make 10 tumblers of beautiful jelly. Try this recipe—

#### Cranberry Jelly

Cook until soft the desired quantity of cranberries with 1½ pints of water for each two quarts of berries. Strain the juice through a jelly bag.

Measure the juice and heat it to the boiling point. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for five minutes; skim, and pour into glass tumblers, porcelain or crockery molds.

Cranberry Sauce is just as delicious for every day use as at holiday time.

A recipe folder, containing sauce recipes and many other ways to use and preserve cranberries, will be sent free on request.

Always cook cranberries in porcelain-lined, enameled or aluminum vessels.

**American Cranberry Exchange**  
90 West Broadway, New York



In many households the whole family descends in a bunch on the ice-box and pantry and rustles its own supper, which frequently turns into a cafeteria spread

## The Sunday Night Supper Raid

By ALICE BRADLEY

Principal of

Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

**B**ECAUSE Sunday dinner is generally a hearty meal and is served late in the day, the Sunday night meal may be a comparatively simple one, and should be made up of dishes that are prepared on Saturday, or such dishes as can easily be made ready in a very few minutes from supplies that are on hand in the store closet or refrigerator.

It is not so much a collection of new recipes, as being able to recall familiar recipes that helps in planning Sunday night meals.

Various groups of dishes are therefore suggested from which menus may be built up.

#### Suggestions for Dishes With Toast

For these the electric toaster, or even the open fire, may be used:

- Toast, with hot stewed tomatoes and strips of bacon
- Toast with any creamed mixture
- French toast
- French toast sandwiches with marmalade between
- French toast sandwiches with chopped meat between
- Toasted sandwiches with filling of Sardines and sliced tomato, grated cheese on top
- Sliced soft cheese
- American cheese, cucumber pickles, crisp bacon
- Chicken, bacon and tomato, lettuce and mayonnaise
- Creamed mushrooms, chopped and sautéed
- Cream cheese with or without marmalade
- Cream cheese, chopped nuts, sliced stoned dates
- Butter, sugar and cinnamon
- Lettuce, baked beans and Russian dressing
- Butter and preserve or marmalade

White, whole wheat, raisin or brown bread may be used.

#### Quick Hot Breads

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS are quickly made, especially if you have prepared flour on hand. Serve with butter and—

Honey Maple sirup Jam, preserve or Marmalade conserve

Baking Powder Biscuits may have one of the following mixtures spread on and then be rolled up, cut off and baked:

- Butter and brown sugar
- Butter, sugar and cinnamon
- Butter and marmalade
- Butter, sugar, raisins and spice
- Butter, maple sugar and nuts

Popovers with maple sirup, honey, or canned fruit are a treat to many people.

Griddle cakes or waffles may be cooked on the electric grill or waffle iron at the table, and served with maple sirup.

#### The Hot Dish

WHITE sauce is quickly and easily made in a chafing dish or electric grill, or on the range. It may be seasoned with celery salt, onion juice, chopped peppers, parsley, or table sauce. In it may be served:

- Slices of toast
- Hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- Cheese and seasonings
- Cold, cooked potatoes, diced
- Potato dice and cheese
- Shrimps and peas
- Shrimps and cooked rice

- Oysters
- Oysters and celery
- Salmon
- Salmon and celery
- Chicken strips or cubes
- Chicken and potato cubes
- Chicken and mushrooms
- Chicken and celery
- Chicken and ripe olives
- Chicken and pimiento strips
- Chicken, pimiento strips, and cooked macaroni or spaghetti
- Chicken and green pepper strips
- Chicken and oysters
- Chicken and ham
- Sweetbreads diced
- Smoked dried beef
- Fresh honeycomb tripe and small boiled onions
- Lobster dice
- Flaked, cooked fish and hard-cooked eggs
- Sardines flaked and hard-cooked eggs
- Asparagus tips and hard-cooked eggs
- Chicken and hard-cooked eggs
- Cooked rice, curry and hard-cooked eggs
- Crab meat
- Shellfish with cooked rice and curry
- Canned shad roe and celery
- Cooked sweet potato cubes
- Macaroni and cheese
- Rice and cheese
- Roast fresh pork
- Cooked veal

Cheese should be kept on hand and may be served as—

- Welsh rabbit
- English monkey
- Cheese toast
- Cheese and tomato rabbit
- Cheese and scrambled eggs
- Cheese dreams
- Cheese sandwiches

#### Salads

If you keep lettuce and salad dressing in the house a salad may be made up of almost anything that you have on hand: cooked meat, fish, eggs, vegetables, rice, or macaroni, celery, cucumbers, fresh or canned fruit, nuts, or cheese alone, or in combination, can all be used. Use your own ingenuity, and you may secure some new and attractive combinations. Only a few suggestions can be given here:



### Sunday Night Menus

**Menu 1:**  
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches  
Salad of Tomato with Pineapple and Nuts  
Marble Cake, Marshmallow Frosting  
Tea with Lemon

**Menu 2:**  
Creamed Salmon and Celery  
Popovers  
Grapefruit, Orange and Date Salad  
Florida Nut Layer Cake  
Cocoa

**Menu 3:**  
Rice and Cheese in White Sauce  
Butter-Scotch Biscuits  
(Baking Powder Biscuits with Brown Sugar and Butter)  
Jellied Dried Apricots with Cream  
Ginger Ale

**Menu 4:**  
Toast with Tomato and Bacon  
Waffles with Sirup  
Milk

ery, cucumbers, fresh or canned fruit, nuts, or cheese alone, or in combination, can all be used. Use your own ingenuity, and you may secure some new and attractive combinations. Only a few suggestions can be given here:

- Chicken with celery, hard-cooked eggs, cabbage, cucumber, nuts, peas or tomatoes
- Cooked lamb and green peas
- Shrimps with cucumber

- Salmon with cucumber and hard-cooked egg
- Tuna fish, celery and pickle
- Lobster with celery, tomato and shredded lettuce
- Cooked lima beans, onion, celery and pimiento
- Cream cheese balls
- Potato with hard-cooked egg, pimiento, chives, cream dressing
- Potato with hard-cooked egg, pickle and shredded cabbage
- Egg stuffed, on slice of tomato, on toast, on lettuce
- Cabbage and nuts
- Tomatoes with cheese balls and cream
- Tomato sandwich with cheese
- Tomato stuffed with pineapple and nuts
- Vegetables in separate groups: peas, beet dice, carrot dice, potato dice, string beans, shredded cabbage, cauliflower
- Apple, celery and coconut
- Banana rolled in peanuts
- Banana, raisins, and chopped nuts
- Orange sections, strawberries or cherries, and cheese balls rolled in chopped nuts
- Grapefruit, celery and green pepper
- Grapefruit, orange sections, green pepper strips
- Grapefruit, orange sections with date strips, served star shape
- Grapefruit, orange sections, pineapple, marshmallows and nuts
- Pear, celery and maraschino cherry
- Pineapple with celery, nuts and maraschino cherries
- Pineapple with slice of green pepper, stuffed with cheese
- Pineapple with half banana, standing upright in center with a maraschino cherry on top
- Pineapple with grapefruit, and maraschino cherries

#### Desserts

DESSERT may be of fresh, dried, or canned fruit. To prevent monotony the fruit may be served in a layer cake or shortcake, using—

- Cooked apples
- Peaches
- Apricots
- Prunes and apricots
- Berries or jam with marshmallow cream, or whipped cream or the sirup from the fruit

Fruit may be served in a gelatin dessert made on Saturday, such as—

- Orange jelly with orange sections
- Orange jelly with nuts and pineapple
- Orange jelly with marshmallows
- Lemon jelly with peaches
- Lemon jelly with mixed fruit and nuts
- Lemon jelly with dates, figs and cherries
- Jellied prunes
- Jellied apricots
- Jellied cherries
- Jellied apples
- Strawberry sponge
- Apricot Bavarian cream
- Pineapple Bavarian cream
- Raspberry Bavarian cream
- Orange charlotte russe
- Banana charlotte russe

Serve fruit with a boiled custard, using—

- Oranges
- Bananas
- Peaches
- Baked apples

A fruit salad, with—

- Whipped cream
- French dressing
- Mayonnaise dressing
- Cream dressing

#### Beverages


THE beverage served may be—

- Tea with lemon
- Hot chocolate with whipped cream
- Cocoa with marshmallows
- Ginger ale
- Grape juice
- Punch of lemon and other fruit juice

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



# Eminent Food Authorities give the real reason for the remarkable nation-wide popularity of Karo

 In a recent advertising campaign on Karo it was mentioned:

"Food experts are just realizing the energy-producing value of Karo and *why* it is such a wonderful food. It is because Karo contains a very large percentage of dextrose—and is itself in a form to be most easily digested and absorbed into the system.

"You could not live long without dextrose. The starch and sugar in all the food you eat—bread, vegetables, potatoes—must be changed into dextrose before your system can use it as an energy food.

"So Karo may almost be said to be a *predigested* food.

"These are scientific facts, supported by the very highest medical and food authorities."

These facts are now becoming so well known by the general public that they must interest all the mothers and fathers in the land who want to see their children well nourished and sturdy—with plenty of vigor and vitality for all their little needs of play, study and growth.

What applies to children applies to grown-ups as well—who aspire to keep in the "pink of condition"—fit for every duty or emergency of life.

Not only is dextrose found in Karo, but it is also found in sweet fruits, such as grapes, and in nourishing grains and roots.

Dextrose becomes the principal form of carbohydrate after the food is prepared for absorption by the system.

It is a well known fact that children need more



Give the youngsters plenty of Karo—spread on bread. It's a great energy food.

food than adults. Their active life and more rapid growth demand, in proportion to their weight, just about twice the amount of food a grown person needs. A child uses up a lot of vitality in active play and study. This explains the perfectly natural craving of almost every normal child for a wholesome sweet like Karo.

## A remarkable health-building food

So at last we know, on scientific grounds, why millions of people have found Karo to be such

a remarkable health-building food and why the sale of Karo last year exceeded two hundred million cans.

It is because Karo has in it the very elements that the greatest doctors are now finding out are not only necessary—but absolutely indispensable for building and preserving health.

So keep Karo on the table. Eat plenty of Karo yourself—on pancakes, biscuits, and use it for all cooking purposes.

Give the children all their systems demand—as a spread on bread, or stewed with dried fruit and prunes, and in other appetizing ways.

In this way both you and the children will be healthier and stronger.

## For Your Protection

Do not be deceived by cans containing syrup that might *look* like Karo. The name "Karo" is on every can of original Karo—look for it, and be assured of full weight cans and highest quality.

**BLUE KARO**—The standard table syrup. Also for cooking, baking, and candy-making. Light brown color, delicious flavor—a heavy-bodied syrup.

**RED KARO**—The Ideal Syrup for every use—for cooking, baking, candy-making and preserving. Because of its honey-like appearance many prefer it as a spread for cakes, biscuits, breads.

**GREEN KARO**—Flavored with the highest grade real maple sugar. Very moderate in price—absolutely pure. The makers of Karo are the world's largest users of the highest grade maple sugar—over a thousand tons used annually.

**FREE** An energy-food booklet every parent should read—explains the meaning of Dextrose and why children thrive on it. Sent free with the beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book of 64 pages. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. A., Argo, Ill.



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## Another Mystery Cake Can You Name It?

**T**HE first Royal Mystery Cake Contest created a countrywide sensation. Here is another cake even more wonderful. Who can give it a name that will do justice to its unusual qualities?

This cake can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you make it and name it?

### \$500 For The Best Names

For the name selected as best, we will pay \$250. For the second, third, fourth, and fifth choice, we will pay \$100, \$75, \$50, and \$25 respectively. Anyone may enter the contest, but only one name from each person will be considered.

All names must be received by December 15th. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest, with your own name and address, to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY  
139 William Street, New York

#### HOW TO MAKE IT

Use level measurements for all materials

1/2 cup shortening	4 teaspoons
1 1/2 cups sugar	Royal Baking Powder
grated rind of 1/2 orange	1 cup milk
1 egg and 1 yolk	1 1/2 squares (1 1/2 oz.)
2 1/2 cups flour	of unsweetened
1/4 teaspoon salt	chocolate, melted

Cream shortening, add sugar and grated orange rind. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, salt and Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with the milk; lastly fold in one beaten egg white. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoonfuls, alternating dark and light batter, into three greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

#### FILLING AND ICING

3 tablespoons melted butter  
3 cups confectioner's sugar  
1 egg white

2 tablespoons orange juice  
grated rind of 1/2 orange and pulp of 1 orange  
3 squares (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate.

Put butter, sugar, orange juice and rind into bowl. Cut pulp from orange, removing skin and seeds, and add. Beat all together until smooth. Fold in beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with unsweetened chocolate shaved in fine pieces with sharp knife (use 1/2 square). To remaining icing add 2 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate which has been melted. Spread this quickly between layers and on sides of cake.



PRIZE WINNERS IN THE FIRST  
ROYAL "MYSTERY CAKE" CONTEST  
Held Last Spring

First Prize \$100 "Tropic Aroma"  
Won by

Mrs. H. F. Tench, Long Beach, Calif.

Second Prize \$75 "Royal Brownellow"  
Won by

Mrs. John Titus, Kansas City, Mo.

Third Prize \$50 "Virginny Sunshine"  
Won by

Mrs. Herbert Lambert, Chittanooga, N.Y.

Fourth Prize \$25 "Royal Economystic"  
Won by

Mary Emma Cox, Gadsden, Ala.

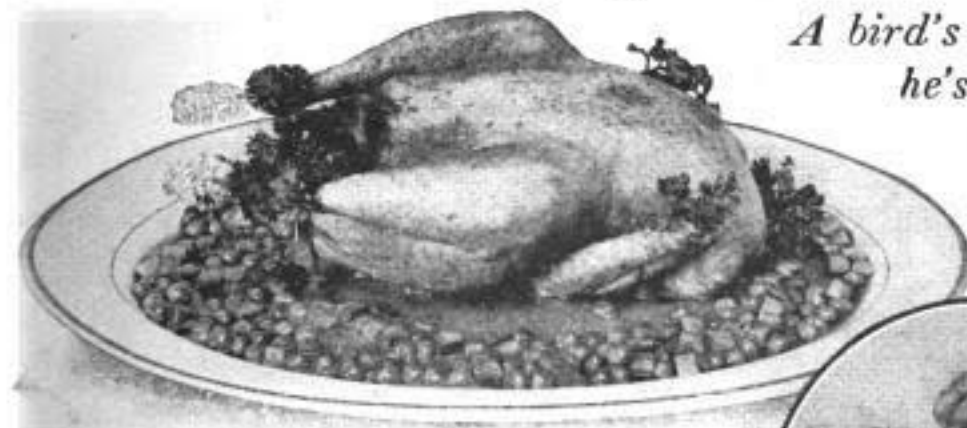


# All Trussed Up for Thanksgiving

*A bird's age doesn't matter if he's properly cooked*

By ALICE BRADLEY

Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery



**T**HE difference between chicken and fowl is the age. If you cannot distinguish one from the other by the appearance, feel the end of the breast bone, between the legs. If soft, the bird is a chicken, if stiff and hard it is a fowl.

To prepare poultry for cooking, singe the bird to remove hairs and down by holding over a gas or alcohol flame, or a piece of burning paper, and turning until all parts are exposed; cut off head and discard it; push back skin and cut off neck close to body; remove pin feathers, using a short-bladed, pointed knife; remove tendons from legs by cutting through skin between drumstick and foot on inside of leg and pulling out eight tendons, one at a time, using a strong skewer; remove oil bag from the tail.

If bird is to be cooked whole, push neck skin back and remove crop and windpipe. Make a cut at end of breast bone, near second joint and around the vent, and remove entrails, gizzard, heart, liver, kidneys, lungs and fat. Be sure to get them all. Wash and wipe the bird. Stuff if bird is to be roasted and sew up opening. Truss the bird that it may look attractive when served. To do this push a steel skewer through bird in such a way that second joints are held close to the body; push another skewer through bird, to hold wings close to body; pull neck skin back and fasten to skin over backbone with small skewer or toothpick; tie ends of drumsticks together with a white string, leaving two long ends; bring string around tail and tie; bring ends of string around first skewer; cross string over back of bird, pulling tight; bring ends around second skewer; fasten string in secure knot on the back. Do not have string over breast of bird. (See illustration above.)

If bird is to be cut up, cut off legs close to body and separate drumsticks from second joint; cut off wings close to body, and cut off the tips; separate breast from back, cutting across the ribs; remove all organs; wash and wipe back piece; wipe carefully all other pieces. Cut breast crosswise in two or three pieces if desired.

Cook the bird slowly in boiling water after either method of preparation. The time varies with the size and age of the bird. A pressure cooker saves time and fuel. A fireless cooker saves fuel, but requires more time. Do not use more than a quart of water.

## Using the Giblets and Fat

REMOVE thin membrane, arteries, veins, and clotted blood around heart. Separate gall

bladder from liver, cutting off any of liver that may have a greenish tinge. Cut fat and membranes from gizzard. Make a gash through thickest part of gizzard, and cut as far as inner lining, being careful not to pierce it. Remove the inner sack and discard. Scald chicken feet and remove skin and toes. Wash giblets, neck, and tips of wings; put all together, cover with cold water, heat quickly to boiling point, and cook slowly until tender, or cook with the chicken if preferred. Chop giblets and add to gravy if fowl is roasted, or add to Velouté Sauce and serve on toast.

Save all the chicken fat, cut in small pieces and cook in double boiler or slow oven until fat is tried out. Strain and use for shortening in cooking.

## Boiled Fowl

CLEAN and truss a fowl, or cut in pieces. Put in kettle, add two teaspoons salt, half surround with boiling water, cover, boil five minutes, then cook slowly until tender. Remove from kettle and serve in any way suggested below.

To make a chicken or fowl go further you may cook one pound of pork chops with it. The pork meat may be served with the chicken or saved and used for salad. Except for its shape, it is difficult to distinguish from the chicken. Six peppercorns, a sprig of parsley, a slice of onion, and two slices of carrot may be cooked with the chicken to give flavor to the stock.

## How to Serve

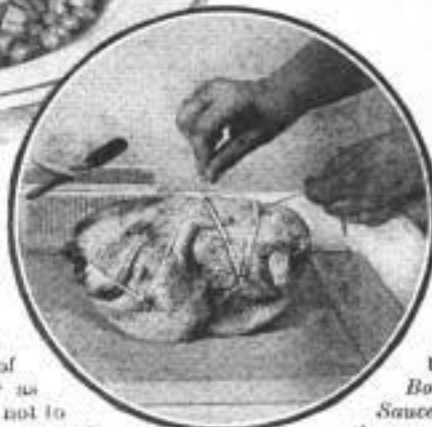
If fowl is whole, remove string and skewers, and place in center of platter. Carve like a roast chicken. The sauce may be served separately, or on the platter.

If fowl is cut up, place breast in center, drumsticks crossed at end of breast, second joints and wings opposite each other on either side of breast. Remove meat from backbone but do not serve that bone on the platter. Serve the sauce over the chicken. Use paper frills on ends of drumsticks.

## Variations With a Whole Bird

**Fowl with Egg Sauce:** Add to Velouté Sauce, two egg yolks and one teaspoon lemon juice.

**Boiled Fowl with Oyster Sauce:** Parboil one pint oysters. Use oyster liquor with



**BEFORE** roasting a fowl, stuff and truss it for the esthetic effect of it when served. Read below about just where and how to apply the skewers and strings

enough chicken stock to make two cups for the sauce. Add oysters just before serving.

**Boiled Fowl with Celery Sauce:** Add to Velouté Sauce three cups celery cooked and rubbed through a sieve.

**Boiled Fowl with Cauliflower Sauce:** Add to Velouté Sauce the cooked flowerets from a small cauliflower.

**Chicken à la Providence:** Add to Egg Sauce one-half cup each cooked carrots cut in fancy shapes, and green peas. Serve on platter around chicken, and sprinkle with chopped parsley if desired.

**Roast Fowl:** Cook a whole fowl until almost tender, put in dripping pan, brush with melted margarine, dredge fowl and pan with flour, and roast until brown, basting often with the chicken stock. Make Velouté Sauce in roasting pan, allowing flour to become brown before adding stock. The fowl may be stuffed before being trussed if desired. It may be steamed over boiling water instead of being cooked in water.

**Roast Turkey:** Clean, stuff and truss according to above directions. Roast in hot oven, basting frequently until breast meat is tender. Serve with brown gravy.

## When Bird is Cut in Pieces Before Cooking

**Chicken Stew:** Serve chicken with Velouté Sauce and steamed dumplings.

**Stewed Chicken with Onions:** Cook eighteen tiny young onions with the chicken. Serve chicken and onions with Egg Sauce.

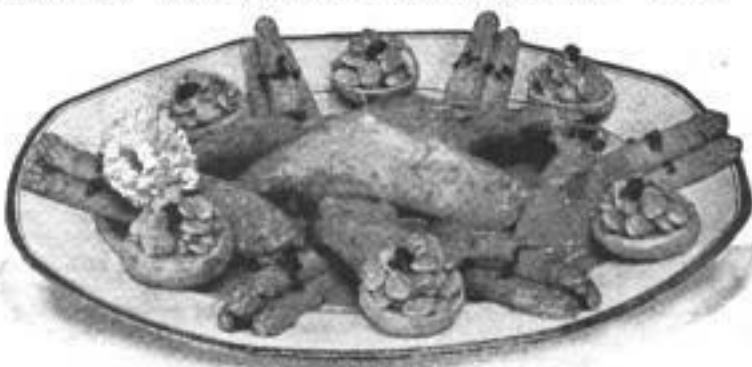
**Chicken à la Stanley:** Cook one large onion, thinly sliced, with the chicken. Rub stock and onions through a sieve and use equal parts stock and cream for sauce. Garnish with sautéed bananas.

**Chicken with Pimientos:** Cook one small can of pimientos with the chicken. Rub stock and pimientos through a sieve, and use for the sauce.

**Chicken Fricassee:** When chicken is tender, drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and cook in butter, margarine, or pork fat until golden brown. Arrange pieces of chicken on slices of toast or on fresh baking powder biscuits split in two. Make the sauce in the pan in which chicken was cooked, one and one-half cups stock and one-half cup cream may be used, if desired, instead of two cups stock. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

## Chicken Fricassee with Beans and Asparagus

**ADD** to Velouté Sauce one-third cup cooked lima beans rubbed through a sieve and mixed with one-third cup butter or margarine. Arrange chicken on platter, cover with sauce, and garnish with asparagus tips and lima beans piled on slices of white turnips or artichoke bottoms. Sprinkle vegetables with chopped truffle, pimiento, or parsley, as illustrated.



## Velouté Sauce (Foundation Recipe)

**COOK** chicken stock until reduced to two cups. Melt one-fourth cup (four tablespoons) butter, margarine, or chicken fat, add one-fourth cup flour; when smooth add the chicken stock, stir and boil two minutes. Season with salt and pepper. This sauce may be used for many delectable variations and served with boiled fowl, roast, or fricassee.



# Drip Drop

for  
**GOOD Roasts!**

**T**HE "Drip-Drop" Roaster—a Wagner creation—is an old-fashioned Dutch Oven. Its very name makes you think of good, wholesome foods—savory roasts and stews, juicy, tender fowl and meats of all kinds.

The feature of the "Drip-Drop" in which you'll be interested is the close fitting, self-basting lid. Because of the exclusive Wagner design of raised angle points the condensed juice drops uniformly over the entire contents of the vessel.

Then, too, the thick walls distribute heat evenly, without a possibility of quick scorching. Wagner "Drip-Drop" Roasters are made in both Cast Iron and Cast Aluminum. An oval pattern is also obtainable.

A modern cooking utensil that gives you the old-fashioned good cooking—and it can be used on either the top of the range or in oven. Surely, you want it in your kitchen.

If your dealer can't supply you, won't you write us? Booklet on request.

**The Wagner Manufacturing Company**

Dept. 141 Sidney, Ohio

Makers of Wagner Cast Aluminum and Iron Ware DeLuxe Cooking Utensils

# WAGNER WARE





"I learned one secret of the beauty of Oriental women while I was over there."

## What the Princesses of the Orient have always known

TRAVELLERS returning from the Orient are bringing a secret with them.

On tea-tables, taking the place of both cake and confection; on sideboards, on menus of clubs and hotels, one finds a new friend which is a very old friend of the human race—the delicious Dromedary Date.

To the princesses of the Orient the date has been food and confection and medicine for six thousand years.

Higher in food value than beef or bread; containing the gentle stimulant the system requires, it feeds and delights and lends its own rich coloring.

Put a package of Dromedary Dates where the children can reach them; serve them on cereals for breakfast; use them in salads and bread and in muffins and rolls. In them Nature has stored beauty and health. The exquisite women of the East have known the secret always; and in American homes where taste is supreme the day of the date has arrived.

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THE OLDEST AND THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

### DROMEDARY PRODUCTS

TAPIOCA, this is ready in an instant; COCOANUT, that keeps fresh to the last shred; GOLDEN DATES, from the Garden of Eden.

# Dromedary Dates

Send for the free Dromedary booklet that gives eighty-four ways to surprise and please the most exacting family. It tells how DROMEDARY COCOANUT, DROMEDARY TAPIOCA and DROMEDARY DATES can bring to the commonest dishes a touch of tropical elegance. Address: Department N.



## Festive Sauces

The magic art of menu making

By  
PAULINE  
PARTRIDGE

and  
HESTER  
CONKLIN



### Chinatown Sauce

Add one-fourth cup rice and one teaspoon salt to two cups boiling water, and cook until rice is soft. Rub through a strainer with remaining liquid, add three-fourths cup meat stock (chicken preferred), one-eighth teaspoon each, nutmeg and pepper, and boil three minutes. Pound or chop one-half cup walnut meats till very fine, and add just before serving. Serve with stuffed peppers, stuffed tomatoes, stuffed onions, or stuffed turnips.

### Brown Onion Sauce

2 slices bacon  
2 cups finely chopped onion  
1 small green pepper, chopped  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk  
3 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water

Try out the fat from the bacon in the frying pan. Remove pieces of bacon and put in the onion, green pepper and seasonings, and fry until brown. When well browned, remove from the pan and into the same pan pour the milk. Mix flour and water until smooth, and add.

Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, add onion, and serve with meat.

### California Red Sauce

2 tablespoons fat  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cups water  
3 tablespoons vinegar

3 tablespoons brown sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely chopped cooked beets  
1 tablespoon grated horseradish

Melt the fat, add flour, salt, pepper, then water, vinegar and sugar, and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Just before serving add the beets and horseradish. Serve with fish.

### Meat and Fish Sauces

#### California Pepper Sauce

2 tablespoons fat  
4 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cups stock or water

1 tablespoon chopped red or green chile pepper  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped red pimientos

Melt the fat, add the flour and salt, and stir until well browned. Slowly add the liquid and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add the pepper and pimientos, and serve on meat or fish.

#### Sweet Olive Sauce

2 tablespoons fat  
3 tablespoons flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cups stock or water

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup weak vinegar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped ripe olives  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped raisins

Melt the fat, add flour, salt, pepper and liquids. Bring to the boiling point and add the olives and raisins. Serve with meat.

#### Walnut Sauce

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup walnut meats  
1 tablespoon fat  
1 tablespoon peanut butter

2 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cups meat stock

Pound or chop the walnut meats till very fine. Melt the fat, add the peanut butter, and when soft add flour, seasonings and stock. Bring to the boiling point, add the nuts and serve on meat or fish.

#### Tomato Almond Sauce

2 cups tomatoes  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  a bay leaf  
1 stalk celery  
1 slice onion  
4 cloves  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoons salt  
1 teaspoon sugar

1 tablespoon chopped green pepper  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup blanched almonds, chopped or pounded fine  
1 tablespoon butter  
2 tablespoons flour

Bring the tomatoes, bay leaf, celery, onion, cloves, salt and sugar to the boiling point slowly and rub through the strainer. Pound or chop the almonds very fine. Cream the butter with the flour. Reheat the strained tomato, add the creamed butter and flour and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add the almonds and pepper and serve with meat or fish.

### Vegetable Sauces

#### Pepper Cheese Sauce

2 tablespoons butter  
3 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon mustard  
Few grains cayenne  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk  
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated cheese

Melt the butter, add flour, mustard, cayenne, salt and milk, and stir until the boiling point is reached; add the green pepper and remove from the fire. Add cheese, and heat until it melts. Serve at once on cauliflower, cabbage, celery, or with any meat substitute, such as a nut, spaghetti, or vegetable loaf.

#### Chestnut Sauce, Bohemian Club

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup blanched chestnuts  
2 cups meat stock or water

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoons salt  
1 tablespoon fat  
1 tablespoon flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper  
Juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon

Cook the chestnuts, liquid and salt until nuts are tender. Drain, reserving stock, and mash the chestnuts. Measure the stock, and if there is not one and one-half cups, add water to make that amount. Cream the fat with the flour and pepper, and add to the heated liquid. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, add nuts and lemon juice, and serve on Brussels sprouts, or greens.

#### Bacon Sauce, Los Angeles Style

1 green pepper,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped  
bacon

$\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water

Remove the seeds from the pepper and chop it very fine. Put into frying pan with bacon, and cook over a low fire till bacon is golden brown. Mix a little of the water and flour till smooth, and add with remainder of water to the bacon and pepper. Stir until the boiling point is reached and, if necessary, add salt. Pour over hot string beans, sliced boiled potatoes or beets.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]





## “Make it with Leaf Lard”

—Say Famous Cooks

**D**O you want the secret of making *good* pie-crust—the delectable kind where each airy flake seems to separate and melt the moment it enters your mouth? Here are three simple rules:

- 1.—Use *pure leaf lard*.
- 2.—Have the shortening and water *thoroughly chilled*.
- 3.—Bake in a *hot oven*.

Look for magical results—if your lard is “Simon Pure”. For “Simon Pure” is made the good, old-fashioned way—from *pure leaf fat*—open kettle rendered—the flavor intensified.

Use it for deep fat frying, too. It stands high temperatures and repeated heatings. Sold by your dealer in 2, 5 and 10 lb. pails and in convenient 1 lb. cartons.

“Simon Pure” Leaf Lard is one of the many Armour Oval Label top quality foods. By demanding Armour Oval Label Products you take the guesswork out of buying.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO

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*“Pies keep their freshness and shortness much longer if baked with leaf lard.”*

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# The loveliest Nails —a matter of knowing how

*The secret of having beautiful hands lies in knowing the difference between the right and the wrong kind of care of the cuticle*

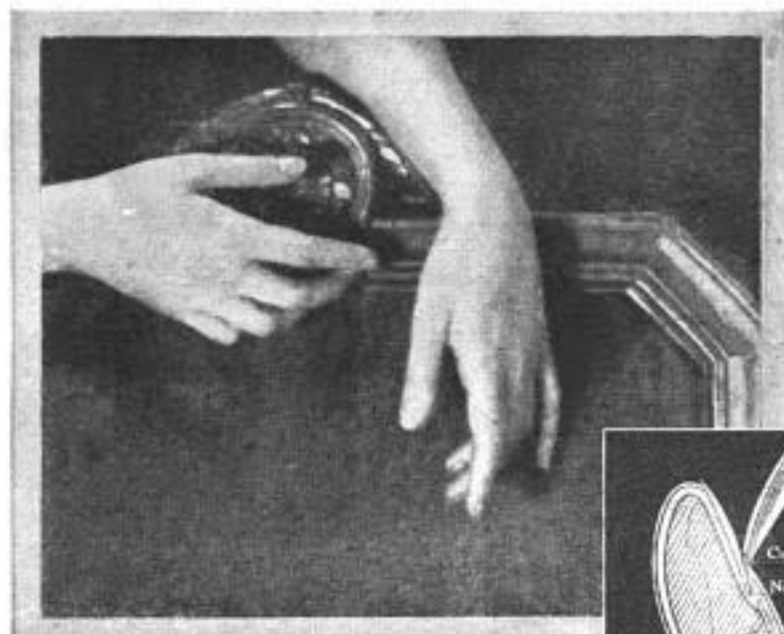


Photo by Baron de Meyer

Mary Nash posed for this photographic study of her lovely hands. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better."



Cutting back the cuticle. Makes it rough and ragged.

**ANYBODY** can have lovely nails—because lovely nails are chiefly a matter of grooming. Just a little systematic care of the right kind can actually create beauty.

When you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to the sensitive living part. Nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin and gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look.

When the cuticle grows over the nails it must be removed. You can do it easily, quickly, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the nails with an orange stick, and then rinse. When drying push back the cuticle with the towel. All the hard dry edges will simply wipe away, leaving the skin even, thin and transparent.

For pearly nail tips use Cutex Nail White, squeezing just a tiny bit under the nails from the pointed tip of the tube. For the gleaming lustre that marks the perfect manicure, select one of the five Cutex Polishes—the new Liquid Polish, or the Paste, Powder, Cake or Stick, all of which are quick, lasting and give the fashionable brilliance.

Cutex Sets come in three sizes: "Compact," at 60c., "Traveling," at \$1.50, and "Boudoir," at \$3.00. Each Cutex preparation comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada, and in all chemist shops in England.

## Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set! Set now only 15c.

A sample of the marvelous new polish that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set. It also contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of everything for six complete manicures. Send for it today—now only 15c.

Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 411, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



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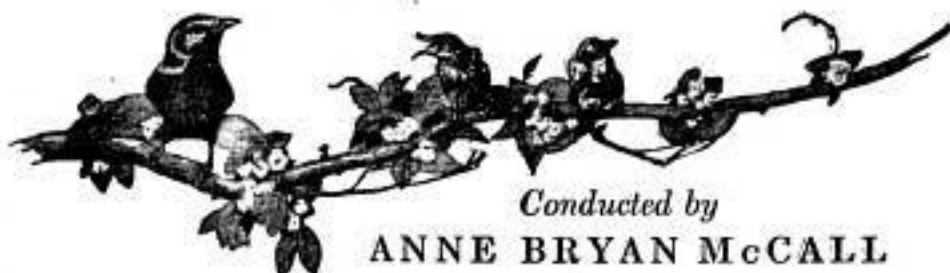
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Send 15 cents and get this Introductory Set—enough for six manicures.

# The Tower Room



Conducted by  
ANNE BRYAN McCALL

## The Larger Counsel

**DEAR ANNE McCALL:** I've had little personal criticism and advice for so long. Please help me, out of the largeness of your heart and understanding. I want a really unbiased opinion. I want the truth.

"That is what most of you want, I think, who write to me; and if my advice is comforting and is helpful, as you girls often generously tell me it is, it is precisely because it is disinterested and impersonal. Indeed, it is, as a rule, not even drawn from my own personal beliefs and experiences, so much as from a larger and more trustworthy source of truth and wisdom, which I have learned to think of as the larger counsel."

I have been thinking of the larger counsel a great deal to-night and of what it has meant in my own life; and in connection with this I have been thinking of Thanksgiving and my books.

I am sitting here in the light of a log fire; and all around me are shelves full of books that I love, and I've been thinking that, though I have had my full share of sorrows and difficulties to meet, yet always I've had so many things to be thankful for, and among them my books, and you girls of the Tower Room.

Perhaps you will not see, at first, the connection between yourselves and my books. Yet it is there. You see, you often tell me that my counsel has helped you; but I believe that if we tried to find the beginnings of that counsel we would find many of them in these old brown and blue and red and green volumes, here, with the fire-light shining on them. And for that reason I would like to talk to you of these volumes, a little bit, and I'd like to share with you what I have long known and loved as their larger counsel—the larger counsel of books.

**TO ME** there is something magic, almost, about books. The very feel of each one of them in my hand is a thing in itself dear and cherishable. The two fat rough-bound volumes of Don Quixote are as different from the slender, smooth, leather copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and call up as different personalities, as their contents are different and unlike. The old worn volume of Lamb; the "Grimm's Fairy Tales," fat and shabby; the rather stately "Plutarch's Lives;" the small, beautifully printed Shelley; the scarlet and gold "Arabian Nights"—each one of them has a distinct and unforgettable personality; and I even like to fancy that they know how much I love them, and that when I run my hand along them, and select one, at last, to open its pages in the firelight, a kind of pleasure runs along them with the contact—like the touch of friendly hands.

And yet, how untouched, in another sense, they are! How beautifully reserved! At first this might seem to you a poor argument for loving them. But it is precisely because they do not concern themselves with the problem that so much concerns me that I know I can all the better trust their judgment; they are not concerned with me, but, rather, with truth and beauty. They will give me no narrow, prejudiced, personal advice; they will give me only the larger counsel.

But the counsel or advice of books is not a thing that you can get at once, nor from one book, nor from ten. It is something that comes, here a little, there a little; and that can be had in its richness only from much and wise and devoted reading. You will get it only by consulting books often;

and, contradictory though it may seem, by consulting them at times when you are most personally perplexed.

Suppose, for instance, you go to Emerson, or Carlyle, or Ruskin, or Mill, or Morley, or Burke, or Lamb; and you say, "Look! here is my perplexity: Help me, dear, good, wise men that you are, to solve it."

**BESURE**, at first, it will seem that they have not heard you. Emerson may be talking in that proud, forceful way of his about "Love" or "Beauty" or "Friendship" or the "Oversoul;" Carlyle may be thundering about some very general wrong, or showing you as in a glass the sinister terrors and the dark pity of the "French Revolution." Mill may be absorbed in showing you in his beautiful clear essay on "Liberty" what liberty really means; and Ruskin may be intent on pointing out to you the incredible beauty of leaf forms, or the "Stones of Venice," or the way one cloud rises above another in glory; and Burke may be defending, with unforgettable beauty of words, the honor of England; and Lamb may be telling you only delightfully what his tastes are concerning old china, or, whimsically, that he thinks a grace should be said before reading Shakespeare. And all these things may seem to have very little relation indeed to the vexing personal problem which is so much in the foreground of your own mind.

Yet here, nevertheless, are wisdom and counsel; yes, and, in time, if you attend faithfully to them, here is advice of a large and noble order, that will serve you in nearly any need. I speak as one really knowing. When I finish reading Emerson's essay on "Beauty," I am better able to cope with some ugliness in my own life, or in the lives of others. When I read what Mill has to say, in such a broad and general way, about "Liberty," I am better able to free myself from detaining and enslaving conditions and opinions and beliefs; if you read it I feel sure your experience will be the same; when I read Burke's burning defense of the right and his scathing condemnation of wrong, I am stirred to a love of right myself and I can see more clearly what is right or wrong in my own case; and my judgment is better, steeper, clearer, for having been formed on a general and not a particular experience personal to myself. So, each of these writers, each of these great men, has, without personal intention, given me advice and counsel of the noblest sort.

**YOU** will see, then, why it is that I am so thankful, at this Thanksgiving time as at all times, for books; and why I am eager to have all of you girls go again and again for counsel to books—the best books; and why I wish that each one of you possessed bookshelves filled, not with ephemeral and light books that only chatter and amuse and give no counsel, but with the writings of the wisest and best writers.

We have not enough books, not enough libraries of our own. Most of us spend twenty, thirty, fifty dollars for other things for every one that we should spend for books. Go from house to house, even among pretty well-educated people and see how many worth-while books you find. How many have you, yourself? How much have you gone to them for advice?

Please do not think that I am unappreciative of modern books, because I have mentioned only the older and better known ones. So many of the modern ones are

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



# HOW I ADDED \$25 A WEEK TO THE FAMILY INCOME

*The story of a mother of two children who became "the best-dressed woman in town" and surprised her husband by her business intuition*

By MARJORIE JANE DILLINGHAM

**M**Y husband and I were married ten years ago. Jack was 21. I was 18. Jack sometimes says he doesn't remember the day. But I know he does. It was the 18th of November, 1911.

For a year we were gloriously happy. Jack wasn't earning a large salary—only \$30 a week—but in those days that was enough to keep the two of us in a small but comfortable home. Then came the first baby—a cuddly little youngster that we named Dorothy—after my mother.

I had never been a particularly strong girl and for some months after the baby came I was under the doctor's care. Jack had saved a few hundred dollars, but it soon melted away under the rain of bills.

And then—I hate to admit it now—but I began to feel that Jack didn't care for me as much as he used to. Perhaps it was because the cares of motherhood had taken some of the bloom out of my cheeks. Or, perhaps, because I felt we didn't have the money to enable me to primp up as much as in the first years of our marriage.

Sometimes I cried myself to sleep just thinking about it. And, as you might well imagine, that only made matters worse.

What worried me the most, was that Jack didn't talk things over with me the way he used to. I knew he was worried about making both ends meet—particularly after little Bobbie came into the world in 1914. Goodness knows, I tried hard to save a little out of my allowance. But you know how prices began to soar a few years ago. And I was always so opposed to going into debt.

**T**HEN one night just about a year ago—it seems almost providential when I think back upon it—I did the simple little thing that was to change my entire life.

And here's how it came about:—

I was reading over the pages of a magazine when I came across the story of a woman just like myself. She was just the average woman—a woman just like you and me.

In my mind's eye I could see my life reflected in hers—I pictured her home as being just like mine—her husband just like Jack—her children and her problems just like mine.

The story told how this woman had been just as discouraged as I was and how she had learned at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make for herself at great savings just the kind of pretty and becoming clothes she had always wanted and earn money sewing for other people.

It seemed almost too good to be true, but I decided to find out about it, anyway. So I wrote the Institute. The information I received by return mail was so interesting that I became a member at once and took up dressmaking.

I didn't say anything to Jack at first, for I wanted to surprise him. And surprise him I did when one night after dinner I slipped into a smart and especially attractive dress and walked into the parlor to greet some friends who had dropped in to see us.

They could hardly believe that I had made such a pretty dress myself. And when I showed them all the other pretty things I had made, they were the most surprised people you ever saw.

And right away one of them wanted me to make just such a dress for her.

After they had gone, Jack put his arm around me as he used to do in the old days and asked me again how it happened.

And then I told him all about the Woman's Institute, and how right at home in my spare time, I had learned to make more and prettier clothes than I had ever had, and at a saving of one-half to two-thirds of what I formerly paid.

**A**ND then I told Jack that I was sure I could do sewing for other people and add \$20 to \$25 a week to his salary. Jack was skeptical at first, as any man might have been, but at last he agreed to let me try.

My first order was for a soft silk dress with the daintiest little hand stitching on the collar, cuffs, waist line and hem.

The fact that I designed my own patterns astonished my customers and it went over town like wildfire.

Soon the work came in faster than I could handle it and I was steadily increasing my prices as I gained confidence in my work.

I made almost every type of dress for women, from chambray to velvet, and for all types and figures. I altered ready-made garments and did remodeling for women and children. I made children's dresses, smocks and rompers. I had been sewing less than two months when I had to advertise for a helper.

The best part of it all is that my lessons and my sewing do not interfere with my home work at all. My customers tell me they don't see how I can keep my house and family looking so clean and neat and find time to do sewing. I can tell them that it is easy enough when you know the right way to sew.

Today I am making \$25 to \$30 a week sewing for others in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes. My husband is as proud as he can be of what he calls my "business intuition," but best of all is the fact that we are now such good pals. We talk over everything together. I really believe he loves me more than when we were married.

The other day I heard him tell some friends of mine that he considered me "the best-dressed woman in town." I don't think one of the old love-letters could have thrilled me any more than that. For I know he meant it.

I am telling you all this because I am just the average woman. What I have done, with the help of the Woman's Institute, I know you can do, too.

For among the members are housewives, mothers, business women, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops, and offices. They are of all ages from fifteen to sixty years. The majority live in the United States, but there are hundreds in foreign countries—all learning dressmaking or millinery right in their own homes just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

**I**T makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy much of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceed by logical steps until you can design, cut, fit, and completely make all kinds of attractive and becoming dresses, suits, wraps, and hats.

Every step is not only fully explained in words, but is actually shown by means



"They could hardly believe that I had made such a pretty dress myself!"

of more than 2000 illustrations—so that it is practically impossible to make mistakes.

You learn the secrets of distinctive dress—how to design and create original dresses, how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines, or how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

**Y**OU will also learn just the things you need to know about silk, woolen, linen, and cotton fabrics and their combinations; how to judge their quality, durability, and value; how to make the professional tests that prove whether fabrics are as represented; how to detect shoddy, false surfacing; how to test dyed fabrics for durability of color; how to judge mercerized fabrics; how to know real linen from processed linen.

The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students, with absolutely no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

Wouldn't you, too, like to have more and prettier clothes? Wouldn't you like to save money for your husband? Wouldn't you like to contribute \$25 a week to the family income? I know you would. It is the wish of every woman. You can do it through the Woman's Institute.

And remember this:—

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings

almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

**Send for This Handsome Book "Dressmaking Made Easy"**

**I**T describes the courses in Dressmaking in detail and tells how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking profession.



Sixty-four pages of interesting, profitable reading, generously illustrated. Cover in color by Neyssa McMein.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card. A copy of "Dressmaking Made Easy" will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

-----TEAR OUT HERE-----

**WOMAN'S INSTITUTE**

Dept. 39-Y, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery  
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address \_\_\_\_\_





## You must win the stranger in your boy!

Even today you have seen the stranger in him—the first flashes of manhood—the real stranger in your home!

What a pang in knowing he no longer brings all his problems to you; that he is beginning to think for himself; to pick his own kind of companions; to question ideas he once took for granted.

Mothers—fathers—your hardest task is to solve that stranger growing back of your son's reserve. You know that the acceptance of false ideals and the wrong kind of companions can warp his whole future development! You've got to fight hard to make that stranger a MAN.

Right at this crucial moment THE AMERICAN BOY should come into that boy's life—and yours! It has guided thousands of boys over the rocks—it will prove the most powerful influence for good that you can put behind your struggle!

That's because THE AMERICAN BOY is human—it is all boy and young man—not wishy-washy! Its editors know boys as the best educators in America know boys! Its stories are inspiring; they teach a boy to think for himself; to be self-reliant, courageous, noble-minded and unselfish! Each is prepared to meet a condition your boy must meet! BUT—they are not preachy. No other magazine in the world so carefully plans its stories.

Each month THE AMERICAN BOY will kindle your boy's enthusiasm to "do." Every issue bubbles over with articles—helpful and man-building—that are written to appeal and to bring out the best and healthiest in a boy. Sports, mechanics, the great outdoors—every page holds a boy's attention!

For instance, read the story of Roy Weagant, Consulting Engineer of the Radio Corporation of America—a "Boys Who Used Their Brains" article in the November issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. Have your boy read it! Note that stimulus "to do" which THE AMERICAN BOY gives him.

**PRICE REDUCED.** THE AMERICAN BOY is again \$2.00 a year by mail; 20c a copy on news-stands. Subscribe for a year, or leave a standing order with your news-dealer.

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## Made in Silk Crochet

### Christmas Gifts

Designed by

HELEN MARVIN

COMPLETE directions for crocheting all the articles illustrated on this page will be sent for twenty cents in stamps. Order CK-174 and address Knitting Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



IMAGINE this smart little panel slip-over crocheted in one of the fascinating new wine-red shades and worn with a chiffon blouse and a skirt of silky duvetyn in exactly the same color. The girdle ends (which tie the panel together on one or both sides, as preferred) should be of the same material as the blouse. Fur trimming may be added as a finish, as shown just below.

The love-knot stitch is used for both the sweaters illustrated.



ONE spool of tie silk makes this good-looking four-in-hand crocheted in a neat block pattern.



Guaranteed not to stretch when it's tied.



JUST the thing for a little felt sports hat is this gay striped band crocheted in ordinary double crochet out of ordinary spool crochet silk. Anyone can make it.

EVERYTHING about this fetching little cap and jacket in pale blue silk with white Angora trimmings is temptingly persuasive—the demure shape of the bonnet, the absurdly voguish collar, and even the new "twisted stitch" from which it is fashioned.



Worn with a girdle of beads and a skirt of striped prunelle, a complete costume may be developed in any of the new shades one chooses.



THE sleeve's the thing this season—even the sweaters have them. Notice this one, with its sleeve top placed together

around small black wooden beads, and its straight full undersleeve of chiffon. The straight-line neck is another up-to-date style feature.



# How to Make Children's Clothes

## Told for 10 Cents in Clark's O.N.T. Sewing Book No. 14

### A One-Piece Petticoat

(Sample Page  
from Book 14)

**I**T'S comfort that counts most in children's clothes—especially their underclothes. They ought not to draw or bind anywhere, that's why the petticoat that hangs from the shoulders is preferable to the old-fashioned petticoats with their fitted waists and heavy gathered-on skirts. There is something else in the favor of the Gertrude petticoat on this page—it's cut in just one piece.

**Cutting:** Make a pattern as in diagram, Fig. 1. From A to E is twenty-nine and one-half inches; from E to B, twenty-eight and one-half inches; from G to E, three and one-half inches; from E to I, three inches; from G to H, two and three-quarter inches; from C to Q and from D to R, one and one-half inches; from Q to K and from N to R, twenty-one and one-half inches; from K to L and from N to O, one and one-half inches and from L to M and from P to O, three inches. Points E-F mark the top of the shoulder.

**The Seams:** Take up a dart on the shoulder, as described in making the apron on the opposite page. In such materials as nainsook or long cloth, a French seam at the underarm gives a neat finish. French seams are described on page 5.



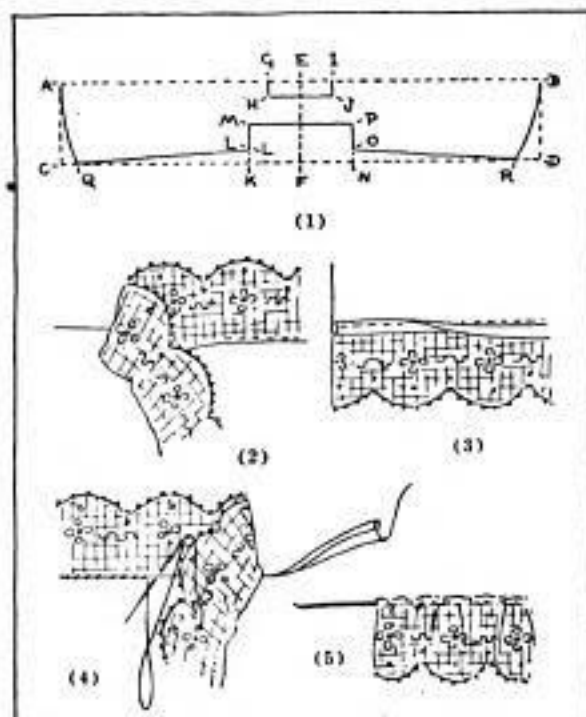
**Sewing on Lace:** Lay the lace on the right side of the goods and stitch, as in Fig. 2. Roll the edge of the goods and, on the wrong side, stitch a second time, as in Fig. 3. Machine made lace has a gather thread woven in the top. See Fig. 5.

In sewing on lace by hand, roll the edge of the goods and whip on the lace with over and over stitches, as in Fig. 4.

Be sure the lace which you select is soft and will not irritate the child's skin. Hand made lace, as the filet crochet shown on the petticoat, is better than a harsh machine made lace.

**Finishing the Bottom of the Petticoat:** If you are making a plain hem, turn off a seam at the bottom and run in a gather thread. Then turn the hem and draw up the gather thread, until the top of the hem is the size of the outside. At all points in the hem, the fullness should be adjusted to run straight up and down. Press the hem and stitch it by machine, hand fell as described on page 4, or feather stitch it in place. See page 19.

**Scalloping the Lower Edge:** Cut off the hem, fold the petticoat in half, keeping the lower edges even; fold it again in quarters and again in eighths. Lay the petticoat on a piece of paper and trace the shape of the bottom and sides as it is folded. Cut out this paper pattern, fold it in half and then in half again, and at the bottom shape one-half of a scallop. When opened, there will be two scallops. Use this pattern in marking the scallops on the petticoat. Cut the facing the same shape as the lower edge of the petticoat and stitch as in stitching facing on page 8.



**M**AKING children's clothes saves money and shopping time. It gives a chance for individuality and it doubles the life of a garment.

Even remnants or a discarded dress of mother's can be made up by the directions in Clark's O.N.T. Sewing Book No. 14 into cunning, practical garments which the children will love.

Most of the little folks' clothes can be made without patterns—just follow the clear diagrams and directions.

Read over the table of contents—you will find included in it practically everything you need to know about making girls' and boys' clothes.

CONTENTS	
Boy's Shirts	Page 14
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Rompers	8
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If your dealer cannot supply you, send us ten cents for Clark's O.N.T. Sewing Book No. 14.

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Department 22  
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**I**T'S so easy! Anyone can do it! A smooth sweep of the brush—and immediately the pattern shines forth like new.

And Valspar does more than beautify. A coat of this tough, durable varnish gives Linoleum, Congoleum or Oilcloth a sturdy, protective surface that greatly prolongs its life. It fortifies these floor coverings against wear. It makes them proof against spilled liquids, hot or cold—even against hot greases.

In the same sure way, Valspar protects and beautifies floors and furniture—woodwork of all kinds, indoors and out. A Valsparred surface firmly resists water, weather and "accidents."

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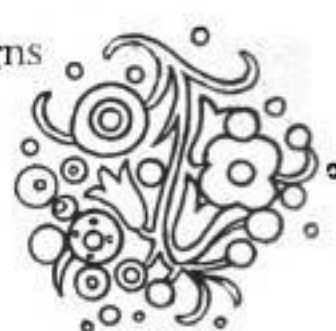
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W.H.C. 11-21



### Vanity Box Designs

**PAINT** in the design with a mixture of oil paints and white enamel (household). Usually only one coat is needed, but if, after the first painting is dry, the work looks weak, you may repeat the process. The left-hand box has a flower pattern in rose, green, and dots of blue. The right-hand box is done in violet, blue, rose, yellow, green.



## Just Vanities

[ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 64]

### Boudoir Cap

**A**CIRCLE of net twelve inches in diameter and a band of net, two and a half inches wide and forty inches long make the foundation. Close the band and sew to the circle of net. Four rows of lace one inch wide trim the band—three rows turned down and one row turned up. Beading at the top and bottom of the band, sewed between the rows of lace, holds fine baby ribbon, which, when tightened, gathers the cap to the head. A rosette of baby ribbon with a rosebud and sprig of mignonette add a fetching touch.

### Rose Sachet

**T**WO straight pieces of ribbon are each sewed together at the ends to make a circular band, then shirred together on the selvage edge and stuffed with cotton and sachet powder. Three more rows of shir-

ring are put in, and the fullness gathered into the center. The central rose is made by twisting a piece of ribbon into the desired folds, and sewing down tightly to the center of sachet. The leaves are made of two pieces of green ribbon sewed together into a point, so that the selvage comes on the edge. These are gathered in under the rose.

### Basket Cushion in Checked Pink Ribbon

**F**IRST cut out the basket in stiff card-board, making both sides alike, then cover with the pink ribbon. Join the sides, top and bottom with narrow ribbon, leaving an opening so that it may be filled with lamb's-wool. The handle is made of whale-boning, covered with gold ribbon. The top of the basket is then decorated with small roses in many soft tones—lavender, blue, rose and gold—harmonious with the pink of the cushion.

## The Fad for Flowers

[ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 33]

### Wild Rose Cluster

**F**OR each rose cut eight circles of peach-colored chiffon and two of mousseline-de-soie. Lay in a pile and pin together in the center, to hold in place. Make a pattern for roses of a circle of paper two and a half inches in diameter; on the outer edge of this mark petals by placing five spoons on paper circle; trace half way round each spoon. Cut around the tracing. Pin pattern to each pile of chiffon and mousseline-de-soie circles, and cut around the pattern. Cut a hole in the center of the rose, and draw a rose center through the hole. Fasten securely by sewing at the back. Now, slash the material one half-inch toward the center at the curve of each petal. Cluster with artificial maidenhair ferns.

### Velvet Band Mounted With Flowers

**O**LD-ROSE, old-gold and old-blue silk ribbons one-half inch wide for a girdle or hat trimming. For each twist, eighteen inch by one and one-quarter inch strips of silk are sewed over one-eighth inch cotton piping cord. Twist round and round into small circles, sewing in place at the back.

### Drooping Cluster of Small Roses

**T**HE thirty roses in the cluster are made of strips of chiffon seventeen inches long and one inch wide, and taffeta strips of the same size. Twist these lengths round and round, and sew in place to give the appear-

ance of tiny roses. Fasten each to a length of green tie wire, and finish at the back by pushing a rose cup over the wire. Three or four shades of rose silk and chiffon or shades of orange and yellow are desirable.

### Chiffon Poppy

**F**OUR strips of orange chiffon twenty inches long and two and a half inch-wide, and four lengths of yellow chiffon of the same measurements are required. Fold each strip in half, lengthwise, and gather one-quarter inch from the top and at the bottom edges. Cut a circle of erinoline two inches in diameter, punch a hole in the center, draw a poppy center through and fasten by sewing. Around this center sew the eight chiffon pieces, one at a time, drawing the gathering tight in the first length, and allowing each following piece to be wider, making a flower five inches in diameter when finished. Wind the stem with green wool.

### Large Silk Roses

**E**ACH rose has fifteen petals three and a half inches wide and seven inches long of taffeta. Fold each piece, making a three and a half-inch square. Stitch the open sides, and turn. Fold over the two upper points, and sew to back of petal. Gather bottom edges. When petals are finished, sew to a piece of erinoline cut in a circle two inches wide, which has a rose center drawn through a hole in its center. Sew first petals close to center. Use very heavy wire for the stems, and wrap in green wool.

## The Tower Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

beautiful and true, and the firelight shines on a good many of them, too, on my own bookshelves; and I love and honor them and delight in them. For companionship they are wonderful; but for counsel and advice I am apt to turn to those who have been wise advisors for so long, and counsellors to the humble and the great through so many years.

Come to me for advice when you like. I will always love to help you when I can; but, oh, do not neglect the larger counsel.

There is such strength and comfort to be found in it. Read faithfully from day to day among the great and standard writers, and be sure you cannot fail to get good advice from them; then some Thanksgiving Day, after years of such reading, you will sit, perhaps, in the firelight, and bless heaven for your books and for the unfailing beauty and wisdom of their larger counsel.

Address all letters to Anne Bryan McCall, the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York City.





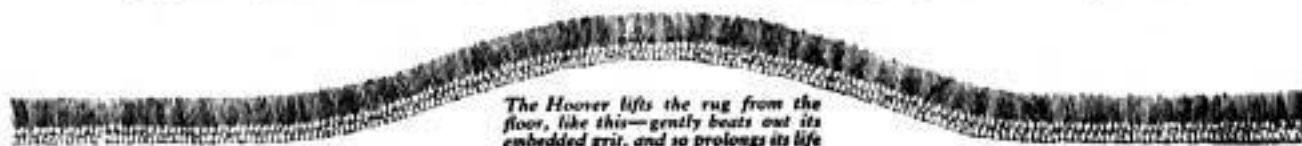
It is no longer considered good housekeeping to overlook, between semi-annual housecleanings, the continual accumulation of germ-breeding dirt in the depths of one's rugs. For a new standard of cleanliness, that of rugs kept totally free of dirt the year around, has been introduced by The Hoover. Not only does this efficient cleaner promote health as well as preserve rugs from wear, and thereby repeatedly save its moderate cost, by its gentle beating out of all the germ-laden, nap-wearing grit from beneath rug surfaces. In the same easy, rapid, dustless operation it also electrically sweeps up stubbornest litter, erects trodden nap, revives colors and suction cleans. Only The Hoover does all this. Get a Hoover and live in an ever-clean home.

# *The* HOOVER

*It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans*

Write for booklet, "How to Judge an Electric Cleaner," and names of Authorized Dealers licensed to sell and service Hoovers bearing our guarantee

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, FACTORIES AT NORTH CANTON, OHIO, AND HAMILTON, ONTARIO



*The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life*





Are you  
suffering  
with  
well feet?

Copyrighted, 1921  
The Selby Shoe Co.

DO YOU feel at times that you simply would have to take off your shoes regardless of where you are? Have you ever slipped off a shoe at the theatre, or at a dinner? Most women do have such foot discomfort—and most women have well feet!

The ARCH PRESERVER SHOE is built with the one idea of making well feet comfortable without sacrificing appearance! This truly remarkable shoe is built according to Nature's plans—giving a firm walking base for the entire foot. It does not allow a strain on the arch, does not permit the ball of the foot to become cramped. Even the longest day does not bring the little aches and pains such as you may know with the shoes you now are wearing.

Why not enjoy your well feet? Why not have them vigorous and happy—all the time? Try a pair of ARCH PRESERVER SHOES and you'll be astonished at the difference. No other shoe can offer such advantages because the design of the ARCH PRESERVER is an exclusive feature. Weak feet are relieved, of course, by wearing this shoe.

Please write for booklet No. 21, "Why Suffer with Well Feet?" and the name of our nearest dealer through whom the shoes are sold.

Women's and Misses' ARCH PRESERVER SHOES and Low Cuts in a wide variety of styles for all occasions, are made only by

**THE SELBY SHOE CO.**

Dept. 11 PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Makers of Women's Fine Shoes  
for More than Forty Years.



Unless this trade-mark appears it is not a genuine ARCH PRESERVER SHOE. The exclusive arch construction offers firm support for the foot during the entire life of the shoe and gives the shoe longer life.

In black kid  
combination last



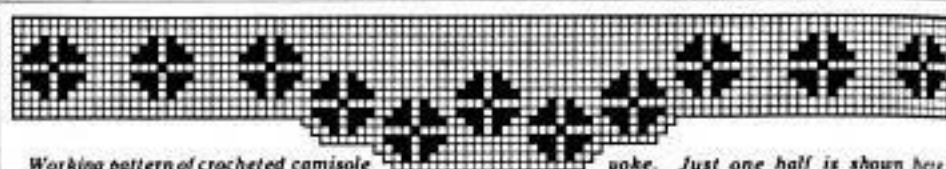
White Strap  
Pump

In black or  
brown kid



In black or  
brown kid

**THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE**



Working pattern of crocheted camisole yoke. Just one half is shown here.

## Really Useful

[ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 45]

### Crocheted Camisole Yoke

USE No. 70 crochet cotton, and work on a scale of 8 meshes to the inch. Follow the working pattern, making rows crosswise, and extending ends to the length needed for camisole top.

For banding, work as follows: Make 1 double treble (winding 3 times over needle) in end of first row, ch. 2, 1 double treble in end of next row, 1 double treble in hole, 1 double treble in next row. Ch. 2 and repeat from beginning along top of yoke. Continue down ends and along bottom of yoke, filling the holes of the edge with s. c. Then work a second row across top as follows: Make 1 s. c. in each treble and 2 s. c. in each hole until an s. c. has been worked over first treble of second group. \* Turn, ch. 7, catch in seventh s. c. from needle, turn, 8 s. c. in loop. Work s. c. along edge as before, until first treble of next group has been worked into, and repeat from \* along edge. Fasten off at end. Run ribbon through the banding, and finish each end with a tiny ball crocheted as follows: Ch. 2, 5 s. c. in first ch. made. Second round: 2 s. c. in each stitch. Third round: 2 s. c. in first stitch, 1 s. c. in next, and repeat around. Make 3 rounds of 1 s. c. in each stitch, then 3 narrow rounds; first stuffing the end of ribbon inside of ball. Fasten off and sew shut around ribbon.

The shoulder straps are made of the same ribbon, and at each end of both of the two ribbons at each shoulder is a tiny crocheted clasp made as follows:

Ch. 18, catch in first ch. made, ch. 10, catch in eighth ch. made, the first 8 chain-stitches forming center bar of clasp. Work around clasp, making 12 s. c. in each side, and fasten off.

At the top of each shoulder is a crocheted clasp, through which both ribbons are run. It is made as follows: Ch. 22, catch in first ch. made, ch. 12, catch in tenth ch. made. The first 10 chain-stitches form the center bar of clasp. Make 16 s. c. in each side space, and join.

Second round: Ch. 5, \* 1 d. c. in third s. c., ch. 3, and repeat from \* all around, joining at end. Make 4 s. c. in each space, and fasten off.

HELEN MARVIN.

### Bag with Darned Net Cuffs

THIS bag is made of green twine, with cuffs of yellow linen filet net darned with cream thread to match turn-over top of scrim, hemstitched as shown in illustration.

Two balls of twine will be required;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of cream scrim;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of the net. The squares of the net should be  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch wide to give the open effect. Two skeins of embroidery thread No. 6 will also be needed. One pair of No. 7 knitting needles, and one medium crochet hook. (No. 3.)

With twine cast on 46 stitches. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, then knit 6 rows.

7th Row: \* Purl 2 st., pass them to the left-hand needle. Bring thread forward and pass the two stitches back to the right-hand needle. Repeat from \* all the way across row.

8th row: Knit plain.

9th row: Purl 2 stitches. Repeat as in 7th row across entire row, ending with 2 purled stitches.

10th row: Knit plain.

Repeat 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th rows once, then repeat 7th row.

### Design for Darned Net Cuffs on Twine Bag

WITH the embroidery thread darn the design on two pieces of net, which should measure approximately three inches wide (11 meshes) and eight inches long (28 meshes). Finish edge with buttonholing and sew to long edges of scrim. Make two plaits facing each other on seam sides of bag. Sew in lining. Put on cuffs as in illustration.

Knit next 2 rows plain; decrease 1 stitch at each end on next row and every other following row until 18 stitches are left on needle.

Invert above directions for other half of bag and join side seams. (If desired, the two sides may be made separately, following above directions in each case, instead of inverting for second half. The latter procedure merely makes bag seamless at bottom.)

Cords: Ch. 90. Make 1 slip-stitch into each stitch on chain. Break twine.

Make two cords of 90 stitches and two cords of 125 stitches.

Scrim turn-over: Cut two pieces of scrim 9 inches long and 3 inches wide, and hemstitch a hem  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch wide on three sides of each piece.

Lace adjacent edges of cuffs with long cords. Then, at end of each cord, put a crocheted ball made as follows:

Ch. 4; join. 5 s. c. into ring.

\* 2 s. c. into each 5 s. c.

Repeat once from \*.

1 s. c. in alternate singles until only 1 stitch is left.

Sew the two shorter cords at top of bag.

MARIA LA SPINA.

### Crocheted Bath Mat

FOR the mat illustrated, five cords were used together as the working thread, and the crochet was done with a No. 6 bone crochet hook. Begin with a chain the width desired for the mat—about twenty inches—and work row after row in single crochet, always picking up the stitches on the back loop of stitches of preceding row, until rug is right length, about twenty-five inches. Finish the edges all around with slip-stitches, to give them firmness, and fasten off.

HELEN MARVIN.

### Waste Basket With Flower Panels

CUT eight pieces of strong cardboard, measuring eight inches at base, fourteen and a half inches in height and twelve and a half inches at upper edge, also, two pieces seven and a half inches square for bottom of basket. Cover four boards with black woolen fabric embroidered with the wool flower design, and four boards with black satin, which is also used for the squares. Join outer panels to linings with invisible stitches. Then join the four panels and cover seams with black cord. Insert bottom, and fasten well at each corner.

Any embroidered flower spray may be transferred for the panels. The embroidery is done in red, blue, green and yellow worsted, and enclosed in an oval frame made by sewing on silk or cotton cord in two sizes. Effective shades to use together are dark brown, medium brown and light brown. To obtain good results the material should be stretched in embroidery hoops for working. Apply a trifle of paste to the wrong side of the cloth to hold it to the pasteboard backing.

ALICE KUERN.

### Toothbrush and Wash-Cloth Cases

THE wash-cloth case is about 5x7 inches; the toothbrush case, 9x2 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. A crocheted loop on each flap fastens over a button.

ELIZABETH ROSE.

### Oven Holder

THE holder is quilted with rows of diagonal stitching; pockets are hemmed at top.

E. ROSE.





## One Week Ago

### those pretty teeth were clouded by a film

We ask you to see, as millions have done, what one week can do for your teeth.

Your teeth are now film-coated—clouded more or less. Combat that film in this new way, and watch results.

Then you will know a way to whiter teeth, to cleaner, safer teeth. And that knowledge may bring life-long benefits to you.

### Beauty marred by film

The beauty of countless women is marred by dingy teeth. And that dinginess comes from film.

The film is viscous. You can feel it with your tongue. But it clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, fails to end it. So the film absorbs stains, and eventually forms a cloudy coat.

That is why teeth discolor. The stain is in the film-coat, not the teeth.

### Danger lurks there

But film does more than that. It forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. Despite the tooth brush, they have been constantly increasing. Few people have escaped them. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this great tooth enemy.

Two effective methods have been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Today the two are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use.

### Other protections

Pepsodent also meets other modern requirements. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. This to digest the starch deposits. With modern diet, rich in starch, these often remain to form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which cause tooth decay.

Pepsodent twice daily stimulates the forces in a natural way. Modern research proves this necessary. In all these ways it is bringing about a new era in teeth cleaning.

## Five things to fight

The film on teeth.

The germs that breed there.

The dingy coats which film forms on the teeth.

The starch deposits which ferment and form acids.

The acids which attack teeth.

Pepsodent combats them all in new, effective ways. Make this ten-day test and see.

### Millions employ it

Millions of people now employ Pepsodent, largely through dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth. And those clean teeth mean safer teeth—protected as never before.

Every woman owes herself a test. A 10-Day Tube is offered for the purpose. Get it and see what it does.



### The night attacks

Film on the teeth or between the teeth may attack them during sleep. So may starch deposits. Acids form in such coats, and the acids soften the enamel.

Countless people who brush teeth nightly fail to remove all the film. And trouble frequently results.

You will not do this when you know the facts. You will use a film combatant. You will fight the acid and the starch. Modern dental science has evolved the ways to do this. Prove them out, for your sake and your children's sake. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube, and a book which tells the reason for each new effect.

Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

### The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Each use brings five desired effects. All druggists supply the large tubes.

### Quick changes

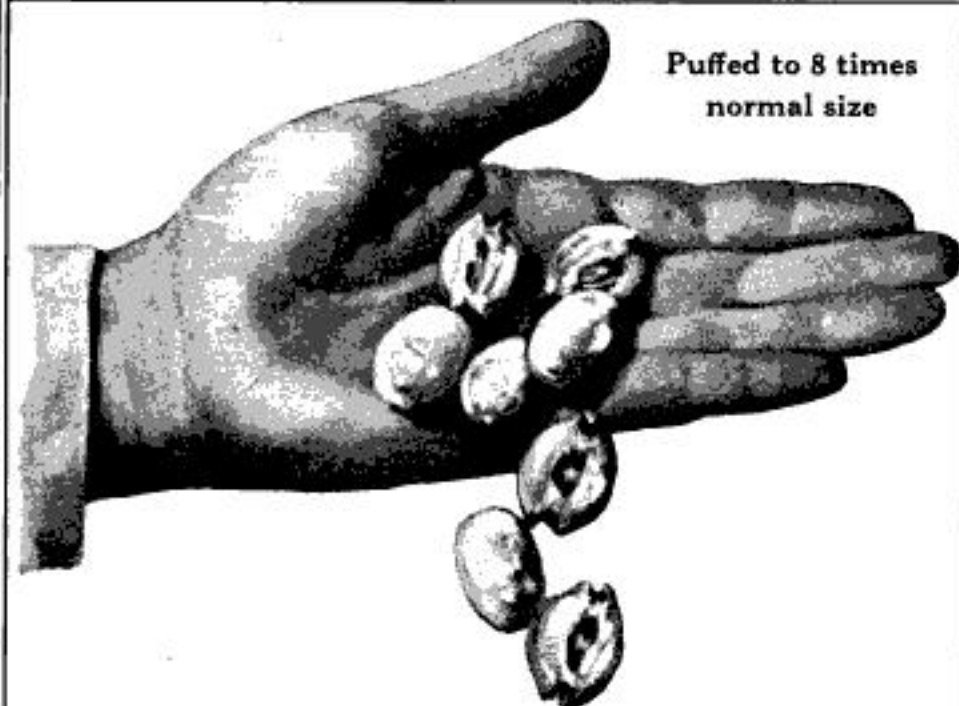
Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Watch the other good effects. This short test will convince you.

### 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 128, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY





Puffed to 8 times  
normal size

## The Mystery of a grain of wheat

A kernel of wheat contains over 125 million food cells. All those food cells should be broken to easily digest.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It forms almost a complete food. It supplies some elements which most other foods lack.

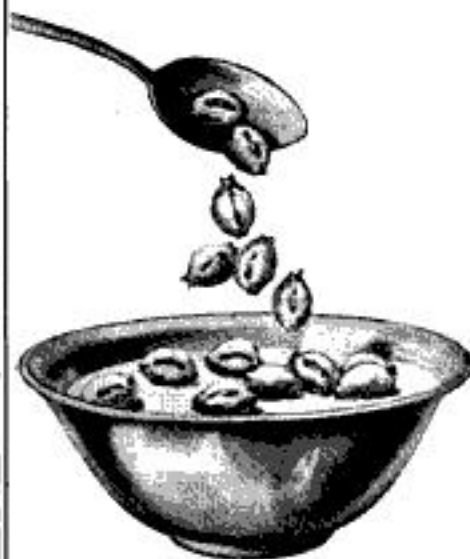
### Prof. Anderson's Idea

Ordinary cooking breaks only part of the food cells. So Prof. Anderson invented this process:

He seals the grains in guns, and submits them to an hour of fearful heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

Then he shoots the gun and the steam explodes. Thus 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.



### Puffed to Bubbles

The grains come out as bubbles, eight times normal size. They are flimsy, savory, toasted. No cereal food was ever more delightful.

Thus Puffed Wheat means whole wheat made tempting, and easy to digest.

Now millions of children get whole-grain foods in the form of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. They enjoy them in a dozen ways, morning, noon and night.

The cereal dish has new enjoyments, and children are better fed.

## Puffed Wheat

Airy whole grains, toasted and crisp, to serve in every bowl of milk. An ideal bedtime dish.

## Puffed Rice

Thin, flimsy globules, with a taste like toasted nuts. The finest breakfast dainty. Serve with cream and sugar. Mix in every dish of fruit.



The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

## More About Vivisection

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

### What These Governors Think

MANY interesting letters have come to us from Governors of States, and from those we have selected a few:

STATE OF KANSAS  
Office of the Governor, Topeka

I wish to express appreciation of the very splendid article published in your magazine of July, "The Truth About Vivisection."

Mr. Baynes strikes a sane and wholesome note, and all who believe in sanity and scientific progress should be grateful to him for the trouble he has taken to go so thoroughly into this subject, and for the clearness with which he has presented the case.

They should also be grateful to you for your enterprise and journalistic courage in dealing so frankly with a ticklish subject.

H. J. ALLEN.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA  
Executive Department, Charleston

I have read with much interest an article by Ernest Harold Baynes, on "The Truth About Vivisection," and the desire impels me not only to compliment the author for the painstaking and fruitful investigation that permitted him to reveal and array his facts so clearly, but also to commend your journal for the publication of the article.

It is patent that an educational article of this character will enlighten those who have been misinformed on the subject, and who have given without investigation support to those who have been opposed to vivisection.

In many instances, converts are made by those opposing vivisection by the mere assertion that cruelty has been practiced, without giving to the public the knowledge of the permanent benefit that has accrued to humanity as a result of the practice.

E. F. MORGAN, Governor.

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR  
Frankfort, Ky.

I am glad that this subject has been treated in a sane, normal and courageous manner. I am not a physician, nor am I a scientist; but I believe in science; in its light; in its truth and in its progress; and I do not now, nor have I ever wanted the march of science to be interrupted by the unthinking and the over-sentimental. I believe that the members of a great profession, earnestly seeking to eradicate disease and prolong life, can be safely trusted to make the experiments which they deem necessary, and this without being interrupted in their great work by a few sentimentalists who cry aloud of "cruelty to animals."

I think the article referred to is a demonstration of your courage in the publication of the truth.

EDWIN P. MORROW, Governor.

### Conquering a Smallpox Epidemic

THIS letter from Doctor Biggs, health commissioner of New York State, is one of the strongest pieces of evidence we have received as to the necessity of vaccination.

STATE OF NEW YORK  
Department of Health

I wish to congratulate you on the appearance in a recent number of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, of the article "The Truth About Vivisection." It is, I think, an excellent article, and should be of real service in advancing the cause of preventive medicine. I have personally had so many unpleasant experiences with the anti-vivisectionists and their work, and I have seen such an enormous amount of harm done by their faults and false propaganda that I particularly appreciate the publicity of an article of this sort in a magazine which reaches a vast circle of readers.

When I became Commissioner of Health in 1914, an extensive epidemic of smallpox of a mild type was prevailing at Niagara Falls. It was gradually being disseminated from Niagara Falls all over the state, due to the failure to adopt any efficient measures for its control.

There existed in Niagara Falls a very strong anti-vivisection sentiment, which had been gradually developing by the active propaganda of the vice president and one of the most influential members of the American Anti-Vivisection Society. The newspapers of Niagara Falls, and many of the prominent people, were anti-vivisectionists.

The State Department of Health found itself almost helpless to deal with the situation, until it occurred to me that publicity might solve the problem; I then appealed to Mr. A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central Railroad, and asked him if he would aid me, and do the following: First,

run all express trains through Niagara Falls without stopping; second, post in the front end of every passenger car, twenty minutes before the arrival at Niagara Falls, a placard saying that smallpox was epidemic in Niagara Falls and warning people not to stop there unless they had been recently vaccinated; third, post a similar notice in every station on the Central Road.

He promised to do this—the notices were printed and were ready for posting—when I was called up on the telephone from Niagara Falls and asked whether this action was to be taken, and was informed that a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, the principal business men, health officials, and mayor had been called. I told them that the notices were to be posted on the following Monday morning; and they asked under what conditions I would order their withdrawal. I said on the simple condition that the directions of the State Department of Health through its representatives were specifically followed. Half an hour later they telephoned me that they would conform to our regulations, and in six weeks the epidemic was at an end. It had been prevailing in Niagara Falls for nearly two years.

I give you this rather interesting bit of sanitary history because I want you to understand how much I appreciate the publication of such an article.

HERMANN M. BIGGS,  
Commissioner.

### Is He a "Vile Monster"?

DR. W. W. KEEN is one of the best known and best loved surgeons in the world. He was president of the International Surgical Congress in Paris in 1920 and held the same honored position in 1917. His standing is indicated by the regard in which he is held by some of our most distinguished leaders. Senator Elihu Root, former Secretary of State, says: "I hold Doctor Keen in the highest esteem and am grateful to him, as all good citizens ought to be, for what he has done for all of us in his long and useful and distinguished life." Our Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, says: "Doctor Keen's professional attainments are unsurpassed. He has brought high honor to his country and made humanity his debtor." James Bryce, late ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, pays Doctor Keen this tribute: "America may well be proud of such a citizen, unwearied in the pursuit of truth, and may rejoice still to count him among your fruitful and high-hearted workers."

Here is Doctor Keen's letter:

I congratulate you on your courage and your warm-blooded humanity in publishing Mr. Baynes's article. A woman's journal is one of the most important vehicles—I might say the most important—for convincing women as to the lies told by the anti-vivisectionists as to cruelty and their denial of the benefits from experimental research.

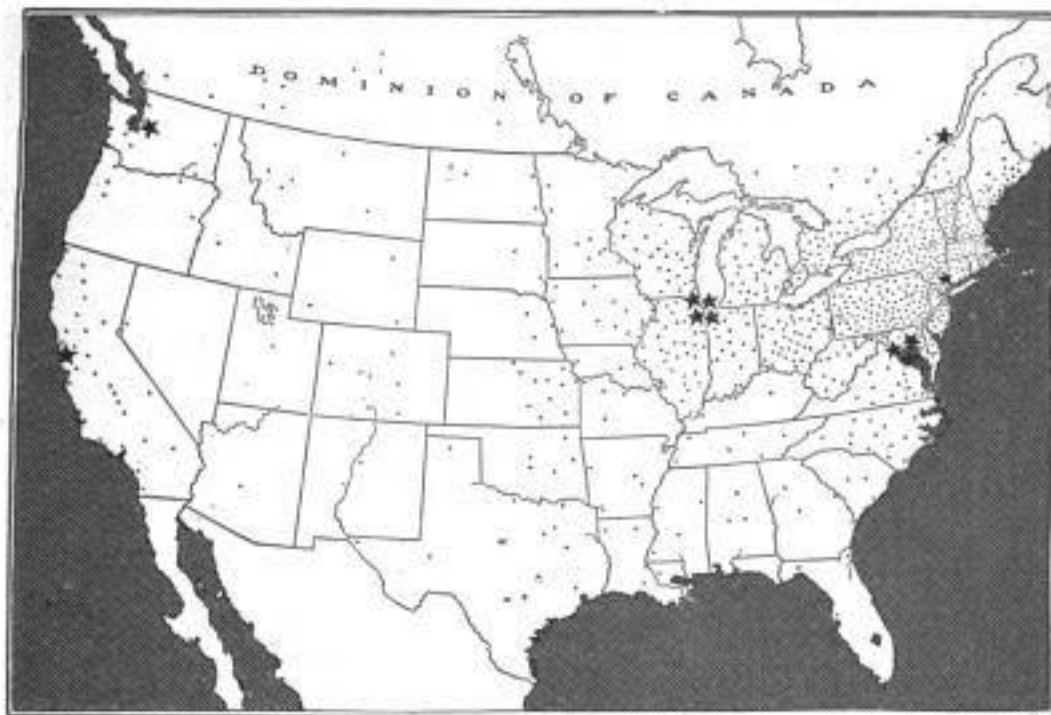
I am not a vivisector, but I know, as a surgeon and as a teacher of anatomy and surgery, for over forty years, that the chief influence in the wonderful progress of medicine, surgery and obstetrics in the last thirty-five years has been experimental research. Nearly all the "sanitation" the anti-vivisectionists praise so much is based on bacteriology, yet they deny that any germ causes any disease. . . .

Some years ago I received a letter from "a dozen women," hoping that my mother, if she were living, would die in the most terrible torture, and if dead, that her soul would never know rest for having given life to such a vile monster as I am! The letter was typewritten; no place, no date, no signature, only the postmark "Los Angeles," and the date of posting gave way due to it. . . .

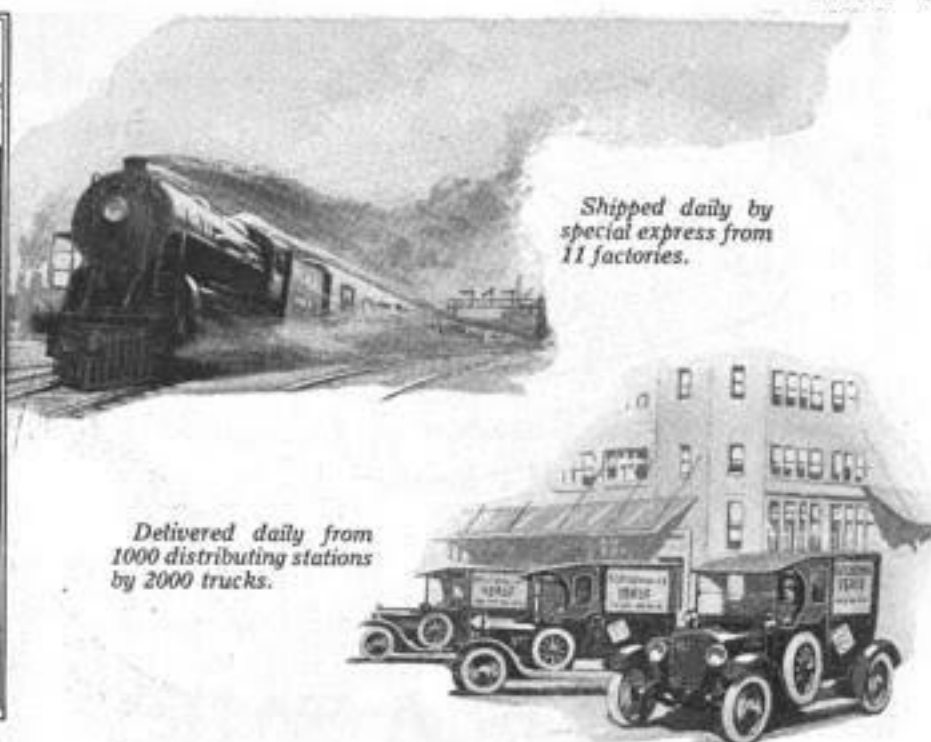
W. W. KEEN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this issue we publish only a few of the intensely interesting and important letters received as a result of Mr. Baynes's article. Any reader of the "Companion" may receive, on request, reprints of "The Truth About Vivisection," published in July, and also reprints of many letters that could not be published here because of lack of space. These have come in great numbers from public health officials, presidents of colleges, prominent medical men and educators, and distinguished men and women in other fields.





The stars represent 11 factories; the dots represent the 1000 Fleischmann distributing stations, from which the daily delivery of fresh Fleischmann's Yeast is made possible.



# So that you can get it fresh every day

*This tiny plant is grown rapidly day and night and delivered to you fresh every morning—*

Only two other foods—milk and fresh meat—can boast a delivery system approximate to that of Fleischmann's Yeast. Milk is distributed by thousands of local companies; the extensive delivery of fresh meats is carried on by a large number of packers; the delivery of Fleischmann's Yeast, fresh daily, to all sections of the country is carried on by the one company alone—The Fleischmann Company.

**YOU** are probably one of the ten millions in this country who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

Have you ever stopped to realize what it means—that you can get Fleischmann's Yeast fresh every day?

In the first place, did you know that this little yeast cake you eat daily is really a plant—a fresh food?

Fleischmann's Yeast is not made—it is grown. It is a tiny plant that has a wonderful way of growing with such rapidity that in 24 hours it has grown 20 times its own weight.

To get this fresh food to you The Fleischmann Company has built up under one organization an unrivaled system of distribution.

By this system 11 centers throughout the country are kept working at capacity to grow enough fresh yeast daily to meet all needs. From these centers the yeast is shipped daily by special express.

One thousand distributing stations pack the fresh yeast daily into 2000 trucks which deliver to grocers, bakers and delicatessen stores.

The fresh yeast is placed directly in the refrigerators of 200,000 grocers and 30,000 bakers.

The Fleischmann delivery salesman is *always* there on time. No baker has ever had to delay his baking because of not receiving Fleischmann's Yeast. Even in the ordinary routine of everyday life, the operation of such a system is a gigantic task. Yet the Fleischmann service has shown itself equal to the greatest emergencies.

During the recent Pueblo flood, Fleischmann's Yeast was the first food taken into the city. The Fleischmann salesman was in there with his yeast for the bakers even before doctors and hospital supplies could be rushed from other cities.

## *Why fresh yeast is now a part of the national daily diet*

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food which supplies in fresh form rich quantities of the water-soluble vitamins, for yeast is its richest known source.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps build up body tissues and makes the body more resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness, Fleischmann's Yeast helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter.

Fleischmann's Yeast has made the use of laxatives unnecessary for many who have long been in bondage to laxatives. For many others it has corrected the various symptoms of rundown condition and restored a health and vigor unknown for years. **THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. MM-22, 701 Washington St., New York.**

## **Emergencies which the wonderful Fleischmann Service has met**

During the disastrous Dayton floods in 1913, when all established means of transportation were destroyed, Fleischmann's Yeast was delivered by automobiles, motorcycles, boats and by men on foot.

When severe snow and sleet paralyzed traffic in Eastern territory in 1914 Fleischmann's Yeast was the only commodity delivered in the city of Boston for 3 days.

When a tidal wave cut off Mobile from all communications, the Fleischmann Service sent special messengers with yeast from Cincinnati and secured tugs to move yeast from New Orleans to the stricken city. The bakers were thus enabled to

bake bread for the people without any interruption.

In 1917 when one of the most severe storms ever recorded swept the whole country, Fleischmann's Yeast was delivered promptly in special trains, special electric cars, trucks and passenger automobiles from the big Peekskill factory.

Blizzard and sleet completely paralyzed New York in 1920. For two days the only automobile trucks operating in New York were those of The Fleischmann Company. Six and eight horse teams were pressed into service. No shipments were missed at any time even during the height of the storm.



Placed directly in the refrigerators of 200,000 grocers and 30,000 bakers by Fleischmann delivery salesmen.



## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

every possible way, and ask if he can't be stopped. If you can't see Sir Mallaby himself, see someone else in the firm. Go up to-night, so that you can see him first thing in the morning. You can stop the night at the Savoy. I've sent Webster to look out a train."

"There's a splendid train in about an hour. I'll take that."

"It's giving you a lot of trouble," said Mr. Bennett, with belated consideration. "Oh, no!" said Billie. "I'm only too glad to be able to do something for you, Father dear. This noise is a terrible nuisance, isn't it?"

"You're a good girl," said Mr. Bennett.

"THAT'S right!" said Sir Mallaby Marlowe. "Work while you're young, Sam, work while you're young." He regarded his son's bent head with affectionate approval. "What's the book to-day?"

"Widgery on Nisi Prius Evidence," said Sam, without looking up.

"Capital!" said Sir Mallaby. "Highly improving, and as interesting as a novel." Sir Mallaby addressed an imaginary hall with the masher which he had taken out of his golf bag. For this was the day when he went down to Walton Heath for his weekly foursome with three old friends. His tubby form was clad in tweed of a violent nature, with knickerbockers and stockings.

"Sam, a man at the club showed me a new grip the other day. Instead of overlapping the little finger of the right hand—Oh, by the way, Sam."

"Yes?"

"I should look up the office to-day if I were you, or anxious clients will be coming in and asking for advice, and you'll find yourself in difficulties. I shall be gone, and Peters is away on his holiday. You'd better look the other door."

"All right," said Sam absently.

He was finding Widgery stiff reading. He had just got to the bit about Raptus Haeredis, which, as of course you know, is a writ for taking away an heir holding in exchange.

Sir Mallaby went out, and Sam, placing both elbows on the desk and twining his fingers in his hair, returned, with a frown of concentration, to his grappling with Widgery. For perhaps ten minutes the struggle was an even one, then gradually Widgery got the upper hand. Sam's mind, numbed by constant batterings against the stony ramparts of legal phraseology, weakened, faltered, and dropped away; and a moment later his thoughts, as so often happened when he was alone, darted off and began to circle round the image of Billie Bennett.

It was useless to pretend that he did not still love Billie, and more than ever, because he knew he did.

So engrossed was he in his meditation that he did not hear the light footstep in the outer office, and it was only when it was followed by a tap on the door of the inner office that he awoke with a start to the fact that clients were in his midst.

Was it too late to escape? A spasm of Napoleonic strategy seized Sam. He dropped silently to the floor and concealed himself under the desk. Napoleon was always doing that sort of thing.

Then the door opened. Sam, crouched like a hare in its form, felt he had netted just as Napoleon would have done in a similar crisis. And so, no doubt, he had to a certain extent; only Napoleon would have seen to it that his boots and about eighteen inches of trousered legs were not sticking out, plainly visible to all who entered.

"Good morning," said a voice.

Sam thrilled from the top of his head to the soles of his feet.

"Are you busy, Mr. Marlowe?" asked Billie, addressing the boots.

Sam wriggled out from under the desk like a disconcerted tortoise.

"Dropped my pen," he mumbled, as he rose to the surface.

He invited Billie to sit down, and seated himself at the desk.

"Dropped my pen!" he gurgled again.

"Really?" said Billie, and Sam blinked and told himself resolutely that this would not do. He was not appearing to advantage.

"Er—how do you do, Miss Bennett?" he said with a question in his voice, raising his eyebrows in a professional way. He modeled this performance on that of lawyers he had seen on the stage, and wished he had something to tap against his front teeth. "Miss Bennett, I believe?"

Billie drew herself up stiffly.

"Yes," she replied. "How clever of you to remember me."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked in a sort of voice Widgery might have used. Sam always pictured Widgery as a

small man with bushy eyebrows, a thin face, and a voice like a rusty file.

"Well, I really wanted to see Sir Mallaby."

"My father has been called away on important business to Walton Heath. Cannot I act as his substitute?"

"Do you know anything about the law?"

"Do I know anything about the law?" echoed Sam, amazed. "Do I know—! Why, I was reading my Widgery on Nisi Prius Evidence when you came in."

"Oh, were you?" said Billie, interested.

"Do you always read on the floor?"

"I told you I dropped my pen," said Sam coldly.

"And of course you couldn't read without that!"

Sam ignored this thrust. "I have not specialized exclusively on Nisi Prius Evidence. I know the law in all its branches."

"Then what would you do if a man insisted on playing the orchestra when you wanted to get to sleep?"

"Tell me the facts," said Sam.

"Well, Mr. Mortimer and my father have taken a house together in the country, and for some reason or other they have quarreled, and now Mr. Mortimer is doing everything he can to make Father uncomfortable. Yesterday afternoon Father wanted to sleep, and Mr. Mortimer started this orchestra just to annoy him."

"I think—I'm not quite sure—I think that's a tort," said Sam.

"A what?"

"Either a tort or a misdemeanor."

"Why, you do know something about it, after all!" cried Billie, startled into a sort of friendliness in spite of herself. And at the words and the sight of her quick smile Sam's professional composure reeled on its foundations. He had half risen, with the purpose of springing up and babbling of the passion that consumed him, when the chill reflection came to him that this girl had once said that she considered him ridiculous. If he let himself go, would she not continue to think him ridiculous? He sagged back into his seat, and at that moment there came another tap on the door which, opening, revealed the sinister face of the holiday-making Peters.

"Good morning, Mr. Samuel," said Jno. Peters. "Good morning, Miss Milliken. Oh!"

He vanished as abruptly as he had appeared. He perceived that what he had taken at first glance for the stenographer was a client, and that the junior partner was engaged on a business conference. He left behind him a momentary silence.

"What a horrible-looking man!" said Billie, breaking it with a little gasp.

For some moments Sam sat without speaking. If this had not been one of his Napoleonic mornings, no doubt the sudden arrival of his old friend, Mr. Peters, whom he had imagined at his home in Putney packing for his trip to America, would have suggested nothing to him. As it was it suggested a great deal.

"Who is he?" asked Billie. "He seemed to know you? And who," she demanded after a slight pause, "is Miss Milliken?"

Sam drew a deep breath.

"It's rather a sad story," he said. "His name is John Peters. He used to be clerk here, but we had to get rid of him."

"I don't wonder. A man looking like that!"

"It wasn't that so much," said Sam.

"The thing that annoyed Father was that he tried to shoot Miss Milliken."

Billie uttered a cry of horror.

"She used to be my father's stenographer, and she was thrown a good deal with Peters. It was quite natural that he should fall in love with her. She was a beautiful girl, with rather your own shade of hair. Peters is a man of volcanic passions, and when, after she had given him to understand that his love was returned, she informed him that she was engaged to a fellow at Ealing West, he went right off his onion—I mean, he became completely distraught. We had no inkling of his condition till he came in with the pistol. And, after that . . . well, as I say, we had to dismiss him. A great pity, for he was a good clerk. Still, it wouldn't do. It wasn't only that he tried to shoot Miss Milliken. That wouldn't have mattered so much, as she left and got married. But the thing became an obsession with him, and we found that he had a fixed idea that every red-haired woman who came into the office was the girl who had deceived him. You can see how awkward that made it. Red hair is so fashionable nowadays."

"My hair is red!" whispered Billie pallidly.

"Yes, I noticed it myself. It's rather fortunate that I happened to be here with you when he came." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 85]



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## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

"But he may be lurking out there still!" "I expect he is," said Sam carelessly. "Yes, I suppose he is. Would you like me to go and send him away? All right."

"But—but is it safe?" "Sam uttered a light laugh."

"I don't mind taking a risk or two for your sake," he said, and sauntered from the room, closing the door behind him. Billie followed him with worshipping eyes.

Jno. Peters rose politely from the chair in which he had seated himself for more comfortable perusal of the copy of "Home Whispers," which he had brought with him to refresh his mind in the event of the firm being too busy to see him immediately.

"Hullo, Peters," said Sam. "Want anything?"

"Very sorry to have disturbed you, Mr. Samuel. I just looked in to say good-by. I sail on Saturday, and my time will be pretty fully taken up all the week. I have to go down to the country to get some final instructions from the client whose important papers I am taking over. Is there anything I can do before I go?"

"Do?" "Well,"—Jno. Peters coughed tactfully—"I see that you are engaged with a client, Mr. Samuel, and was wondering if any little point of law had arisen with which you did not feel yourself quite capable of coping, in which case I might perhaps be of assistance."

"Oh, that lady," said Sam. "That was Miss Milliken's sister."

"Indeed? She is not very like her in appearance."

"No. This one is the beauty of the family, I believe. A very bright, intelligent girl. I was telling her about your revolver just before you came in, and she was most interested. It's a pity you haven't got it with you now, to show to her."

"Oh, but I have! I have, Mr. Samuel!" said Peters, opening a small hand bag and taking out a hymn book, half a pound of mixed chocolates, a tongue sandwich, and the pistol, in the order named. "I was on my way to the Rupert Street range for a little practice. I should be glad to show it to her."

"Well, wait here a minute or two," said Sam. "I'll have finished talking business in a moment."

He returned to the inner office.

"Well?" cried Billie.

"Eh? Oh, he's gone," said Sam. "I persuaded him to go away. He was a little excited, poor fellow. And now let us return to what we were talking about. You say—" He broke off with an exclamation, and glanced at his watch. "Good heavens! I had no idea of the time. I promised to run up and see a man in one of the offices in the next court. He wants to consult me on some difficulty which has arisen with one of his clients. Rightly or wrongly he values my advice. Can you spare me for a short while? I shan't be more than ten minutes."

"Certainly."

He went out.

"You can go in now," said Sam.

"Certainly, Mr. Samuel, certainly."

Sam took up the copy of "Home Whispers," and sat down with his feet on the desk. He turned to the serial story and began to read the synopsis.

In the inner room, Billie, who was engaged in making a tour of the office, looking at the portraits of whiskered men, whom she took correctly to be the Thorpes, Prescotts, Winslows, and Applebys mentioned on the contents bill outside, was surprised to hear the door open at her back. She had not expected Sam to return so instantaneously.

Nor had he done so. It was not Sam who entered. It was a man of repellent aspect whom she recognized instantly, for Jno. Peters was one of those men who, once seen, are not easily forgotten. He was smiling, a cruel, cunning smile—at least, she thought he was; Mr. Peters himself was under the impression that his face was wreathed in a benevolent smile; and in his hand he bore the largest pistol ever seen outside a motion picture studio.

"How do you do, Miss Milliken?" he said.

BILLIE shrank back against the wall, as if she were trying to get through it.

"Er—how do you do?" she said.

If she had not been an exceedingly pretty girl, one would have said that she spoke squeakily. She had seen this sort of thing in the movies, but she had not anticipated that it would ever happen to her; and consequently she had not thought out any plan for coping with such a situation.

"I've brought the revolver," said Mr. Peters.

"So—so I see!" said Billie.

Mr. Peters nursed the weapon affection-

ately in his hand. He was rather a shy man with women as a rule, but what Sam had told him about her being interested in his revolver had made his heart warm to this girl.

"I was just on my way to have a little practice at the range," he said. "Then I thought I might as well look in here."

"I suppose—I suppose you're a good shot?" quavered Billie.

"I seldom miss," said Jno. Peters.

Billie shuddered. Then, reflecting that the longer she engaged this maniac in conversation, the more hope there was of Sam's coming back in time to save her, she essayed further small talk.

"It's—it's very ugly!"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Peters, hurt.

Billie perceived that she had said the wrong thing.

"Very deadly-looking, I meant," she corrected herself hastily.

"It may have deadly work to do, Miss Milliken," said Mr. Peters. "The great thing is to learn to draw quickly. Everything depends on getting the first shot!"

The first shot, Miss Milliken, is vital."

Suddenly Billie had an inspiration. It was hopeless, she knew, to try to convince this poor demented creature, obsessed with his *idée fixe*, that she was not Miss Milliken. It was imperative that she should humor him.

"Mr. Peters," she cried, "you are quite mistaken!"

"Well, I had it direct from the man at the Rupert Street range," said Mr. Peters stiffly. "And if you had ever seen a picture called Two-Gun Thomas—"

"Mr. Peters!" cried Billie desperately. He was making her head swim with his meaningless ravings. "Mr. Peters, hear me! I am not married to a man at Ealing West!"

Mr. Peters betrayed no excitement at the information. This girl seemed for some reason to consider her situation an extraordinary one, but many women, he was aware, were in a similar position. In fact, he could not at the moment think of any of his feminine acquaintances who were married to men at Ealing West.

"Indeed?" he said politely.

"Won't you believe me?" exclaimed Billie wildly. "I'm not even engaged! It's all been a terrible mistake!"

When two people in a small room are speaking on two distinct and different subjects, and neither knows what on earth the other is driving at, there is bound to be a certain amount of mental confusion; but at this point Jno. Peters began to see a faint shimmer of light behind the clouds. In a nebulous kind of way he began to understand that the girl had come to consult the firm about a breach-of-promise action. Some unknown man at Ealing West had been trifling with her heart, and she wished to start proceedings. Mr. Peters felt almost in his depth again. He put the revolver in his pocket, and drew out a notebook.

"This man at Ealing West," said Mr. Peters, moistening the point of his pencil, "he wrote you letters proposing marriage?"

"No, no, no!"

"At any rate," said Mr. Peters, disappointed but hopeful, "he made love to you before witnesses?"

"Never! Never! There is no man at Ealing West! There never was a man at Ealing West!"

It was at this point that Jno. Peters began for the first time to entertain serious doubts of the girl's mental balance. The most elementary acquaintance with the latest census was enough to tell him that there were any number of men at Ealing West. He was glad that he had the revolver with him. She had done nothing as yet actively violent, but it was nice to feel prepared. He took it out and laid it nonchalantly in his lap.

The sight of the weapon acted on Billie electrically. She flung out her hands, in a gesture of passionate appeal, and played her last card.

"I love you!" she cried. "You are the only man I love."

"My gracious goodness!" ejaculated Mr. Peters, and nearly fell over backward. To a naturally shy man this sudden and wholly unexpected declaration was disconcerting; and the clerk was, moreover, engaged. He blushed violently. And yet, even in that moment of consternation, he could not check a certain thrill. No man ever thinks he is as homely as he really is; but Jno. Peters had always come fairly near to a correct estimate of his charms. He now began to wonder if he were not really rather a devil of a chap, after all.

Calmer thoughts succeeded this little flicker of complacency. The girl was mad. He got up and began to edge toward the door.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

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# RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

"I thought you would be pleased," said Billie, relieved, but puzzled. For a man of volcanic passions, as Sam Marlowe had described him, he seemed to be taking the thing very calmly.

"Oh, it's a great compliment," Mr. Peters assured her.

At this point Sam came in, interrupting the conversation at a moment when it had reached a somewhat difficult stage. He had finished the instalment of the serial story in "Home Whispers," and, looking at his watch, he fancied that he had allowed enough time to elapse for events to have matured along the lines which his imagination had indicated.

The atmosphere of the room seemed to him, as he entered, a little strained. Billie looked pale and agitated. Mr. Peters looked rather agitated, too. Sam caught Billie's eye. It had an unspoken appeal in it. He gave an imperceptible nod, a reassuring nod, the nod of a man who understood all and was prepared to handle the situation.

"Come, Peters," he said in a deep, firm, quiet voice, laying a hand on the clerk's arm. "It's time that you went."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Samuel! Yes, yes, indeed!"

"I'll see you out," said Sam soothingly, and led him through the outer office and on to the landing outside. "Well, good luck, Peters," he said, as they stood at the head of the stairs. "I hope you have a pleasant trip. Why, what's the matter? You seem upset."

"That girl, Mr. Samuel! I really think—really, she cannot be quite right in her head."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said Sam firmly. "She's all right! Well, good-by. Mind you have a good time in America. I'll tell my father you called."

Sam watched him out of sight down the stairs, then turned and made his way back to the inner office. Billie was sitting limply on the chair which Jno. Peters had occupied.

"Has he really gone?"

"Yes, he's gone this time."

"Was he—was he violent?"

"A little," said Sam, "a little. But I calmed him down." He looked at her gravely. "Thank God I was in time!"

"Oh, you are the bravest man in the world!" cried Billie, and, burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

"There, there!" said Sam. "There, there! Come, come! It's all right now! There, there, there!"

He knelt down beside her. He slipped one arm around her waist. He patted her hands.

I have tried to draw Samuel Marlowe so that he will live on the printed page. I have endeavored to delineate his character so that it will be as an open book. And, if I have succeeded in my task, the reader will by now have become aware that he was a young man with the gall of an army mule. His conscience, if he had ever had one, had become atrophied through long disuse. He had given this sensitive girl the worst fright she had had since a mouse had got into her bedroom at school. He had caused Jno. Peters to totter off to the Rupert Street range making low, bleating noises. And did he care? No! All he cared about was the fact that he had erased forever from Billie's mind that undignified picture of himself as he had appeared on the boat, and substituted another, which showed him brave, resourceful, gallant. All he cared about was the fact that Billie, so cold ten minutes before, had allowed him to kiss her for the forty-second time. That was the sort of man Samuel Marlowe was.

His face was very close to Billie's, who had cheered up wonderfully by this time, and he was whispering his degraded words of endearment into her ear, when there was a sort of explosion in the doorway.

"Great Godfrey!" exclaimed Mr. Rufus Bennett, gazing on the scene from this point of vantage. "Great heavens above!"

REMARKABLE as the apparition of Mr. Bennett appeared to his daughter, the explanation of his presence at that moment in the office of Marlowe, Thorpe, Prescott, Winslow, and Appleby was simple. He had risen early that morning and, glancing at his watch on the dressing table, he had suddenly become aware of something bright and yellow beside it, and had paused, transfixed, like Robinson Crusoe staring at the footprint in the sand. If he had not been in England, he would have said it was a patch of sunshine. Hardly daring to hope, he pulled up the shades and looked out on the garden.

It was a superb morning. It was as if some giant had uncorked a great bottle full of the distilled scent of grass, trees, flowers,

and hay. Mr. Bennett sniffed luxuriously. Gone was the gloom of the past days, swept away in a great exhilaration.

Breakfast had deepened his content. Henry Mortimer, softened by the same balmy influence, had been perfectly charming. All their little differences had melted away in the genial warmth. And then suddenly Mr. Bennett remembered that he had sent Billie up to London to enlist the aid of the Law against his old friend, and remorse gripped him. Half an hour later he was in the train on his way to London to intercept her and cancel her mission. He had arrived, breathless, at Sir Mallaby's office, and the first thing he had seen was his daughter in the arms of a young man who was a total stranger to him. The shock took away his breath again just as it was coming back. He advanced shakily into the room, and supported himself with one hand on the desk, while with the other he wiped a handkerchief on his superheated face.

Billie was the first to speak.

"Why, Father," she said, "I didn't expect you!"

As an explanation of her behavior this might, no doubt, have been considered sufficient, but as an excuse for it Mr. Bennett thought it inadequate.

"This is Sam," proceeded Billie. "Sam Marlowe."

Mr. Bennett became aware that the young man was moving toward him with outstretched hand. Mr. Bennett stared in a frozen sort of way at the hand. He knew that Sir Mallaby had a son. This, presumably, was he. But the discovery did not diminish his indignation.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Bennett," said Sam. "You could not have come at a more fortunate moment. You see for yourself how things are. There is no need for a long explanation. You came to find a daughter, Mr. Bennett, and you have found a son!"

Mr. Bennett sat down. He put away his handkerchief, which had certainly earned a rest. Then he fastened a baleful stare upon his newly discovered son. It was not the sort of look a proud and happy father-in-law-to-be ought to have directed at a prospective relative. Billie, not being in the actual line of fire, caught only the tail end of it, but it was enough to create a misgiving.

"Oh, Father! You can't be angry!"

"Why can't I be angry?" demanded Mr. Bennett, with that sense of injury which comes to self-willed men when their whims are thwarted. "Why the devil shouldn't I be angry? I am angry! I come here and find you like—like this, and you seem to expect me to throw my hat in the air and give three rousing cheers! Of course I'm angry! You are engaged to be married to an excellent young man of the highest character, one of the finest young men I have ever met..."

"Oh, well!" said Sam, straightening his tie modestly. "Of course if you say so... It's awfully good of you..."

"But, Father," cried Billie, "I never really loved Bream. I only got engaged to him because you were so anxious for it, and because... because I had quarreled with the man I really loved. I don't want to marry Bream."

"Naturally!" said Sam. "Naturally. Quite out of the question. In a few days we'll all be roaring with laughter at the very idea."

Mr. Bennett scowled him with a look compared with which his earlier effort had been a loving glance.

"Wilhelmina," he said, "go into the outer office."

"But, Father, you don't understand. You don't realize that Sam has just saved my life."

"Saved your life? What do you mean?"

"There was a lunatic in here with a pistol, and Sam saved me."

"It was nothing," said Sam modestly. "Nothing."

"Go into the outer office!" thundered Mr. Bennett, quite unmoved by this story.

"Very well," said Billie. "I shall always love you, Sam," she said, pausing minutely at the door.

"I shall always love you," said Sam.

"You're the most wonderful man in the world."

"There never was a girl like you!"

"Get out!" bellowed Mr. Bennett.

"Now, sir!" he said to Sam, as the door closed.

"Yes, let's talk it over calmly," said Sam.

"I will not talk it over calmly! Will you understand that my daughter is going to marry Bream Mortimer? What are you giggling about?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 87]



# Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

"It sounds so silly—the idea of anyone marrying Bream Mortimer, I mean."

"Let me tell you he is a thoroughly estimable young man."

"And there you put the whole thing in a nutshell. Your daughter is a girl of spirit. She would hate to be tied for life to an estimable young man."

"She will do as I tell her."

Sam regarded him sternly.

"Have you no regard for her happiness?"

"I am the best judge of what is best for her."

"If you ask me," said Sam candidly, "I think you're a rotten judge."

"I did not come here to be insulted!"

"I like that! You have been insulting me ever since you arrived. What right have you to say that I'm not fit to marry your daughter?"

"I did not say that."

"You've implied it. And you've been looking at me as if I were a leper or something the Pure Food Committee has condemned. Why? That's what I ask you," said Sam, warming up. This, he fancied, was the way Widgery would have tackled a troublesome client. "Why? Answer me that."

"I—"

Sam rapped sharply on the desk.

"Be careful, sir. Be very careful!" He knew that this was what lawyers always said.

"What do you mean, be very careful?" said Mr. Bennett.

"I'm dashed if I know," said Sam frankly. The question struck him as a mean attack. He wondered how Widgery would have met it. Probably by smiling quietly and polishing his spectacles. Sam had no spectacles. He endeavored, however, to smile quietly.

"Don't laugh at me!" roared Mr. Bennett.

"I'm not laughing at you."

"Well, don't then!" said Mr. Bennett. He glowered at his young companion. "I don't know why I'm wasting my time talking to you. The position is clear to the meanest intelligence. You cannot have any difficulty in understanding it. I have no objection to you personally."

"Come, this is better!" said Sam.

"I don't know you well enough to have any objection to you, or any opinion of you at all."

"You must persevere," said Sam. "You must buckle to and get to know me."

"I don't want to know you!"

"You say that now; but wait!"

"And, thank goodness, I have not got to!" exploded Mr. Bennett, ceasing to be calm and reasonable with a suddenness which affected Sam much as though half a pound of gunpowder had been touched off under his chair. "For the little I have seen of you has been quite enough! Kindly understand that my daughter is engaged to be married to another man, and that I do not wish to see or hear anything of you again! You're an impudent scoundrel, sir! An impudent scoundrel! If you were the last man in the world I wouldn't allow my daughter to marry you! If that is quite clear, I will wish you good morning!"

Mr. Bennett thundered out of the room, and Sam, temporarily stunned by the outburst, remained for a moment in thought, then he returned to the inner office and, picking up a time-table, began to look out trains to the village of Windlehurst in Hampshire, the nearest station to his aunt Adeline's charming old-world house, Windles.

AS I read over the last few pages of this narrative, I see that I have been giving the reader a rather jumpy time. To almost a painful degree I have excited his pity and terror; and, though that is what Aristotle tells one ought to do, I feel that a little respite would not be out of order. The reader can stand having his emotions churned up to a certain point; after that he wants to take it easy. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I turn now to depict a quiet, peaceful scene in domestic life. It won't last long—three minutes, perhaps, by a stop-watch—but that is not my fault. My task is to record facts as they happened.

The morning sunlight fell pleasantly on the garden of Windles, turning it into the green and amber Paradise which nature had intended it to be. A number of the local birds sang melodiously in the undergrowth at the end of the lawn, while others, more energetic, hopped about the grass in quest of worms. And in a deck chair under the cedar tree Billie Bennett, with a sketching block on her knee, was engaged in drawing a picture of the ruined castle. Beside her, curled up in a ball, lay her Pekinese dog, Pinky-Boodles. Beside Pinky-Boodles

slept Smith, the bulldog. In the distant stable yard, unseen but audible, a boy in shirt sleeves was washing the car and singing as much as a treacherous memory would permit of a popular sentimental ballad.

You may think that was all. You may suppose that nothing could be added to deepen the atmosphere of peace and content. Not so. At this moment, Mr. Bennett emerged from the French windows of the drawing-room, crossed the lawn and sat down by his daughter. Smith, the bulldog, raising a sleepy head, breathed heavily; but Mr. Bennett did not quail. Of late, relations of distant, but solid, friendship had come to exist between them. Skeptical at first, Mr. Bennett had at length allowed himself to be persuaded of the mildness of the animal's nature and the essential purity of his motives; and now it was only when they encountered each other unexpectedly round sharp corners that he ever betrayed the slightest alarm.

"Sketching?" said Mr. Bennett.

"Yes," said Billie, for there were no secrets between this girl and her father. At least, not many. She occasionally omitted to tell him some such trifle as that she had met Samuel Marlowe on the previous morning in a leafy lane, and intended to meet him again this afternoon, but apart from that her mind was an open book.

"It's a great morning," said Mr. Bennett.

"So peaceful," said Billie.

"The eggs you get in the country in England," said Mr. Bennett, suddenly striking a lyrical note, "are extraordinary. I had three for breakfast this morning which defied competition, simply defied competition. They were large and brown, and as fresh as new-mown hay!"

He mused for a while in a sort of ecstasy. "And the hams!" he went on. "The ham I had for breakfast was what I call ham! I don't know when I've had ham like that. I suppose it's something they feed the pigs on," he concluded, in soft meditation. And he gave a little sigh. Life was very beautiful.

Silence fell, broken only by the snoring of Smith. Billie was thinking of Sam, and of what Sam had said to her in the lane yesterday, of his clean-cut face, and the look in his eyes—so vastly superior to any look that ever came into the eyes of Bream Mortimer. She was telling herself that her relations with Sam were an idyll; for, being young and romantic, she enjoyed this freshest of surreptitious meetings which had come to enliven the stream of her life.

They had sat like this for perhaps a minute—two happy mortals lulled by the gentle beauty of the day—when from the window of the drawing-room there stepped out a white-capped maid. And one may just as well say at once, and have done with it, that this is the point where the quiet, peaceful scene in domestic life terminates with a jerk, and pity and terror resume work at the old stand.

"Please sir, a gentleman to see you. In the drawing-room, sir. He says you are expecting him."

"Of course, yes. To be sure."

Mr. Bennett heaved himself out of the deck chair. Beyond the French windows he could see an indistinct form in a gray suit, and remembered that this was the morning on which Sir Mallaby Marlowe's clerk, who was taking those Schults and Bowen papers for him to America, had written that he would call. To-day was Friday; no doubt the man was sailing from Southampton to-morrow.

He crossed the lawn, entered the drawing-room, and found Mr. Jno. Peters with an expression on his ill-favored face which looked like one of consternation, of uneasiness, even of alarm.

"Morning, Mr. Peters," said Mr. Bennett. "Very good of you to run down. Take a seat, and I'll just go through the few notes I have made about the matter."

Mr. Peters cleared his throat awkwardly. He was feeling embarrassed at the unpleasantness of the duty which he had to perform; but it was a duty, and he did not intend to shrink from performing it.

"Mr. Bennett," he said, "I don't want to do anybody any harm, and if you know all about it and she suits you, well and good; but I think it is my duty to inform you that your stenographer is not quite right in the head. I don't say she's dangerous, but she isn't compos. She decidedly is not compos, Mr. Bennett!"

Mr. Bennett stared at his well-wisher dumbly for a moment. The thought crossed his mind that, if ever there was a case of the pot calling the kettle black, this was it. His opinion of Jno. Peters's sanity went down to zero.

"What are you talking about? My stenographer? What stenographer?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



## LAST THOUGHTS AT BEDTIME :

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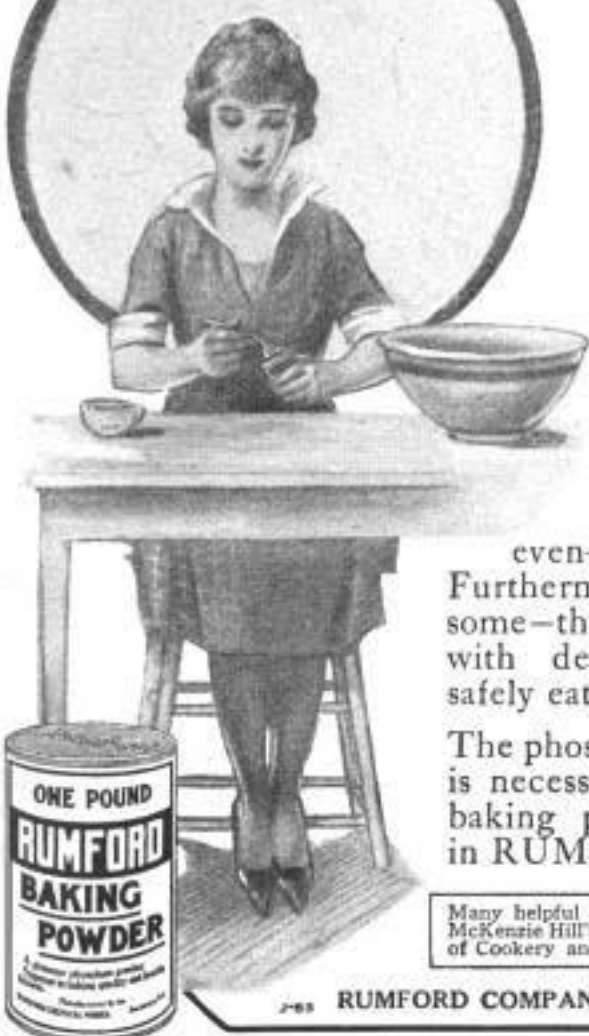
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## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

It occurred to Mr. Peters that a man of the other's wealth and business connections might well have a troop of these useful females. He particularized.

"I mean the young lady out in the garden there, to whom you were dictating just now. The young lady with the writing-pad on her knee."

"What! What!" Mr. Bennett spluttered. "Do you know who that is?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Jno. Peters. "I have only met her once, when she came into our office to see Mr. Samuel, but her personality and appearance stamped themselves so forcibly on my mind that I know I am not mistaken. I am sure it is my duty to tell you exactly what happened when I was left alone with her in the office. We had hardly exchanged a dozen words, Mr. Bennett, when—" here Jno. Peters, modest to the core, turned vividly pink—"when she told me . . . she told me that I was the only man she loved!"

Mr. Bennett uttered a loud cry.

"Sweet spirits of niter!"

Mr. Peters could make nothing of this exclamation, and he was deterred from seeking light by the sudden action of his host, who, bounding from his seat with a vivacity of which one could not have believed him capable, charged to the French window and emitted a bellow:

"Wilhelmina!"

Billie looked up from her sketching book with a start. It seemed to her that there was a note of anguish, of panic, in that voice. What her father could have found in the drawing-room to be frightened at, she did not know; but she dropped her book and hurried to his assistance.

"What is it, Father?"

Mr. Bennett had retired within the room when she arrived; and, going in after him, she perceived at once what had caused his alarm. There before her, looking more sinister than ever, stood the lunatic Peters; and there was an ominous bulge in his right coat pocket which betrayed the presence of the revolver. What Jno. Peters was, as a matter of fact, carrying in his right coat pocket was a bag of mixed chocolates which he had purchased in Windlehurst. But Billie's eyes, though bright, had no X-ray quality. Her simple creed was that, if Jno. Peters bulged at any point, that bulge must be caused by a pistol. She screamed, and backed against the wall. Her whole acquaintance with Jno. Peters had been one constant backing against walls.

"Don't shoot!" she cried, as Mr. Peters absent-mindedly dipped his hand into the pocket of his coat. "Oh, please don't shoot!"

"What the deuce do you mean?" said Mr. Bennett irritably.

He hated to have people gibbering around him in the morning.

"Wilhelmina, this man says that you told him you loved him."

"Yes, I did, and I do. Really, really, Mr. Peters, I do!"

"Suffering cats!"

Mr. Bennett clutched at the back of a chair.

"But you've only met him once!" he added almost pleadingly.

"You don't understand, Father dear," said Billie desperately. "I'll explain the whole thing later, when—"

"Father!" ejaculated Jno. Peters feebly.

"Did you say 'Father'?"

"Of course I said 'Father'!"

"This is my daughter, Mr. Peters."

"My daughter! I mean, your daughter! Are—are you sure?"

"Of course I am sure. Do you think I don't know my own daughter?"

Mr. Peters uttered a subdued gurgling sound. He was finding this scene oppressive to a not very robust intellect.

"He—Mr. Samuel—told me your name was Miss Milliken," he said dully.

Billie stared at him.

"Mr. Marlowe told you my name was Miss Milliken!" she repeated.

"He told me that you were the sister of the Miss Milliken who acts as stenographer for the gov—for Sir Mallaby—and sent me in to show you my revolver, because he said you were interested and wanted to see it."

Billie uttered an exclamation. So did Mr. Bennett, who hated mysteries.

"What revolver? Which revolver? What's all this about a revolver? Have you a revolver?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Bennett. It is packed now in my trunk, but usually I carry it about with me everywhere in order to take a little practice at the Rupert Street range. I bought it when Sir Mallaby told me he was sending me to America, because I thought I ought to be prepared—because of the Underworld, you know."

A cold gleam had come into Billie's eyes. Her face was pale and hard. If Sam Mar-

lowe—at that moment caroling blithely in his bedroom at the Blue Boar in Windlehurst, washing his hands preparatory to descending to the coffee-room for a bit of cold lunch—could have seen her, the song would have frozen on his lips.

Billie knew all. And, terrible though the fact is as an indictment of the male sex, when a woman knows all, there is invariably trouble ahead for some man.

There was trouble ahead for Sam Marlowe. Billie, now in possession of the facts, had examined them, and come to the conclusion that Sam had played a practical joke on her, and she was a girl who strongly disapproved of practical humor at her expense.

"That morning I met you at Sir Mallaby's office, Mr. Peters," she said in a frosty voice. "Mr. Marlowe had just finished telling me a long and convincing story to the effect that you were madly in love with a Miss Milliken, who had jilted you, and that this had driven you off your head, and that you spent your time going about with a pistol, trying to shoot every red-haired woman you saw, because you thought they were Miss Milliken. Naturally, when you came in and called me Miss Milliken, and brandished a revolver, I was very frightened. I thought it would be useless to tell you that I wasn't Miss Milliken, so I tried to persuade you that I was, and hadn't jilted you after all."

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Peters, vastly relieved; and yet—for always there is bitter mixed with the sweet—a shade disappointed. "Then . . . er . . . you don't love me, after all?"

"No!" said Billie. "I am engaged to Bream Mortimer; and I love him and nobody else in the world!"

The last portion of her observation was intended for the consumption of Mr. Bennett, rather than that of Mr. Peters, and he consumed it joyfully. He folded Billie in his ample embrace.

"I always thought you had a grain of sense hidden away somewhere," he said, paying her a striking tribute. "I hope now that we've heard the last of all this foolishness about that young hound Marlowe."

"You certainly have! I don't want ever to see him again! I hate him!"

A QUARTER of an hour later, Webster, the valet, sunning himself in the stable yard, was aware of the daughter of his employer approaching him.

"Webster," said Billie. She was still pale. Her face was still hard, and her eyes still gleamed coldly.

"Miss?" said Webster politely, throwing away the cigarette with which he had been refreshing himself.

"Will you do something for me?"

"I should be more than delighted, miss."

Billie whisked into view an envelope which had been concealed in the recesses of her dress.

"Do you know the country about here well, Webster?"

"Within a certain radius, not unattractively, miss; I have been for several enjoyable rambles since the fine weather set in."

"Do you know the place where there is a road leading to Havant, and another to Cosham? It's about a mile down."

"I know the spot well, miss."

"Well, straight in front of you when you get to the sign post there is a little lane."

"I know it, miss," said Webster. "A delightfully romantic spot. What with the overhanging trees, the wealth of blackberry bushes, the varied wild flowers. . . ."

"Yes; never mind about the wild flowers now. I want you, after lunch, to take this to a gentleman you will find sitting on the gate at the bottom of the lane."

"Sitting on the gate, miss. Yes, miss."

"Or leaning against it. You can't mistake him. He is rather tall and . . . oh, well, there isn't likely to be anybody else there, so you can't make a mistake. Give him this, will you?"

"Certainly, miss. Er—any verbal message?"

"No, certainly not! You won't forget, will you, Webster?"

"On no account whatever, miss. Shall I wait for an answer?"

"There won't be any answer," said Billie, setting her teeth for an instant. "Oh, Webster?"

"Miss?"

"I can rely on you to say nothing to anybody?"

"Most undoubtedly, miss. Most undoubtedly!"

"Does anybody know anything about a feller named S. Marlowe?" inquired Webster, entering the kitchen. "Don't all speak at once! S. Marlowe, ever heard of him?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 89]



## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

He paused for a reply, but nobody had any information to impart.

"Because there's something jolly well up! Our Miss B. is sending me with notes for him to the bottom of the lanes."

"And her engaged to young Mr. Mortimer!" said the scullery maid, shocked. "The way they go on! Chronic!" said the scullery maid.

"Don't you go getting alarmed! And don't you," added Webster, "go shoving your ear in when your social superiors are talking! I've had to speak to you about that before. My remarks were addressed to Mrs. Withers here."

He indicated the cook with a respectful gesture.

"Yes, here's the note, Mrs. Withers. Of course, if you had a steaming kettle handy, in about half a moment we could. . . . But no, perhaps it's wiser not to risk it. And, come to that, I don't need to unstitch the envelope to know what's inside here. It's the raspberry, ma'am, or I've lost all my power to read the human female countenance. Very cold and proud-looking she was! I don't know who this S. Marlowe is, but I do know one thing: in this hand

I hold the instrument that's going to give it to him in the neck, proper! Right in the neck, or my name isn't Montagu Webster!"

"Well!" said Mrs. Withers comfortably, pausing for a moment from her labors. "Think of that!"

"The way I look at it," said Webster, "is that there's been some sort of misunderstanding between our Miss B. and this S. Marlowe, and she's thought better of it and decided to stick to the man of her parent's choice. She's chosen wealth and made up her mind to hand the humble suitor the mitten. There was a rather similar situation in 'Cupid or Mammon,' that Novelette I was reading in the train coming down here, only that ended different. For my part I'd be better pleased if our Miss B. would let the cash go, and obey the dictates of her own heart; but these modern girls are all alike; all out for the stuff, they are! Oh, well, it's none of my affair," said Webster, stifling a not unmanly sigh. For beneath that immaculate shirt front there beat a warm heart. Montagu Webster was a sentimentalist.

[CONCLUDED IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE]

## The Wedding Dress

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Please, when you meet my sisters, do not speak of this . . . rehearsal. They would think me very silly."

She blushed prettily like the bride in "The Ancient Mariner"—"red as a rose." "I must say good-night to you," she said, holding out her hand.

He had the good taste to let her go back alone, as she had come. Out of the door she glided, white and slender as a lily now. I waited a moment; then stepped out from behind the pillar. "I followed her, too," I said. "It seemed safest."

"You are a relative?" he asked politely. "No, only a dressmaker by the day. I have been making the wedding dress."

He nodded, and stood aside to let me pass out of the door, and I hurried after Eve.

I caught up to her at the porch steps. "Forgive me," I said. "I'll be just as quiet about this as he will—but I took him for a burglar and followed you for your protection."

She looked at me with dreamy, starlike eyes, as if she scarcely heard me. "Thank you," she murmured; then, "Will you help me out of the dress? I shall never wear it again."

In silence I unbuttoned and unhooked, after removing the veil. She stood stiff and tense and pale as her flowers. "My dear," I said at last, "what makes you say you'll never wear this again? Wasn't it, after all—made for you?"

"I wish I could think so," she half whispered. "But—but it's impossible. In all my life I never had anyone—admire me."

"Well," I said, "you're only twenty-one, and nobody had much right to look at you before you were seventeen. You've only lost four years. You'll catch up."

"I'm not sure. I put on the wedding dress to-night because I knew I should never have a chance to wear one; and I wanted to see myself like a bride—just once."

"You're pretty enough and attractive enough to have the real thing, not the shadow. This Doctor Bennett thinks you're going to have the real thing."

"What else could he think?" she gave back practically.

"But you'll have to produce your bridegroom," I said.

"And he'll have to see the family wedding gown on Martha or Corinne," she added desperately.

I laughed. "It is a family wedding gown, if ever there was one. Can you tell me which of your sisters is going to be married?"

"Whichever . . . he . . . chooses," she answered.

"What on earth do you mean?"

She sank into a chair and motioned me to one. "You mustn't speak of it, but—well, it was Father's dying wish. His letters had been full of Doctor Bennett, this young physician who attended him; and in one of them he said that he had shown our photographs to him, and Doctor Bennett had said, 'I wish I could meet your daughters. I wish you would save one of them for me.' And Father had answered laughingly, 'I will!' and then Doctor Bennett had added, 'But of course they'll all probably be spoken for by the time I reach New York.'

That was their side of it. Nothing unusual. People joke like that every day. But Father wrote to us quite solemnly. He said no money could repay Doctor Bennett's devotion to him, a stranger, and he was hoping and wishing that what they had talked of could really come true. Father said he didn't want to impose any deathbed wish on Corinne or Martha; but he would be glad, for many reasons, chiefly Doctor Bennett's fine character, if one or the other of them could love and admire him enough to marry him when he did present himself. "Do you think," I ventured, "that is what he has come for?"

"He and Corinne have been corresponding, and sending telegrams back and forth. There were certain details both before and after Father's death that made it necessary; and his last letter said he was coming at once to New York on his way to Paris, and was looking forward eagerly to meeting us. Corinne and Martha agreed, then, to have a wedding dress made, like a kind of last tribute to Father's wishes. Of course, they realized that Doctor Bennett might only have been joking; but there was a strange earnestness about Father's letter, and his slightest wish was almost law to Corinne. She might not want the event—but she'd faithfully get ready for it."

"I see. And you were not thought of?"

"My record was against such hopes."

"You've as good a chance as either of your sisters, my dear," I said warmly. "Not now," she murmured wistfully. "He thinks—I'm engaged. What else could he think!"

I was afraid she was right; and we both crept off to bed at last.

I was sewing on the lace next morning when I saw Frederick Bennett come up on the porch. Then I heard after a while the voices of Martha and Corinne in earnest conversation with him in the drawing-room across the hall.

He stayed to luncheon. Knowing what I did, it was an unusually interesting meal; and I must say that I never saw two sisters toss the ball to each other as skillfully as did Martha and Corinne. It was as if each wished to do her part, yet never overstep. They were altogether charming. Eve was quiet, as usual; but something of the spell of her dead Father's wishes seemed to be on her, too, for she was alert, for all her demureness. After lunch Corinne said to me, "I want you to stay on, Mrs. Bradley, and make a dress or two."

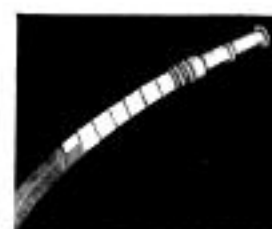
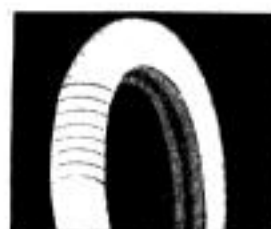
This suited me. Somehow, I wanted to see it out. The wedding dress was finished and put away in the big guest-room closet, covered with a sheet.

Frederick Bennett came every day, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. He was mostly with Corinne and Martha, and I divined that, believing Eve engaged, he was scrupulously keeping out of her way. I knew he was in love with one of the sisters, when I heard that he had canceled his sailing date, put it off two weeks. He was at the house every day, and either Corinne or Martha played tennis with him or took walks with him. Eve grew as pale as a lily, but somehow it brought out that elusive beauty of hers I had seen for once at least in full flower. I never seemed to get a chance for a word alone with her, so one day I just intruded. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

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## Border Stuff

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24]

that, or anyway young Slocum thought she was, for he was carrying her.

Slocum put the girl in my seat. Her father and I got into the rear, where we had to dovetail legs with Smith and Nagle to fit in. Then we headed back for the buttes.

We'd have been killed a dozen times over if those Indians had known how to shoot. They saw we were alone, now, and while most of them had dismounted and were taking pot shots at us, a dozen on fast horses fell in our rear and came after us.

We took turns blazing away at them, and it wasn't long before they had dropped out of the race. They dismounted and opened up on us at five hundred yards.

I laughed. "You couldn't hit a barn door!" I shouted back at them.

And, as though to pay me off, someone hit me a terrific punch in the right shoulder. I looked at Smith, thinking he did it.

His face was a yard long.

"Did they get you, Sarge?" he asked.

"Oh, was that it?" I remember asking, kind of relieved to know he hadn't done it—and then I didn't remember anything else.

When I came to I was lying in the shade of one of the big buttes. The girl sat on one side of me and Slocum on the other, but they weren't looking at me.

"Does that look all right?" she asked, and I saw she had her hands at her hair.

"I'll say it does," answered Slocum as though he meant it. "But it looked pretty good to me before you put it up."

Out in the middle of the desert! Just got away with their lives and talking about the girl's hair! Could you beat it? I guess I groaned, for they bent over me.

"How do you feel, Sarge?" asked young Slocum, and I could see he was anxious about me, even if he had the girl.

"All right, I guess," I said.

"It's only your collar bone, Old Man," Slocum comforted me.

Only a smashed collar bone! Of course that was nothing.

"Where are the Yaquis?" I asked.

"They are over the mountain by this time," he replied cheerfully. "But we can't

move on because there's another wounded."

"Who's that?" I asked.

"It's Lizzie." He grinned. "She got it in the radiator."

THE captain came up with the troop just before night set in, which I guess seemed early to Slocum and the Papago Girl, who had been climbing the buttes to pass the time away. But the Kid had managed to plug up the hole in the radiator, so that when the whole troop had emptied their canteens into it Lizzie limped along as far as the creek before she ran dry, and then they filled her up again and got in to camp.

The girl had sat beside Slocum all the way, with me stretched out on blankets in the body of the car.

Perhaps it was because my wound was so sore, but it seemed to me by the way that machine jumped about that Slocum must have been driving with one hand.

He came to see me the first thing next morning, and the girl came with him.

"Say, Sarge," he said to me, "we've decided I'm to get that brigadier generalship after instead of before."

"After what?" I asked.

"After we're married," he grinned back.

I looked from him to the girl and back.

"That's quite a contract, Slocum," I said.

"I know it, Sarge," he answered soberly.

"It's a good deal to ask a girl to live on an enlisted man's pay," I threw into him.

"Oh—that," he answered. "I've got money enough, as far as that goes—more than a brigadier general gets, for that matter; it's the title I was thinking of."

I looked him over a minute.

"You'll get that, too," I prophesied.

"Of course he will," said the girl.

THAT was five years ago and several things have happened since then. I got a letter from young Slocum the other day and he underlined the "Major" under his name, and under that was this line—

"You see he is on his way!"

And it was signed by the Papago Girl.



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## Untying the Apron Strings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

Markets inaugurated this year a system for sending out daily market reports on farm produce by wireless. The Bureau states frankly that it depends upon radio amateurs, most of whom are in their teens, to receive these reports and distribute them to the farmers who need this up-to-the-minute information in dealing with city-sharpened buyers.

The United States Navy District Communication Headquarters in New York maintains a radio amateur bureau, listing boys twelve years of age and over who have wireless outfits. Every evening a special message in a secret code is flashed out to these boys, who are, of course, supplied with keys for decoding the messages. A Boy Scout who shows exceptional ability is given a preferred position on the list, with the understanding that in case of an emergency he will be given an opportunity to assist at a government station. To prepare him for this service, he is invited to the headquarters at intervals for instruction. All this without imposing upon him any obligation to enlist in the navy.

The City of New York asks boy wire-

less operators within range of its police radio station to receive the daily radio reports of stolen automobiles and give them to local police departments. Two boys in the state of New Jersey were the first to foil a motor thief by this method.

The State of Pennsylvania requests boys to join its fire-fighting forces to save the forests. The boys respond by organizing companies composed of axmen, rakers, water carriers, and other functionaries, all of whom descend upon a woodland blaze with the promptness and organized intensity peculiar to youth.

The instinct for exploration and achievement bubbles strongest in the boy's heart when he reaches his teens. It can be stifled, but the civilization of the world and the progress of her nations have been built where it flourished.

The American mother is wise and courageous, and the great procession of youthful adventurers continues to troop over land and sea. Mother herself is untying the apron strings, instead of waiting for them to be jerked asunder by impatient, resentful hands.

## Doctor Emerson's Next Article

Are You a 100% Parent?

IN JANUARY, 1922, Doctor Emerson's article will discuss in a very practical way how mothers and fathers can determine their own efficiency in bringing their children up to normal health.

Doctor Emerson's series of articles on malnutrition, its problems and its elimination, is available to our readers in the form of reprints. Other material that will be found helpful in bringing your child up to his normal weight is listed below:

1. Reprints of previous articles: "Is Your Child Under Weight?" "The Climb to the Normal Weight Line," "Your Child's Food Habits," "The Habit of Health," "Does Your Child Get Tired?" "The Value of Happiness," "But My Child Won't Eat," "Common Sense versus Magic," "The Over-Weight Child," "Every Child Over the Top," "Summer is Growing Time," "Camping Out at Home," "Malnutrition in Grown-ups," "How to Keep Fit at Forty," "A Bottle of Medicine and a Sad Heart," "Letters Mothers Write Me," "Going It Alone," "My New Boss—Myself," "Every

Child Free to Gain," "The Weight Chart Campaign," "The Neglected Years From Two to Six." These reprints will be sent to you for 3 cents each, or 63 cents for the set.

2. Weight Record and Form for History and Physical Examination, 35 cents.

3. Table of 100 Calorie Portions of Food, 3 cents.

4. Special leaflet on Worms, Constipation, and Bedwetting, 3 cents.

5. Pamphlet on "Nutrition Clinics and Classes, Their Organization and Conduct," 10 cents.

6. Pamphlet on "How to Organize and Operate a Nutrition Clinic," 8 cents.

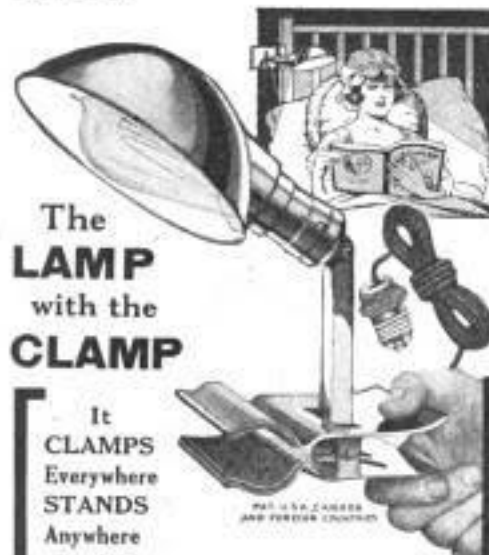
7. Directions for a Homemade Shower Bath, 3 cents.

8. Practical Mental Tests for Growing Children, 10 cents.

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## Nurses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

I think that she was fond of the kiddie, but I think she would have been more so if he had been prettier and plumper.

But he had me from the very first hour. Such a game, jolly little fellow, always trying to entertain me and make me laugh. He would grab hold of his little cotton-flannel dog and show it to me. "Old dog!" he would say, and then laugh. "Ho-ho!" so I'd know what a funny old dog it was. It was the same way about that picture that hung at the foot of his nursery bed, a comical row of cats on a seesaw, some of them laughing, and some of them scared to death, so crowded that they were all pushing each other off. When I came to take him up after his nap, he used to point his thin little finger at them and laugh his "Ho-ho!" so that I would laugh, too. And he used to call me "Washie." I don't know why. It sounds to you like a Chinese laundry; but in his high little voice it sounded awfully sweet to me. Jolly little kid! Game little kid!

But his father was wrong when he said there wasn't a chance in the world that anything would happen. It happened in less than a week. His appetite failed him and he began to lose weight. To please me he made a great pretense of eating, and when I said anything was good he'd smack his lips and say, "Good," too. And then, in just a minute, push it away and say, "No," with his apologetic little smile.

WITHIN a day or two I knew it was the worst case of malnutrition I had ever seen. This isn't a medical journal, so I am not going into the pathology. But there were symptoms which turned my heart cold. There were times, especially at night, when I wondered if he would ever pick up, and every time I gave him his bath I wanted to cry, he looked so like those pictures one used to see of famine in India.

Of course, I was on the point of telegraphing his father at once; but Mrs. Spencer said, "Oh, dear, no, he's been like this often before." And she also said, "This is Doctor Spencer's vacation, and he needs the rest very badly. Under no circumstances is he to be worried."

So there was the little fellow with no father and no physician, only two women with conflicting authority—the mother and the nurse. Rather rough on him, wasn't it?

Finally, as a sort of compromise, she called in Doctor Ellis. He came; but I hadn't any confidence in him. I am certain he didn't understand little Rich's case at all. And, besides, I kept remembering what Dickie said about not wanting him to meddle with the little fellow, and about backing my judgment against Ellis's.

That night after Doctor Ellis's visit was awful. For several nights I had been too worried to sleep much, but that night I didn't sleep at all. I was back at St. Bartholomew's in the night black of the diet kitchen at two A. M., listening to the sound of those two voices that came from the black of the next room. It wasn't just thinking about it—I could hear in my ear the sound of the woman's voice, low, monotonous, without feeling, and turning my blood to ice: "May your own babies all wither and die."

And here was Dickie's youngster withering, and dying for all I knew, as the curse had said!

I am not superstitious, but that curse got me; it haunted me.

At breakfast I said to Mrs. Spencer, "The baby is not so well this morning; I am going to send a wire to Doctor Spencer."

I think she was really uneasy; but she said to wait until Doctor Ellis came.

I did not wait, however. Without saying another word to her, I sent a telegram to Dickie.

Later I found out that he had never received it. You see, he couldn't get little Rich off his mind. Haunted he was by some vague fear that something might happen to the kiddie. And he had cut his vacation short to get home earlier. So he wasn't on the schedule he had given us at all.

Doctor Ellis made light of my anxiety. But he told Mrs. Spencer that maybe she had better have a second nurse for a few days to relieve me at night, so that I could get my rest without having the baby on my mind.

I knew Simpson was fully occupied with polio-myelitis in New York and wouldn't be available, so I wired for Bessie Graham. Bessie sent me a night letter and said she was on a case and couldn't come, but she'd try to get me Simpson's address, as she had come up somewhere in my direction to rest.

ON THE chance of getting Simpson I would have waited until her address came, but now that Mrs. Spencer had made

up her mind to have a second nurse she thought she couldn't wait. But they did something which I must confess was rather decent: they said I might see the nurse Doctor Ellis had suggested before she was engaged, and they sent me over in the car to see her.

There, all at once, I caught myself staring ahead, straining eyes to see, and then not believing what my eyes told me they saw. She was walking along with another girl, and she wore a lovely blue and white summer thing and carried a blue and white parasol.

She didn't see me until I got the car stopped and was climbing out to her.

Then she stared at me and said, "Well, for heaven's sake! What are you doing here, Molly Hastings?"

I told her, rather incoherently, I guess, about Dickie, and the baby, and about Bessie Graham's going to send me her address.

Then I knew that either she hadn't heard right, or else it was my own ears. It couldn't be, it absolutely could not be that Simpson was saying she couldn't come. "I am worn out," she said, "and I have got to get rested enough to get back to New York."

"You don't understand," I told her, with painstaking care; "Dickie's baby is dying, and there's no one there but a fool doctor and myself. And I'm no good, Simpson, because my nerve's gone. And unless you come, the baby's not going to be saved."

I kept on trying to make her understand. I think I even cried a little, for all that the other girl and the chauffeur were staring.

And then the other girl said, "I really don't think she ought to go. The kiddie next door had the croup last night and she was up all night long with him."

She could stay up all night with anybody's child that happened to have the croup, and yet let Dickie's baby die!

That made me mad. I would get her somehow to the Spencer's nursery where little Rich lay, and, then, if she could resist the baby, I, at least, could not help it. So I said, "Simpson, will you do this much for another nurse, and an old friend? Will you do this one little, tiny thing? Will you ride back in the car with me, a cool, comfortable, restful ride—for I won't even talk shop—and just look, and then have your nice ride home? Now, could you do less than that?"

You know no rational human being could find an objection to that. And yet Simpson demurred.

"Don't be silly, Molly," she said. "You know you wouldn't gain anything by that."

"No matter what I'll gain," I said. "Will you come? I am not myself, Simpson, my nerve is gone. If it helps me to have you, surely you'll do that much."

She came, because she couldn't think up an excuse.

UPON our arrival we found that Mrs. Spencer was out. She was tired, Maggie, the nice little up-stairs girl, told us. And Maggie was staying with my baby!

He was in a sort of stupor, so white that at first glance my heart stopped, for I thought he was gone.

Simpson stood, her elbows resting lightly on the foot of his crib, staring at him, saying never a word, just staring at him.

I held my breath and didn't move. Suppose she wouldn't stay! Looking at her face I hadn't an inkling of what might be going on in her heart.

Presently the child roused himself from his stupor, and his eyes fell first upon Simpson. He wasn't startled to see a strange face at the foot of his crib, he was too game for that. He surprised Simpson with his "How-do?"

And Simpson was surprised. You don't expect a dying baby to be so sociable.

It startled a queer smile across her lips, a flickering, evanescent smile, which was gone in a moment or two. "How do you do?" she gravely returned his greeting.

He looked around the room for something with which to entertain her, until his eyes fell upon the seesawing cats at the foot of the crib.

He pointed his tiny finger to them. "Old cats!" he said, and laughed his "Ho-ho!"

She had me take him out of his crib and undress him. And then as he lay on her lap—the Indian famine baby, a little lapful of bones, but still with his game little smile!—she examined him with the thoroughness of a physician. She studied over his chart for five minutes or more. After she put the chart down, she stood looking at me with a measuring eye. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]

## Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding



**FORHAN'S**  
**FOR THE GUMS**  
**BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT**

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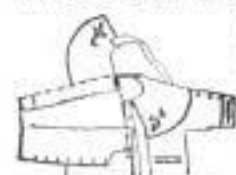
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## Nurses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

"You couldn't let me have a uniform, I suppose, until mine got here?" she asked me. Could I?

And, do you know, I think it was his bones and not his sweetness that did it. You know that girl at the hospital said Simpson ate work for dessert. I think she couldn't help herself when she saw a dying baby.

SO SIMPSON stayed and took hold of things, and I fetched and carried for her and sterilized bottles, glad to relinquish the command to her.

We had a terrific fight that night, a fight with Death. It was Simpson who won. I never saw anyone like her. You forgot that she was a human being. She seemed more like a disembodied mind that saw everything, and knew everything, and dared everything.

In the morning Mrs. Spencer had a letter from Dickie saying that he had started home earlier than he expected, and giving his new schedule.

By this time the baby's mother was thoroughly scared, especially when she learned that neither Simpson nor I had slept a wink all night. She sent a telegram to Dickie of her own accord, saying that the baby was very sick and that he must lose no time in getting there.

Had I known she was going to send it, I would have told her to add that Simpson was there. That might have put his mind a little at ease.

For the next two or three days Simpson and I were both on duty practically all the time, just snatching little cat naps and rest when we could. I wanted her to get her full rest at night, but she wouldn't. She wanted to keep a constant eye on the baby, and forgot that she had a body that needed sleep.

I managed to keep Ellis from meddling any more, by letting him think that Dickie had wired Simpson to be in full authority until he got back.

It was Tuesday that Simpson came. It wasn't until Friday morning that we were sure the youngster was going to pull through. There were plenty of ugly symptoms left; but he had gained two ounces and his color was better.

Friday afternoon at three, while Mrs. Spencer was out for her airing, Dickie arrived. He had come in frantic haste since

he had received the telegram; part of the way he had had a special train. He hadn't slept, he had scarcely eaten, he had not dared to telephone on the way for fear of the news he might hear. The only thing he had dared think about was ways and means of getting there as quickly as possible, how he could save time here and how he could gain a few minutes there.

I'll never forget his face as he came up the stairs, white and tired as a sick girl's, just as it used to be when he had worked all night in the hospital, only every particle of that old self-reliance was gone. He looked so young and so thin that I wanted to cry out. He frightened me. I caught hold of his arm and gave him a little shake. "Dickie," I cried, "it's all right; he's going to get well."

He shook me off and went past me into the room.

Simpson was in the steamer chair, with the sleeping baby sprawled upon her lap.

AT THE sight of Simpson, Dickie stopped and stared. Then he didn't look at her again. He went over beside the child and stood staring at him for what seemed to me a long time. He didn't even touch the little fellow.

Now that Dickie's self-complacency was all gone, there was something about his thin white face with the rumpled straight hair above it, that broke your heart.

He sat on a straight chair directly in front of Simpson's steamer chair, his hands between his knees, hands gone limp the way they used to do when he had spent the whole night saving a little lad in the ward. Once or twice he caught in his breath as if he were going to say something, but no words came.

Simpson couldn't move for fear of waking the sleeping baby.

When Dickie did speak, his voice sounded queer; I can't tell you how, just queer. "You saved him," he said; "after what you said about my children!"

My spinal cord turned cold. Oh, midnight black of that diet kitchen at St. Bartholomew's, and the dreadful voice of Simpson saying that curse!

But Simpson was speaking again, interrupting the words of Dickie. "Is it my business to save kids?" she demanded.

He stammered something which she took for a "Yes."

## There's No Such Thing as Chance

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

said Mrs. Ellison, "and way out north—that would be somewhere near Evanston, then. You'd better try out there."

"Thanks, I will," Gregory said. Bernadette went to the door with him.

"You'll have to report now," she said; "we're all taking it to heart so."

"May I?" Gregory asked. "Baffled bulletins or a Eureka? It would be a great heartener."

"Oh, you must," Bernadette assured him. She looked after him as the elevator shot down. Standing there, leaning against the heavy door she remembered suddenly her brazen plans, and she went hot with disgust of herself. She turned back abruptly to the making of labels, and to hear, through Mrs. Ellison, all Miss Bowman had ever known of the tribulations of the Lewis family. For Janey had not luxuriated in her fine house long. Her half sister had come back, and her father had insisted on taking her into the family. Whereupon, the second Mrs. Lewis, true to her word, had packed up immediately and gone South with Janey and Gregory Mathis when they married. And not long after that the father had died, and that had been the end of the Eben Lewises in Chicago.

"I shouldn't wonder if old Mrs. Lewis had been rather a tartar," Mrs. Ellison ended. "It would be just like the soft little romantic Janey Lewis to have a Roman Parent. . . . Youngster's nice-looking, isn't he?"

"Yes, isn't he?" Bernadette agreed, without looking up, but something in her voice made Mrs. Ellison look at her. Her smooth little face was quite rosy and she was bending very closely over her desk. Mrs. Ellison wound the silk tassel of a window shade around her fingers. She was very fond of Bernadette.

"The Mathises are a splendid family," she said with careless innocence. "None of your impoverished Southern stuff, either. . . . There's Howey's car; we're going out for tea." She trailed away.

The telephone rang a dozen times before, for Bernadette, it really rang at all. Then came Gregory's voice, already familiar, sounding humorously disheartened.

"I don't believe there's a Walcott Street in the state," he said. "There certainly isn't on the North Side. Will you go to dinner and console with me, if I can find my way back to the loop?"

"Yes, I'll go to dinner with you," Bernadette said. Her voice sounded preternaturally sober, and she hung up the receiver slowly.

In the hour till Gregory appeared she sat like a sphinx, hands clasped idly before her on the glass top of the desk.

They had dinner in a little Italian restaurant in a by-street, just north of the river, where they could talk without shouting. The enchanting weather still held, and the windows were thrown open. All her life, without ever being able clearly to remember why, the sight of curtains blown gently out into a room and then sucked back against the screens was to stir in Bernadette something of her feeling on that spring night. The tablecloth, looking abnormally white, now that there was no longer chianti to stain it, was crisscrossed with a diagram of matches, to show what they called, idiotically happy, the Mathissey, or the Gregonant.

Poor Janey! Her house in Arcady was undoubtedly slipping from its old high place of worship into the god from Bernadette's and Gregory's machine. A record of their conversation as they sat beside the opened window would have sounded almost too righteously dutiful for human beings, but there was no altruism in its lapses.

Their desultory talk of the vanished house dropped now and then, and they looked mutely across the table at each other, and in their eyes there was wonder and worship and incredulous happiness and radiant disbelief. They fell silent at last for a long time. A street piano, with the mon-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

## Hygeia —the SAFE Nursing Bottle



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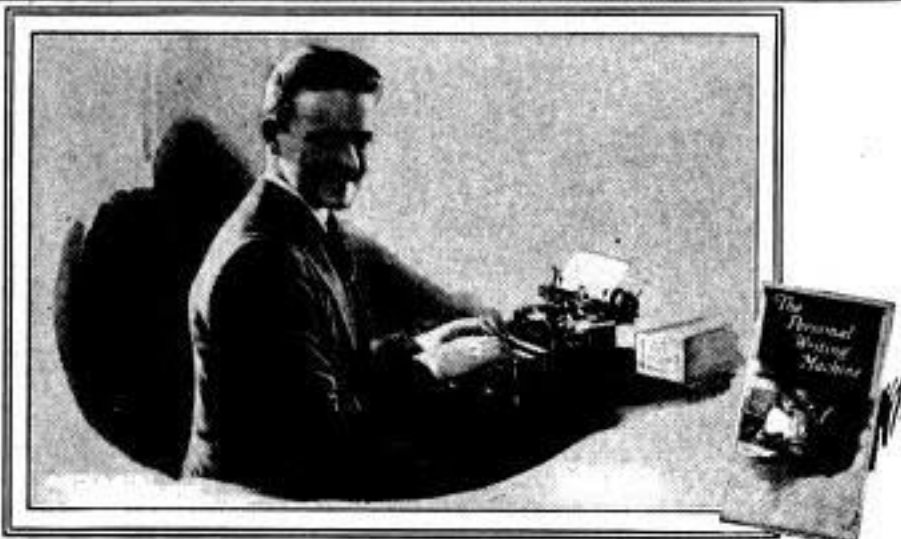
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## There's No Such Thing as Chance

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

strous suddenness all street pianos have, burst into a raucous trilling outside, playing a song worn threadbare three seasons before, a song that had been a saccharine and silly thing enough in its heyday, but which was now, to mortal ears, dead and maudlin. But Bernadette and Gregory were not mortal. As long as they lived, that little too-sweet song was magic to them, and when it was through Gregory put his hand over Bernadette's trailing fingers. She sat there with bent head for a while, looking at his brown hand covering hers; then suddenly she turned her palm upward to meet his and her white fingers curled about his wrist, and in that one gesture gave herself fully and took all there was of him. And they were always proud of the unquestioning courage of that night.

"Even if I haven't found the house," Gregory said, "I haven't failed utterly, have I? For, after all, it was romance I was sent for, and I've found that!" Bernadette, shy and a little troubled and very happy, looked up at him, and back at their linked hands.

Walls seemed suddenly oppressive and close. They walked north to the park and watched the pallid spring moon come up from the lake and cover the huge trees and open places of the sward with a hoary whiteness, and they both forgot or disregarded very completely all the things they had ever been taught of the vulgarity of showing affection in public, and were much happier for forgetting them. They swung their interlaced hands between them as if the park had been freshly created paradise, and at eleven o'clock precisely an angel disguised in official blue and brass came and turned them out.

Bernadette came back to earth with a start. Mrs. Ryan's seemed more than ever hideous that night.

"Please!" she said desperately. Then she put her chin up resolutely. "Oh, I'm disgusting!" she said. "The truth is that I live in a dreadful old boarding-house, and I don't want you to see it—not even now. . . . Please! You can come just to Elm Street; but that's all, to-night."

"You know," Gregory said, "you might vanish—lovely things do. Will you wear this to keep you to earth till I can get a better one?" He pulled off a ring and put it on her finger. It slipped around amusingly and she doubled it into a protective little fist to hold it on. "There! you can't vanish without a trace, at least," he said. "That was Dad's ring, and Mother wore it just like this till he could get another. Mother's going to think the stars have spoken. My father came from the South and fell eternally in love in Chicago, too, you know." Bernadette smiled down at the ring a little dubiously—the mothers she knew were not like that.

She hurried alone down State Street. At 1007 not so much as a hall light was burning. Bernadette went into the Stygian hallway, and felt her way gingerly along the stairs. Near the landing, she knew, the carpeting was loose, and she went very carefully to avoid it; but for all her care she slipped and stumbled. She threw out her hands involuntarily to break her fall, and Gregory's ring flew from her finger and onto the landing. With a little gasp of dismay she knelt on the step below and went over the worn carpet with both hands. "I've got to have it!" she whispered.

Very gently she slipped down-stairs. She groped her way along the narrow hall to where the tin matches hung beside the telephone, hurried back with the matches, and fell to her knees again beside the landing. The first match flickered out.

"There's a draft from that window," she said impatiently. She felt along the sill with her palm till she found the crack by the faint puff of air against her hand. Bernadette covered it with her handkerchief and lighted another match.

The ring was not on the dusty little square of carpet; it was not in the corner. "It hit wood, I heard it," Bernadette said, and lighting another match ran it along the sill. The ring was there, in the corner of the sill and the wall. And there was something on the window pane.

"Great heavens!" said Bernadette. On one dim pane of the window, in the scratchy, jagged writing of a diamond, was "Jane and Gregory," and in the next "J. L. and G. M."

"Miss Brossard!" said the voice of Mrs. Ryan above her, harsh with fatigue.

Bernadette, sitting on the step, turned her wondering face to her landlady, who looked very tall and old and tired in the light of the lamp she was carrying.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]



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## There's No Such Thing as Chance

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

"I dropped a ring," Bernadette said, as though dazed. She held her hand up with the great loose ring on it as evidence. "I lighted a match to find it, and I found this." She put her finger on the jagged writing of the window pane. "Is this Janey Mathis's house?"

"It never was Janey Mathis's house," Mrs. Ryan said angrily; "it was always mine."

"Then," said Bernadette, as in a dream, "where are Lucia Angelotti and Walcott Street and the cemetery?"

"Come up here!" said Mrs. Ryan, and her voice sounded strained and sharp. She motioned Bernadette into her bedroom and closed the door behind them. "Now what do you know about Janey Lewis and all the rest?" she demanded. "I'm Lucia Angelotti Ryan."

Standing in the high-ceilinged bedroom, Bernadette told her all of Gregory's search. After the first searching look at Bernadette Mrs. Ryan looked away from her out into the moonlight.

"H'm!" she said at last. "So Janey's on the search for emotion again, is she? She'll not get it from me."

"Oh!" cried Bernadette. "She's lonely!" "I was lonely myself," said Mrs. Ryan stonily; "so I married Joe Ryan. Gabriel was too much for them, so I don't know what they'd have done about Joe."

Bernadette stood silent, twisting the ring about her finger.

"He's looked so hard," she said at last. "I'd like—could I just call him up and tell him I've found it?" In spite of herself, her voice sounded plaintive with defeat and fatigue. Mrs. Ryan stood up, and her voice softened.

"Don't you mind me," she said more gently. "I've had a long, hard row to hoe, my dear; and I've hoed it alone, without Jane Lewis's turning a hand to help me. Why, Walcott Street's been North State for forty years, and the cemetery has been made into Lincoln Park since she last troubled herself about me. It's not likely I can get over fifty years of loneliness in one night, even to please Janey. But Janey was a sweet, little soft thing, and she never did call her soul her own while her mother was around. I suppose now the old lady's gone, Janey's doing some of the things she'd have liked to do long ago. . . . Well, call the boy up, child, if you care to. I'll stay awake another half-hour to have a look at my nephew. Perhaps I'll see my way clear to write to his mother to-morrow. We'll see."

So down the stairs Bernadette went slowly. She held a match in her hand, and near the bottom of the steps she lighted the dilapidated chandelier. Then at the telephone she called Gregory.

"Gregory?" she asked. "Gregory, I've found your house. It's the one I've been living in, and your aunt's right here. Walcott Street is North State now, and the number is 1007." When she hung up the receiver Mrs. Ryan was beside her. She took Bernadette's soft chin in her thin hand and looked at her searchingly.

"So, that's how it is, eh?" she said. She broke into a silent laugh that shook her shoulders. "Oh, dear," she laughed, "oh, dear, there's no doubt that Jane is still a favorite of the gods. So her own son's fallen in love with a girl in Janey's old house. . . . Well, well, well, there's more glory for Janey!" And, still laughing to herself, she went into the wistful elegance of the parlor.

But Bernadette went out through the heavy double doors to the porch and leaned against a pillar at the top of the mountain of steps. In the moonlight, as by a miracle, she saw the house with Janey's eyes, the house where Janey and Gregory's father had met. Down the street a boy came whistling.

"It's a beautiful house," Bernadette whispered.

Another Gregory Mathis came up the steps.

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## The Wool Flowers

Illustrated on page 33

### Worsted Dahlias

**MATERIAL REQUIRED:** Two shades of lavender, one of yellow, one of orange, one of brown, one of dark purple and one of lighter, one of green. One bone crochet hook.

With yellow, ch. 3, 5 s. c. into second ch.  
2d row: 1 s. c. into first s. c., taking up the back part only of the stitch; \*2 s. c. into next, 1 s. c. into next s. c.\* Repeat from \* to \* until there are 36 st. in round. Break yarn.

Join orange yarn into half of the 22d st. counting from the center st.

First row of petals: \*Ch. 10, skip 1 ch. next to the hook, 1 s. c. into each of the next 9 ch., 1 s. c. through the next half st. 1 s. c. through the next half st.\* Repeat from \* to \* 7 times (8 in all.)

Second round of petals: \*Ch. 13, skip 1 ch. next to the hook, 1 s. c. into each of next 12 ch., 1 s. c. through the next half st. 1 s. c. through the next half st.\*

Repeat from \* to \* for 11 times (12 in all.) Now work a third round of petals with 15 ch. instead of 13 ch. Break yarn.

Join brown yarn on the first petal of last round, 1 s. c. into each st. of petals.

The lavender flower is made the same—the only difference is that it has two rounds of petals with the first round in lighter shade than the second round.

The third flower is worked with two rounds of petals, both in the darker shade of purple. The last round is finished with s. c. around petals in the lighter shade.

Leaf: With green wool ch. 11, 1 d. c. into fourth ch. next to the hook, 1 d. c. into each succeeding ch., 3 ch., turn.

Second row: 1 d. c. over d. c. of row below, ch. 3, turn. Continue in this manner until you have left 1 d. c. over d. c. Fasten and break yarn. Work another one just the same as the one already worked.

Center leaf: Ch. 20, 1 d. c. into fourth ch. next to the hook.

Second row: D. c. over d. c. across, d. c. over ch. 3 of row below, ch. 3, turn.

Third row: Same as second row.

Fourth row: 1 d. c. over each of the next 7 d. c., ch. 3, turn. Work back and forth over these 7 d. c. until there is 1 d. c. left. Fasten and break yarn.

Join yarn on the eighth d. c. of third row of d. c.; work 2 s. c. over next 2 d. c. then 3 ch., 1 d. c. into each of next d. c.; ch. 3, turn. Continue making 1 d. c. over d. c. until 1 d. c. is left. Fasten and break yarn.

Arrange flowers and leaves as shown in the illustration.

### Worsted Roses

**MATERIAL REQUIRED:** Three shades of Shetland floss, such as pink, white, and lemon, and one shade of green. One bone crochet hook.

Ch. 3, 5 s. c. into second st. of chain.  
2d row: 1 s. c. into first s. c., taking up the back part of the outer stitch; \*2 s. c. into next 1 s. c., into next s. c.\* Repeat from \* to \* until 25 s. c. are in round. Break yarn. Join yarn into half of first center st., ch. 3, \*1 d. c. through the next half st.\* Repeat from \* to \* to end.

Make two more roses with remaining color.

With green wool, make a chain about two yards long and arrange it with flowers as shown in the illustration.

### Chrysanthemum

**MATERIAL REQUIRED:** 1 shade of Shetland floss, 1 shade of green, 1 bone crochet hook.

Ch. 3, 5 s. c. into second ch.  
2d row: 1 s. c. into first s. c., taking up the back part only of the stitch; \*2 s. c. into next st., 1 s. c. into next st.\* Repeat from \* to \* until you have 57 st. in round. Break yarn. Join yarn into half of first center st. \*1 knot st. 1 inch long, 1 s. c. through next half st.\* Repeat from \* to \* to end. Arrange twenty strands of green wool about two inches long on both sides of flower.

### Camellias

**MATERIAL REQUIRED:** Two shades of Shetland floss—such as white and lemon, one shade of green, and one bone crochet hook.

With lemon shade, ch. 3, 5 s. c. into second st. of chain.

2d row: 1 s. c. into first s. c., taking up the back part only of the stitch; \*2 s. c. into next st., 1 s. c. into next st.\* Repeat from \* to \* until 52 s. c. are in round. Break yarn. Join yarn into half of first center st. 1 knot-stitch, one and a half inches long.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

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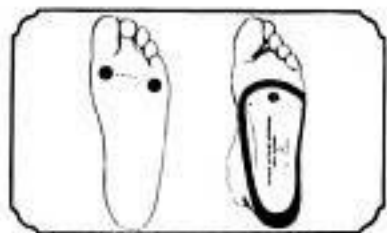
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SINCE 1789

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## All Trussed Up For Thanksgiving

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

**Chicken Pricassee with Puff Paste:** Serve chicken garnished with triangles two inches long made of puff paste.

**Fried Chicken with Waffles:** Prepare chicken as for Chicken Fricassee, and serve garnished with crisp hot waffles.

**Maryland Chicken:** When chicken is tender, drain, dip in flour, in egg beaten with two tablespoons water and cover with soft bread crumbs. Cook in frying pan until brown, or bake, basting every five minutes with melted butter or chicken fat. Serve with white or cream sauce, corn fritters, and strips of bacon.

**Chicken Pie:** Remove chicken meat from bones and put with Velouté Sauce in baking dish. When cool, cover with pastry or baking powder biscuit mixture, make incisions in top for escape of steam, and bake until golden brown. If a large dish is used, a small cup may be placed in center and chicken arranged around, to keep crust from becoming soggy.

**Curried Chicken:** Cook raw chicken with liver and gizzard in butter or other fat until brown, add two onions sliced and one tablespoon curry powder and three cups water, and finish like boiled fowl with Velouté Sauce. Serve with a border of boiled rice.

**Chicken en Casserole:** Put pieces of cooked chicken in casserole dish with a gravy, made like Velouté Sauce except that butter and flour should be browned together before stock is added. Add potato balls or cubes or cooked macaroni, cooked carrot cut in strips, cooked or canned string beans, one tablespoon chopped onion, peas, asparagus, mushrooms, or other vegetable that may be on hand. Season well and bake until potatoes are cooked. Serve in same dish.

**Chicken Paprika:** Add to chicken while cooking one to three teaspoons paprika and one-half sliced onion. Make sauce like Velouté Sauce.

**Creole Chicken:** Cook two cups canned tomatoes and one-half bay leaf fifteen minutes, and strain. Chop one small onion and cook with two tablespoons bacon fat, stirring constantly until yellow; add to the tomatoes with three slices bacon finely chopped, one tablespoon chopped parsley, three sweet red peppers, and three sweet green peppers cut in fine strips, and salt to taste. Add to the chicken when half done and finish cooking as usual. Make sauce like Velouté Sauce.

**Boiled Fowl with Spaghetti:** Add cooked spaghetti to sauce made for Creole Chicken. Serve in center of chop platter, surround with pieces of cooked chicken, and garnish with narrow rings of green pepper.

### Uses for a Fowl Cooked Whole

Cool it, and use for—

Chicken salad  
Creamed chicken on toast, or waffles, or in patty cases  
Jellied chicken  
Chicken sandwiches  
Club sandwiches  
Chicken mousse

The chicken stock, if not used for a sauce may be used for—

Chicken broth with rice  
Chicken broth with macaroni rings  
Chicken broth with tiny carrot cubes and green peas.

It may be used with any cooked vegetables for a delicious cream soup.

## The Sunday Night Supper Raid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

Recipes for many kinds of cakes and cookies and pastries, have been given this year. By varying the fillings and frostings, it need not be necessary to repeat a cake for fifty-two Sundays!

A few boxes of fancy crackers in the supply closet are a great blessing if there is no cake in the house. For variety two may be put together with—

Marshmallow cream and chopped nuts  
Quick chocolate frosting  
Confectioner's frosting with nuts or cherries  
Chocolate fudge  
Divinity fudge

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## Sincerely—by Request

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Now if that wasn't a letter to puzzle and upset almost anybody. In one breath he was advising me to stay in Montrose and go to school, and in the next he was admitting that I was pretty and might become a star.

If I could only get to New York! But how could I get there? In stories, girls always sell their jewels to get the money; but, although I did not try, I felt sure that all mine together would not come to more than eight and a half or nine dollars.

And then, just when going to New York seemed practically impossible, the way opened up as though by magic. Though it really came about in a perfectly natural way. Father's partner, who always goes East in the spring, had the "flu," and Father had to go, himself, to get the summer stock. And Mother suggested that he take me!

As the time drew near, I forgot all about being homesick. I was so excited. Inside of two days I should be looking at Wesley Durant himself, instead of just his photograph. Only once did I weaken. That was when I kissed Mother good-bye in the station. I could feel the homesickness coming back and a tear slipped down my nose. But Mother, thinking of course that I was only going to be gone a week, was very brisk and commonplace, just reminding me to hang my suit on a hanger at night, and not to leave off my spats unless it turned awfully warm.

I scarcely went to sleep on the train. All the first day in New York Father took me around sightseeing.

"Well, Doty," said Father the next morning, "can you take care of yourself till two o'clock? Don't go off Fifth Avenue, and you can't get lost."

He made me write down the name of our hotel and put it in my hand bag in case I should forget it. He told me of a tea room on Fortieth Street where I should get my lunch. He said to be back to the hotel by two o'clock, and we should go somewhere.

I shut the door of my room with a shaky feeling. This might be the beginning of a new life for me.

I wrote a little note, telling Father that if I should not come back not to worry. I told him I was going to try to get into the movies. I thanked him for all he had done for me, and I sent my love to Mother and Kathie. It was a sad job. I went into his room and pinned the note on the pillow. A lump kept coming up in my throat, and I felt kind of sick and light in the head. I put on my new blue tricot suit with great care and my new spring hat. As a finishing touch, I added a veil of Kathie's that I had borrowed without her knowing it. It made me look ages older and very stylish. Wesley Durant's letters were written on the stationery of his moving picture company, and I had no trouble in finding the place after I had asked a few policemen.

I walked into the huge office building, swallowed hard, and stepped into the elevator.

I stepped out on the fifteenth floor in front of a huge double door of ground glass. On it in gold letters was printed:

### The Shadow-Art Film Company Entrance

I opened the door. The hour had come. There was a little desk inside with a boy at it, and many doors, all closed. A young lady was standing, talking to the boy, and as I looked at her, my pleasure in my own looks kind of oozed out. The way her hat rolled up at the side, the very way her dress hung, made me, standing there in a brand-new suit and a veil, and a hat that had cost ten dollars, feel as though I had slipped on a skirt over my bungalow apron and run out on an errand, cleaning day.

After a moment, she went in through a door, and the boy looked at me. I found it very difficult, but necessary, to swallow.

"I should like to see Mr. Durant," I said, trying to make my voice sound all right.

"He ain't here," the boy said, in a scornful tone as though this weren't the Shadow-Art Film Company.

"When will he be in?" I asked.

"Never, 'a fur 'a I know," said the boy. "This is the firm's office. Did you think they took the pitchers here?"

"Why—I—I—"

I felt myself getting red, and tried to pull myself together.

"I must see him," I said with cold dignity. "I'm a personal friend of his."

"Then you'd ought to know where he is," said the boy.

I suddenly realized that unless I got that insignificant boy on my side, I should never get anywhere. So I smiled at him. I am supposed to have a nice smile. It worked. "You might see Miss Cole, his secretary," he suggested.

"All right," I said. "Third to your left," the boy said, jerking his head toward the door behind him.

There were doors all up and down a long corridor. I walked to the third on the left and knocked.

"Come in," said a voice. I opened the door. There, in a little office beside a desk piled high with envelopes and papers and magazines, stood the girl I had seen in the outside office.

"Are you Wesley Durant's secretary?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

And she smiled. The second I saw her dimples I began to feel worried over my chances of getting into the movies. If a person had to be as pretty as that to get to be a mere secretary, what must be expected of a star!

"I wanted to—see Mr. Durant," I said. "I've corresponded with him for some time."

"Yes?" she said. "What is your name?"

"I am Miss Aldrich," I said with dignity.

She puckered her brow for a minute. Then her face brightened.

"Oh," she exclaimed; "you're the girl who was vaccinated on her arm!"

"I—I beg your pardon," I gasped, at the idea of Wesley Durant's having repeated a personal thing like that.

"I should rather see Mr. Durant, himself, if you please."

"I'm afraid that's out of the question," she said. "He's very busy, you know; and he never makes appointments with strangers."

"Oh, but I'm not a stranger," I said. "We correspond."

She smiled.

"My dear child," she said, "Wesley Durant corresponds with a thousand girls."

"With a th-thousand!" I gasped. But after a moment I rallied, remembering the kind of letters mine had been. "But this is different," I explained. "He wrote me real letters, asking me all about what films were popular in our town, and how I liked certain ones."

"Oh, yes," she said. "The office likes to get personal reports on how different films are taking hold."

"But he said," I repeated, "that I was pretty and that I might become a star."

Instead of answering, she asked me how I happened to be in New York. I explained, and anybody would have thought she knew Father, she seemed so pleased to hear that he was there.

Then she went on telling me how nearly all of those thousands of girls who wrote to Wesley Durant wanted to get into the movies, and how he couldn't get them all in, and on along that line till I was unable to stand her not seeing that I was different from the others any longer.

"But you don't understand!" I exclaimed. "His letters—"

"I do understand," she interrupted crisply. "I understand all about those letters. I write them myself!"

The furniture in the office went queer and fady. I stood staring at Miss Cole as she went on:

"You see, Mr. Durant couldn't possibly answer all those letters himself. He's a busy man. All big actors have secretaries—"

I could hear her voice going on and on as though she were a phonograph in another room. But I did not hear what she was saying. The awful truth was at last soaking in.

"Well, I expected something of the sort," I said at last. I felt I must say something to let her see that she hadn't fooled me any.

But it wasn't much of a success. It is hard to be brave when you suddenly see your whole life lying in ruins about you. My chin began to wobble.

I tried to speak, but my voice was so woolly I couldn't. I felt something hot and wet trickle down the side of my nose. Miss Cole was looking right at me, so it was no use to pretend. I fumbled up my veil and tried to find my handkerchief, but couldn't. I dropped my head down on the desk, right on top of the letters that had come for Wesley Durant that very morning.

I could feel Miss Cole patting me on the shoulder and saying:

"There, there, honey, don't cry. It's nothing. Don't cry!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 101)

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## Sincerely—by Request

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

She stuck her own handkerchief into my hand. But I couldn't stop. You can't stop crying when your entire life is ruined. After a long time, I grew weak, and during a slack moment I heard what Miss Cole was saying:

"I'll tell you what! Brace up, and I'll treat you to lunch in the nicest tea room in New York, a place I'll bet nobody from Montrose has ever been."

Realizing that a person has to eat to keep up their strength even when their heart is breaking, I sat up and wiped my eyes and blew my nose.

It was a beautiful tea room. Though such things meant nothing to me then, I couldn't help noticing that there were flowers in baskets on every table, and little shaded lights, and that an air of absolute elegance hung over everything. It was crowded, but Miss Cole got a little table, and ordered. She seemed to know the very things that a person sick with sorrow would be able to swallow—chicken à la King, and thousand-island salad, and crisp hot rolls and frozen meringue.

The chicken came in a copper chafing dish, bubbling and steaming. As Miss Cole served us, she chatted lightly, mostly about Wesley Durant. She got her job as secretary on account of knowing his mother, she said, and she told me a great deal about him that his mother had told her. His mother said he worked so hard that he had to go to bed at ten o'clock every single night, and that he couldn't touch pastry for fear of getting fat. She said that winter exterior work was awfully hard on him, because he caught cold so easily, and that he had to use an atomizer, and always thought his colds were worse than anybody's else.

Anybody can imagine what wonderful chicken à la King it was when, feeling as I did, I found myself taking a faint pleasure in it. As we ate, and Miss Cole talked on telling me one thing and another about Wesley Durant, the strangest impression grew on me. It slowly became clearer and clearer to me that she thought he was just an ordinary man. Why, it was just like father, his thinking that his colds were worse than other people's.

Miss Cole laughed about how so many girls who wrote to him had crushes on him, and seemed to think it funny and young of them. I was glad that she seemed to see that my case was entirely different.

The salad was wonderful.

Then Miss Cole asked me a lot about Montrose, and was awfully interested in our crowd. I merely happened to mention Will Horton three or four times, and she caught on that he had a crush on me. Then she just made me tell her all about him. She said he must be splendid.

Talking about Montrose made me think of Madge and the other girls.

"I'm glad I didn't tell the girls I thought of getting into the movies," I said.

"Yes, it's a lucky thing," Miss Cole agreed. "They might not understand the unlikelihood of it—not having seen as much of the world as you have now," she added, smiling.

It was at this exact moment that I realized how my trip to New York had completely changed me. I would go back to Montrose knowing so much about the world that I would be practically sophisticated. I felt ages older and wiser than Ruth and Madge and Corinne. Looking at things as Miss Cole and I did, it seemed awfully going to have a case on an actor.

The meringue had pink roses frozen on the top, and was the most divine thing I have ever tasted. I had taken only a spoonful or two when Miss Cole pushed my foot under the table.

"Look at the map just going out," she whispered. "That's John Barrymore."

"N-not—the John Barrymore!" I gasped.

But it was—I could tell it from his pictures. He walked out of the room.

I suppose I must have kept on eating because when I looked down at my meringue it was all gone. But it was utterly lost on me. I hadn't tasted a spoonful. To think that a day begun so badly should have ended like this! I had eaten my lunch in the same room with John Barrymore!

What would the girls say! At first they would think I was stringing them; they just wouldn't be able to believe that it was really true.

Suddenly, from out of the thrilling haze, I heard Miss Cole's voice speaking. It seems unbelievable, but after an experience such as we had just gone through she was still talking about Wesley Durant!

It was lucky for me that she was, though! With a clutch at my wrist watch, I jumped up frantically.

Thank heaven, I had remembered that note on Father's pillowcase!

*Back faced and front faced*

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Build Up Your Flesh**

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**Stand Correctly  
Walk Properly  
Breathe Correctly**

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How do I know all this? I **KNOW** it because I have accomplished this for over 100,000 women, and **what I have done for one woman I can do for YOU.**

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If you could read the mail on my desk for one day, you wouldn't hesitate to begin at once.

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Sit down and write me TODAY. If I cannot help you, I'll tell you what will, and I will send you FREE my booklet containing many valuable hints to women. Write me now. Don't wait. You may forget it.

*Susanna Crocroft*

Dept. 25

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S-2





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## Looking Ahead

WHETHER you live in a snug little suburban home, a city apartment, a bungalow "built for two," or just a hall bedroom, you will find each month in next year's COMPANION a helpful, sensible talk by Margery Wells on how to make your surroundings artistic and homelike.

OR PERHAPS you are thinking of building a new home? If so, you will be sure to discover just the kind of house you want to build, in the series of exclusive little modern houses that Mr. A. Raymond Ellis is now planning for COMPANION readers. There will be an estimated cost of building carefully worked out for each house, in different sections of the country.

HAVE you a notion that you'd like to sell your ideas to "the trade"? Then you will be interested in the intimate talks on the "A B C's of business," by a successful woman wholesaler and manufacturer who began with literally nothing, except an idea.

DO YOU run your house or does your house run you? If you wish that you might have two or more hours of leisure every day from the eternal round of housework, Miss Alice Bradley will show you how you can have them, by accomplishing your tasks in a way that will save you not only time, but also energy, money, and materials. There will be an inspiringly helpful article along these lines each month in the 1922 COMPANION, in addition to Miss Bradley's regular cooking department.

## Merry Christmas

BESIDES the wealth of Christmas pages in the November and December numbers, the COMPANION has lots of booklets that will help you with your Christmas planning, too.

Would you like to get up "A Toy Social," for instance, for your church? Then send for "Money-making Affairs and Socials." Price, 15 cents.

Or "A Sunday-School Christmas Treasure Hunt," or a little girl's "Christmas Stocking Party," or "A Doll's Christmas-Tree Party"? These are all described in "The Children's Party Book." Price, 15 cents.

If you happen to be looking for a Christmas play, you'll find a long list of them in the booklet called "Let's Give a Play." This booklet also contains a lot of helpful information on getting up a play—rehearsals, scenery, costumes, etc. Price, 15 cents.

And when it comes to helps with your gift-making, there's:

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you'll almost cheer  
the people in it.

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Its author stirred a million hearts last year with his soul-searching story of "Kindred of the Dust." And now he has surpassed himself.



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The modern housekeeper no longer scrubs the closet bowl. Sani-Flush keeps it spotlessly white for her without any of the unpleasant labor of dipping out of water, scrubbing and scouring. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in your closet bowl according to the directions on the can. Flush. All the rust stains, markings and incrustations will disappear, leaving the bowl and hidden trap sparklingly white and so clean after Sani-Flush has been used that disinfectants are unnecessary.



Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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## "Why, It's Easy"



**S**HE tells you just what to do, and then you need not worry any more about not having enough money for—

A new dress this fall  
A suit  
Pleasure  
Christmas gifts  
Everything."

Thousands of girls and women are telling their friends how this work of ours, which is hardly work at all, can be done by them, no matter how little time they may have. They tell, too, how they can earn extra money right in their own homes, and that no experience in business of any kind is at all necessary.

Imagine the joy of it—always having more than just enough money! Wouldn't you like to? Of course you would, especially when you can do so by joining this Club of ours, where your fellow members are just the nicest people—good wholesome folks, and bright and energetic business girls and teachers—all COMPANION readers like yourself.

Then when the dollars come a-rolling in to you, and our beautiful surprise gifts, too,—why, you are more than just happy! You have a new interest in life—something pleasant to do when time hangs just a bit heavily.

Speaking of our gifts—if you are a home woman or about to make a home for some happy man, you will be so interested in our beautiful sterling table silver. You can get just the pieces you want—spoons, forks, knives—or the whole set. Could anything be more delightful?

And for you, dear girl, lover of beautiful things, there is a perfect strand of Du Barry pearls, or a lovely onyx and diamond ring, or a bracelet watch—any number of good things.

Now let me share with you some of my enthusiastic letters from members who find this Club of ours the most wonderful ever!

Dear Miss Clarke:

I have been a long time writing to you about my beautiful pearls. I am so pleased with them, and all who see them think they are so lovely, too.

I especially want to thank you for sending them so promptly—they came just in time for an occasion for which I

was hoping to have them but didn't dare "count on it."

Gratefully yours,  
Mildred L. E., Virginia.

Another from a New York schoolgirl who has done remarkably well for a newcomer:

I received my bonus check yesterday; it was my first check for five dollars. You can't imagine how proud I felt. I don't think anyone can—not even myself, before I received it, thought I would feel the way I do.

I have been able, since doing Club work, to buy wool for a flannel sweater and help pay for a pair of hockey skates attached to shoes which I wanted very much. I have also added a bit to my bank account. I am trying to save for a college education.

Yours delightedly,  
Vera Munstermann, New York.

From a "married girl" who was surprised that her first gift should be so lovely:

My lovely mesh bag came yesterday, and I must thank you for it. It is larger and prettier than I expected it to be, and I nearly had a "fit" when I saw it.

I also received my pin, and thank you for it, too. I am crazy for the bracelet watch, but I am busy moving.

You write such lovely letters, and they always make me want to work. I am not very strong, but feel lots better.

Mrs. Earl Moore,  
Ohio.

It all sounds so interesting, doesn't it? And it is! I have the greatest number of good things to tell you and to send you—when you write to me—including a booklet, "The Girls of

the P. M. C.," which tells all about us and our work, and another which shows our beautiful Colonial silver.

YOU WILL KNOW

ONE month from to-day you will surely be sharing in our good times, and earning extra dollars too—that is, if you write to-day. My address is

*Margaret Clarke*

Secretary, Pin-Money Club  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION  
Department 15

416 West 13th Street New York City



Yours for Keeps



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# Resinol Soap



## "Dear Editor"

THIS DEPARTMENT is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.



DEAR EDITOR: You may tell The Postscript man for me that I have been sitting up late reading the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. No, not The Postscript. I read that first, of course. It is "The Girls" which has kept me from joining my kiddies in dreamland. I like it as well as, if not better than, any story I have ever read. It brings you right up to the present and links you so cleverly with the almost forgotten folks of the hoop-skirt days.

There is very seldom anything in the magazine that I feel like criticizing, and everybody loves The Postscript man. He is half the magazine, making it a "chum" as well as a "companion." I'll wager that, like "Lottie's" friend, he does not talk as he writes.

Mrs. L. S., Jr., Florida.

Just what is the meaning of that last sentence? Is it a rose or a subtly concealed brickbat for the popular Postscript man?



DEAR EDITOR: At last! A story that is a Chicago story!

It really seems strange to read about hiking out to Beverly Hills, which happens to be one of my favorite hikes, instead of strolling down Fifth Avenue, in New York. Sometime I'm going to go to New York, and see if I can see why all the writers set their scenes in that city instead of Chicago. But, in the meantime, I'm going to enjoy every word of "The Girls" in Chicago, and hope it won't be the last story the COMPANION will give us about our wonderful city.

M. K. J., Illinois.

It won't be the last if we can get any more as good as "The Girls," we promise.



DEAR EDITOR: The Postscript's too short! I sometimes jump into the middle of it somewhere, read to the end, go back to the beginning, read on to where I began—and it isn't enough!

The same way with the other things. Not that I begin "other things" in the middle,

because I don't, but I wish there were more. I don't think that anyone could ever get enough of Juliet Wilber Tompkins.

And the also-gravures—they're wonderful! I cut them out every month—as does A. M. S., Tennessee.

But no one—even A. W. S., New Jersey—can praise the P. S. too much. I don't agree with Mrs. K. J. K., Washington, you see.

Three rousing cheers for the W. H. C.

E. V. T., Massachusetts.

It seems impossible to keep The Postscript man out of this page, even though we vowed we'd give him no more compliments.



DEAR EDITOR: We all liked "An Island in a Thousand," by M. L. Luther, so much! His people actually do say clever things—not just allude to the clever things they have said.

I think if the public would let editors know what stories it likes, it might be easier to select good ones, and I take it for granted you like to hear from us.

Mrs. L. W. P., New York.

Of course we like to hear from you. And you have put your finger on a weakness of many writers in your compliment to Mr. Luther.



DEAR EDITOR: To-day I found time to read about Steve Carter Winning the War, and before I finished it I had to close my office door, for Tommy himself didn't weep any more wholeheartedly over Steve than I did. You know, we people of the South (Daughters of the Confederacy, etc., etc.) never can feel that those boys in blue who won the war were, or are, as glorified as our boys in gray who fought for the Lost Cause, and the G. A. R. never seems so pathetic in a parade; but Bruce Barton has pictured any soldier who won any war.

K. McD. T., Alabama.

We're passing this letter on to Mr. Barton. Authors, you know, do like kind words. (Note: So do editors.)

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## *That Tantalizing Charm of Paris— Achieved by Yourself*

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Materials*

**I**T is tantalizing—this spirit of smartness. You can recognize it instantly in a sparkling throng of beautifully gowned women. Sometimes it seems to be in the flare of a skirt—again in some whimsical bit of trimming—or it may be the general impression of a frock.

Perhaps you have tried to carry away a mental picture of the charm that has intrigued you—to embody it in a frock of your own making. The lines you so desired may have been vivid in your mind, yet when you tried to convey them to the frock you were making, they eluded your long-practised needle like some fairy thing—tantalizingly near, yet always just out of reach.

But no longer need you seek in vain to capture this teasing, indefinable spirit of charm. A wonderful new invention, the Deltor, will enable you to embody the inspiration of Paris in the most economical clothes you ever made!

You will find this marvelous Deltor enclosed in the envelope with your new Butterick Pattern. It is not a part of the pattern itself, but a separate service that shows you exactly how to interpret that pattern as would the Parisian creator. It gives you a picture-and-word story

of just how the originator himself would put your very own frock together.

**First** • an individual layout chart shows you how to use  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards less material—a saving of 50c to \$10.

**Then** • step by step “putting together” instructions guide you to the elusive fit, drape and line of an original Paris model.

**And finally** • clever, frenchy ideas, infinitely important details are revealed to you. Paris’ own touch in finish becomes yours!

NOW that you are planning your winter wardrobe, decide upon more clothes—the sort of clothes you have always desired. Select at the Butterick counter the styles you like best (none are too difficult for you now). Having assured yourself of authentic Parisian fashions, be sure to look for the phrase “with Deltor” on the pattern envelope, that you may interpret these fashions with real Parisian finesse.

Remember that the Deltor is patented and may be obtained with Butterick Patterns and with Butterick Patterns only.

**BUTTERICK** • *Style Leaders of the World*



# The Postscript.

LAST month, while we were running on about the picture of a young person on one of Miss Gould's pages, we said something about her eyes, she seeming to be making use of the same, as some young persons will, and we were just going to relate a pleasant anecdote about eyes when the printer shouted that the page was full, and crowding Beer Fox's picture, as it was, so we stopped. Neighbor Fox is very sensitive about being crowded, but he is always so late in getting his drawing in that some day he is going to come rushing up with it, all out of breath and his face red, and find that the printer has wedged in the last quoin and sent the form to the stereotyper, and there won't be any Fox picture that month. And the things the printer will say to Foxie, standing there on one foot trying to explain his lateness, aren't going to be nice things, but awful-sounding things, 'most as bad as a California stage driver.



A Pair of Blue Eyes

WELL, we aren't going to worry about F. Fox, and he can just go to destruction if he wants to, and serves him right; but what we were going to tell about the girl that we once knew, was how she was having her eyes treated by a young oculist, the best in the city, even if he was young. There may have been some obscure trouble with that girl's eyes, but it didn't show—she had the best-looking eyes in that city, even if it was a large city.

The young doctor examined the girl's eyes with all the queer instruments he had, and borrowed some from the Ophthalmic Hospital just for her case. You see, he was awfully sweet on the girl, and felt that life without her would be a pretty poor sort of existence; so he did his best. And while he was diagnosing and diagnosing, and prescribing and prescribing, along came another young man, who didn't know a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles from a case of congenital astigmatism, and he took a look at this girl's eyes and told her they were blue (though really they were a sort of gray), and that they were the most beautiful eyes in the world (though this was probably a slight exaggeration); and he quoted all the complimentary poetry that had ever been written about blue eyes, and changed some that was really about brown or black eyes (when the rhyme would let him), and wrote some poetry on her eyes himself (pretty bad poetry, but the girl didn't know that); and generally this young man made about the greatest hullabaloo that was ever made over a pair of eyes since time began.

That's all there is of the story, except that the young man was awfully unlucky in one way: he married the girl so soon that the young doctor's bill didn't come till afterward, so he had to pay it, and a whopping big bill it was, too, and he had to borrow the money for it. Moral: Delays are sometimes advisable.



The Thanksgiving Dinner

THIS being the month of November, as it always is after Hallowe'en, Miss Bradley comes out strong on how to cook things for the Thanksgiving table. It's the chicken, or the fowl, that she concentrates on this time, and she gets around the difficulty of two terms by nearly always speaking of "the bird." It's just a mere matter of age, for as Miss Bradley says in effect:

A young bird is a chicken,  
An old one is a fowl;  
The plot begins to thicken,  
And folks begin to howl,  
When you buy a bird that looks well  
But proves just like an owl,  
For the bird that really cooks well  
Is the chick and not the fowl.

The fact is that Miss Bradley doesn't really say this, because you can cook the elderly bird so it will be as tender as the youthful one if you know how and have enough fuel. Besides, she tells how to detect the old bird that's trying to pass itself off as younger than it is.

So you see there is really nothing in our poem after all, and if you skipped it as you came along down the column it really isn't worth while to go back for it.

"The Sunday Night Supper Raid" sounds like a lively drive in which a good deal of damage is going to be done to the enemy. We should scarcely care to lead the charge on some of the opposing forces, as, for example, toasted sandwiches filled with sardines and sliced tomatoes, with grated cheese on top; or, fresh honeycomb tripe and small boiled onions; or, lobster with celery, tomato, and shredded lettuce; or, potato with hard-cooked egg, pickle, and shredded cabbage. They sound like a pretty stiff line, especially for Sunday night. Even if apparently subdued, some of them might retaliate. A dozen pickles, armored in shredded cabbage and mounted on large red lobsters, might make a rather formidable charge after you had been asleep a couple of hours, especially if supported by cheese and tomato rabbits. You wake up after a while; morning comes to end the longest night.



The Woman's Home Companion

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, so many things remain, We may as well surrender—this certainly is plain.

Embroidery and Sewing—to make a dress or hat—  
With Knitting and Crocheting—and even how to tat.

With Good Looks, Patterns, Cut-outs, and things for Christmas time—  
Deft ways to make your presents and save you many a dime.

Yes, as we look, all these things, and more, we apprehend.

Nay, Diminis, we'll not mention The Postscript at the end!

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, we'll seize this chance to say.

Prints articles that touch on the topics of the day.

Then there's the good old Tower Room, all writ by Anne McCall.

With smiling Better Babies—the kind that seldom squall.

And often Color Pages, and sometimes Songs to sing.

With how to run your party, and vote that ballot thing.

And for you dozens more, too, the Editors still send.

No, darling, let's be modest. (She means what's at the end!)



The Domestic Poets

YOU will observe another instalment of The Postscript's celebrated serial, "The Woman's Home Companion," which, as we intimated last month, has got going so furiously that we don't know how to stop it. There seems to be hope, however,—it sounds as if the gas was nearly out and that it is about to run down. We did at one time have a beautiful idea for a final instalment, which seemed as if it would make the thing end in a cloud of glory; but we can't think what it was now. But it may come back. That leaves it delightfully uncertain—there may or may not. But the reader won't forget all the things that have been touched on in the past—we beg your pardon!—the Stories and the Eats, Entertainment and Dear Ed.; the Covers, Gardens, Buildings—of these enough was said; the Household, Fashions, 'Section—of all of these you read.

We notice that the interior poets are becoming active again. We mean these poets who write about fashions, and household stuff, and things. Pretty good little poets they are, too, but we wish they'd rhyme all their lines. It looks better. And it isn't hard.

For example, here's "Embroidered Gifts," our notion would be this:

When packing for the week-end  
You'll need, remember, some shoes;  
The trip may have a bleak end—  
You'd best put in your gum shoes!

Another set of bags could be made for the rubbers, or they could all be jammed in together, or the slippers could be left at home. But, no matter what comes you put in the gums! On the other side is another verse, a rhyme short, and the one that is there violates the rules. We beg to offer this:

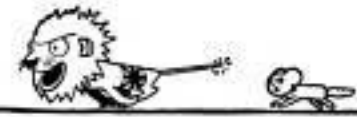
Around a kitchen apron—  
What "Patterns" calls a tunic—  
A little bit of tape run.—  
It gives it quite a new neck.

You see how it's done. Of course, some things would have to be changed a little, or explained in the prose.

Then on the "Ribbon Embroidery" page we find more trouble—two lines unrhymed, and the whole thing not so practical as it ought to be. If we were in charge of the embroidery pages, as no doubt we shall be some day when our embroidery ability is recognized, this is what we would have written:

To keep your lingerie from Sis  
(These sisters are the worst!),  
The only plan that works is this:  
Get up each morning first!

If you can't change the thing, change the poetry. It is our idea that poetry was made for man, not man for poetry. Warp it to fit, is our contention.



A Word With the Fiction

WE SEE—and it's a good thing for us that we saw it first, otherwise a few hundred readers would write about it—we see in the first picture illustrating "Preaching to Capacity" that the church is opposite the movie theatre, though the author says it was around the corner. Anyhow, it's a good pen-and-ink, and we're glad to see it—we get tired of so many illustrations made from drawings in wash, and charcoal, and paint, and stove polish, and what not; and some of them look as if they had been crocheted. The illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele for "Nurses" are delightful. How scared that nurse looks there by the ice box, getting the egg for old Mrs. Castleman, who thought she was hungry. But what startled Molly Hastings by the ice box? You'll have to read the story to find out—we refuse to tell.

Besides this story by Evelyn Gill Klahr, there are plenty of others this month. "There's No Such Thing as Chance" is by an author who seems to be new to the COMPANION; and it's a good story. In the first illustration we seem to have met the girl with the hand bag somewhere. Why, isn't it Edna Ferber's Lottie? Bernadette Brossard is her name in this story. In another story we find a Corinne Dallison. There is, too, a Corinne in still another story—"Sincerely—by Request." This story is by Fannie Kilbourne, and it manages to be entertaining. Well, think of it: luncheon in the same room with such a distinguished man!

Of course the serial ambles on and we all arrive safely in England, including Pinky-Boodles, who hasn't bitten the king yet, but who may, for all anybody knows, be sharpening his teeth on the gardener's grindstone at Windles for just that fell purpose. Pinky-Boodles is an extremely dangerous animal. By the way, isn't there a law against taking dogs into England? Perhaps there's a long quarantine—though the story doesn't say anything about any quarantine. Ah, we have it: the authorities were so frightened at Pinky that they just passed him in and said nothing.

This Pinky-Boodles is going to make trouble for the British lion before he gets through. The lion on a notable occasion triumphed over the unicorn, but he is going to be chased forty miles if Pinky starts after him. Pinky-Boodles is not an animal that may be safely aroused.



Thanksgiving Mince-meat

BESIDES throttling our story of the blued-eyed girl, the printer last month shut out a note about that interesting editorial paragraph concerning those little ivy plants that Mrs. Vanderlip has for the gold-star war mothers. If you missed it on page 2 last month by all means pull the October number from the middle of the pile and read it. Even if for no other reason, it is worth reading, to meet the cheerful optimism of the woman who wrote of the little ivy she has received: "Growing nicely; had another leaf before a week."

Speaking of dishes with toast the Cooks say that "the electric toaster, or even the open fire, may be used." We can't like that "even." The open fire always, though when you drop things they do get rather covered with ash. Very well; Miss Bradley is right!

Somebody asks in "Good Citizenship" if women "possess potentialities of cooperation." That's a stinger. And all she means is, Can women pull together?

The Announcement Page speaks out boldly to say that a serial by Mrs. Deland will begin next month, which is good news. This, says David Blair, who offers some excellent advice about subscribing, is only one of six full-size novels that will be printed in this magazine next year; together with a deal of other things. It all sounds good, and David can't be blamed for speaking up. But we wish he wouldn't use the word billed. We shall letter him some day and ask him not to do so.

Among the books most helpful "for a woman to keep on her table" we find Grotius's "Law of War and Peace" and "The Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States." All right for the summer perhaps, when a certain relaxation may be permitted, but during the rest of the year we should like to feel that the ladies take up some serious reading.

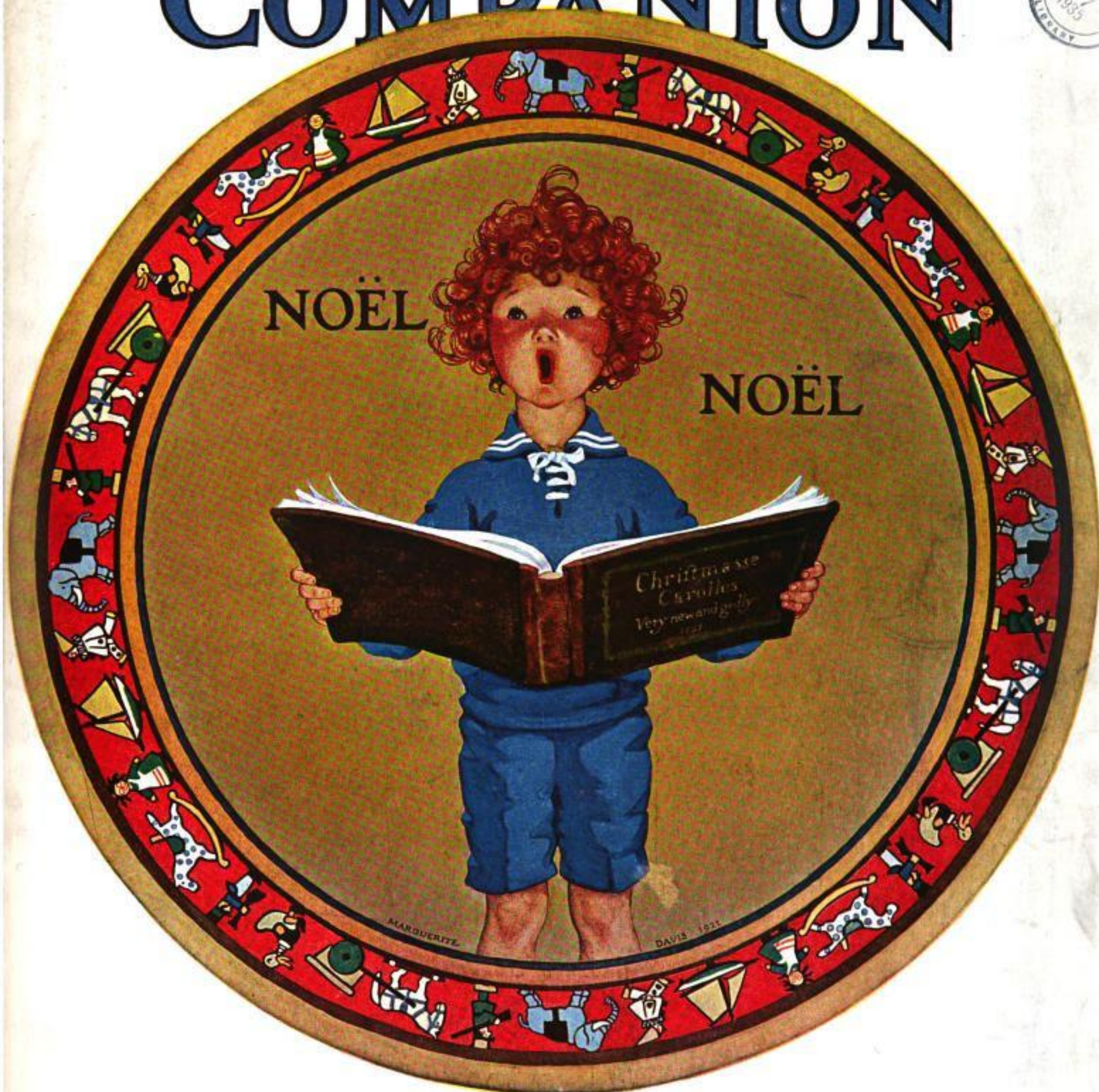
Angela Caruth



JIMMY HAS DISCOVERED  
THAT WHENEVER HE PLAYS A CERTAIN  
NOTE ON HIS VIOLIN THE PUP  
JOINS IN WITH A MELANCHOLY YOWL.



# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



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Christmas Number

December 1921

Twelve

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If your children do not possess a keen appetite, try homemade bread

CHILDREN love the irresistible flavor of the home loaf; and they need the uncommon nourishment that the home quality alone can give them.

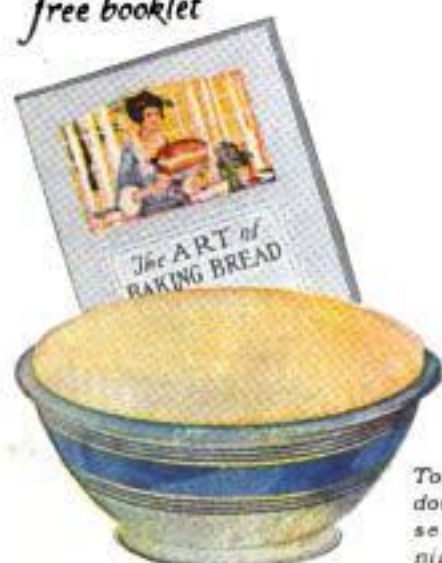
For sturdy boys and girls make good homemade bread the first law in your home.

An important new discovery about Yeast Foam

People also eat Yeast Foam. You need vitamins; they create vitality—help you resist disease. Thousands are benefiting from the energy-making qualities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable element in food called vitamins.

Send for instructive booklet, "Dry Yeast as an aid to Health"

Send for free booklet



To have a sweet, light dough in the morning set your sponge to-night with Yeast Foam.

*Magic Yeast — Yeast Foam — just the same except in name  
Package of 5 cakes — at your grocer — 10¢*

Northwestern Yeast Company, 1736 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago



The Woman's Home Companion is published monthly. The price is 20c a copy; \$2.00 a year. Foreign postage, \$1 extra; Canadian postage, 25c extra. Entered at Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1921, The Crowell Publishing Company, United States and Great Britain.

# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY at SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.  
 George D. Buckley, President  
 Lee W. Maxwell, Vice President and General Business Manager  
 Thomas H. Beck, Vice President  
 EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK  
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VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 12

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## The Legend of a Perfect Gift

By Bruce Barton

IN THE heart of the city of Constantinople the great church of St. Sophia stands. And this is the legend of the way in which it received its name: The Emperor Justinian built it to be his monument. No other hand, no other purse, was to be allowed to contribute to its construction. His must be the decision on every detail; his the provision for every expense.

The last stone was lifted into place; the day of dedication came; the crowd pressed close about the door, and Justinian drew back the veil. A shout of amazement burst from the crowd.

For where the name of Justinian was to have been engraved, the name of an unknown woman stood.

"Who is this woman?" the emperor cried. "Hunt her out and bring her here."

They brought her before the platform after a bit—a shrunken, old woman, almost in tears. In broken sentences she sobbed out her story. She did not know how her name had been written there: she had made no contribution to the temple; she was too poor for that. Only, one day when the oxen went by her house, struggling under the load of the heavy stones, she had snatched a little straw from her mattress and held it up for them to eat.

It was all that she had done—all that her poverty would let her do.

But the angels who weigh the motives of men had written her name instead of his, because, having nothing else to give, she had given her heart.

Visit Saint Sophia to-day and you will find the corner-stone blank. You will be told that in due time the angels erased the poor woman's name also, that the church might bear but one name, Sophia—which translated means divine wisdom.

But the memory of the woman lives though her name may be forgotten—lives forever in this legend of a perfect gift.

There are thousands of women in America to whom Christmas brings no thrill.

Baffled and bewildered—with a vague sense of being somehow cheated of pleasure that is their due—they go through the annual ordeal of making their lists and selecting their gifts.

Why has the process of giving lost its flavor, they wonder? Is the joy of Christmas a joy that belongs to childhood alone?

Why is it that, with increasing means for giving, we so often experience a diminishing joy in the selection and purchase of the gift?

This is a part of the answer, it seems to us:

Most of us grew up in homes of modest circumstances. The gifts we gave at Christmas time were inexpensive gifts: often they were fashioned by our own hands—built by hours of happy thought, and interwoven with our love.

They were crude, but they were *ours*. They breathed our individuality; they were reminiscent of ourselves. Through the years we would say: "That thing Aunt Mary gave me, she knit it herself." Or, "Uncle Ed brought me that; he spent a couple of months in making it." Aunt Mary's real gift was

Aunt Mary; Uncle Ed's real gift was Uncle Ed. And we cherished the crude little tokens they brought, because into those tokens they had put their hearts.

"What shall I give to Mother?" "What shall I give to Sue?" "What shall I give to Eleanor, who is at college; or to Madeline, who is married and starting her home?"

You are struggling now with those questions. Your "list" is on the desk with a blank space after half the names.

Will you give money? Money has no character; the dollar is equally at home in the pocket of the villain or the saint. You cannot express with money the intimate something that is you.

Will you give trinkets, to be quickly forgotten? What is the ideal gift for Christmas—permanent, distinctive, expressing you?

Would it interest you to have a suggestion from us, in answer to that question, we wonder?

We do not want you to accept the suggestion if, in doing so, you have the feeling that you are merely giving a *thing*—an inanimate, soulless creation—merely a magazine. If you accept our suggestion we would like you to feel that in giving the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to your friends you are really giving yourself.

As though you were to say to each friend whom you love: "I cannot visit you once a month this year as I would like to do, but I am sending a living, breathing representative to bring to you what I would like to bring."

"I would bring you the most entertaining stories I could find, if I were to come; and the COMPANION will bring you that."

"I would bring my thimble, and work with you on your new clothes and the youngsters' clothes—and that the COMPANION will do."

"I would lend a hand in the kitchen; I would tell you of the new recipes I had learned, and the new fashions I had observed. We would have a wonderful day of good news and good work together, if I could give you myself for a day each month in 1922."

"But because distances are far, and duties are many, I am coming to you in the person of the COMPANION. Please welcome it as you would welcome me; laugh at its good humor as you and I have laughed together; think of me as standing at your elbow when you try its recipes; remember the hours we have sat and sewed together as you follow its patterns; remember my love for your youngsters when you find something in its pages that is of special value to them."

This is the spirit in which we invite you to give the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. It is an inexpensive gift—as the gift of that poor woman was inexpensive. Her wisp of straw was a wisp of straw until she dedicated it; and then it became a part of her heart. So the COMPANION is only ink and paper and picture and text until you make it yours. Then its pages speak with your accents and glow with your love. And the friend who turns the pages knows that its visit is your visit. Once a month it comes to her, bringing you *yourself*.

This beautiful Christmas card carrying your name and greeting will be sent to each of your friends receiving a gift subscription.

To make the Companion your gift to one or more friends is very simple. Send us your name and address and theirs. A Christmas card will go out from us to reach your friends on Christmas Day, announcing your gift. And you, yourself, may write them, if you choose, saying something like this: "I cannot visit you each month as I wish I might. But I am sending the Companion instead. Please remember that, and when you are reading your copy I shall be reading mine. So the hours that we spend with it each month we shall be spending together, no matter how many miles may separate your home and mine."

### How to send this big twelvefold gift and spread your Christmas glow through all the year

FOR your own renewal subscription for one year, and one gift subscription, send \$3.00. No matter when your present subscription expires, you can order it extended now.  
 For each additional gift subscription

(only during the holidays) add \$1.50.  
 For a single subscription alone, for one year, send \$2.00.

We suggest that you mail your order now—if possible before December 20th—surely before December 31st.

Gift subscriptions begin with the current number. If the recipient of your gift is already a subscriber, her present subscription will be extended for one year. And she will receive the announcement at Christmas time just the same.

### Use this Christmas Gift Order Form to Insure Accurate Entry

The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

GENTLEMEN: I enclose \$3.00 to pay for two subscriptions to WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, one year each, thus saving me \$1.00.

Renew my subscription to WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for one year.

\*Send the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for one year (and the Christmas gift announcement card) to

Name.....

Name.....

Street.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

City..... State.....

\*If you wish to order more than one gift subscription, write additional orders on separate sheet.

W. H. C. 122



# A Christmas for Ourselves

**H**OLLY wreaths and chiming bells; sweet-smelling spruce and fir, lit with points of mellow candle flame; mistletoe for bashful suitors; red-coated, snow-powdered Santa Claus with his team of prancing reindeer; tuneful old ballads bidding the listening world "Let nothing you dismay"—and the world greatly needs, just now, all the encouragement to bravery it can get;—puddings all darkly rich with plums and spice; packages of delicious mystery, wrapped and tied and tagged in gayety; laughter and wonder of children; good will and kindly memories amongst their elders; home-comings of wanderers afar—these are the signs and symbols of our "Merry Christmas."

Yet there are people, an ever-increasing number of them, who have all these, but nevertheless fervently say, in the days before the holiday: "I just hate Christmas—I dread it more every year!" And afterward: "Thank goodness, it's over for another twelve months!"

Thank goodness for us, they can spoil it only for themselves—that is, in its entirety. But it would be so much jollier for these poor souls, and everyone about them, if they would only see that a festival is not a true festival when it is an exertion and a weariness of the flesh, a thing-to-be-got-through-with, and remembered with overpowering distaste.

There is a story in that charming book, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"—written, by the way, by an Englishwoman—which recounts the exchange of birthday gifts between the writer and her friend Irais. Says Elizabeth: "I sent her a little brass candlestick on her birthday, and when mine followed, a few months later, she sent me a notebook. No notes were written in it, and on her next birthday I presented it to her; she thanked me profusely in the customary manner, and when my turn came I received the brass candlestick. Since then we alternately enjoy the possession of each of these articles, and the present question is comfortably settled, once and for all, at a minimum of time and expense."

**A** FOOLISH story, a ridiculous custom, you say? Well, maybe so, if you take it literally. But it proves the value of a little selfishness mixed into matters of sentiment, a little selfishness touched with sufficient humor to make it harmless, and not spoiled by bad manners or misunderstanding.

It is this same spirit that would save the sweetness and the beauty and the delight of Christmas for those who now dread it. We could make, and we should make, a Christmas for ourselves as well as for other people. And if we are accustomed to wake on Christmas morning dreading the day, sick with weariness from our strenuous preparation for it, it is high time that we stopped short, faced about, and made a thorough investigation as to just where the root of the trouble lies. And then, with the White Queen, let us shout, "Off with his head!"

If we give too many gifts—lop the list in half, and then prune some more. Better have no friends than only those whose affections depend on what we can give them. If we give the minimum of gifts, but spend too much money for them, let us be honest with our pocketbooks and quit an extravagance which, because it is cloaked in generosity, is perhaps as absurd as an extravagance can be.

If we find that we are asking too many forlorn and lonely ones to share our Christmas cheer, and the children of our household are inclined to be unappreciative of this opportunity to be noble

souls and sacrifice their day to the guests—then let us entertain our charities at some other time, and make the children's day a festival of home. They have first right, be charity ever so sweet. We have no right to charity at their expense. We may call it character training for them; but even that is not convincing.

Children are far more likely to gain a distaste for holidays at home, a distrust of their parents' good sense, than any nobility of soul, if we elect to make their Christmas one of boredom and restraint rather than a day of beauty and of joy. Nor is there in doing this any need to turn them into selfish little monsters by extreme indulgence and foolish pampering.

And this giving of our strength, our nervous energy—ah, there is a difficult problem. Once set going, and the Christmas enthusiast finds it so hard to stop, does not even pause until he finds that he has turned his enthusiasm into impatient, irritable exhaustion. It would be droll, if it were not so pitiful, to see mature and supposedly sensible beings work themselves half to death preparing for something which their very frenzy of over-preparation prevents them from enjoying. No wonder, after an experience like this, they "just hate Christmas."

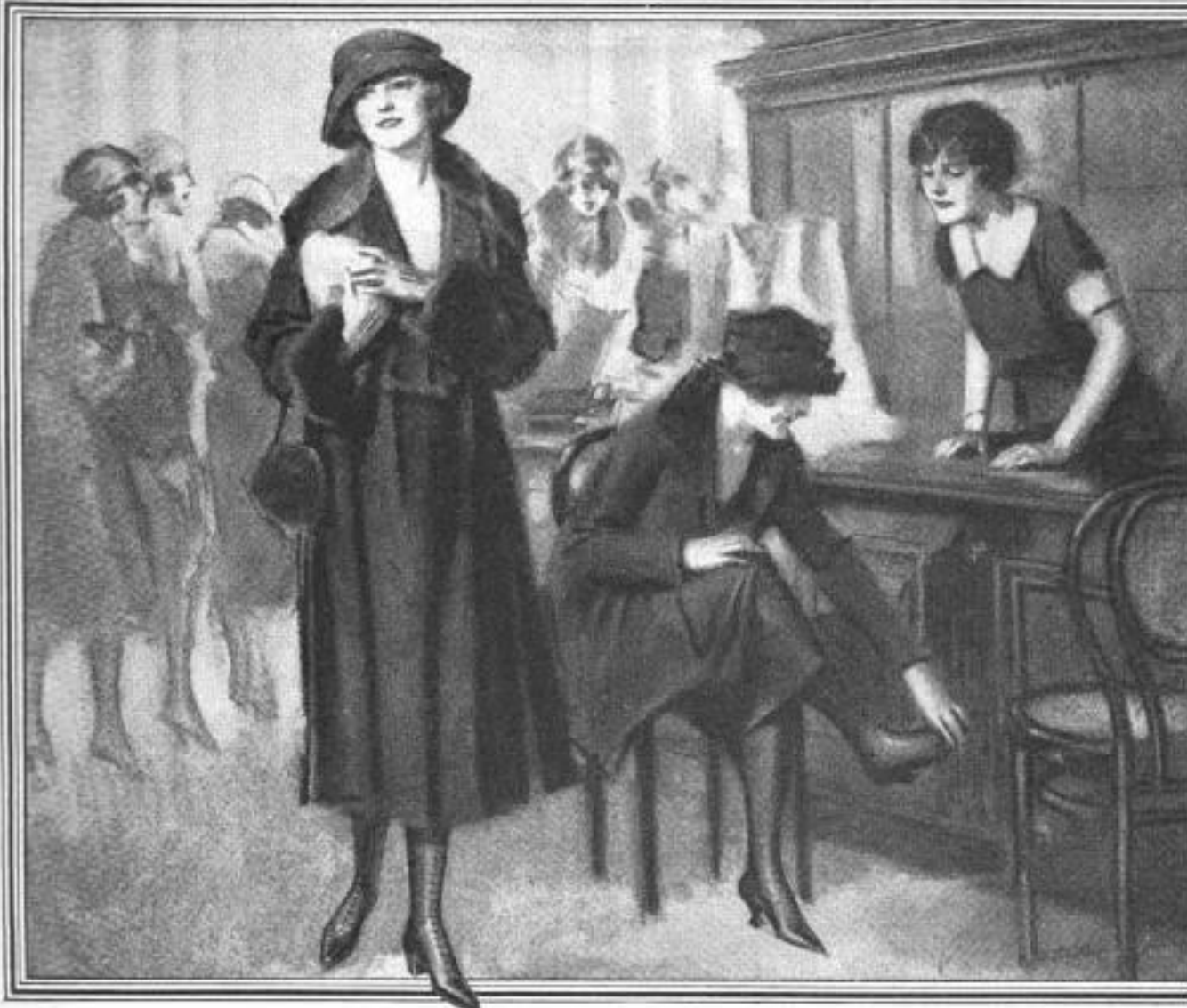
**T**HE making of a Christmas for ourselves, a Christmas of peace and contentment and happiness, a Christmas to be looked back on with warm and loving memory, lies so wholly within ourselves! "Thinking makes it so." All we

need to do is to take some of our little set notions, our funny little conventions, our fear of what people will say and think—which is nothing but petty egotism after all—and throw the whole lot of them into limbo, fling them away and utterly forget them. We can destroy any of these "inhibitions," as the psychoanalysts call them, about Christmas, if we've got the will to do it. Of course, some of them will hang around a while—there will be uneasy moments when you meet Miss Jenks at Sunday-school and remember that you did not ask her to dinner this Christmas; but there may be some compensation in the fact that sixteen-year-old Molly didn't slip away and go to the movies with that dreadful Smith boy, as she undoubtedly would have done had Miss Jenks been there. You may feel a bit guilty when you get an embroidered centerpiece from Cousin Sarah Ann, when all you sent her was a card; but it is pennies to pounds that Sarah Ann is thanking Heaven that you had the courage to put an end to Christmas traffic which had grown meaningless and burdensome to you both. Next year she will send you a card and keep her embroidered centerpiece, and there will be another willing convert to the Christmas-for-ourselves doctrine.

**T**HERE is no need to forget the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, the boys in the hospitals, the starving overseas, the unemployed, the lonely, this Christmas. Christmas for ourselves does not exclude them. It only means that we must not give so much of ourselves to them that we have nothing left for those nearest and dearest but fatigue to the point of bad temper. To waste ourselves in perfunctory giving and entertainment, to weary ourselves even in well-doing—this is to make every Christmas bell ring out of tune, and turn all Christmas sweets to bitterness. The symbolism of Christmas is so wonderful, its meaning so beautiful, its pageantry so profound a joy, that we do it no honor to bring it anything less than ourselves at our very best.







Cantilever Stores

- Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade
- Albany—Hendricks, 1302—11th Ave.
- Ashbury Park—Best Shoe Co.
- Asheville—Anthony Bros.
- Atlanta—Carlton Shoe & Clo. Co.
- Auburn, N. Y.—Dusenbury Co.
- Austin—Carl H. Mueller
- Baltimore—323 No. Charles St.
- Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
- Bay City—D. Randall Co.
- Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
- Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
- Bridgeport—W. K. Mollan
- Brooklyn—414 Fulton St.
- Buffalo—639 Main St.
- Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard
- Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
- Charleston—J. F. Condon & Sons
- Charlotte—221 Piedmont Bldg.
- Chicago—30 E. Randolph St., Room 502
- Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
- Cleveland—Graher-Powers, 1274 Euclid
- Colorado Springs—M. B. Rich Shoe Co.
- Columbia, S. C.—Watson Shoe Co.
- Columbus, Miss.—Simon Loeb's
- Columbus, O.—The Union
- Dallas—Leon Kahn Shoe Co.
- Davenport—R. M. Neustadt & Sons
- Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
- Denver—Ramp & Son
- Denver—A. T. Lewis & Son
- Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
- Detroit—T. J. Jackson, 41 E. Adams Ave.
- Easton—H. Mayer, 427 Northampton St.
- Elizabeth—Gad's, 1653 Elizabeth Ave.
- Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
- El Paso—Popular Dry Goods Co.
- Erie—Weschler Co., 910 State St.
- Evanston—North Shore Bootery
- Fitchburg—Wm. C. Goodwin
- Fort Dodge—Schill & Habenicht
- Galveston—Feldman's
- Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
- Greenville, S. C.—Pollack's
- Hagerstown—Bike's Boot Shop
- Harrisburg—Orner's, 24 No. 3d St.
- Hartford—86 Pratt St.
- Houston—Clayton's, 503 Main Street
- Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Dickel
- Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
- Jackson, Mich.—Palmer Co.
- Jacksonville—Golden's Bootery
- Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
- Johnstown, Pa.—Zang's
- Kansas City, Kan.—Nelson Shoe Co.
- Kansas City, Mo.—Jones Store Co.
- Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
- Lancaster—Frey's, 3 E. King St.
- Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
- Lawrence, Mass.—G. H. Woodman
- Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
- Little Rock—Poe Shoe Co., 302 Main St.
- Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.
- Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
- Lowell—The Bon Marche
- Macon City—Woodruff Shoe Co.
- McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan
- Meridian—Wm. Klein & Co.
- Milwaukee—Brower Shoe Co.
- Minneapolis—21 Eighth St., South
- Missoula—Missoula Merc. Co.
- Mobile—Level Best Shoe Store
- Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
- Morristown—G. W. Melick
- Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.
- Muncie—Miller's, 311 So. Walnut St.
- Nashville—J. A. Meadows & Sons
- Newark—897 Broad St. (opp. City Hall)
- New Britain—Steen Bros.
- New Haven—153 Court St. (2d floor)
- New Rochelle—Ware's
- New York—32 West 32nd St.
- Norfolk—Ames & Browder
- Oklahoma City—The Boot Shop
- Omaha—1710 Howard St.
- Pasadena—Morse-Hickman Co.
- Pasadena—Kroll's, 27 Lexington Ave.
- Partick—Evans & Young
- Philadelphia—1300 Walnut St.
- Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
- Pittsfield—Fahy's, 234 North St.
- Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
- Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
- Portland, Ore.—353 Alder St.
- Poughkeepsie—Lochs Schenberger
- Providence—The Boston Store
- Raleigh—Walk-Away Boot Shop
- Reading—S. S. Schweriner
- Richmond, Va.—S. S. Syle, 11 W. Broad
- Rochester—148 East Ave.
- Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
- Rock Island—Boston Shoe Co.
- Saginaw—Goeschel-Brater Co.
- St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. opp. P. O.
- Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
- San Antonio—Guarantee Shoe Co.
- San Diego—The Marston Co.
- San Francisco—Phelan Bldg. (Arcade)
- San Jose—Hoff & Kayser
- Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
- Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
- Schenectady—Patton & Hall
- Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
- Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
- Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
- Sioux Falls—The Bee Hive
- South Bend—Ellsworth Store
- Spokane—The Crescent
- Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
- Springfield, Mass.—Fortes & Wallare
- Stamford—L. Spelke & Son
- Syracuse—136 S. Fallis St.
- Tacoma—Fidelity Building (8th floor)
- Tampa—Glenn's, 507 Franklin St.
- Terre Haute—Otto C. Heening
- Toledo—LaFalle & Koch Co.
- Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
- Troy—W. H. Frear & Co.
- Tulsa—Lyons' Shoe Store
- Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.
- Ware—Davis-Smith Bootery
- Walla Walla—Garner & Co.
- Waltham—Rufus Warren & sons
- Washington—1319 F Street
- Waterbury—Reid & Hughes Co.
- Wheeling—Geo. R. Taylor Co.
- Wichita—Rosenbaum's
- Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
- Winston-Salem—Clark-Westbrook Co.
- Worcester—J. C. MacIntosh Co.
- Yakima—Kuhle Shoe Co.
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# Cantilever Shoe

like the foot it has a flexible arch



# What Happened to the Parker Children

## *The story of a family problem - and its solution*

HERE is a letter from a COMPANION reader. It reached us just as we were outlining our plans for the series of articles on "Keeping Well," of which this is the first. As a text on which to open the subject it seems to us ideal, because Mrs. Parker is an average reader living in an average town. Her problem is quite possibly your problem:

DEAR EDITOR: Your splendid article on "Keeping Everybody Well" in the March number appealed to me very strongly, and I am writing to ask you about epidemics of contagious diseases among children, and what is being done to fight them in progressive communities.

We live in a college town of about six thousand population.

Just now, our eldest two children, one a boy of ten, the other a boy of seven, are convalescing from an attack of measles contracted at school. David, the seven-year-old, had apparently contracted whooping cough, for as the measles passed the acute stage the severe coughing began, and now he is suffering with the paroxysms of coughing day and night. Yesterday, another, a boy of four, broke out with measles, and to-night our little girl, two and a half, is breaking out. The eldest boy is beginning to cough, probably the onset of whooping cough, with every chance that the two younger ones will have it.

I do not believe that anyone except a mother can appreciate what it means to have the care, night and day, for days, perhaps weeks, of children either acutely ill, or convalescent, this in addition to keeping her routine work going. Here it is impossible to get help except at exorbitant prices, and trained nurses are beyond our means for such illnesses.

What has troubled me so much is that the children who coughed hard were allowed to remain in school so long, and now are sent back at the end of four or five weeks, while they are still coughing. In the case of measles, why couldn't the room be closed for two or three weeks or even longer, rather than expose so many, many little children?

Ten days have passed since I started this letter, and intervening events have served to emphasize what I have expressed so far. The day after I wrote, our little daughter, who was least able to withstand the measles, had a collapse, and we had an anxious day with her.

Now, three weeks from the day our first case developed, our four children have had the measles. Two, those who had the most severe attacks, are having the whooping cough. David being at about the height of his attack, and the little girl just beginning to cough hard.

My questions are these:

1. Should measles be quarantined and the house posted by the board of health?
2. How long should children who have had measles be kept away from school?
3. Is it right that a foreign element should be allowed to spread disease? Very often they are the ones among whom the disease first appears.
4. Do advanced medical authorities hold that every child should have measles and whooping cough?
5. Is a school system or board of health doing the best thing for children, when it decides, as has been done here, that it is better for all suspicious cases to be sent to school until the disease is accurately diagnosed, and that probably the children would contract the disease elsewhere if they did not attend school?

I have brought my problem to you, hoping that you may be able to tell me from your own observations whether I am wrong in feeling so strongly about it, or whether other communities have different methods of handling the problem of contagious diseases among children. It does seem as if there might be

### Keeping Well

CAN you afford to have sickness in your family?

If someone could tell you how to avoid it, how to protect your family from disease which means doctor's visits, trained nurse's wages, druggist's bills, would you listen with interest?

The answer is obvious.

This, or something very close to it, is what the "Companion" is undertaking to do during 1922; in an important and authoritative series of articles, and supplementary literature, on the simple subject of "Keeping Well."

The subject is, as we have indicated, simple, but the task is more complicated. And yet, as an earnest of our expectation of accomplishment, we point to two campaigns inaugurated by the "Companion" which have been conspicuously successful: the Better Babies movement, by which hundreds of thousands of babies have during the past twelve years been started on the road to sturdy health, and Doctor Emerson's Nutrition Clinic for Delicate Children, begun two years ago, which has taken up the cause of the under-weight child, and is even more popular to-day than when it started.

The new series will attempt to carry on, for the older child and the adult, the work for good health begun through the Better Babies and Doctor Emerson departments, and will enlist the aid of the best authorities in the preparation of the articles and supplementary literature to be offered during 1922.

The article on this page is the first in the series. Mrs. Parker is not an imaginary person. She is a real "Woman's Home Companion" reader, whose letter reached us in the regular routine mail. Her problem is one that we believe arises sometime in every family. No one is better qualified to advise Mrs. Parker and others in similar circumstances than Doctor Harris.

some protection for a family of children, some of whom are under school age.

We have done all we could for our children before sending them to school, having had tonsils and adenoids removed, and having had their teeth carefully looked after.

With your experience and association with people who are building for health, you can speak with certainty. Which states rank highest in matters of public health? I would like to write to at least fifteen state commissioners of health to inquire about their methods, hoping thereby to change conditions in our own community, so that other mothers may be spared the anxiety which we have suffered. Then our bitter experience will not have been in vain.

The Editor of the COMPANION secured for Mrs. Parker the literature, rules, and regulations issued by the Bureau of Preventable Diseases, Department of Health, City of New York, recognized the country over as one of the most progressive and efficient bureaus in public health service.

On June 7th, six weeks later, the Editor received the following letter from Mrs. Parker:

Your letter would have been answered sooner, but it found us fighting bronchial pneumonia with our little daughter. When I wrote you last, Elizabeth was just beginning to cough hard with whooping cough. Her strength gradually failed, as she was exhausted by the paroxysms. Three weeks ago bronchial pneumonia developed. In her weakened condition the outlook was grave from the first, and for seven days we anxiously watched her approach to the crisis of the disease. Each day she grew a little weaker.

My husband and I dropped all other duties and for one week watched her day and night. I believe she has been spared to us only by the exceptional skill of our physician and our own prayers.

The pneumonia passed the crisis on the night of May 21st, and now the whooping cough is subsiding. Because of the terrible strain on all the organs, we are fighting kidney complications, but we know that she gains a little each day, and with good care she will eventually be strong again.

I want to thank you for your friendly and helpful letters and for the literature sent by the New York Health Department. I have talked with our superintendent of schools, and he has asked me if I would bring to him, after vacation begins, whatever material I may have regarding regulations in other places.

I feel that the most important change in our system is keeping suspicious cases out of schools, so that is the information I want most at present.

The health campaign which your magazine is planning will interest many thousands, especially the mothers of children who might be exposed to these so-called juvenile diseases. God speed the day when all little children shall be protected from them by laws which are enforced!

Now let us review the trials through which the Parker children and their parents have passed:

Two boys lost nearly half a term in school, and paid a heavy price in strength and energy.

Four children were deprived of their right—good health—after being given a fair start by their parents.

For two months a mother had to neglect all other duties to act as trained nurse for four children unnecessarily stricken by disease.

For two months a good citizen was distracted from his business affairs by this preventable illness in his home, and for one week he was unable to give any attention to business matters at all.

The family purse has been heavily drained by bills from physician and druggist, and by the incidental expenses of illness. Saddest of all, the children have been subjected to nerve-racking pain, and the parents to fear and anguish.

In every community where there is no health inspection for school children, or where quarantine is lax, families, thousands of them, are passing through the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Parker.

How can this atrocious waste of money, time, energy, and child-life be checked?

We have asked an able authority, who has had wide experience with this problem, to give his solution for the benefit of COMPANION readers.

## How They Should Have Been Protected

FIRST, I will answer Mrs. Parker's questions, specifically but briefly. Then I hope to prove how various factors, working in cooperation, will prevent such diseases as visited the Parker family and the community in which they live.

Q. Should measles be quarantined and the house posted by the board of health?

A. Emphatically, yes. Measles is a highly contagious disease. One of its complications or after-effects, pneumonia, often proves fatal.

Q. How long should children who have had measles be kept away from school?

A. From the moment the first signs suggestive of measles are noticed until seven days after the first appearance of the rash, provided, of course, that there is no discharge from the nose or throat, or other complication.

By LOUIS I. HARRIS, M. D.

Director of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases  
Department of Health, City of New York

Q. Is it right that a foreign element should be allowed to spread disease? Very often they are the ones among whom the disease first appears.

A. If an epidemic of communicable disease starts, and spreads in a foreign quarter, and is carried from there to the schools, the families of the "foreign element" pay a heavy toll in suffering. Epidemics claim more victims there than in the homes of the well-to-do, because its families live in congested quarters and have fewer facilities for segregating the sick and nursing them. Foreigners who spread disease are usually more sinned

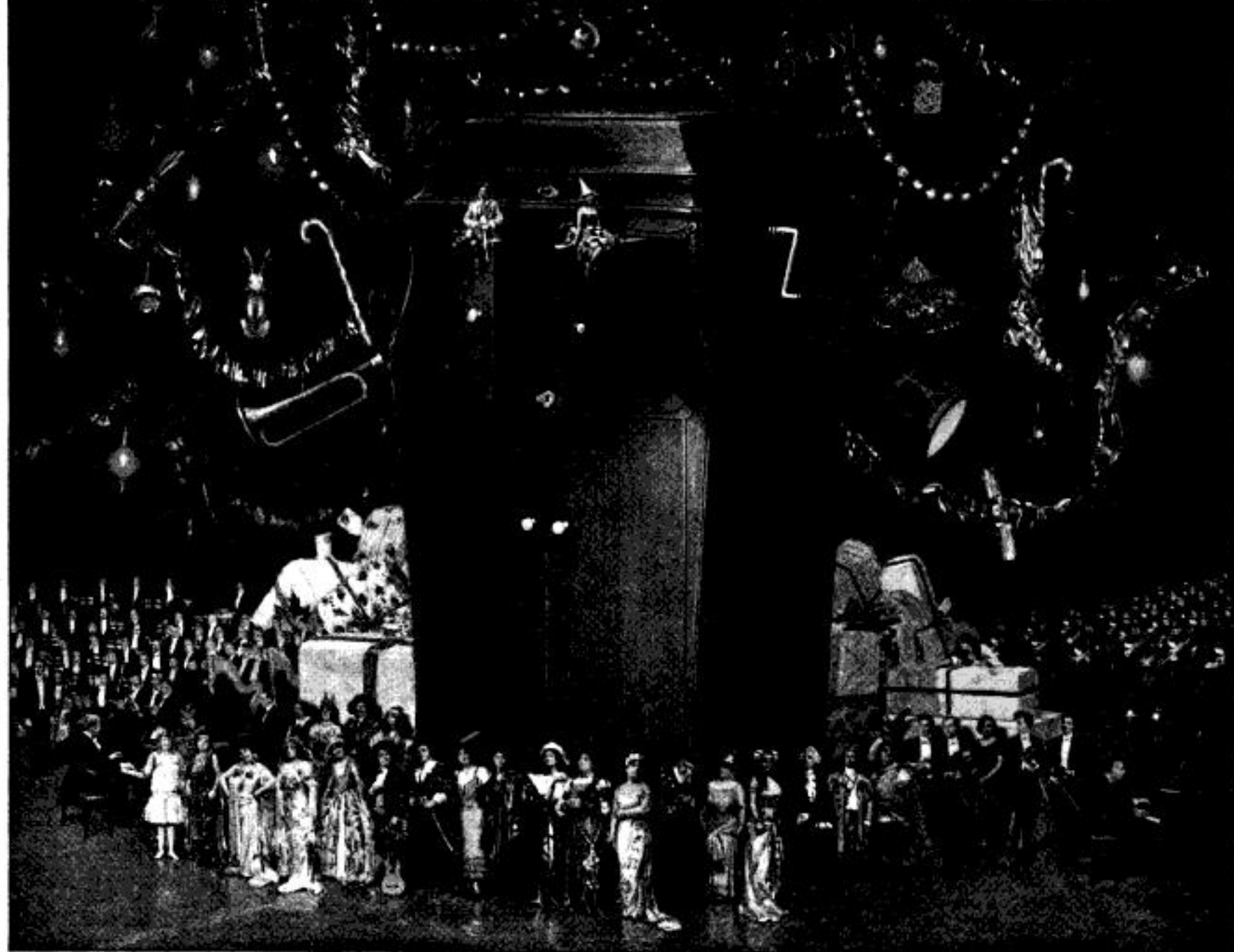
against than sinning, by the insanitary environment provided for them.

Q. Do advanced medical authorities hold that every child should have measles and whooping cough?

A. No intelligent person to-day can permit his or her children to be exposed to either of the above named diseases without being guilty of criminal negligence. If the truth were known about whooping cough, mothers would recognize it as one of the most dangerous of diseases, and protect their children from exposure by every known measure. Because of the apparently "harmless" onset of whooping cough and measles, and because men of science admit that they cannot identify the individual in whose throat the germ is harbored, the protection afforded children by public health service and by parents may fail; but if a child must be exposed to either of these diseases, it is best to postpone [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



# Victrola



## The Victrola is the gift of all music to your home

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**Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.**





*Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory.*

**T**HE daily bath is a real pleasure to millions of people because of Ivory Soap, yet they do not think of Ivory as only a "bath" soap.

For the toilet, the shampoo and the nursery its users would not risk using any other soap, yet they do not think of Ivory as a "toilet" soap exclusively.

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Especially for the washbowl washing of delicate garments. Sample package free on request to Division 12-L, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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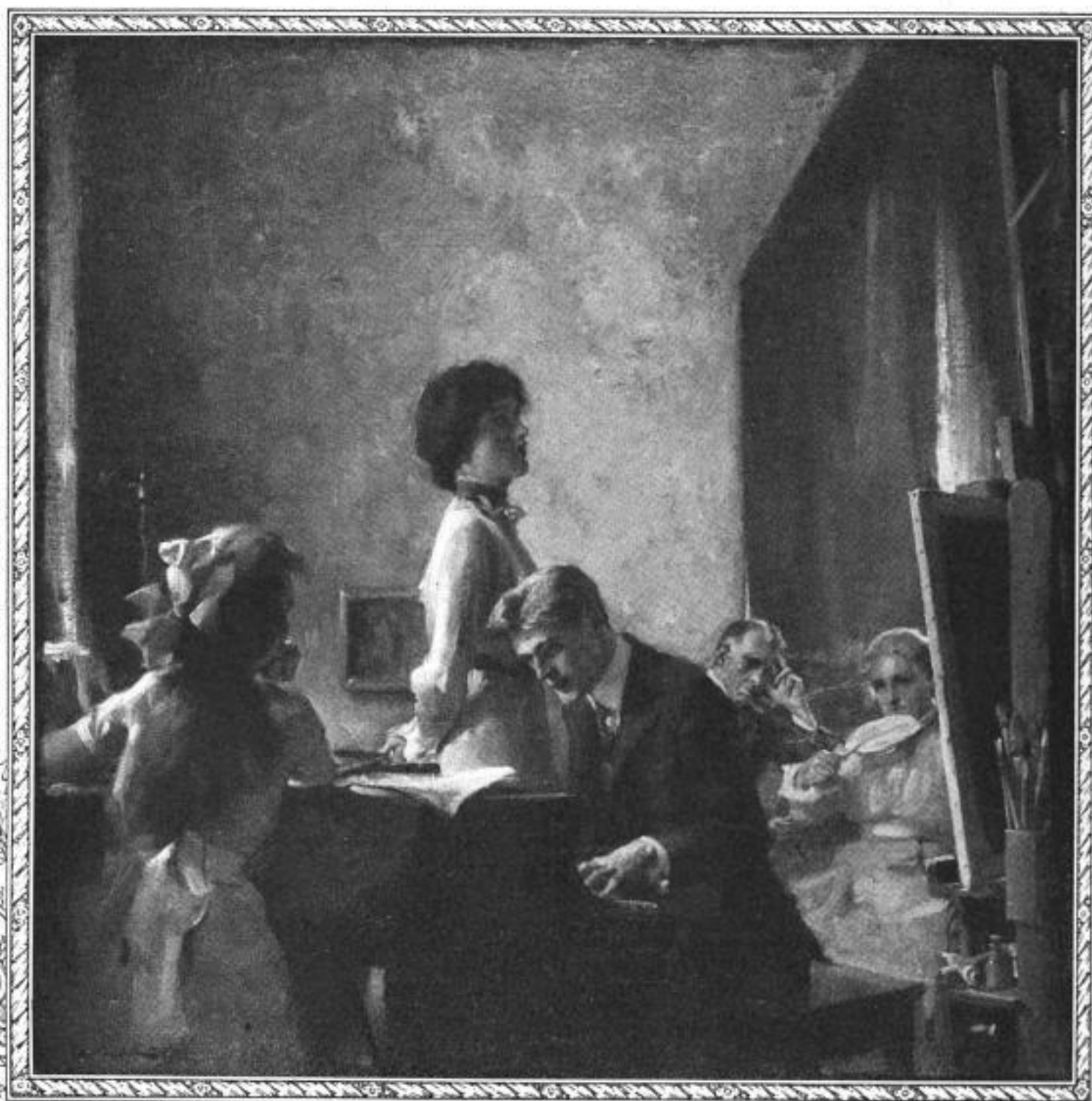
# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Gertrude B. Lane, Editor

Volume 48

December 1921

Number 12



Standing in the twilight, with Maurice playing her accompaniment, she sung, very simply, and with quite poignant beauty, the song of "Golden Numbers"

ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY  
C. E. CHAMBERS  
AND  
THOMAS FOGARTY

## The Vehement Flame

A Novel

By MARGARET DELAND

*Love is as strong as death: jealousy  
is cruel as the grave: the coals  
thereof are coals of fire, which hath  
a most vehement flame.*

THE SONG OF SOLOMON, VIII, 6.

The boy took out his watch and looked at it. "We have been married," he said, "exactly fifty-four minutes."

"I can't believe it!" she said.

"If I love you like this after fifty-four minutes of married life, how do you suppose I shall feel after fifty-four years of it?" He flung an arm about her waist, and his face against her knee; she felt him tremble. "We are married!" he said, in a smothered voice.

She bent over and kissed his thick hair, silently. At which he sat up and looked at her with blue, eager eyes.

"It just came over me! Oh, Eleanor, suppose I hadn't got you? You said 'No' six times. You certainly did behave very badly," he said, showing his white teeth in a radiant grin.

"Some people will say I behaved very badly when I said 'Yes'."



"Tell 'em to go to the devil! What does Mrs. Maurice Curtis (doesn't that sound pretty fine?) care for a lot of old cats? Don't we know that we are in heaven?" He caught her hand and crushed it against his mouth. "I wish," he said, very low, "I almost wish I could die, now, here. At your feet. It seems as if I couldn't live, I am so—" He stopped. So—what? Words are ridiculously inadequate things!... "Happiness" wasn't the name of that fire in his breast! Happiness? "Why, it's God," he said to himself; "God." Aloud, he only said, again, "We are married!"

She did not speak—she was a creature of lovely and alluring silences. She just put her hand in his. Suddenly she began to sing; there was a very noble quality in the serene sweetness of her voice:

"O Thou with dewy locks, who lookest down  
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn  
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!"

That last word rose like a flight of wings into the blue air. Her husband looked at her; for a compelling instant his eyes dredged the depths of hers, so that all the joyous, frightened woman in her retreated behind a flutter of laughter.

"O Spring!" he repeated; "we are Spring. Nelly—you and I... I'll never forget the first time I heard you sing that; snowing like blazes it was; do you remember? But I swear I felt this hot grass, then, in Mrs. Newbolt's parlor, with all those awful bric-à-brac things around!—and the wind making the windows rattle. Yes," he said, putting his hand on a little sundrenched boulder jutting from the earth beside him; "I felt this sun on my hand! And when you came to 'O Spring!' I saw this sky—" He stopped, pulled three blades of blossoming grass and began to braid them into a ring. "Lord!" he said and his voice was suddenly startled; "what a darned little thing can throw the switches! Because I didn't get by in Math. D and Ec. 2, and had to crawl out to Mercer to cram with old Bradley—I met you! Eleanor! Isn't it wonderful? A little thing like that—just falling down in mathematics—changed my whole life?" The wild gaiety in his eyes sobered; "I happened to come to Mercer—and you are my wife." His fingers, holding the little grassy ring, suddenly trembled; but the next instant gaiety flooded in again! He threw himself back on the grass, and kicked up his heels in a preposterous gesture of ecstasy; then caught her hand, slipped the braided ring over that plain band of gold which had been on her finger for fifty-four minutes, kissed it—and the palm of her hand—and said, "You never can escape me! Eleanor, your voice played the deuce with me. I rushed home and read every poem in my volume of Blake! Go on; give us the rest."

She smiled:

"... And let our winds  
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste  
Thy morn and evening breath!"

But he cried out, "Oh—stop!"—and looked away from her. "I can't bear it," he said, huskily; and turning on his face, he kissed the grass, earth's "perfumed garment," snow-sprinkled with locust blossoms...

The moment of passion left him serious; "When I think of Mrs. Newbolt," he said, "I could commit murder." In his own mind he was saying, "I've rescued her!"

"Oh, Auntie doesn't mean to be unkind," Eleanor protested, wistfully; "only she never understood me—Maurice! Be careful! There's a little ant—don't step on it!" She made him pause in his diatribe against Mrs. Newbolt and move his heel; then she pushed the ant aside with a clover blossom. Her anxious gentleness made him laugh, but it seemed to him perfectly beautiful. Then he went on about Mrs. Newbolt.

"Of course she could not understand you! You might as well expect a high-tempered cow to understand a violin solo, as your aunt to understand you."

"How mad she'd be to be called a cow! Oh, Maurice, do you suppose she's got my letter by this time? She'll rage."

"Let her rage. Nothing can separate us now."

Thus they dismissed Mrs. Newbolt, and the shock she was probably experiencing at that very moment, while reading Eleanor's letter announcing that, at thirty-nine, she was going to marry this very young man.

"No; nothing can part us," Eleanor said; "forever and ever." And again they were silent—landed in rippling tides of wind-blown grass, with the warm fragrance of drooping locust blossoms enfolding them, and in their ears the endless murmur of the brown river. Then

Eleanor said, suddenly, "Maurice! Mr. Houghton? What will he do when he hears? He'll think an 'elopement' is dreadful!"

He chuckled. "Uncle Henry— He isn't really my uncle, but I call him that. He won't rage. He'll just whistle. People of his age have to whistle, to show they're alive. I have reason to believe," he said, grinning, "that he whistled when I flunked in my mid-years. I felt sorry myself—on his account; I hated to jar him, but—gosh! I'd have flunked ABC's, for this. Nelly, I tell you Heaven hasn't got anything on this! As for Uncle Henry, I'll write him to-morrow that I had to get



*Then, for a while, still dumb with the wonder of themselves, they watched the sky, and the sailing white clouds, and the river—flowing—flowing, and each other*

married sort of in a hurry, because Mrs. Newbolt wanted to haul you off to Europe. He'll understand. He's white. And he won't really mind—after the first tiff—because he'll adore you. He adores beauty."

Her delight in his praise made her almost beautiful; but she protested that he was a goose. Then she took off the little grass ring, and slipped it into her pocketbook. "I'm going to keep it always," she said. "How about Mrs. Houghton?"

"She'll love you! She's a peach. And Edith—"

"Who is Edith?"

"Their kid. Eleven years old. She paid me the compliment of announcing, when she was seven, that she was going to marry me when she grew up! But I believe, now, she has a crush on Sir Walter Raleigh. She'll adore you, too."

"I'm afraid of them all," she confessed; "they won't like an elopement."

"They'll fall over themselves with joy to think I'm settled for life! I'm afraid I've been a cursed nuisance to Uncle Henry," he said ruefully; "always doing fool things, you know, when I was a boy. And he's been great, always. But I know he's been afraid I'd take a wild flight in actresses."

"Wild flight? What will he call—" She stopped and caught her breath.

"He'll call it a 'wild flight in angels'!" he said.

The word made her put a laughing and protesting hand, which he kissed, over his lips. Then she said that she remembered Mr. Houghton: "I met him a long time ago; when—when you were a little boy."

"And yet here you are, 'Mrs. Maurice Curtis'! Isn't it supreme?" he demanded. The moment was so beyond words that it made him sophomoric—which was appropriate enough, even though his freshman year had been halted by those regrettable examinations, which had so "jarred" his guardian! "I'll be twenty in September," he said. Evidently the thought of his increasing years gave him pleasure. That Eleanor's years were also increasing did not occur to him; and no wonder, for, compared to people like Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, Eleanor was young enough!—only thirty-nine. It was back in the nineties that she had met her husband's guardian, who, in those days, had been the owner of a cotton mill in Mercer, but who now, instead of making money, cultivated potatoes (and tried to paint)! Eleanor knew the Houghtons when they were Mercer mill folk; and, as she said, this charming youngster—living then in Philadelphia—had been "a little boy;" now, here he was, her husband for "fifty-four minutes." And she was nearly forty, and he was nineteen. That Henry Houghton, up on his mountain farm, pottering about in his big, gaunt, dusty studio, and delving among his potatoes, would whistle, was to be expected.

"But who cares?" Maurice said. "It isn't his funeral."

"He'll think it's yours," she retorted, with a little

laugh. She was not much given to laughter. Her life had been singularly monotonous and, having seen very little of the world, she had that self-distrust which is afraid to laugh unless other people are laughing, too. She taught singing at Fern Hill, a private school in Mercer's suburbs. She did not care for the older pupils, but she was devoted to the very little girls. She played wonderfully on the piano, and suffered from indigestion; her face was at times almost beautiful; she had a round, full chin, and a lovely red lower lip; her forehead was very white, with soft, dark hair rippling away from it. Certainly, she had moments of beauty. She talked very little; perhaps because she had nothing much to say. Or perhaps because she hadn't the chance to talk—living, as she did, with an excessively talkative aunt, who monopolized the conversation. Except for her little ragged Skye terrier, Bingo, she hadn't many friends. Her shyness was so often mistaken for hauteur, that she had not inspired friendship in women of her own age, and Mrs. Newbolt's elderly acquaintances were merely condescending to her, and gave her good advice; so it was a dull life. Perhaps her laundress, Mrs. O'Brien, to whose crippled grandson she gave music lessons, knew her better than any of the people among whom she lived; she was not self-conscious with Mrs. O'Brien and Donny—just gently kind. When Maurice Curtis, cramming in Mercer because Destiny had broken his tutor's leg there, and presenting (somewhat reluctantly) a letter of introduction from his guardian to Mrs. Newbolt—when Maurice met Mrs. Newbolt's niece, her silences—silence is very moving to Youth, for who knows what it hides?—and her deep, still eyes, lured him like a mys-

tery. Then, she sang; and instantly he knew that it was Beauty which hid in silence—and he was in love with her! He had met her on Tuesday, called on Wednesday, proposed on Friday;—it was all quite like Solomon Grundy! except that, although she had fallen in love with him almost as instantly as he had fallen in love with her, she had properly—and continually—refused him. During the period of her refusals, the boy's love glowed like a furnace; it brought both power and maturity into his fresh, ardent, sensitive face. He threw every thought to the winds—except the thought of rescuing his princess from Mrs. Newbolt's imprisoning bric-à-brac! As for his "cramming," the tutor into whose hands Mr. Houghton had committed his ward's very defective trigonometry and economics, Mr. Bradley, held in Mercer because of an annoying accident, said to himself that his intentions were honest, but if Curtis didn't turn up for three days running, he would utilize the time his pupil was paying for by writing a paper on "The Fourth Dimension."

Maurice was in some new dimension himself! Except "old Brad," he knew almost no one in Mercer, so he had no confidant; and because his passion was, perforce, inarticulate, his candid forehead gathered wrinkles of positive suffering, which made him look as old, if not older, than Eleanor, who, dazed by the first very exciting thing that had ever happened to her, the experience of being adored—and adored by a boy, which is a heady thing to a woman of her age—Eleanor was saying to herself a dozen times a day, "Oh, what shall I do?" Then suddenly, almost as much to his astonishment as to hers, there came a day when the rush of his passion swept her into his decision...

Her aunt had announced that she was going to Europe. "I'm goin' to take you," Mrs. Newbolt told Eleanor; "I don't know what would become of you, if I left you alone! You are about as capable as a baby. That was a great phrase of your dear Uncle Thomas's—'capable as a baby.' I'm puffedly sure the parlor ceilin' has got to be tinted this spring. I declare, I don't know how I'm goin' to afford it! When does your school close? We'll go the minute it closes. You can board Bingo with Mrs. O'Brien."

Eleanor, deeply hurt, was tempted to retort with the announcement that she needn't be "left alone;" she might get married! But she was silent; she never knew what to say when assailed by the older woman's tongue. She just wrote Maurice helplessly that she was going abroad.

He was panic-stricken. Going abroad? The aunt was a she-devil, to carry her off—Then, in the midst of his anger, he recognized his opportunity. "The hell-cat has done me a good turn, I do believe!" he exulted. "I'll get her! Bless Mrs. Newbolt! I'll pay her passage myself, if she'll only go, and never come back!"

It was on the heels of that acrid candor about Eleanor's "capability" that he swept her resistance away. "You've



got to marry me," he told her; "that's all there is to it." He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a marriage license; "I'll call for you to-morrow at ten; we'll go to the mayor's office. I've got it all fixed up. So, you see there's no getting out of it."

"But," she protested, dazzled by the sheer, beautiful impertinence of it, "Maurice, I can't—I won't—I—"

"You will," he said. "To-morrow's Saturday," he added, practically; "and there's no school, so you're free." He rose. "Better leave a letter for your aunt. I'll be here at five minutes to ten. Be ready!" He paused and looked hard at her; caught her roughly in his arms, kissed her on her mouth, and walked out of the room.

The mere violence of it lifted her into the Great Adventure! When he commanded, "Be ready!"—she, with a gasp, said, "Yes."

Well, they had gone to the mayor's office, and been married; then they had got on a car and ridden through Mercer's dingy outskirts to the end of the route, in Medfield, where there were glimpses, beyond suburban uglinesses, of green fields.

Once as the car rushed along, screeching around curves and banging over switches, Eleanor said, "I've come out here four times a week for four years, to Fern Hill."

And Maurice said, "Well, that's over! No more school-teaching for you!"

She smiled and sighed. "I'll miss my little people," she said.

But except for that they were silent. When they left the car, he led the way across a meadow to the bank of the river; there they sat down under the locust, and he kissed her quietly; then, for a while, still dumb with the wonder of themselves, they watched the sky, and the sailing white clouds, and the river!—flowing—flowing, and each other.

"Fifty-four minutes," he had said. . . . So they sat there and planned for the endless future—the "fifty-four years."

"When we have our golden wedding," he said, "we shall come back here, and sit under this tree—" He paused; he would be—let's see: nineteen, plus fifty, makes sixty-nine. He did not go further with his mental arithmetic, and say thirty-nine plus fifty; he was only thinking of himself, not of her. In fifty years he would be, he told himself, an old man.

And what would happen in all those fifty golden years? "You know, then, perhaps it won't be—just us?" he said.

The color leaped to her face; she nodded, finding no words in which to expand that joyous "perhaps," which touched the quick in her—a maternal instinct, which had had, so far, no outlet, except as she taught the very little children at Fern Hill; and, of course, in devotion to Bingo! "It won't be just us!" Instantly that sum in addition which he had not essayed in his own mind, became unimportant in hers. What difference did the nineteen severing years make, after all? Her heart rose with a bound—she had a quick vision of a little head against her bosom! But she could not put it into words. She only challenged him: "I am not clever like you. Do you think you can love a stupid person for fifty years?"

"For a thousand years!—but you're not stupid."

She looked doubtful; then went on confessing: "And I'm awfully timid. And Auntie says I'm jealous."

"So long as you're not afraid of me," he said, "the more scared you are, the better I like it. A man," said Maurice, "likes to feel that he protects his—his wife." He paused and repeated the glowing word. . . . "his wife!" For a moment he could not go on with their careless talk; then he was practical again. That word "protecting" was too robust for sentimentality. "As for being jealous, that, about me, is a joke! And if you were, it would only mean that you loved me—so I would be flattered! I hope you'll be jealous! Eleanor, promise me you'll be jealous!" They both laughed; then he said, "I've made up my mind to one thing. I won't go back to college."

"Oh, Maurice!"

He was very matter of fact: "I'm a married man! I'm going to support my wife!" He ran his fingers through his thick hair in ridiculous pantomime of terrified responsibility. "Yes, sir! I'm out for dollars. Well, I'm glad I haven't any near relations to get on their ear, and try and mind my business for me. Of course," he ruminated, "Bradley will kick like a steer, when I tell him he's bounced! But that will be on account of money. Oh, I'll pay him, all same," he said, largely. "Yes; I'm going to get a job." His face sobered into serious happiness. "My allowance won't provide bones for Bingo! So it's business for me!"

She looked a little frightened. "Oh, have I made you go to work?" She had never asked him about money; she had plunged into matrimony without the slightest knowledge of his income.

"I'll chuck Bradley, and I'll chuck college," he announced. "As for college, when you come down to hard pan, I've got to. Of course, ultimately, I'll have plenty of money. Mr. Houghton has dry-nursed what Father left me, ever since I was a boy; Father died four years ago. He has done mighty well with it; but I can't touch it till I'm twenty-five—worse luck! Father had theories about a fellow being kept down to brass tacks and earning his living, before he inherited money another man had earned—that's the way he put it. Queer idea. So, I must get a job. Uncle Henry'll help me. You may bet on it that Mrs. Maurice Curtis shall not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine, but live on strawberries, sugar and—what's the rest of it?"

"I have a little money of my own," she said; "six hundred a year."

"It will pay for your hairpins," he said, and put out his hand and touched her hair—black, and very soft and wavy; "but the strawberries I shall provide."

"I never thought about money," she confessed.

"Of course not! Angels don't think about money."

"So they were married;" and in the meadow, fifty-four minutes later, the sun and wind and moving shadows, and the river—flowing—flowing—heralded the golden years, and ended the saying: "lived happy ever afterward."

## CHAPTER II

IT WAS three days after the young husband, lying in the grass, his cheek on his wife's hand, had made his careless prophecy about "whistling," that Henry Houghton, jogging along in the sunshine toward Grafton for the morning mail, slapped a rein down on Lion's fat back, and whistled placidly enough. . . . (But that was before he reached the post office.) His wife, whose sweet and rosy bulk took up most of the space on the seat, listened, smiling with content. When he was placid, she was placid; when he wasn't, which happened now and then, she was an alertly, reasonable woman, defending from himself, and wrenching from his hand, with ironic guile, or rallying seriousness, the dagger of his discontent with what he called his "failure" in life—which was what most people called his success—a business career, chosen because the support of several inescapable blood relations was not compatible with his own profession of painting.

All of his training and hope had been centered upon art. The fact that, after renouncing it, an admirably managed cotton mill provided bread and butter for sickly sisters and wasteful brothers, to say nothing of his own modest prosperity, never made up to him for the career which he might have had!—the career of a struggling and probably unsuccessful artist. He ran his cotton mill, and supported all the family undesirables until either death or marriage took the millstone from around his neck; then he retired, as the saying is, although it was really setting sail again for life—to his studio (with a farmhouse attached) in the mountains. There had been a year of passionate work and expectation—but his pictures were dead. "I've sold my birth-right," he said, briefly.

But he still stayed on the farm, and dreamed in his studio, and taught his little Edith to draw, and mourned. As for business, he had turned away from the mess of pottage—except as he looked after Maurice Curtis's affairs; this because the boy's father had been his friend—but it was the consciousness of the mess of pottage, and the dead pictures in his studio, which kept him from "whistling" very often. However, on this June morning, plodding along between blossoming fields, climbing wooded hills, and clattering through dusky covered bridges, he was not thinking of his pictures; so, naturally enough, he whistled; a very different whistling from that which Maurice, lying in the grass beside his wife of fifty-four minutes, had foreseen for him—when the mail should be distributed. Once, just from sheer content, he stopped his:

"Did you ever ever ever  
In your life life life  
See the devil devil devil  
Or his wife wife wife—"

and turned and looked at his Mary.

"Nice day, Kit?" he said; and she said, "Lovely!" Then she brushed her elderly, rosy cheek against his shabby coat, and kissed it. They had been married for thirty years, and she had held up his hands as he placed upon the altar of a repugnant duty the offering of a great renunciation. She had hoped that the birth of their last, and only living, child, Edith, would reconcile him to the material results of the renunciation; but he was as indifferent to money for his girl as he had been for himself. . . . So there they were now, living rather carefully in an old stone farmhouse on one of the green foothills of the Allegheny Mountains. The thing that came nearest to soothing the bruises of his mind was the possibilities he saw in Maurice.

"The inconsequence of the scamp amounts to genius!" he used to tell his Mary with admiring displeasure at one or another of Maurice's scrapes. "Look at this mid-year performance. He ought to be kicked for flunking. He simply dropped everything except his music! Apparently he can't study;

even spelling is a matter of private judgment with Maurice. Oh, yes; of course I know I ought to have scalped him; his father would have scalped him. But somehow the scoundrel gets round me! I suppose it's because, though he is provoking, he is never irritating. And he's as much of a fool as I was at his age! That keeps me fair to him. Well, it's my business to give him his chance to be a complete fool, instead of making money in cotton. The fact is, he has stuff in him, that boy! He has no end of grit; he never cried baby in his life! And he has imagination and music and poetry. Our Edith is a nice little clod, compared to him."

The affection of these two people for Maurice could hardly have been greater if he had been their son: "Mother loves Maurice better 'an she loves me," Edith used to reflect; "I guess it's because he never gets muddy the way I do, and tracks dirt into the house. He wipes his feet."

"What do you suppose," Mrs. Houghton said, remembering Edith's summing up of things, "Edith told me this morning that the reason I loved Maurice more than I loved her—"

"What?"

"Yes; isn't she funny?—was because he 'wiped his feet' when he came into the house."

Edith's father stopped whistling, and smiled: "That child is as practical as a shuttle; but she hasn't a mean streak in her!" he said, with satisfaction, and began to whistle again. "Nice girl," he said, after a while; "but the most rationalizing youngster! I hope she'll get foolish before she falls in love! Mary, one of these days, when she grows up, perhaps she and Maurice—"

"Matchmaker!" she said, horrified; then objected, "Can't she rationalize and fall in love too? I'm rather given to reason myself, Henry."

"Yes, honey; you are now; but you were as sweet a fool as anybody when you fell in love, thank God." She laughed, and he said, resignedly, "I suppose you'll have an hour's shopping to do! We'll go to the post office first; then I can read my letters while you are colloquy with all the storekeepers."

Mrs. Houghton, looking at her shopping list, agreed, and when he got out for the mail she was still checking off people and purchases; it was only when she had added one or two more errands that she suddenly awoke to the fact that he was very slow in coming back with the letters. "Stupid!" she said, under her breath; "opening your mail in the post office, instead of keeping it to read while I'm shopping!"—but even as she reproached him, he came out and climbed into the buggy, in sharp and very evident perturbation.

"Where do you want to go?" he said; she, asking no questions (marvelous woman!), told him. He said "G'zap!" angrily. Lion backed, and the wheel screeched against the curb. "Oh, g'on!" he said. Lion switched his tail, caught a rein under it, and trotted off. Mr. Houghton leaned over the dashboard, swore softly, and gave the horse a slap with the rescued rein. But the outburst loosened the dumb distress that had settled upon him in the post office; he gave a despairing grunt:

"Well! Maurice has come the final cropper."

"Stop at Race's, dear, please. I want some ink," she said. He drew up, and she got out, saying, "I'll be just a minute."

She was ten minutes; when she sat down again beside him, and pulled up the lap robe, she said: "Smith's next. What is it, Henry?"

"He's gone on the rocks (druggist Smith, or fish Smith?)"

"Druggist. Has Maurice been drinking?" She could not keep the anxiety out of her voice.

"Drinking? He could be as drunk as a lord, and I wouldn't—Whoa, Lion! . . . Get me some shaving soap, Kit!" he called after her, as she went into the shop.

When she came back with her packages and got back into the buggy, she said, quietly, "Now, dear, tell me."

"He has simply done what I put him in the way of doing when I gave him a letter of introduction to that Mrs. Newbolt, in Mercer."

"Newbolt? I don't remember—"

"Yes, you do. Pop eyes. Fat. Talked every minute, and everything she said a non-sequitur. I used to wonder why her husband

didn't wring her neck. He was on our board. Died the year we came up here. Talked to death, probably."

"Oh, yes. I remember her. Well?"

"I thought she might make things pleasant for Maurice while he was cramming this summer. He doesn't know



Henry Houghton, jogging along in the sunshine toward Grafton for the morning mail, slapped a rein down on Lion's fat back



a soul in Mercer, and Bradley's game leg wouldn't help out with sociability. So I gave him letters to two or three people. Mrs. Newbolt was one of them. I hated her, because she dropped her g's; but she had good food, and I thought she'd ask him to dinner once in a while."

"Well?"

"She did. And he's married her niece."

"What! Without your consent! I'm shocked that Mrs. Newbolt permitted—"

"Probably her permission wasn't asked, any more than mine."

"You mean an elopement? How outrageous in Maurice!" Mrs. Houghton said.

Her husband agreed: "Abominable. Mary, do you mind if I smoke?"

"Very much; but you'll do it all the same. I suppose the girl's a mere child!" Then she quailed. "Henry!—she's respectable, isn't she? I couldn't bear it, if—if she was some—dreadful person."

He sheltered a sputtering match in his curving hand and lighted a cigar; then he said, "Oh, I suppose she's respectable enough; but she's 'dreadful,' all the same. He says she's a music teacher. Probably caught him that way. Music would lead Maurice by the nose. Confound that boy! And his father trusted me." His face twitched with distress.

"As for being a 'mere child,'—there; read his letter."

She took it, and fumbled about for her spectacles; half way through, she gave an exclamation of dismay. "A few years older"—she must be twenty years older!"

"Good heavens, Mary!"

"Well, perhaps not quite twenty, but—"

Henry Houghton groaned. "I'll tell Bradley my opinion of him as a coach."

"My dear, Mr. Bradley couldn't have prevented it.... Yes; I remember her perfectly. She came to tea with Mrs. Newbolt several times—and brought a little dog with her. Middle-aged women with little dogs do not attract me."

"It comes back to me," he said, frowning. "Dark eyes? Looked like one of Rossetti's women?"

"Yes. Handsome; but no meaning in her face. And dull, I thought. She proved that, by marrying Maurice! Oh, what a fool!" Then she tried to console him: "But one of the happiest marriages I ever knew was between a man of thirty and a much older woman."

"But not between a boy of nineteen and a much older woman! The trouble is not her age but his youth. Why didn't she adopt him? ... I bet the aunt's cussing, too."

"Probably. Well, we've got to think what to do," Mary Houghton said.

"Do? What do you mean? Get a divorce for him?"

"He's just married; he doesn't want a divorce yet," she said, simply; and her husband laughed, in spite of his consternation.

"Oh, lord, I wish I was asleep!"

Mary, what I can't understand is the woman. He's a child, almost; and vanity at having a woman of forty fall in love with him explains him. And besides, Maurice is no Eurydice; music would lead him into hell, not out of it. It's the other fool that puzzles me."

"Don't call her a fool, poor thing!"

"You did," he defended himself.

His wife sighed. "I oughtn't to have.... Henry, if her mind keeps young, it won't matter so much about her body."

"My dear," he said, dryly, "human critters are human critters. In ten years it will be an impossible situation."

But again she contradicted him: "No! Unhappiness is possible; but not inevitable!"

"Dear Goose, may a simple man ask how it is to be avoided?"

"By unselfishness," she said; "it can't be an ideal marriage—I admit that, human critters being, as you say, human!—but it needn't be a tragedy. No marriage ever went on the rocks where both 'human critters' were unselfish. The trouble is, it's so hard for age to be sympathetic with youth! If this poor, foolish woman's mind keeps young, she can hold him by unselfishness. If it doesn't—" she sighed; "well, Maurice will just have to be tactful. If he is, it may not be so very bad," she said, with determined optimism.

"Kit, when a man has to be 'tactful' with his wife, God help him!—or a woman with her husband," he added, in a sudden tender afterthought. "We've never been 'tactful' with each other, Mary?" She smiled, and put her cheek against his shoulder. "'Tactfulness' between a husband and wife," said Henry Houghton, "is confession that their marriage is a failure. Tell 'em so, from me,"

*Here, sitting on a convenient  
box, she could think things  
out undisturbed*



"You may tell them yourself!" she retorted. "What are they going to live on?" she pondered. "Can his allowance be increased?"

"It can't. You know his father's will. He won't get his money until he's twenty-five."

"He'll have to go to work," she said; "you see, he expects to;—which means not going back to college, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said, grimly; "who would support his lady-love while he was in college? And it means giving up his music," he added.

"If he makes as much out of his renunciation as you have out of yours," she said calmly, "we may bless this poor, foolish woman yet."

"Oh, you old humbug," he told her—but he smiled.

Then she repeated to him an old, old formula for peace: "'Consider the stars,' Henry, and young foolish-

ness will seem very small. Maurice's elopement won't upset the universe."

"It upsets me," he said; and a minute later he added, "Mary! It is not without humor that only an hour ago I should have said that about Edith and Maurice." She laughed, and sighed. "But I used to hope for it myself," she admitted.

They were both silent for a while; then Mary Houghton said, "I'll write the invitation to them; but you must second it when you answer his letter."

"Invitation? What invitation?"

"Why, to both of them to come and stay here until you can find something for him to do."

"I'll be hanged if I invite her! I'll have nothing to do with her! Maurice can come, of course; but he can't bring—"

His wife laughed, and he, too, gave a reluctant chuckle. "I suppose I've got to?" he groaned.



"Of course, you've got to!" she said.

The rest of the ride back to the old stone house among its great trees on the green slope of the mountain was silent. Mrs. Houghton was thinking what room she would give the bride and groom—for the little room Maurice had had in these four vacations since he became her husband's ward was not suitable. "Edith will have to let them have her room," she thought. She knew she could count on Edith not to make a fuss. "It's such a comfort that Edith is so sensible," she ruminated aloud. But her husband was silent; there was no more whistling for Henry Houghton that day.

## CHAPTER III

EDITH and her fourteen-year-old neighbor, Johnny Bennett, had climbed into the old black-heart cherry tree (Johnny always conceded that Edith was a good climber—"for a girl"). But when they saw Lion, tugging and pulling up the road, Edith, who was economical with social amenities, told her guest to go home. "I don't want you any longer," she said; "Father and Mother are coming!" And with that she rushed around to the stable door, just in time to meet the returning travelers, and ask a dozen questions—the first:

"Did you get a letter from Maurice?"

But when her father threw the reins down on Lion's back; and said, briefly, "Can you unharness him yourself, Skeezies?" she stuck out her tongue, opened her eyes wide, and said nothing except, "Yes, Father." Then she proceeded, with astonishing speed, to put Lion into his stall, run the buggy into the carriage house, slam the stable door, and then tear up to her mother's room.

"Mother! Something has bothered Father!"

"Well, yes," Mrs. Houghton said; "a little. Maurice is married."

Edith's lips fell apart; "Maurice? Married? Who to? Did she wear a veil? I don't see why Father minds."

Mrs. Houghton, standing in front of her mirror, said, dryly, "There are things more important than veils, when it comes to getting married. In the first place, they eloped—"

"Oh, how lovely! I am going to elope when I get married."

"I hope you won't have such bad taste. Of course they ought not to have got married that way! But the thing that bothers your father is that the lady Maurice has married is—is older than he."

"How much older?" Edith demanded; "a year?"

"I don't just know. Probably twenty years older."

Edith was silent, rapidly adding up nineteen and twenty; then she gasped, "Thirty-nine!"

"Well, about that; but I've no doubt she's very nice. Only—Father is sorry. So, don't talk about it."

"I don't see why he's sorry! I don't see what difference it makes, in getting married," Edith insisted.

"Maurice can't go back to college; he will have to go into business."

Edith saw no cause for regret in this. "Guess he's glad not to have to learn things! But why weren't we invited to the wedding? I always meant to be Maurice's bridesmaid."

Mrs. Houghton said she didn't know. Edith was silent. Then she said, soberly,

"But, Mother, she'll die soon, she's so old, and Maurice will feel so awfully! Poor Maurice! Well, I'll live with him, and comfort him."

"My dear, I'm fifty!" Mrs. Houghton said, much amused.

"Oh, well, you—" Edith demurred; "that's different. You're my mother, and you—"

She paused; "I never thought of you being old, or dying, ever. And yet I suppose you are rather old?" She pondered. "I suppose some day you'll die? Mother!—promise me you won't!" she said, quaveringly.

"Edith, don't be a goose!" Mrs. Houghton said; "she isn't old at all. She's quite young. It's only that Maurice is so much younger."

Edith lapsed into silence. She was very quiet for the rest of that summer morning. Just before dinner she went across the west pasture to Doctor Bennett's house, and, hailing Johnny, told him the news. His indifference—for he only looked at her, with his mild, near-sighted brown eyes, and said, "Huh?"—irritated her so much that she did not confide her dismay at Maurice's approaching widowhood, but ran home to a sympathetic kitchen; "Katy! Maurice got eloped!"

Katy was much more satisfactory than Johnny; she said, "God save us! Mr. Maurice eloped? Who with, then? Well, well!" But Edith was still abstracted. Time, as related to life, had acquired significance. At dinner she regarded her father with troubled eyes. He, too, was old, like Maurice's wife. He, too, as well as the Bride, and her mother, would die, sometime. And she and Maurice would have such awful grief!... Something tightened in her throat; "Please excuse me," she said, in a muffled voice; and, slipping out of her chair, she made a dash for the back

door, and ran as hard as she could to her chicken coop. The little place was hot, and smelled of feathers; through the windows, cobwebbed and dusty, the sunshine fell dimly on the hard earth floor, and on an empty plate or two and a rusty, overturned tin pan. Here, sitting on a convenient box, she could think things out undisturbed: Maurice, and his lovely, dying Bride; herself, orphaned and alone;—indifferent to this oncoming grief! Probably Maurice was worrying about it all the time! How long would the Bride live? Suddenly she remembered her mother's age, and had a revulsion of hope for Maurice. Perhaps his wife would live to be as old as Mother? "Why, of course," she said; "I hadn't thought of that! Well, then, she would live—let's see: thirty-nine from fifty leaves eleven—yes; the Bride would live eleven years!" Why, that wasn't so terrible, after all. "Goodness! That's as long as I have been alive!" Obviously it would not be necessary to take care of Maurice for a good while. "I guess," she reflected, "I'll have some children myself by that time. And maybe I'll be married, too, for Maurice won't need me for eleven years. But I don't know what I'd do with my husband then." She frowned; a husband would be bothering, if she had to go and live with Maurice. "Oh, well, probably my husband will be so old, he'll die about the time Maurice's wife does." She had meant to marry Johnny. "But I won't. He's too young. He's only three years older 'an me. He might live too long. I must get an old husband. I'll tell Johnny about it to-morrow. I'll wear mourning," she thought; "long veil! It's so interesting. But not over my face—you can't see through it, and it isn't sense not to be able to see." (The test Edith applied to conduct was always, "Is it sense?") Of course I shall feel badly about my husband; but I've got to take care of Maurice. . . . Yes; I must get an old one," she thought. "I must get one as old as the Bride. Goodness, if they'd only waited, the Bride could have married my husband!" But this line of thought was too complicated; and, besides, she had so entirely cheered up that she practically forgot death. She began to count how much money her mother owed her for eggs—which reminded her to look into the nests; and when, in spite of a clucking remonstrance, she put her hand under a feathery breast and touched the hot smoothness of a new-laid egg, she felt perfectly happy. "I guess I'll go and get some floating island," she thought. "Oh, I hope they haven't eaten it all up!"

With the egg in her hand, she rushed back to the dining-room, and was reassured by the sight of the big glass dish, still all creamy yellow and fluffy white.

"Edith," Mrs. Houghton said, "you won't mind letting Maurice and Eleanor have your room, will you, dear?"

"Is her name Eleanor? I think it's a perfectly beautiful name! No, I'd love to give her my room! Mother, she won't be as old as you are for eleven years, and that's as long as I have been alive. So I won't worry about Maurice just yet. Mother, may I have two helpings? When are they coming?"

"They haven't been asked yet," her father said, grimly. "I'm not going to concoct a letter to 'em, Mary, for a week. Let 'em worry! Maurice, confound him!—has never worried in his life. Everything rolls off him like water off a duck's back. It will do him good to chew nails for a while. Lord, I wish I was asleep!"

"Why, Father!" Edith said, aghast; "I don't believe you want the Bride!"

"You're a very intelligent young person," her father said, scratching a match under the table and lighting a cigar.

"But, my dear," his wife said, "has it occurred to you that it may be as unpleasant for the 'Bride' to come, as

tell you what to say! Say 'Mr. F.'s aunt will send her a wedding present! That's friendly, isn't it?"

"Better not be too literary in public," his wife cautioned him, with a significant glance at Edith, who was all ears.

When, laughing, they left the table, their daughter, scraping her plate, pondered thus: "I suppose Mr. F. is the Bride's father. I wonder what present his aunt will give her? I wonder what 'F' stands for—Frost? Fuller? Father and Mother don't want the Bride to come; and Mother thinks the Bride don't want to come. So why should they ask her to come? And why should she come? I wouldn't," Edith said; "but I hope she will, for I love her! And oh, I hope she'll bring her harp! I've never seen a harpy. But people are funny," Edith summed it up; "inviting people and not wanting 'em; and visiting 'em and not wanting to. It ain't sense," said Edith.

## CHAPTER IV

IN SPITE of his declaration of indifference to the feelings of his guardian, the married boy was rapidly acquiring that capacity for "worry" which Mr. Houghton desired to develop in him. What would the mail bring him from Green Hill? It brought him nothing for a week—a week in which he experienced certain bad moments which not only encouraged "worry," but also left scars on his mind, and made his face distinctly older than on that morning under the locust tree, when he had been married fifty-four minutes. The first of the scarring moments came on Monday, when he went to see his tutor, to say that he was—well, he was going to stop grinding.

"What?" said Mr. Bradley, puzzled.

"I'm going to chuck college, sir," Maurice said, and smiled, with the rollicking certainty of sympathy that a puppy shows when approaching an elderly mastiff.

"Chuck college! What's the matter?" the mastiff said, putting a protecting hand over his helpless leg, for Maurice's restlessness was a menace to the plastered member.

"I'm going into business. I— Well; I've got married, and—"

"What?"

"And so, of course, I've got to go to work."

"See here, what are you talking about?"

The uneasy color sprang into Maurice's face, and the grin disappeared. When he said explicitly what he was "talking about," Mr. Bradley's angry consternation was like the unexpected snap of the old dog; it made Eleanor's husband feel like the puppy. He did not see that the anger was a confession that his tutor's conscience was not easy: "I ought to have rounded him up," Mr. Bradley was saying to himself; "Houghton will hold me responsible!" And even while making unpleasant remarks to the bridegroom, he was composing, in his mind, a letter to Mr. Houghton about the helplessness incidental to a broken leg, which would account for his failure in "rounding up." "I couldn't get on to his trail!" he was exonerating himself.

When Maurice retreated, looking like a schoolboy, it took him a perceptible time to regain his sense of age and pride and responsibility. He rushed back to the hotel—where he had plunged into the extravagance of the "bridal suite"—to pour out his hurt feelings to Eleanor, and while she looked at him in one of her lovely silences he railed at Bradley, and said the trouble with him was that he was sore about money! "He needn't worry! I'll pay him," Maurice said largely. And then forgot Bradley in the rapture of kissing Eleanor's hand. "As if we cared for his opinion!" he said.

"We don't care!" she said joyously. Her misgivings had vanished like dew in the hot sun. Old Mrs. O'Brien had done her part in dissipating them. While Maurice was bearding his tutor, Eleanor had gone across town to her laundress's, to ask if Mrs. O'Brien would take Bingo as a boarder—"May I bring him here? I can't have him at the hotel," she said. Then, with her arm over the little grandson's pitiful bent shoulders, and one hand guiding his thin fingers on the keys of a piano bought on the "instalment plan," she told the great news: "I—I'm married," she said;—and was kissed, and blessed, and wept over. "The gentleman is a little younger than I am," Eleanor confessed, smiling; and Mrs. O'Brien said:

"An' what difference does that make? He'll only be lovin' ye hotter than an old fellow with the life all gone out o' him!"

Eleanor said, laughing, "Yes—that's true!" and cuddled the lame boy's head against her breast.

"You'll be happy as a queen!" said Mrs. O'Brien; and "in a year from now you'll have something better to hug than Bingo—he'll be jealous!"

But she hardly heeded Mrs. O'Brien and her joyous prophecy of Bingo's approaching jealousy; having taken the dive, she had risen into the light and air, and now she forgot the questioning depths! She was on the crest of contented achievement. She even laughed to think that she had ever hesitated about marrying Maurice. Absurd! As if the few years between them were of the slightest



*It was only when she had added one or two more errands that she suddenly awoke to the fact that he was very slow in coming back with the letters*

for you to have her? Henry! That's the third since breakfast!"

"Wrong for once, Mrs. Houghton. It's the fourth."

"I want the Bride," said Edith.

Her mother laughed. "Come along, honey," she said, putting her hand on her husband's shoulder, "and tell me what to say to her."

"Say she's a harpy, and tell her to go to the—"

"Henry!"

"My dear, like Mr. F.'s aunt, 'I hate a fool.' Oh, I'll



consequence! Mrs. O'Brien was right. So she smoothed Maurice's first bad moment over with an indifference as to Mr. Bradley's opinion that matched his own. (Yet once in a while she thought of Mr. Houghton, and bit her lip.)

The next bad moment neither she nor Maurice could dismiss so easily; it came in the interview with her astounded aunt, whose chief concern (when she read the letter which Eleanor left on her cushion) was lest the Houghtons should think she had inveigled the boy into marrying her niece. "They'll call me a harpy!" she said. To prove that she was not, she told the bride and groom that she would have nothing more to do with Eleanor! It was when the fifty-four minutes had lengthened into three days that they had gone, after supper, to see her. Eleanor, supremely satisfied, with no doubts, now, about the wisdom of what she had done, was nervous only as to the effect of Mrs. Newbolt's temper upon Maurice. And he, full of a bravado of indifference which confessed the nervousness it denied, was anxious only as to the effect of the interview upon Eleanor. Their pause of waiting in Mrs. Newbolt's parlor was broken by Bingo's dashing joyously, with ear-piercing barks, into the room; Eleanor took him on her knee, and Maurice, giving the little black nose a kindly squeeze, looked around in pantomimic horror of the obese upholstery, and patent rockers, and Rogers groups on the tops of bookcases full of expensively bound and unread classics.

"How have you stood it?" he said to his wife; adding, under his breath, "If she's nasty to you, I'll wring her neck!"

She was very nasty. "I'm not a party to it," Mrs. Newbolt said; she sat, panting, on a deeply cushioned sofa, and her angry voice came through quivering double chins; her protruding pale eyes snapped with anger. "I shall tell you exactly what I think of you, Eleanor, for, as my dear mother used to say, if I have a virtue it is candor; I think you are a puffed fool. As for Mr. Curtis, I no more thought of protectin' him, than I would think of protectin' a baby in a perambulator from its nursemaid! You've ruined the boy's life. Bingo was sick at his stomach this mornin'!"

Eleanor cringed, but Maurice was quite steady: "We will not discuss it, if you please. I will merely say that I dragged Eleanor into it; I made her marry me. She refused me repeatedly. Come, Eleanor."

He rose, but Mrs. Newbolt, getting heavily onto her small feet, and talking all the time, walked over to the doorway and blocked their retreat. "You needn't think I'll do anything for you!" she said to her niece; "I shall write to Mr. Houghton and tell him so. I shall tell him he isn't any more disgusted with this business than I am. And you can take Bingo with you!"

"I came to get him," Eleanor said faintly.

"Come, Eleanor," Maurice said; and Mrs. Newbolt, puffing and talking, had to make way for them. As they went out of the door she called angrily. "Here! Stop! I want to give Bingo a chocolate drop!" They didn't stop. In the street on the way to Bingo's new home, Eleanor, holding her little dog in her arms, was blind with tears, but Maurice effervesced into extravagant ridicule. His opinion of Mrs. Newbolt, her parlor, her ponderosity, and her missing g's exhausted his vocabulary of absurd adjectives; but Eleanor was silent, just putting up a furtive handkerchief to wipe her eyes. It was dark, and he drew her hand through his arm and patted it.

"Don't worry, Star. Uncle Henry is white! She can write to him all she wants to! I'm betting that we'll get an invitation to come right up to Green Hill."

She said nothing, but he knew she was trembling. As they entered Mrs. O'Brien's alley, they paused where it was dark enough, half-way between gaslights, for a man to put his arm around his wife's waist and kiss her:

"Eleanor! I've a great mind to go back to Mrs. Newbolt, and tell her what I think of her!"

"No. Very likely, she's right. I—I have injured you. Oh, Maurice, if I have—"

"You'd have injured me a damn sight more if you hadn't married me!" he said.

But for the moment her certainty that her marriage was a glorious and perfect thing, collapsed; her voice was a broken whisper:

"If I've spoiled your life—she says I have—I'll . . . kill myself, Maurice." She spoke with a sort of heavy calmness that made a small, cold thrill run down his back; he burst into preposterous fun-making; this time of Eleanor herself, for paying any attention to Mrs. Newbolt.

"Nelly! All I am, or ever can be, will be because you love me! Darling, when you say things like—like what you said, I feel as if you didn't love me—"

Of course the reproach tautened her courage; "I do! I do; but—"

"Then never say any such wicked, cruel things again!"

It was when Bingo had been left with Mrs. O'Brien that, on their way back to the hotel, Maurice, in a burst of enthusiasm, invited his third bad moment: "I want to show my wife off! I'll have a rattling old dinner party to celebrate your escape from the hag. How about Saturday night?"

She protested that she hadn't any proper dress, and that he was awfully extravagant; but she cheered up. After all, what difference did it make what a person like Auntie thought! "But who will you ask?" she said. "I suppose you don't know any men here? And I don't, either."

He admitted that he had only two or three acquaintances in Mercer—"but I have a lot in Philadelphia. You shan't live on a desert island, Nelly!"

"Ah, but I'd like to—with you! I don't want anyone but you, in the world," she said softly.

He thrilled at the wonder of that; she would be contented with him on a desert island. Oh, if he could only always be enough for her! He said he thought he could scratch up two or three fellows.

Then Eleanor's apprehension spoke: "What will Mr. Houghton say?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Maurice; but his own apprehension made him, when not with his wife, a little abstracted. Even while arranging for his dinner party, and plunging into the expense of a private dining-room, he was thinking: "Will he kick?" Aloud he said, "I've asked three fellows, and you ask three girls."

"I don't know many girls," she said anxiously.

"How about that girl I saw you speak to yesterday? (If Uncle Henry could only see her, he'd be crazy about her!)"

"Rose Ellis? Well, yes; but she's rather young."

"Oh, that's all right," Maurice assured her. ("I wish I hadn't told Mr. Houghton she was older than I am. I'm glad I didn't say how much.") "The fellows like 'em young," he said. Then he told her who the fellows were: "I don't know 'em very well, but they're all right. Just boys; not in college. Younger than I am, except Tom Morton. Mort's twenty, and the brainiest man I know. And Hastings has a bag of jokes—well, not just for ladies," said Maurice, grinning, "and you'll like Dave Brown. You rake in three girls. We'll have a stunning spread, and then go to the theatre." He caught her in his arms and romped around the room with her, then dropped her into a chair, and watched her wiping away tears of helpless laughter.

"Yes—I'll rake in the girls!" she gasped.

She wasn't very successful in her invitations. "I asked Rose, but I had to ask her mother, too," she told Maurice; "and one of the teachers at the Medfield school."

Maurice looked doubtful. Rose was all right; but the other two? "Aren't they somewhat faded flowers?"

"They're about my age," Eleanor teased him. As for Maurice, he thought that it didn't really matter about the ladies, faded or not; they were Eleanor's end of the shindy. "Spring chickens are Mort's meat," he said. . . .

The three rather recent acquaintances who were Maurice's end of the shindy, had all gaped, and then howled, when told that the dinner was to celebrate his marriage. "I got spliced kind of in a hurry," he explained; "so I couldn't have any bachelor blow-out; but my—my—my wife, Mrs. Curtis I mean—and I, thought we'd have a spree, to show I was an old married man."

The fellows, after the first amazement, fell on him with all kinds of ragging: Who was she? Was she out of baby clothes? Would she come in a perambulator?

"Shut up!" said the bridegroom hilariously. He went home to Eleanor tingling with pride. "I want you to be perfectly stunning, Star! Of course you always are; but rig up in your best duds! I'm going to make those fellows cross-eyed with envy. I wonder if you could sing, just once, after dinner? I want 'em to hear you! (Mr. Houghton will love her voice!)"

Eleanor—who had stopped counting the minutes of married life now, for, this being the sixth day of bliss, the arithmetic was too much for her—was as excited about the dinner as he was. Yet, like him, under the excitement was the silent tremor of alarm. ("They will be angry because—because we eloped!") she thought. Sometimes the alarm was audible: "Do you suppose Auntie has written to Mr. Houghton?" And again: "What will he say?" Maurice always replied, with exuberant indifference, that he didn't know, and he didn't care.

"I care, if he is horrid to you," Eleanor said. "He'll probably say it was wicked to elope."

Mr. Houghton continued to say nothing; and the "care" Maurice denied, dogged all his busy interest in his dinner—for which he had made the plans, as Eleanor, until the term ended, was obliged to go out to Medfield and give her music lessons—besides, planning was not her forte! But in the thrill of excitement about "his dinner," and in the mounting adventure of being happy, she was

able to forget her fear that Mr. Houghton would be "horrid" to Maurice. If the Houghtons didn't like an elopement, it would mean that they had no romance in them! She was absorbed in her ardent, innocent purpose of "impressing" Maurice's friends, not from vanity, but because she wanted to please him. As she dressed that evening, all her self-distrust vanished, and she smiled at herself in the mirror for sheer delight, for his sake, in her dark, shining eyes, and the red loveliness of her full lip. In this wholly new experience of feeling important, she forgot Mrs. Newbolt—sailing angrily for Europe that very day—and was not even anxious about the Houghtons! After all, what difference did it make what such people thought of elopements? "Fuddy-duddies!" she said to herself, using Maurice's slang with an eager sense of being just as young as he was.

When the guests arrived and they all filed into the private and very expensive dining-room, Eleanor looked indeed quite "stunning;" her shyness did not seem shyness, but only a sort of proud beauty of silence, which might cover heaven knows what depths of passion and knowledge! Little Rose was glowing and simpering, and the two older ladies were giving each other significant glances. Maurice's "fellows," shepherded by their host, shambled speechlessly along in the background. The instant that they saw the bride, the three young men had fallen into dumbness. Brown said, under his breath to Hastings, "Gosh!" And Hastings gave Morton a thrust in the ribs, which Morton's dignity refused to notice; later, when he was at Eleanor's right, the flattery of her eagerly attentive silence instantly won him. Maurice had so expatiated to her upon Morton's brains, that she was really in awe of him, of which, of course, Morton was quite aware! It was so exhilarating to his twenty years that he gave his host a look of admiring congratulation—and Maurice's pride rose high!—then fell; for, somehow, his dinner wouldn't "go"! He watched the younger men turn frankly rude shoulders to the older ladies, who made great efforts to be agreeable. He caught stray words: Eleanor's effort to talk as Rose talked—Rose's dog was "perfectly sweet," but "simply awful," then a dog story; "wasn't that killing?" And Eleanor: little Don O'Brien had a cat—"perfectly frightfully cunning!" said Eleanor, stumbling among adjectives.

At Rose's story the young men roared, but Don's cat awoke no interest. Then one of the "faded flowers" complained to Brown about the noise of the trolley cars; and Brown (looking at Rose) said, "What, ma'am?"

The other lady was murmuring in Maurice's ear, "What is your college?"

Maurice, trying to get Rose's eye, so that he might talk to her and give the boys a chance to do their duty to the older ladies, said, distractedly, "Oh, Princeton; but I'm not going. Say, Hastings! Tell Mrs. Ellis about the miner who lost his shirt—"

Mrs. Ellis looked patient, and Hastings, dropping into agonized shyness, said, "Oh, I can't tell stories!"

After that, except for Morton's outpourings to the listening Eleanor, most of the dreary occasion of eating poor food, served by a waiter who put his thumb into things, was given up to the stifled laughter of the girl and boys, and to conversation between the other two guests, who were properly arch because of the occasion, but disappointed in their dinner, and anxious to shake their heads and lift shocked hands, as soon as they could get out of their hostess's sight and hearing.

For Maurice, the whole endless hour was a see-saw between the past and the present, between his new dignity and his old irresponsibility. He tried—at first with boisterous familiarity, then with ponderous condescension—to draw his friends out. What would Eleanor think of them—the idiots! And what would she think of him, for having such asinine friends? He hoped Mort was showing his brains to her! He mentally cursed Hastings because he did not produce his jokes; as for Brown, he was a kid. "I oughtn't to have asked him! What will Eleanor think of him?" He was thankful when dessert came, and the boys stopped their fatuous murmurings to little Rose to gorge themselves with ice cream. He talked loudly to cover up their silence, and glanced constantly at his watch, in the hope that it was time to pack 'em all off to the theatre! Yet, even with his acute discomfort, he had his moments of pride—for there was Eleanor sitting at the head of the table, silent and handsome, and making old Mort crazy about her! In spite of those asses of boys, he was very proud. He had simply made a mistake in inviting Hastings and Brown: "Tom Morton's all right," he told himself; "but, lord! how young those other two are!"

When the evening was over (the theatre part of it was a success, for the play was good, and Maurice had nearly bankrupted himself on a box), and he and Eleanor were alone, he drew her down on the little sofa of their sitting-room, and worshiped. "Oh, Star, how wonderful you are!"

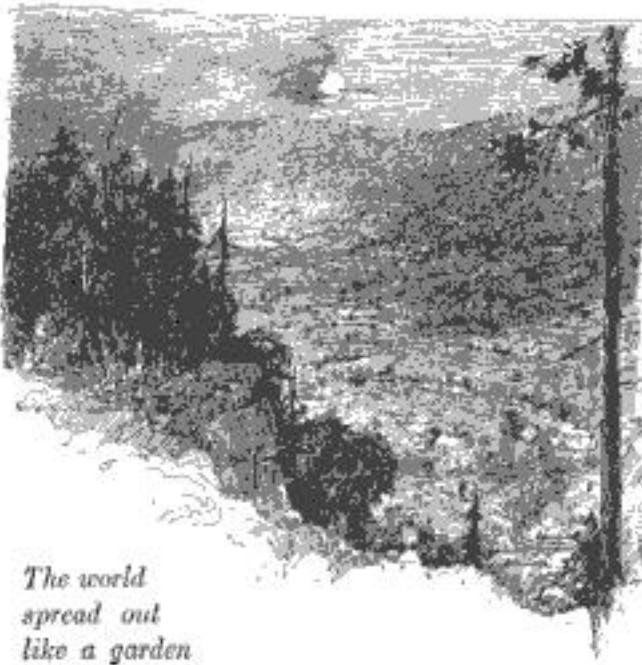
"Did I do everything right?" She was breathless with happiness. "Oh, I tried so hard, Maurice! But I can't talk. I never know what to say."

"You were perfect! And they were all such idiots—except Mort. Brown and Hastings weren't fit for you to wipe your feet on. The old ladies were pills."

"Oh, Maurice, you goose! . . . Maurice, what will Mr. Houghton say?"

"He'll say, 'Bless you, my children!' Nelly, what was the matter with the dinner?"

"Matter? Why, it was perfect! It was—" she made a dash for some of his own words—"simply corking! Though perhaps Rose was a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 77]



The world  
spread out  
like a garden



# When the Christ Child Came

by Laura Spencer Portor

**W**HILE ye twine these garlands and dance  
and sing.

Oh, forget not the little Lord's wandering;  
Let the mistletoe branching with berries white,  
Remember the snow of that blessed night;  
And the holly so red—like warming flame—  
Recall us the night that the Christ Child came.

**S**O LITTLE a child He was to come  
To a world of strife, from a heavenly home;  
Yet He chose to leave His heavenly games,  
And the angels of silver-sounding names,  
That the world might be blest; and that you and I  
Might love each other more heartily.

**N**OW Raphael begged Him to wait, you see;  
And Sandalphon had said, "Nay, bide with me!"  
And Israfel took up his lute to play  
And said, "Lo! here is eternal day—  
Why seek you the night? Go not away!"  
And Azrael warned Him,—oh, grave and sweet—  
Of thorns for His head and wounds for His feet.  
Then they sang in chorus, and danced in measure,  
To Israfel's lute, to give Him pleasure.  
But e'en while their gleaming footsteps shone,  
He slipped away from their dance and was gone.

**H**E STOOD on the earth and looked around;  
But He heard no music, nor heavenly sound  
Of lute or dance on the frozen ground.  
Only a savage watchdog's bark  
And an infant crying across the dark,  
And a rabbit half numb, that limped, as though  
It were well-nigh spent, across the snow,  
And an aziola, poor frozen thing—  
A little brown owl with a wounded wing.

**T**HE rabbit and owl, He held them warm  
'Gainst His beating heart, in the bend of His arm.  
He patted the dog with a loving hand,  
In a way that watchdogs understand.  
Then the Little Lord left it the rabbit to fend  
From harm and cold, and the owl for friend.  
And the three of them pondered the whole night  
through  
On what had happened, as animals do;—  
And the little brown owl said frequently, "Whoo-oo?"

**T**HEN the Little Lord sought out the infant  
who wept,  
And hushed it and sang it a song till it slept.  
Then on once more the Little Lord went,  
On love and pity and healing bent.

**B**UT the way was long, as Azrael  
Had said, and He often tripped and fell.  
But He took no note of these things at all,  
Nor missed He His heavenly games and ball,  
Nor the angels dancing in coronal.  
And wherever He went, there more and more  
Such comfort came as was never before,—  
For, wherever He passed, began to glow  
Warming fires, and glad desires,  
And kindness, and comfort and charity;  
—'Twas a loving and wonderful thing to see;  
And His pity, it lighted a Christmas tree;  
And His love was a thing to warm you so,  
You took no heed of the frost and snow;

**A**ND it lighted a fire on every hearth;  
In old and young it enkindled mirth;  
His love and pity hung gifts for all,  
In hovel and hut and in castle hall.  
There were choirs of singing, and loving glance,  
There were bells a-ringing and braided dance,  
And they kept that night like a thing more blest,  
More festive and kindly than all the rest.

**B**UT the angels above, they leaned to look  
To discern if they might the way He took.  
And they sang in chorus to guide Him back  
By golden song, lest He miss the track  
Of stars to lead Him. "O Light of the World!"  
Beyond where the little cold moon lies curled,  
We wait your coming! We miss your face!  
Till heaven itself is a lonely place.  
Come back, and with lovelier dance and song  
We will please you the golden day, heaven-long.

**S**O THE angels sang, as they leaned to learn,  
O'er the ramparts of heaven, of His return.  
'Twas Azrael only who knew the thing  
That must come to pass; and he did not sing.  
For 'twas only he who knew death's sting,  
And the woe of the earth, and its sorrowing,  
For 'twas only he across heaven's track  
Might ever go to guide Him back.  
And this was the knowledge that lay along  
The flute of his voice and stopped its song.  
'Twas the thought of this which upon the flute  
Of his heart lay trembling, and made it mute.

**B**UT even as he stood, it seemed he heard  
His loved little Master's spoken word  
Come winging, singing: "O Azrael!  
'Tis well that I came to the earth, 'tis well;  
Be glad, O Azrael, glad indeed,  
That I came to a world in such sore need!"  
Then Azrael folded his wings. No word  
He spake of the mystical thing he had heard;  
But when the rest wondered and waited in vain  
For their loved Little Lord to come again,  
And questioned, then answered them Azrael:  
"Peace, Brothers! On Earth is Peace! 'Tis  
well!"

**O**H, SOMETIMES, I rest me and sleep and  
dream  
Of a heavenly place by a heavenly stream,  
Where angels dance by a Living River  
Of sapphire waters that gleam and quiver,  
'Neath jeweled branches drooping forever;  
White-footed angels treading a measure  
Of delicate music to infinite leisure;  
Gentle and bending, returning, complying,  
Like winds of the morning in meadows undying,  
And I dream not less, of a Heavenly Child,  
Whose ways are gentle, whose eyes are mild;  
Who left such beauty that you and I  
Might love each other more heartily.

**W**HILE ye twine these garlands and dance  
and sing,  
Oh, forget not the Little Lord's wandering;  
Let the mistletoe branching with berries white,  
Remember the snow of that blessed night;  
And the holly so red—like the warming flame—  
Recall us the night that the Christ Child came.





# Our Christmas Criminal

Illustrations by Orson Lowell

By J. Edgar Park

OUR street, like your street, might have been considered humdrum and ordinary. The usual folks lived in the usual houses. We got up about the same time and went to work about the same time, and went to bed around half past ten—or our neighbors knew the reason why.

But there is a fantastic world just a millionth of an inch below the surface of the regular world. The only thing you really know about life is—that you never can tell. A new personality may drop into the most ordinary street and disturb the even surface with strange impossibilities. That is what happened on our street:

We were all away the day the Joneses moved in. Have you ever heard of anyone moving on Thanksgiving Day? We never had. When we got home from Grandfather's the next morning we were astonished to see burlap and excelsior around the doors of No. 17. The draperies were up in the parlor. They must have got settled very quickly.

As I passed on my way to work, the remover's man, who evidently had stayed after the vans had left, and looked as if he had been working all night, was gathering up the remains of a broken chair or two that lay at the gate. He was very angry and tired, and was communicating some of his wrath to our genial street cleaner, Tony, who was always on hand to make friends with everybody. "I'll never move for him again," he was saying as I passed; "of all the bad-tempered cusses I ever met, he is the absolute limit, scolding and fussing all day. I never did hear such language, over a few broken chairs and crockery and such like!"

Just then a man, whom I afterward discovered to be Mr. Jones, came down the steps radiant with smiles and good humor, and, placing a bill in the hands of the astonished man, said, "That's for yourself! And a thousand thanks for all your care and work!" It was a strange sight, the disgruntled man just halted in his imprecations, gazing at a bill whose proportions evidently astounded him, and Mr. Jones with hearty hand outstretched to say good-by. Then the corner of the house hid them from my view, an incredible tableau.

Few people could win their way into the esteem of their neighbors as quickly as did Mr. Jones. He was the friend of every child on the street before he had been with us a week. Inside a month every boy in the vicinity had been allowed to work the wireless he had fitted up in his attic. His predecessor had been so bothered by

children riding their bicycles over his walks—for there was a lovely turn around the house—that he had put up a bit of barbed wire and a notice, "Children Keep Off. Police Take Notice." Mr. Jones took down the wire and taught one of our little girls how to ride round, coasting the last part of the

way. He used the notice to fill up a cross drain so that the children could ride more smoothly. Our new neighbor proved to be an artist in the planning of the most satisfactory surprises. He always proved to have an extra ticket for a ball game, an extra seat or two in his car when going for a ride.

Yet, Mr. Jones was not to be explained simply as a kind-hearted man. There were complications. The remarks of the furniture remover lingered in my mind as an inexplicable mystery. And on Christmas Day I was reminded of that curious scene at his gate. This newcomer had become such a favorite with us all that we vied with one another as to who should have the pleasure of entertaining him on Christmas Day. We found that he had had six invitations from our street alone. I will not conceal the fact that in three of these houses there were marriageable daughters—for Mr. Jones was a bachelor; but I think he would have been invited anyway. Each of us felt sure our new neighbor would come to us, for to each of us he had become so special and personal a friend that it had not struck us that he could seem so much a part of any other family as he did of ours. All the invitations he refused. We were surprised, and I confess the idea occurred to me that perhaps he was preparing some special surprise for the children on that day.

The children in our house were all up on Christmas Day at crack of dawn and rushed down at once to investigate the contents of their

stockings. Mildred was overjoyed with her presents; but after going all over them twice she returned to her stocking again. Something troubled the child, I could see. Finding it really empty, she turned to her brother George, and asked him, "Did you get a present from Mr. Jones, George?" "No, that's funny, I didn't," he said. Somehow, Mr. Jones seemed to our children such a familiar friend that they had expected to be remembered by him. They had had great fun in preparing the little gifts they had dropped into his letter box, the evening before.

After the stocking presents had been admired and exhibited, it was still a long time till breakfast, and Mildred suggested they go out for a spin on their wheels, for it was sunny, snowless, and mild. In ten minutes Mildred was back again, with indignant tears on her cheeks and

George scared and sobbing. They could hardly tell their story for emotion. They had been having a lovely time cycling about that beautiful turn around Mr. Jones's house. Mildred confessed that she had been going so fast that her wheel had gone off the asphalt walk onto the lawn; but she had often had the same experience before when Mr. Jones was teaching her.

This time, however, the window had opened and Mr. Jones had put his head out and had scolded them both terribly. How in the world, he said, could he keep a lawn looking like anything with all the kids in the street riding their wheels all over the grass. Give people an inch and they'll take an ell! If people cannot train their children to behave properly he wished they'd keep them at home! These were some

of the remarks Mildred and George remembered, and told us amid their sobs. I was incredulous till I looked out the window and saw Mr. Jones in his dressing-gown, struggling with a tangle of barbed wire. He had put the notice back just where the Browns had had it, and was now fixing up the wire, again. Some neighbors' boys who came to the house for some fun with the wireless later were, to their astonishment and indignation, thrown out, on the ground that they had dirtied the stair carpets with their muddy boots, and had several times come in without permission at all.

The only explanation that we could find for Mr. Jones's behavior that evening at our Neighborhood Club Christmas Dance was that he must have been under the influence of liquor. Miss Farquerson left early, in tears. When I was going away after a heated political discussion into which he had drawn me unawares, and in which he had told me just what he thought of our popular local representative, I heard his voice, loud and rasping, informing Mrs. Francis Nosegood: "You folks in this neighborhood live in a puddle and think it is the world!"

It seemed that evening, as we all retired for the night, that in no home in the street could Mr. Jones ever be forgiven. And yet, as I have indicated, his charm and goodness of heart, which asserted themselves again next morning, were so genuine that, in my mind at least, the experience of Christmas Day, like the remarks of the furniture remover, sank into the background of my consciousness as an inexplicable mystery.

Next morning he took the wire and the notice down again and he re-won the affection of Mildred and George by a series of remarkably adroit and flattering attentions and kindnesses.

Mrs. Francis Nosegood, however, did not seem able to forgive him. She was the lady who lived in the big house at the corner. She had decided opinions. We were all familiar with her simple philosophy of life. People were either good or bad. Most people were at heart bad. They pretended to be good, and often were able to deceive others for a time. But, sooner or later, to a shrewd observer like Mrs. Nosegood, they gave





themselves away. Mr. Jones had given himself away. It remained for Mrs. Nosegood to follow up the clue and prove that his remark about the mud puddle was no mere accidental observation but a clear symptom of deep-seated moral depravity. It became her duty to expose his hypocrisy.

She despised us all for allowing Mr. Jones to "bribe" us into liking him again by what she called his "puny charities." Having nothing to do she was immediately hot upon the scent of his past. We saw her coming out of the real-estate office with a triumphant air; she had a confidential interview with the mail man; she happened to pass just as Mr. Jones's housekeeper was going out shopping, and walked down-town with her. Soon she began to wear an air of secret and invincible power whenever she haughtily acknowledged his greeting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jones, seemingly in quiet unconsciousness of his new enemy, continued to act the part of providence in our street, kind to just and unjust, naughty and good alike, with a sort of omnipotent casualness. He visited and entertained us all till he was to each of us a personal friend.

In a month or so Mrs. Nosegood left for a short visit at Manchester, New Hampshire. It seems the real-estate man had told her he understood Mr. Jones had moved here from that city. Mr. Jones, however, heard of her destination without any apparent uneasiness. She was gone for the better part of a week and returned triumphant. The next evening she called on us immediately after dinner. Her suspicions had been confirmed. On the twenty-ninth of February she had made her great discovery—that Mr. Jones had lived in the outskirts of Manchester with an old aunt who had brought him up since childhood. His violent bursts of temper had become notorious among the neighbors, and it was generally understood that relations between him and his wealthy



good, almost speechless with indignation, went away.

With incredible ingenuity Mrs. Nosegood now began to dig the pit beneath the unsuspecting feet of Mr. Jones. When Mr. Jones was absent her arguments were so cogent that we were almost convinced—but I confess all of them faded into thin air in the genial and kindly presence of that gentleman himself.

All summer long Mrs. Nosegood sat in the window behind the curtain and watched the Jones house whenever Mr. Jones was at home. She went away for a well-earned vacation only after she had seen him off for his.

In the fall, a chemical laboratory in one of the upper rooms of the Jones house was added to the wireless equipment—as a further attraction to the boys of the neighborhood. Mr. Jones was a scientific expert of some kind in a large manufacturing concern and, according to the boys, was experimenting till late into the night with certain rare and deadly chemicals. This gave Mrs. Nosegood her next clue. It was now clear that the rich old aunt had been poisoned.

Thanksgiving Day came, the first anniversary of Mr. Jones's arrival. As usual, we went away the evening before to Grandfather's farm. When we returned the morning after Thanksgiving Day we heard of strange doings in our absence. It seemed that Mr. Jones had chosen that day in which to do his "spring cleaning." He had got two Polish girls to assist his housekeeper, and through the open windows could be heard the storming, growling voice of Mr. Jones scolding and complaining at the poor women as they worked. This went on, the neighbors said, all day, till at six o'clock he let the girls go.

At the Thanksgiving reception at the Neighborhood Club, on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, he had insisted on relating to the whole company his troubles, the clumsy women, the way they had disarranged his books and instruments, with bottomless stupidity. He vented his spleen on the whole company, complaining of the general incapacity of everyone.

At this, Miss Farquerson, the pretty one, from the house opposite, being a college girl and knowing her own mind, could stand it no longer, and told him just what she thought of him. The girl's genuine wrath became her very well. He stopped and looked at her fixedly for a moment, and then said, "Bah! The more I see of people the more thankful I am that my special investigation at this time is the various uses of arsenic!"

At this word, they told us, Mrs. Nosegood looked around triumphantly. Within a week she was back in Manchester, New Hampshire. She told the Thompsons and the Blythes of her further evidence. They put their heads together, and with the consent of the new tenant of the Jones house, they made a thorough investigation of the house from cellar to attic. There were no results; but the apple closet in the cellar was locked and the key in the pocket of the owner, who happened to be away from home. The Blythes promised to investigate that closet as soon as he returned. Mrs. Nosegood came back to her arm chair at the window from which she kept track of every movement of Mr. Jones. He was friendly with every house on the street except her own and Miss Farquerson's, whom he apparently had never forgiven for her frank speech on Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Nosegood rejoiced in this, and missed no opportunity to bestow favors on that young lady, especially in the presence of Mr. Jones.

Christmas Day came again. Christmas trees or Christmas turkeys came to every door on the street except that of Mr. Jones. Early in the morning of Christmas Day he apparently came down and closed his dog outside his door, and let him howl horribly there the rest of the hours of darkness, keeping all his neighbors awake.

He made his housekeeper wash after breakfast, and hung the entire wash out with his own hands, not, as usually, in the screened place behind the house, but on a rope tied between two trees on the front lawn. He then brought out his ash barrels, which the city teams were to call for next day, and put them in a row—he must have been saving them for the purpose for weeks—on the sidewalk in front of his house. Thus he effectively spoiled the looks of the street and gave a black eye to the whole neighborhood. He then resurrected from somewhere a horrible gramophone and, placing it at an open window, ground out on it over and over again the cheapest and most exasperating records he could find. At dinner hour he came out of the house, kicked the dog into howling again and, making deep-track short cuts over all our lawns and flower beds, disappeared for a walk—thus giving Mrs. Nosegood a chance to go down from her watch tower for her dinner.

The usual Christmas Festival was held at our little Neighborhood Club that evening. We were all with Mrs. Nosegood now, heartily angry with Mr. Jones; we avoided him when he arrived. Mrs. Nosegood came in late and, beckoning to me, told me in tremendous excitement that she had just had a telegram from Manchester, New Hampshire, absolutely establishing Mr. Jones's guilt. He had poisoned his wealthy aunt with arsenic. She had a telegram from the Blythes saying that they had just discovered, under a barrel of rotten apples in the cellar closet, four papers full of a white powder and labeled "Arsenic."

Around the supper table we usually had speeches and toasts of a friendly and amusing nature. The laughter after one of these had died down when I discovered, to my astonishment, Mr. Jones upon his feet. He was about to make a speech. Mrs. Nosegood clutched at her telegram and looked at him with triumphant disdain.

"Friends," he began, "this is a great day in my life, and I am going to ask you to permit me to tell you a little about myself, if it will not bore you." There being no particular dissent, if no great enthusiasm, Mr. Jones continued: "It may surprise you to know that I lived, before arriving here, in Manchester, New Hampshire."

At this, Mrs. Nosegood, unable to contain herself any longer, leapt to her feet and with blazing eye cried out, "Mr. Jones, it may surprise you to know that we know a great deal more about you than you think. I have here in my hand a telegram establishing your guilt. Mr. Jones, your aunt did not die as a result of falling downstairs. She died as a result of arsenic poisoning and you were the murderer." With this she handed the telegram to Mr. Jones.

He read it twice and laid it down, with calmness, at his plate. "I have been guilty, very guilty in this matter, I confess," he said. "But to-night I am going to make a full confession to you all."

The old spell of his friendly courtesy seemed to be weaving itself around us once more. Mrs. Nosegood appealed to Miss Farquerson that he be not heard. But Miss Farquerson quietly answered, "I think it only fair to hear his side of the case, if he has one."

Mr. Jones, with simplicity, continued. "It evidently does not surprise you to know that before I came here I lived in Manchester, New Hampshire. The people among whom I lived were ordinary people; that is to say, they acted as if it were natural to be selfish, and as if there must be a special reason or a special occasion for any act of public spirit or good [CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]



old aunt were very unhappy at times, owing to these sudden fits of ungovernable rage. One day, the old aunt, who had been shopping all afternoon, returned home in the best of health. According to his story, she was on her way up-stairs when he heard her fall. Rushing up from the cellar where he was, he said, sorting apples, he found her lying in the hallway—dead. There was great indignation among the neighbors when this story became known: an inquiry was instituted and much testimony was heard; he was committed for trial, but in the end the jury disagreed and he was acquitted. Popular indignation, however, ran so high that he had to leave Manchester and, till Mrs. Nosegood's arrival, his whereabouts had been unknown. Mrs. Nosegood had talked on that day with many of the neighbors, and had found that in Manchester Mr. Jones had evinced no special interest in children or neighbors. It was evident, she pointed out, that these traits were simply assumed here, as she had suspected all along, as a mere hypocritical screen.

The subject of her investigations happened to drop in before she left, and she took occasion to say to him in the most pointed manner, "I met some of your old acquaintances, Mr. Jones, in Manchester, these last few days."

"Well, well," he said, beaming on her in the most unconscious way in the world. "I didn't know I had any friends up there. Who were they, may I ask?"

"I met the Thompsons and the Blythes," she answered. As she afterward told us, these were the two nearest neighbors to the house where Mr. Jones had lived.

She spoke with such a meaning stare that he seemed disconcerted and passed it off with, "Well, I hope they gave a good account of me, anyway!" Then he gayly changed the subject, and in a few moments Mrs. Nose-





# Good Citizenship

Conducted by  
ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON



WITH everyone absorbed in Christmas preparations, interest in club meetings and civic work will slump a bit during the next few weeks. So you are all forgiven if you file away this particular Good Citizenship page to read after the holidays, when you will be getting down to the real civic work of the winter.

Preparing, answering, and discussing questionnaires has become the woman voter's favorite indoor amusement.

One of the best comes from Mrs. Catharine Waugh McCullough, chairman of the Committee on Uniform Laws Concerning Women, National League of Women Voters. It raises some amazing questions.

Few wives know the exact legal interest they have in their earnings and in their children, in the property which they have helped their husbands to acquire, and in the money which they may inherit.

In your state, may a wife sign a contract without her husband's consent? Is she legally responsible for the support of her children and her husband? Are women admitted to the bar in your state?

Answers to these questions differ widely in different states.

Women's organizations, desiring to arouse community interest in politics and civics, will find this questionnaire a drawing card for their initial meeting. It contains thirty-eight queries.

First, send to the Good Citizenship Bureau for one or more copies of the leaflet. Second, write to the president of your State League of Women Voters and inquire whether that organization has compiled a pamphlet on laws governing women. Several state organizations, including those in Nebraska, Kansas, and Wisconsin, have done this important work. If you do not know how to reach your state president, the Good Citizenship Bureau will supply that address also. Third, hand a copy of the questionnaire to the ablest attorney of your town or community, and ask him to answer the queries on the night of the meeting. Fourth, in announcing the meeting in your local paper, print a few of the questions to arouse curiosity and interest. Finally, at the meeting have one or more questions debated.

If you want copies of Mrs. McCullough's comprehensive questionnaire, send a self-addressed and stamped envelope to the Good Citizenship Bureau, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

## For Women and Children

WOMEN are redeeming their promise: "Give us the vote, and we will use it first to better conditions for women and children in homes and schools."

So far, the woman vote has made small impression on national policies, issues, and political parties, but in individual communities it is being felt by local politicians.

For example, rural school boards in New York State have been given quite a shaking up by the findings of the Health Survey made by the New York State League of Women Voters, under the directions of S. Josephine Baker, M. D., and Dorothy C. Kempf, M. D.

Questionnaires covering conditions in schools were distributed by county chairmen of the league, and wherever this was possible their workers visited the schools personally. Otherwise, the questionnaires were filled in by teachers.

The survey developed the fact that in 3,018 schools, the average daily attendance was less than ten pupils, while in many cases a schoolhouse with its equipment and teacher was maintained for three, two, and even one pupil. This waste can be checked by building consolidated schools and establishing a bus line for scattered pupils.

The survey also uncovered shocking and unnecessary sanitary conditions. Parents were informed that their children were studying in unventilated, ill-lighted rooms. Here, a bad floor endangered the lives and limbs of pupils. There, children had to go a quarter of a mile for drinking water. In one school all the pupils used one towel; in another were two tubercular children.

Most of these insanitary buildings have been repaired and cleaned. Health inspectors are earning their fees. Consolidated schools are being built. And all because New York women are talking school affairs as they never talked them before.

What conditions exist in the rural schools of your state?

What is your organization doing to improve conditions for rural pupils?

Practical help to civic workers in small town and rural communities is offered by the States Relations Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, of which A. C. True is director. It binds together the Federal Department of Agriculture and your state agricultural college with your farmers and their families. It has planned demonstrations, institutes, and all sorts of clubs for young people. It sends out the Home Demonstration Agents, and was the inspiration of canning, baby-beef, and tomato-raising clubs. It is constantly sending out new bulletins covering movements which make life on the farm easier for women and more interesting to young people.

You can secure more explicit information and new bulletins from your state officer in charge of agricultural extension work. If you don't know his name and address, write to the Good Citizenship Bureau, and it will supply them.

## New Literature for Civic Workers

THROUGH its joint committees on American Citizenship and Education, the New York State League of Women Voters has issued an exceptionally clear and comprehensive "Analysis of the Proposals for Independent Citizenship for Women," together with a summary of the present law of citizenship and naturalization, compiled by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read. This pamphlet should be in the hands of every president or chairman of the League of Women Voters, civic club, or study club. It can be secured by sending ten cents to the Education Committee, New York League of Women Voters, 37 West 39th Street, New York City.

Civic organizations interested in having policewomen appointed in their community will find useful a leaflet recently issued by the Police Department of New York: "Woman's Place in the Police Department."

It covers the duties of policewomen and their opportunities to serve women and children. It can be secured by sending a self-addressed and stamped envelope to Mary E. Hamilton, who is the director of the Women's Precinct, 434 West 37th Street, New York City.

The U. S. Public Health Service has issued an announcement which will interest women who might like to combine with training as nurses the opportunity to serve ex-soldiers. The service has opened two training schools in military hospitals, one at Fox Hills, Staten Island, New York, and one at Ft. McHenry, Baltimore, Maryland. The course runs three years, with annual vacations. For further particulars address the Surgeon General, Headquarters, U. S. Public Health Training School for Nurses, Washington, D. C.

Wisconsin readers interested in local civic work can secure help by writing Mrs. Ben Hooper, president of the Wisconsin League of Women Voters, Suite 407, 79 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee. Mrs. Hooper will send by return mail copies of "Forward," the State League's inspiring little bulletin, or an organizer to crystallize the civic interests of your town.

Philadelphia has a Bureau of Municipal Research that is doing practical work, and securing the cooperation of civic-minded men and women. It is supported financially by two thousand public-spirited citizens, but it ap-

peals to the interest of every taxpayer and voter. It buys advertising space in local newspapers to tell about civic and political conditions, and in each advertisement it publishes the following coupon:

## CITIZENS' COUPON

BUREAU OF MUNICIPAL RESEARCH,  
805 Franklin Bank Building, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen: I desire to know more about the work of your organization, and I am particularly interested in (check topic of greatest interest to you):

1. Cleaner streets.
2. More pay for school-teachers, and more schools.
3. Making the sinking fund work.
4. Fair pay and fair play for all employees of the city.
5. A better water supply.
6. Justice for the poor in the city's courts.
7. Constitutional revision.
8. Correcting mandamus abuses.

Name..... Address.....

The response to this coupon appeal has been good, and, supported by public opinion, the bureau is securing definite reforms. It has been instrumental in initiating modern methods of accounting in handling city finances, the establishment of a Bureau of Weights and Measures; it has forced publicity in Sinking Funds matters, and has assisted the City Charter Committee in preparing a new charter. Thirty cities now have municipal research bureaus, but none so effective as Philadelphia's. If you want to know more about the "Philadelphia Plan" write to Mr. Edward T. Paxton, secretary, 805 Franklin Bank Building, Philadelphia.

Civic organizations wishing to interest local people in progressive movements can now secure two excellent films for the cost of transportation. One is "The Danger That Never Sleeps," a picturization of fire prevention; it can be secured by writing to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 76 William Street, New York City. The other is a strong and instructive film showing the prevention of smallpox, a matter of national importance, now that various scourges are traveling in our direction from Europe. It can be secured by writing to Lee K. Frankel, M. D., Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Madison Square, New York City.

## Civic and Political Activities Among Women

THE Indiana League of Women Voters made a real contribution to citizenship this fall by holding forums for the discussion of the thirteen amendments of the State Constitution on which citizens voted. Helen C. Benbridge, chairman of Government Efficiency Committee, issued explicit instructions for conducting the forums which brought the questions at issue directly before taxpayers and voters.

Governor McCray, of Indiana, who appointed Mrs. Warrington as the state's first probation officer, has named, also, an advisory committee to act with the new official. It is known as the Advisory Juvenile Committee, and consists of two men and three women. The latter are Mrs. Ella N. Kehrer, of Anderson, Mrs. John W. Bossard, of Peru, and Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, of Evansville, all members of the League of Women Voters.

The University of Vermont has fallen into line with state universities who are helping women in their campaigns for better citizenship. This fall the Vermont League of Women Voters, Miss Clara Ormsbee, president, held its first annual conference at the State University, in Burlington.

Vermont women wishing to join the State League of Women Voters, or to learn more of its activities, can secure information by writing Miss Clara Ormsbee, president, Brandon, Vermont.

The Texas League of Women Voters is conducting a campaign of protection for the state university, at Austin, whose usefulness is threatened by reduced appropriations and the onslaughts of politicians who seem to wish to weaken the power of the board of regents. The University of Texas is particularly successful and practical in its extension work. The women of the state are therefore determined that its power shall be increased, not reduced.

## "At Your Service"

THE following helps are available through the Good Citizenship Bureau:

1. "Good Citizenship Made Easy"  
A booklet of practical suggestions. Price, 10 cents.
2. Good Citizenship Leaflets  
As follows: (a) "How to Register;" (b) "Primaries, and Why They are Important to You;" (c) "How the President is Elected;" (d) "Nominations;" (e) "Law-Making;" (f) "Taxes and Where They Go." Price, 4 cents each.
3. "American Life and Politics in Fiction"  
A list of 58 worth-while novels covering various phases and periods.
4. "This Government of Mine"  
A list of the 47 best and most entertainingly written books on American history, biography, travel, etc.
5. "Put a Two-cent Stamp to Work"  
A list of institutions in different states which supply help to all interested in civic betterment.
6. "The Good Citizenship Bureau:  
What It Has Done and What It Can Do for You."
7. "Your Community and Its Government."
8. "Simple Facts About Local Politics"  
This textbook on how cities, towns, and counties are governed also contains club programs. Price, 10 cents.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 will be sent on receipt of postage (2 cents for each leaflet).

The Good Citizenship Film, "Women Who Represent Women in Washington." Excellent for civic, political, or community clubs. Nominal charge.

Address Good Citizenship Bureau,  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, New York City.





"Yes," she insisted. "People don't know it, but I am. My whole life has been a sham—hiding and pretending"

## The Cricket

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ILLUSTRATED by J. A. WILLIAMS

CRICKET had always wondered how she came to be born into her family. Long before her overwhelming idea came to her she had felt that there must be some explanation. She never spoke of it, for they were fond of her, and she did not want to start them thinking about what she was and was not. Her being so very much the youngest had rather blinded them. They thought they called her the Cricket for affectionate reasons—she was little and lively and always down on the hearthrug. But one night in the country, when she heard the crickets crickets, hour after hour, she knew better than the family did what the name came from.

You see, Cricket was light, hopelessly, incurably light. There was nothing to her but springiness and a cheerful sound.

"I have no soul," she used to tell herself, looking intently into the mirror for some trace of the modern pain. Perhaps she had an old-fashioned immortal soul—she was not much interested in that; she meant something that was part intellect and part heart, and that made her mother the distinguished and beautiful chairman of forty committees, and Alison sick over the Armenians, and Peggy savage about Lloyd-George's policies and Debs's being in prison, something that even her father had, though he took it out in growing red and stuttering with rage when he happened on the word "radical." It meant seeing how wrong things were in the world and caring so that one could die about it. And, to save her neck, the Cricket could not suffer—except for something hurt right where she could see it. She knew that the world was in a frightful state, but she could not seem to take hold.

The appalling discovery did not come slowly; it was like the blaze of light that was let down from heaven on Saul in the old Bible engraving. The revelation was so fantastic that she could not tell anyone, and yet so certain that she went sick and cold all over and her teeth chattered half the night.

The evening began like any other. They stayed late in town, for the apartment was big and cool and pleasant, and the others were all too deep in public affairs to think much about birds and leaves. Mr. Thayer was just back from the Republican Convention, rather disgusted, but as sure as ever that only the Republican Party could save the country, and Mrs. Thayer was getting ready to go to the Democratic Convention. The Cricket's earliest recollections of her mother were not lullabies and prayers; they were of a loving, absent hand on her head, and vigorous argument going on above it. Mr. Thayer had liked to make her argue; he used to draw her out and laugh and tease her, and she would grow angry. But of late years, and especially since women could vote, it was Mother who drew Father out, and Father who got mad. During the war there were questions that nearly rent the two apart. To him, whitelivered pacifist was all one word. Cricket tried in vain to suffer like that. She secretly believed in free trade or protection, imperialism or safe-for-

democracy, according to which parent was holding the floor. She could not seem to develop opinions. But she kept very quiet, and the family had not found her out.

That night Mother was merry and teasing, and rubbing it into Father what a mess the Republicans had made of their chances; and he was being a good sport, as men have to be when they are modern and their wives have money of their own. Alison had wanted to take the Cricket to a prison reform meeting, but the latter's head conveniently ached, and so Peggy was going to read to her an article on the inside truth about Ireland; and Cricket was looking at them all with a shamed despair.

She could not be worthy of them, and she was so tired of trying! She felt a sudden longing for a cozy family, that sewed and read novels aloud, and cared about dancing and had young men dropping in. Many vivid, interesting women came to the apartment, and a few men; but these were older and absorbed in public affairs. And three years of boarding-school had separated her from the boys in their old home. That was the everlasting cricket of it, of course. She could see the truth of what Alison and Peggy said when, once in a great while, they discussed all that a man must be before one could dream of marrying him; and yet Cricket never saw a kind-looking, well-dressed young man in a car without thinking that he really would do, while a window full of socks and afghans and scalloped sacques—blue for a girl, please—made her swell up inside and smile till she cried. To-night there was such a silly restlessness tearing at her, and they were all so strong and tranquil that more than ever she wondered, "How did I come to be born into this family?" And then, like a sign from heaven, came the answer, "Perhaps I wasn't!"



Cricket had known all her life the story of the night she was born, for there had been no stork business in her bringing-up. Her mother had gone to the fine little maternity hospital that Grandfather Forster had given the town. She could have had every comfort at home; but women who could not were still shy of the hospital in those days, and so she went to encourage them—which was like her. It was a lively night at the institution. Another girl baby was born at the same moment that the Cricket was, to the accompaniment of a terrific thunderstorm, and the two were scarcely there before a turret on the hospital was struck, causing an alarm of fire. All the wretched little new arrivals were assembled, ready to be rushed out if necessary, and of course the nurses were wildly excited. When the danger was over, and the babies were redistributed—you see the thought that laid a cold hand on the Cricket's throat that summer evening. It came to her like a certainty: her mother had not got her own child.

Her first feeling was like drowning. In spite of restless desires, she had been so proud of belonging to her family, so happy that they cared for her. She could run the housekeeping and do their shopping and telephoning for them, and have fresh tea and flowers or fires when they came in tired; there were dozens of small crickety services possible, and so they never saw her quite as she really was. One accepts a little sister of any kind because she is born there; but if she is Biddy O'Flannigan's child, one wakes up and looks her over. That night was like saying good-by to them all forever.

OF COURSE, she was not going to tell. She had hidden other things, and she would hide this. They had gone off to committees and lectures and things before she got up, and when she had to face them, at noon, she had her secret well bricked in. But every time she said "Mother" her heart felt a guilty stab, and every time they looked at her, she thought, "It is coming!" They were beginning to feel her hands and look at her tongue when Mr. Thayer came home with a piece of political gossip and diverted their attention.

Father began, "Margaret!" at the front door, as he always did when he had anything to communicate, and for a horrible moment Cricket knew that he had found out about her; but it was only something to do with the suffrage amendment. Mr. Thayer gave it as news, but Mrs. Thayer received it as a moral challenge. She never got over being shocked at politics. Mr. Thayer maintained that things had always been like that and always would be, and that if a legislator was told to flop or lose his job, he was going to flop, and you couldn't change human nature; and Mrs. Thayer declared that it was believing you couldn't change things that kept back progress, and then they were off, hot and hard. Argument made the Cricket sick with distress, she was so afraid someone would be hurt; but these two never were. A moment later they were laughing together, as friendly as ever. They were like gods or giants. How could they have given birth to a Cricket?

If Peggy had been the only sister at home, hiding the secret would have been easier, for Peggy decided what was the matter with you and dosed you accordingly, vigorously certain that you would be all right now that she had taken hold; but Alison tried to find out what you thought was wrong. She presently lured the Cricket to her room for some advice about a hat—Cricket was infallible on hats; and when they had decided that all it needed was a fold of velvet inside the crown, so that more of the heavy amber hair would be revealed, and Cricket was anchored with a needle and thread, Alison made her gentle, indirect attack. So many things used to hurt her and make her unhappy when she was a girl, she said, feeling her way, as a doctor might feel for a sensitive spot. Cricket yielded up several minor secrets—throwing over sand bags to keep herself up—and the fact that she did miss the old home and the country, these warm days, satisfied Alison; and so that night it was arranged that Cricket should go down to Aunt Dollie for a week. Aunt Dollie's sunny, blossomy garden adjoined their old place, and she was always begging for Cricket.

ANYONE must have thought that the right remedy had been found, the Cricket turned so radiant at the prospect. They reproached themselves—at least, Alison did—when they saw how the little thing glowed and bloomed all the evening and felt the fervor of her good-by embraces. Peggy went with her to the train and gave her a review containing a thoughtful article on the Polish situation; but Cricket was too happy to read, too happy to see out of her blurring eyes.

For she was supposed to look like Aunt Dollie. Not once in her misery had she thought of that; and yet, if it was really true, there was her birthright restored to her. Izzy Einstein's child would not have resembled Mr. Thayer's sister! One good look would settle the question; and when, at the journey's end, she saw a little, lively old lady, arms out, taking dance steps along the veranda to express joy, she ran up the path and hugged her for being so crickety.

"I never was so glad to see anyone," she cried in heartfelt truth.

They linked arms and danced into the house together as they had done ever since Cricket's little legs could carry her. Then, tucked up in the big window seat, each with a foot under her, they looked each other over, and so grew grave. Aunt Dollie could express her thought:

"You lead a dog's life in my brother's family, Cricks. Why don't you come and be my child?"

"Aunt Dollie, I have always looked like you, haven't I?" Cricket spoke with troubled eyes on the bright, elderly prettiness, trying to find herself there.

Aunt Dollie sprang up and rummaged in a drawer of photographs. "I look like a picture puzzle now," she said, a laugh in every line; "but once—" She held out a faded photograph of a little figure in a pointed basque with sleeves tight to bursting and a Langtry bang cascading to the eyebrows. "There I was," she said triumphantly.

Cricket ran with it to a mirror and found sufficient resemblance to set her dancing for the rest of the day. She took the photograph up to her room, to keep herself reassured. It was watching her when, happily in bed, she picked up Peggy's review, to bring on sleep.

The state of Poland failed to grip the attention, but an article on heredity was more promising, now that she had a personal interest in heredity. The question of family resemblances made her sit up with excitement.

HOURS later, the poor Cricket was still sitting up, the photograph and a hand mirror on her knees, though her scared eyes no longer saw them. Family likeness, it seemed, was often a matter of imitation; little faces molded themselves on the big faces that taught them speech and laughter. Adopted babies often grew to look astonishingly like their unrelated parents. Of course, one could find definite family traits—Cricket saw her mother's sunny hair, only a little dimmed, Peggy's spun auburn and Alison's heavy amber, with her own dark head unexplained among them, unless by the photograph on her knee. But there was no literal resemblance; the likeness could well have been a thing molded in in loving imitation. The two had been chums from the very first. In the light of that relentless article, Cricket's last hope of proving herself a Thayer died.

And then, Cricket fashion, she began to feel a thrill of excitement over her unknown family. They need not necessarily be horrid! Perhaps they were artists or on the stage; that would explain her own incurable need to skip. She was unhappy, of course, but it was frightfully interesting.

She slept at last, but the dawn glow of her rosy chintzes soon awakened her. Her windows looked toward the stolen home of her happy childhood, and Cricket, staring into the thicket of locusts that hid the house and garden, felt deliciously pensive and romantic. Presently she dressed and stole out.

On Aunt Dollie's side of the hedge all was radiant neatness and trim bloom and the old archway was still kept clipped; but the path through the locusts was choked with weeds, and a dusty forlornness had spread over burnt lawns and empty flower beds. The house, so prosperously pleasant in their day, showed broken awnings and tumbling vines. The only enduring spot was the summerhouse, still renewed by the yearly uprush of its sturdy old grapevines. Cricket, with a homesick memory of old dolls and story books, mounted its step to look in, then stopped in dismay, for a sleepy face had jerked up from a cot inside and a cross voice demanded:

"What on earth are you doing here?"

A STONE in Cricket's face would not have felt more shocking. "I am so sorry," she stammered. "This used to be my home—and my aunt said that nobody was living here—"

"Well, we're nobody," the voice spoke more good-humoredly and the head dropped back on a bare arm. "But, good lord! if you once got away, what did you want to come back for?"

A stiffening indignation came to Cricket's aid. She could not fight about Lenin, but for her home or her family she could be a young tiger.

"When we owned it, it didn't look like this," she explained coolly. "We kept it up properly, and the garden was—"

The girl interrupted. She was a very rude girl. "It wouldn't matter to me what it looked like if I had to be stuck here, an hour and thirty-five minutes from life. If there is one thing I hate worse than pansies, it's robins. The little beasts have been yelling steadily for the past hour."

"You could sleep in the house," Cricket pointed out. She had never met such a horrid girl.

"Oh, I came out here to worry the family," was the weary answer. "I hoped they would look in my room and think I had run away."

CRICKET'S politeness had been keeping her averted, but at that she turned an amazed stare on the cot. In the leafy dimness the face that returned her look was younger than the voice, handsome in a broad, pale fashion, with an unexpected glint of humor to temper its insolence.

"Perhaps you think it wouldn't worry them so awfully?" the girl suggested.

Cricket allowed a pause to answer that. Then, "Why do you stay?" she asked.

The bare arms, stretching widely, expressed something like, "Foolish question number 371!" "Why does the square peg ever stay in the round hole?" she drawled. "Because it can't get out. I was born into the wrong family, that's all."

Cricket started. "How do you mean?"

"Oh, my parents wanted a young lady, something sweet and good that would sit at the window and embroider when her day's work was nicely done; and the poor things got a human being with a brain thrown in,

worse luck. You'd be more in their line," she added with a harsh note of amusement.

She really was a hateful person. Cricket was turning away in silence when a second laugh and a quick apology checked her.

"Oh—look here—I didn't mean that the way it sounded. You probably have loads of brains. I was only thinking that you looked sort of ladylike and get-up-when-your-grandmother-comes-into-the-room and all that. Funny how much franker you can be with strangers when you're in bed," she concluded with an air of discovery.

"Perhaps that is why we don't usually meet them that way," Cricket suggested.

The girl smiled broadly. "I get you," she said. "Oh, nobody likes me. How could they? my parents think they do because they won't face facts. They wanted to come back here to live because I was born here, and it was the happiest time of their lives. Before I could talk, you see."

"Perhaps they knew my father and mother," Cricket began, then remembered with so dizzying a suddenness that she had to put a shaking hand on the doorpost.

"They didn't," was the positive answer. "My father was only substituting here in somebody else's pulpit—he's a Congregationalist and you look more like an Episcopalian. Or maybe Christian Science—they wear handmade blouses, too. My people boarded, and I was born in a maternity hospital that was struck by lightning just as I arrived. Sort of heavenly protest, you see. Hello!" And she rose on one elbow, for the other had slipped down in a heap on the step.

CRICKET lifted a white face and managed to laugh. "I suppose I need my breakfast," she apologized. "I have been awake most of the—" Then speech faltered, for a bar of sunlight, finding the girl's hair, showed fiery gold.

The other met her stare with mild curiosity. "Do I really make people feel the way you look?" she asked.

The Cricket must have had good blood in her, wherever it came from. She laughed, apologized again for the intrusion and went away with her usual light step. Seeing Aunt Dollie in the doorway, she came skipping, and they joined arms for a gavotte that brought them breathless to their chairs at the breakfast table. Aunt Dollie had news.

"Cricks, the old place is rented," she announced. "Katy lent their girl a screw driver last night. The Reverend Thankful Coffin has taken it for three years. He has retired from the pulpit, and they are going to keep boarders—think of it—in your old home!"

Cricket laid down her spoon as though it had grown heavy. "Cricket Coffin!" was sounding in her ears. Aunt Dollie, in lavender organdie as fresh as the lavender sweet peas on the table, was pouring amber coffee into lovely old Chinese cups, and noticed nothing.

"Katy did very well by the screw driver," she went on. "I can tell you all about the son, who is a perfect gentleman; but Miss Maynie, the daughter, is a severe trial, and won't so much as make her own bed."

"Yes; she is a dreadful girl!" Cricket burst out. "I have just been talking to her. My family would hate her!"

"Oh, I don't know; the girl calls herself an I. W. W. No one ever was a radical to Aunt Dollie or her brother; they 'called themselves' so. 'That would just suit Peggy.'"

"Peggy is very different," Cricket insisted. Her toast was choking her.

"Oh, and Maynie was born here in our hospital," Aunt Dollie remembered.

"Well, don't tell her that I was," Cricket tried to say it lightly; but if she had been covering a murder her eyes could not have watched more burningly for assent.

THE danger was imminent, appalling. The least clue would be enough to set that girl on the track. Mrs. Coffin came through the hedge after breakfast, returning the screw driver herself, as the maid had left; and Cricket fled, as though she might be recognized and claimed on the spot. She could hear Aunt Dollie showing the beloved garden and making neighborly offers, and might have seen her probable mother by looking from the window, but she kept as far from it as possible. She had already decided what Mrs. Thankful Coffin would be like: forlorn, lank, meek, with thin hair strained back from a bumpy forehead and long, limp skirts. Exchange her handsome, assured mother for that! Cricket passionately refused.

And so began a very dreadful week; for Cricket had an old-fashioned conscience that had never before had a real chance. Day and night it kept up its harsh harangue: That cross, red-headed girl's right to her own family; the Coffins' right to their own child; the Thayers' right to a daughter who had brains (or said she had); Cricket's right to handmade blouses bought with another girl's money! When the money side occurred to her, she nearly broke down. To want to keep the dear family was natural, but to want to keep the money would be vulgar, and with all her heart Cricket longed to hand it over. And then, one bright dawn, she saw how she could hand it over, and came down to breakfast so radiant that Aunt Dollie purred over her.

"I haven't thought you looked well, Cricks," she confided.

"I'll be all right now," sang the Cricket. She had a hundred dollars a month for her small expenses, and ten would have to do. That would leave [CONTINUED ON PAGE 89]





# "Nary Christmas"

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATED By HERMAN PFEIFER

OLD Madame Channell, who was eighty that month, woke on the morning following Thanksgiving Day with a vague sense of impending disaster. It was a moment or two before she could classify it. Then she remembered that it was the date on which Hildegard, her eldest daughter-in-law, always appeared during the forenoon to consult with her regarding the plans for their exceptionally merry Christmas.

"My land!" she said aloud in an exasperated whisper. She resolutely turned her face away from the light and tried to sleep again, but inexorable habit was too strong for her. It was almost half past five, and she still rose at that hour, winter and summer, dressing herself and her wisp of silver hair without calling her maid. This custom was a source of much annoyance to Hildegard and other members of the family, but a great comfort to the maid and herself. She waited to hear the hall clock strike the half hour, and she thought a little of staying in bed and sending down word that she was not well, but she knew this subterfuge would avail her little. It would merely delay matters, unless, indeed, she was able to summon up a mortal malady, and she had no intention of doing that for at least ten years.

She dressed herself with quick and capable fingers, and was ready long before a sleepy-eyed maid brought up her breakfast tray. Old Madame Channell despised food on a tray, but Hildegard had explained to her, very gently and brightly, that it was hardly fair to the rest of the household to have the disturbance of Grandmama breaking her fast in the dining-room and the chill gray dawn at a little after six. Whenever Hildegard explained anything, she did it so firmly and so thoroughly that there was no possible room for argument left; the subject never had to be brought up again.

Hortense, her maid, appeared shortly before eight, and did something to her hair, and dusted flesh-colored powder over her thousand-wrinkled face and manicured her hard little brown claws. Then Humphrey, her chauffeur, sent in to know at what hour she would like to drive, mentioning that Mrs. Henry (Mrs. Henry Channell was Hildegard) had suggested the afternoon, as she had an engagement with Madame for the morning.

When she had agreed to three o'clock, her companion, Miss Fisher, came up to her sitting-room, bringing with her the book which she was reading aloud. Miss Fisher was a large, soft woman with a singularly expressionless face, and she always read books which appealed to her personally—mild, well-bred books with a gently sad ending; but it did not matter in the least, because the old woman never listened. She had plenty of things to think about or, at least, to remember. She had been alive for eighty years, and she had borne eight children and reared eleven—a dead sister's brood added to her own—and light fiction left her rather cold. She was slight and small, and very brown and weathered-looking, and Hildegard told her friends that it was amusing and very touching to see how dear Mother Channell clung to her quaint old-fashioned diction. Madame Channell knew, as a matter of fact, that the safest diction for her to cling to was silence; she never shocked or embarrassed anyone so long as she kept still, and she kept still a great deal of the time.

She felt it was only fair to make Hildegard as comfortable as possible, because Hildegard did so much for her comfort, as witness, Miss Fisher. The old lady hadn't thought that she needed a companion, but her daughter-in-law had; and if Miss Fisher hadn't added to the sum of Madame Channell's happiness she had to everyone else's in the family. She had lifted a great load off their minds. Now they could say, "Oh, Mother Channell" (or Grandmama, if it happened to be the second generation) "is with her companion, you know, Miss Fisher. Such a nice woman, and devoted to her! We feel we are very fortunate in securing her. She is really very unusual."

Madame Channell didn't know wherein her companion was unusual except that she was unusually dull; but she presently got used to her and minded having her about very little.

At eleven o'clock she looked up from her knitting and spoke: "When you get to the end of the chapter you might as well stop, Miss Fisher. Mrs. Henry's coming up to talk Christmas with me."

Miss Fisher closed the book reluctantly. "That was the end of the chapter, just there. Must we leave the lovers in this bitter, bitter quarrel?" she inquired archly. "I guess they'll keep," said Madame Channell. "There's Hildegard now."

The companion went softly out of the room by another door as Mrs. Henry Channell entered it. She was a high-colored, heavily handsome woman with a buoyant step and manner, and she bore down upon her little old mother-in-law with a great deal of heartiness.

"Good morning, Mother Channell! Did you have a fine, restful sleep? Not too tired from all the festivities yesterday, are you? Sure you feel like starting our Christmas plans?"

Madame Channell knew she would never feel any more like it than she did then, or any less, so she merely nodded and went on with the bed jacket she was knitting for a bazar.

Hildegard had a sheet of monogrammed note paper and a beautifully sharp pencil, and she set to work at once to make her lists. "The same dear old program, of course," she said—"a reading of the Christmas Carol at three o'clock on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, then a high tea for the wee ones, and a dinner dance for the older boys and girls, and the tree, of course, and a midnight supper, and the Christmas waits singing under



All she had to do was sign checks and write on Christmas tags

the windows, and then the stockings in the morning, and the family dinner at two, and a buffet supper that evening for the young people—" Her pencil flew smoothly over the page.

"My land!" said the old woman, half under her breath. "Yes, Mother Channell?" Hildegard looked up alertly.

"That's what you do every single, solitary year!" She felt the other's questioning surprise, but she went doggedly on. "Don't you ever want a change? Don't you ever want to do anything different?"

"What have you in mind, Mother Channell?" asked Hildegard patiently. "Have you something to suggest?"

"Well, I don't know's I have," her mother-in-law muttered, subsiding. "I don't know's I've thought of anything special, but—"

"Why, dear Mother Channell"—she was gently reproachful now—"you, of all people, to want to change the beautiful old Christmas customs! Think of what they mean to you, with all your dear ones around you—your children and your children's children—and their children! Why, the way you have always kept Christmas is proverbial! You are the very spirit—"

"All right, Hildegard, all right," said the old lady, hastily. "Let's go on with the plans."

The rest of the plans, beyond notes as to caterers and orchestras and decorators, were concerned with gifts. Madame Channell had twelve of the first generation and twenty-two grandchildren and five great-grandchildren to remember; but, strictly speaking, she didn't really have to remember anything, for Hildegard remembered everything and everybody for her. All she had to do was to sign checks for the next two weeks, and write on Christmas tags and tie up parcels in tissue paper and red baby ribbon and sprigs of holly for the remainder of the time until the twenty-fifth of December. She knew that Hildegard said to her friends: "Dear Mother Channell, all her gifts are so personal—she ties them up herself, and writes on the cards in her little old trembling script. We really can't realize what Christmas means to her!" (This was entirely true.) Hildegard had built up so clever and consistent a legend about the old head of the family that she had come to believe it herself. Madame

Channell, who was slightly deaf but not nearly as deaf as the family supposed her to be, often heard her affectionate little asides: "Dear Mother Channell, isn't she quaint? But I don't dare let her dwell too long on those early days when she and Father Channell were pioneering.... It exhausts her, emotionally." It likewise, as the old woman was cannily aware, let in too strong and prosaic a light upon the humble beginnings of the great Channell clan, and she was grimly docile when her eldest daughter-in-law brightly changed the subject.

Hildegard finished her gift list and rose to go. "And where shall you drive this afternoon, Mother Channell? In the park? It is still very beautiful in the park—we've had such a late fall."

Madame Channell evaded her eyes. "No, I guess I'll drive down-town, Hildegard. There's something I want to do."

Mrs. Henry halted on the threshold. "Can't I do it for you, Mother Channell? Or one of the maids; or Miss Fisher? I think it's so much pleasanter for you in the park."

"I'm going to Badger, Coates, and Badger's," said her mother-in-law shortly.

Hildegard's carefully shaped eyebrows went up. "Must you, really? Mr. Badger is always so glad to come to you, you know. Sha'n't I telephone him for you?"

"My land!" said the old woman. "I want to go. I want to see Dave Quincy."

The sun went swiftly under a cloud. "Dear Mother Channell, don't you think you have a rather exaggerated idea of—"

Old Madame Channell put down her knitting, and there were two red spots on her cheekbones and her voice was shrill.

"I guess you may's well know, Hildegard, now as later, that I'm going to make young Dave one of my heirs."

Mrs. Henry closed the door very quietly and came back into the room. She was breathing a trifle quickly, but her voice was calm and kind. "I don't think you quite mean that, Mother Channell." (Hildegard had such a clear, logical brain that she frequently knew what people meant better than they did themselves.) "I think you mean that you are going to leave him a nice little legacy, because he is the grandson of Father Channell's dearest friend, but not that—"



"I mean," said her mother-in-law steadily, "that he's going to be written into my will, and share like my own grandsons. That's what I mean."

"Don't you think that will seem—rather odd—to people, when we have so many splendid lads of our own blood?"

"I guess it won't seem any odder, nor as odd, as it would for a fuss to be made over it," said Madame Channell grimly. She knew she had Hildegard there. Her will would be sacred, because the legend was sacred. "That's what I'm going to Badger, Coates, and Badger's for to-day. I've let it go too long. He won't know anything about it—young Dave. There's enough young ones round here already, spoiled with the idea of money coming to them." Miss Fisher rapped discreetly and presented her large soft face at the door. "Come on in," said the old woman. "Mrs. Henry's going. We're all finished. Now you can see how those fools made it up."

She left Miss Fisher in the limousine that afternoon when she went up to see her lawyers. When she had finished her business with the younger Mr. Badger, she asked to have young Quincy summoned. The younger Mr. Badger assured her that the boy was doing astonishingly well; they were really extremely pleased with his progress. She received him in a small inner office which he seemed to fill to overflowing. He was a big, rangy boy with a thick thatch of fair hair and arresting blue eyes, and he swung her off her feet and kissed her, and called her Aunt Sally and made a fuss over her, and her thousand-wrinkled face broke up into unsuspected lines of cheerfulness. That young Dave was the grandson of Father Channell's dearest friend was part of Hildegard's legend; but Madame Channell never disputed it. The fact was that he was her dearest friend. Hank Channell had been a hard-working, hard-headed, hard-drinking person about whom, as he would have been the first to admit, there was no foolishness. There had been a good deal of foolishness about the first Dave Quincy. He liked to hunt and fish and play the fiddle much better than he liked to chop wood, and, consequently, he had not amounted to very much, nor had his son, who was very like him. But David Quincy the third was going to amount to a great deal; old Madame Channell had pledged herself that. It hadn't been romance at all, according to the dashing modern standards of her granddaughters; she had been much too busy with her own eight children and her dead sister's three, and the cooking and washing and mending and gardening and butter-making and the chickens, and she had held certain quaint notions (she was quaint even then) that being married to Hank Channell, while it might not be her pleasure, was her business. Dave Quincy had helped her with her meager flower garden, and played the fiddle for her, and carried the heaviest things, and made foolish little jokes, and that was about all there had been to it; but it was the one lyric note in a large and heavy volume of prose.

The exaltation which followed her decisive action with regard to young Quincy brightened up the first part of December for her amazingly, and while Hildegard accepted it silently and sensibly there was a compression and sharpness about her which the old lady found stimulating; but by the middle of the month she began to have her annual feeling of being smothered by tissue paper and choked by red baby ribbon. The house was very gay, and while Madame Channell kept rigidly to her own suite of rooms, except at meal times, her family conscientiously brought their giddiness to share with her, or at least to exhibit to her.

"Mama thought you'd like to see my new frock," one of the younger granddaughters would say, dashing into her sitting-room. (She had six granddaughters, who ranged from fifteen to twenty, who plucked their eyebrows and used lavish lip sticks and rolled their stockings and smoked bold or furtive cigarettes, according to age.) Often on these occasions she would put on her other spectacles and look fixedly at the vision presented to her, and then shake her head and say, grimly, "Well, the Lord send you sense; you've lost all shame!" And the girl would drop a light kiss on the top of her head and say, "You old lamb!" and fly to retail delightedly Grandmama's latest quaintness.

By the sixteenth, she was spending several hours a day tying up gifts and inscribing cards. When she did up a gold cigarette case her inclination was to write:

Out upon you, fie upon you,  
Bold-faced jig!

but she never did. Instead she wrote, "With best Christmas love to Marjorie Anne from her loving Grandmama."

The only thing which varied the monotony was the theft of two of the Channell cars—a racer belonging to one of the splendid lads of Hildegard's protest and Hildegard's own coupé, and it was several days before they were recovered. They had been taken by lawless youths and maidens for joy rides and abandoned when the gasoline gave out. The Channells were very much annoyed with the law for not being more stringent.

Then, less than a week before Christmas, Madame Channell's limousine—loaned to one of the older granddaughters for attendance at a tea—was taken. (Humphrey had left it for less than five minutes, he asserted.) This time the thief was a girl of sixteen who had been making the police a lot of trouble, and she had incited others to follow her shameless example, and had headed a vandal's parade down the main street of the city, sitting in Humphrey's sedan place, driving at a rate of speed never before known to that grave vehicle. There were five cars, perilously close together, and when the girl had jammed on her brakes to avoid running over a lame dog—traffic had prevented her turning out—the motors behind had telescoped. She herself had been thrown through the glass front and sustained some bad cuts. Young Dave Quincy, catching sight of Madame Channell's car careening at a mad pace with a slip of a girl in the driver's seat, had run after it and witnessed the entire accident.

"Aunt Sally, it was the gamest thing I ever saw!" he reported excitedly. "She was cut on both hands, and one of her arms had a vein spouting to beat the cars! And, gee, she's a pippin to look at! Well, she just held out her arm to me—I rushed out to the car as soon as it happened and picked her up—and said, 'Tie your handkerchief around that geyser, will you?' And the moment I did she ran down the line and looked over the wrecks and sorted out the kids that were most hurt, and made me help her load them into your car; and by that time a policeman arrived and got very busy trying to arrest her, but she said, 'All right, all right, but don't bother me now! I'm rushing these kids to the hospital! I've arrested myself already; I'm going to court as soon as I've got rid of this load. Stick around and see if I don't!'"

"So the cop hops on the running board, and this youngster drives with the blood sprinkling down from a cut on her head and her hands all daubed with it, and my fancy tourniquet not stopping up that vein any too well, and we dash to the Receiving Hospital, and deliver our consignment of wounded, and then she heads the car around and beats it down to the courthouse, and jumps out and runs up-stairs, not waiting for the elevator, and bursts into the juvenile court—the cop and I trailing after her—and says, 'Judge, I didn't break my promise to you because I wouldn't promise not to nip another car—I just promised to try not to; and I did try, but it wasn't any use, and I borrowed a big bus, and we had a parade and we got in a jam, and I shot through the show window. There's nobody hurt very bad and I rushed 'em all to the hospital, and the bus is here, and so'm I, and I guess you'll have to pinch me again!'"

"My land," gasped old Madame Channell, leaning forward, two spots of bright color in her faded face.

"I never heard anything so brazen in all my life," said Hildegard.

"Well, the judge seemed all broken up about it," young Dave went on, "and he turned her over to some woman there, and I brought your car back, and the cop held me up to say I must get you to appear against the girl, Aunt Sally. He claims this judge is too easy on kids, and they're getting so bold they'll steal a street car."

He says if all the women at that tea whose cars were taken will come and make a fuss, it will have a lot of weight with the court. Of course, as far as I am concerned, that girl was so

too, Dave! How old d'you say you thought she was?"

"Sixteen, and a pippin, Aunt Sally! Sort of a gipsy type, you know—slim and olive-skinned, and black eyes and—"

"I think Mother Channell ought to rest now, if you don't mind excusing her," said Hildegard. "All this has been emotionally exhausting for her."

The other women agreed with Hildegard about their civic duty and they filled up two benches in the small court-room on the following day. Humphrey and Miss Fisher and Hildegard and Dave Quincy came with Madame Channell, and she had a chair placed well forward for her, so that she wouldn't miss anything.

The judge didn't seem very much impressed by the unusual influx of wealth and fashion in his chambers, but he seemed sincerely interested in Madame Channell, and he got up to speak to her and shake hands with her. He said he had always wanted to know her, which Hildegard privately thought rather presumptuous and uncalled-for. He was very decent, however, about rearranging his docket so as to dispose of the girl's case at once, and not keep the ladies waiting any longer than necessary.

He greeted young Dave very warmly, too, and they appeared to have a private word together. Hildegard trusted that the youth was seeking to impress the magistrate with the gravity of the affair, but she did not feel very much confidence in him.

Then the girl came in with a woman probation officer, and the judge had her sit down beside him, and patted her shoulder and asked how she felt, and if her cuts were troubling her. She looked even younger than sixteen, because she wore a childish middie blouse and a short and skimpy skirt, and Hildegard noticed with perfectly logical annoyance that she had a great quantity of naturally curly hair. (Hildegard had to have her own permanent wave renewed every few months.) She was surprisingly neat, and her hair was such a very dark brown that it shadowed her rather thin face and made her eyes look even bigger and blacker than they were in reality.

The judge seemed very greatly depressed, and it appeared to be difficult for him to deal with the matter in hand. He began to talk to the girl in a rambling sort of fashion, but as he was telling her things she already knew he addressed himself, more or less, to old Madame Channell, who leaned forward in her chair, a hand cupped behind her ear.

Some of the women had dreaded it, much as they felt it proper to come, because they were gentle and kindly persons, and they shrank from seeing punishment inflicted, however well deserved it might be; but it apparently wasn't going to be harrowing at all. The girl sat very still, with her slim brown hands, browner for the white bandages, clasped in her lap, and listened to the judge.

"Sally Dart," he said, sorrowfully, "I'm all broken up about this thing."

"My land!" said Madame Channell under her breath. "That's my own name, Sally!"

"I've tried and tried to trust you," he went on. "I've tried to help you to trust yourself. You know I've liked you a lot, Sally, and I've believed in you, because I know you're only one kind of a bad girl." Sally Dart's dark head lifted a little. "There are so many kinds of bad girl you might be, because you're just about alone in the world, and you haven't had much of a chance, but you're only bad about swiping cars to drive. Aside from that,"



They had lunched at a roadhouse and dined in a town

game, and she's such a pippin, Aunt Sally—"

Hildegard didn't think he was concerned at all,

and she made the fact civilly clear; and she thought it was Madame Channell's duty to society to appear with the other women and help to make an example of the young malefactor. She regretted having to subject her to such a strain, but she felt it was a matter of principle.

"I'd just as lief go, Hildegard," said the old woman. Her dim eyes kindled. "My land! Wish I'd 'a' seen it,

he paused, as if weighing the matter very seriously, "aside from that, I'd go so far as to say you're a good girl, an unusually good girl. But here's the pity of it: We—the world—have to be much more concerned with your little badness than your big goodness. I think I know why you steal cars to drive. You've never been anywhere in your life, and you've been pretty closely tied down at home with your sick father and your step-mother and her six children, and when you get a chance to go, you go, and you go fast and far!" Sally Dart nodded vehemently, and her brown hair fell about her face.

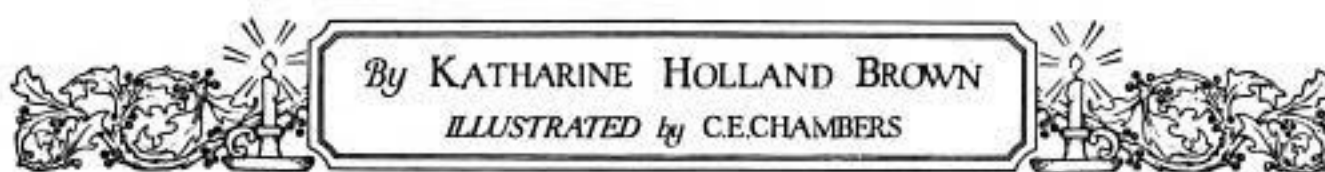
"I guess, perhaps," he said, looking at her consideringly, "way back in your [CONTINUED ON PAGE 26]



# The Mother

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

ILLUSTRATED by C.E. CHAMBERS



ALL the late autumn winds blew soft as down across the wide gold Roman plain. All the stars burned like great carven lamps of ivory, upheld by veiled priestesses, in the blue deep sky of night. So it seemed to little Dorigen's wondering eyes. For little Dorigen, the cowed, neglected foster-child in the great household of Manlius, the wealthiest merchant in Rome, little Dorigen, the timid handmaid to Lucretia, Manlius's handsome, domineering wife, was to be a bride. And such a bride!

One month ago, as she had toiled home from the marketplace, lugging a huge basket of grapes on one slim little arm, a tray of black-ripe figs on the other, she had been seen by Flavius. Flavius, a young patrician of vast wealth, was the hero of a score of battles with Attila and his hordes, which were already menacing Rome to north and east. He was the Emperor's close friend; young, splendid, arrogant, he was the prince of every high-born Roman maiden's dreams. How could he, whirling by in his gilded chariot, so much as glimpse the humble little servant, as she stumbled past with her aching load?

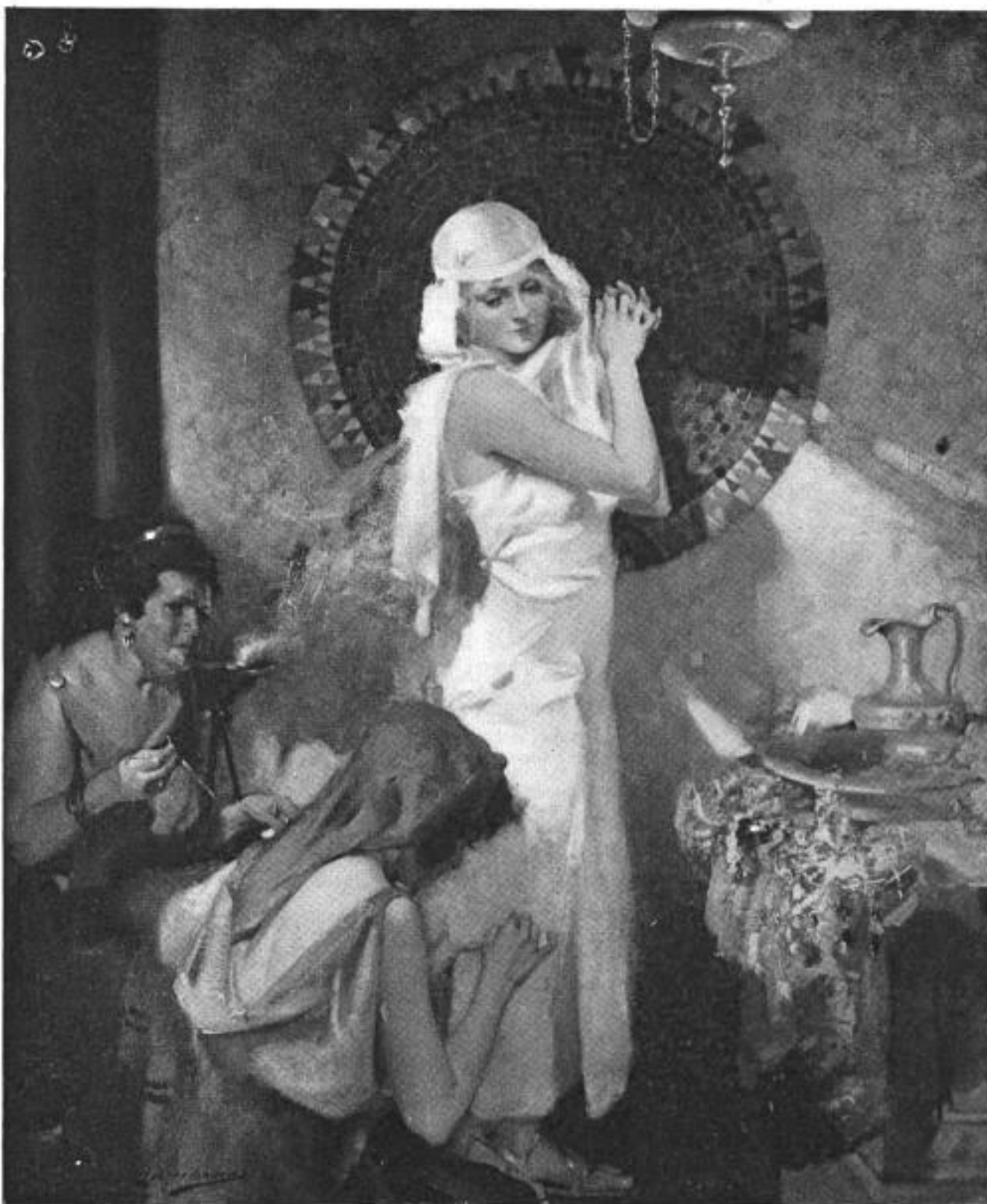
Glimpse her, he did, and in the drollest, most unromantic fashion. As Dorigen went down the road, a swarm of children came racing from a nearby grove. Flying before them like a hunted rabbit ran a golden-headed boy of six. His tunic was torn, his sandal broken. Blood streamed from a cut on his forehead. He was doing his best to escape. But the other children ran him down like a pack of little wolves. They seized on him, pommelled him, slapped him, jeered at him, hooting, screeching.

Dorigen stopped short. Her pale little face blazed. Tiny, frail creature though she was, all the Thracian tigress in her awoke. This was a Greek child, a slave, like herself. These little Roman brutes were bullying him, torturing him. . . .

Dorigen's basket went one way, her tray of figs another. Headlong, she dashed into the mêlée. With one well-aimed cuff, she sent two astonished heads bumping together, with another blow she knocked the foremost little rowdy flat. Ablaze with victory, she went Berserk. She smacked faces, and banged ears, and slapped jeering mouths shut—for one amazed instant, that is. Truth compels the admission that they opened up again, with roars to split high heaven. She reached the little Greek boy, seized his hand, thrust him behind her.

"There, now! I just guess they'll leave you alone!" she panted. But the little mob, stunned by this lightning Fury, suddenly rallied their forces, and charged her, bellowing.

An instant, the conflict hung in an even balance. Then Dorigen tore the beech switch from one child's hand, grasped her heavy wooden tray in the other, and met that charge with slashing blows, and whacks from the tray that made small skulls fairly rattle. Another



*So, wonder heaped on wonder, Dorigen saw herself robed in tunics of snowy wool*

minute, and the strife was won. Down the road, howling, sniveling, squealing for vengeance, scuttled the dozen little rascals, pell-mell. Dorigen and the little boy stood clinging to each other, in scared triumph.

Then, like a god from a cloud, up whirled Flavius in his gilded chariot; wheeled, stopped. Out he sprang, and came straight to Dorigen. Undoubtedly he was choking with suppressed laughter. But his salutation was as grave as though he stood before the Emperor himself.

"That was bravely done. But your grapes are spilled. Your figs are scattered and bruised. Let me help you pick them up. Then I shall take you both home, in my chariot."

Dorigen could not speak. This prince, this embodied Glory! Pick up her fruit—take her home in his chariot! She, a little slave girl, who had trudged through life on her own little feet, who had never set foot in a chariot before!

Flavius was as good as his word. Better. Did he not stop at the fruit stalls, and buy more grapes and figs, that she might not be scolded for the fruit that was

spoiled? Did he not fill her pouch, and the small boy's tunic, with the choicest white figs in the stall? At Manlius's gate, Dorigen thanked him, and said good-by with vague bewildered eyes, like a creature under a spell.

All this, she remembered, was on a Tuesday. Well might she remember! For on Wednesday, Flavius drove to Manlius's gates again, and demanded audience. Upon Manlius, astounded, nervously obsequious, he had hurled a fusillade of questions: "Your little servant, the Greek damsel, with black eyes and fair hair braided like ropes around her head. Whence did you have her? A captive from Thrace, eh? Seized, a tiny child, when Philippi revolted, and our legions raided it, in punishment. And her seller told you that she was of the blood of the nobility. . . . h'm m. That tells itself in her face, her courage—the little spitfire! You value her at— Oh, what matter? Name the sum. My secretary shall bring it. Now, send her to me, for I would speak with her. Alone."

Another hour; and Dorigen, dazed, submissive, would have knelt before him. But that he caught her to her feet, and laughed softly, and rebuked her, "How many, many times must I tell you, little Love? Not my slave. But my wife!" And then, like the courtly gentleman he was, he had lifted her little grape-stained hands and kissed them, and so locked Dorigen to him with an adoration that was all but worship. In all the lonely years since her babyhood, who had given her one gentle word! That this Sun of Rome should stoop to take her as his own! She would have followed him barefoot through the world.

Then came days filled with a very storm of preparation. Flavius had poured gold into

Lucretia's ample lap, and had commanded her, "Make for the child a bridal that would honor your own daughter. She comes to me as my wife. She shall come as a queen." So, wonder heaped on wonder, Dorigen saw herself robed in tunics of snowy wool and finest brodered linen, her slim feet sandaled in gold, her fair hair washed in perfumes, and wound with ribbons of silver. In Lucretia's great beaten-copper mirror, she did not know herself, this glittering stranger. She moved, pale, wordless, among her fellow servants, yesterday so surly, today so beaming and so servile. She listened, blank and silent, to Manlius's amazed questions. She was deaf to Lucretia's tantrums of mad jealousy, blind to her whining attempts to curry favor. All she saw was her lover's face. All she lived for was the day when she would be his. His, as utterly as the flesh of his own hand.

And yet—

THE night before her bridal, she crept out of the house, and wandered away, down the deep, lonely garden. It was late October; the blue fever-mists hung thick over the wide sweep of the Campagna. The garden, in its



autumn mimicry of death, was still darkly green, scented with the orange blossoms that gave to every October the lovely promise of spring. Always Dorigen had longed to be free and alone in the garden. Always she must work from dawn to dusk, with not one hour free to tread its green spaces. To-night, the garden was hers, alone. And to-morrow—to-morrow!

And yet—and yet—

She paused by a tall white rose bush. It was a rare and a magnificent shrub, almost a tree, and it was the pride of Manlius's heart. Every spring, it was a drift of beauty. But now it bore not one solitary bud. It was a mass of dusk, shining green.

"I wish I could have a white rose for my bridal," thought Dorigen. Then she laughed at her own foolishness. She, to wish for a rose! She, who had all the world!

She sat down on a low marble bench, under the rose tree. Soberly she judged herself.

"Of course I'm happy. Why, how could I fail to be happy?"

She was to be exalted. She was to be honored above all women. And with her whole heart she loved this bold, gay, whimsical man who had chosen her. But for all her glory, all her love, her gratitude, she was yet awed and trembling. Childish distrust of the strange new road opening before her, dread of the pomps and rites of her high station, sheer terror of the unknown world of marriage—all laid leaden weights upon her heart. Flavius could not comfort her. To him, she could not even put her dark fears into words. Lucretia might call herself the foster-mother, but she was still hotly resentful at the child's good fortune. Dorigen flinched at the thought of her. Manlius, drenched in his study, mumbling forever over his scrolls of debt and credit—as well ask loving counsel from a stone.

"Even if they did love me, and wanted to help, they couldn't. They'd never understand. They aren't my own. If just I had somebody of my own blood! A brother, a sister— Oh, if only I had my mother! If just she would come back, only for one hour—one minute!"

Useless to try to vision that sweet girl-mother. Dorigen had been too tiny when war tore them asunder. But graven deep on her baby consciousness was the tenderness, the endless tenderness, the strong young arms that had snatched and enfolded, the deep young breast that cradled her, the warm, eager lips that showered waking kisses on her drowsy little face, the crooning voice, soft as the bee-murmur in the yellow thorn, that hushed her to sleep. If she could creep for one minute into those arms, if she could feel the tingling sweep of unbound bronzy hair across her cheek. . . .

Dorigen trembled. That terrible longing shook her to the soul.

"I wouldn't care if she didn't say one word. She needn't speak, she needn't answer one single question. But if just I knew she was loving me yet! If just I knew that she was watching over me! Then I could be brave as brave. I could face Flavius's kinsfolk, and his great captains, and the Emperor, himself. I'd not be afraid of doing my part. I'd not be afraid of anything. But— As if the dead could come back to us! As if they could remember, even if they still live! No. I'll never have her again. Yet— What was it that strange wayfarer said? The man who was preaching by the road. . . ."

A YEAR ago, that incident; or two years? She could not be sure. But, like a painted scroll, the memory unrolled before her. The hot dusty road; the clump of weary people in the shadow of a ruined wall; in their midst, the wandering speaker, a stubby middle-aged man, in a coarse homespun tunic and rope sandals, and neither coat nor cloak; a very dusty, dingy, tired man, but with eyes of dark fire, and a voice whose beseeching music had caught at her heart, and driven its strange and splendid message deep. . . .

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep. . . . For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. . . ."

"In Christ," thought Dorigen. "I wish I knew who Christ was. I asked Tertius the scribe, and he said an Hebrew prophet, who was crucified about ten or twelve years ago, he thought. And I asked old Sarai, the Jewess who sells almonds at the market, and she said he was a blasphemer who called himself the Son of God. Well, I don't think that strange preacher sounded so very blasphemous. He looked so gently on us, while he spoke. He seemed so kind. And if he meant that Christ was somebody who could give life to my mother—who could bring her back to me, when I need her so—"

She turned restlessly, and wandered away, down the shadowy path. If just that strange, gentle man had spoken truth; if only she dared dream—

Suddenly she paused. Through the dusk, she stared, amazed. Up the path, striding lightly, humming a low song, came a tall figure, Flavius, her betrothed. In a panic, she shrank back. This was past belief. That her imperial husband-to-be should condescend, himself, to

search for her! No, it was not possible. Humbly, she would have stepped aside, to let him pass. But, in a breath, Flavius had spied her, caught her close. And she was clinging to him like a child, all awe and trembling, delicious rapture, and every anxious, fretted thought was blown away on the wind of his swooping passion.

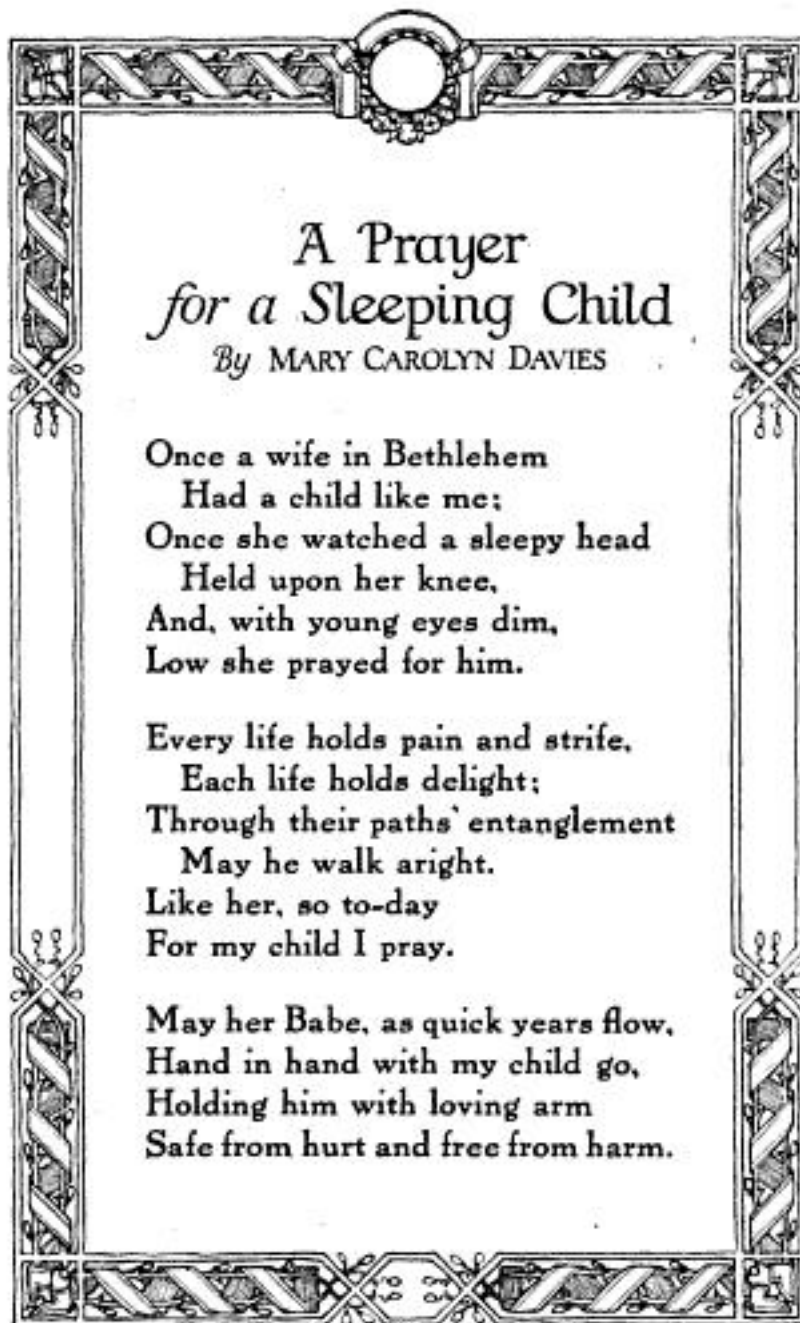
"You wanted me, my Prince?" she whispered presently, her hot cheek burrowing into his big shoulder.

"When do I not want you?" Flavius laughed at her. Flavius was always laughing at her. His low, amused chuckle at her blundering words meant more than any praises. Always it warmed her heart like wine. "Little stupid! As if you didn't know! Always I want you. You are the white dawn on the Campagna. You are the little friendly wind that cools the ilex grove. You are the red heart of the pomegranate, that I pick from its bush—so! You are the little slim, far, crescent moon, that I shall never touch and never hold—"

At which Dorigen ventured to tuck one small reassuring hand around his neck. But she trembled under the kiss that answered her.

"You are my white rose," the magical voice spoke on. They had passed down the orange-tree way, and stood now beside the great white rose tree, in its green winter sheath. "My one white rose, that no man has ever touched, that has only bloomed for me."

"I wish I could have a white rose for my bridal."



Dorigen spoke half to herself, but Flavius heard her. "A white rose? Why, beloved, do you wish a rose?"

"Well, other brides have roses. The brides that are wed in June."

"June? To be sure. June is the month for roses. But what of that? You are my rose, my white rose. You are my June."

She clung to him, silent. But the deeper hunger within her was not so easily stilled.

"Then—if you say that, then my white rose doesn't matter. But—but— Oh, I wish I could have my mother!"

Flavius's clasp relaxed. He put her back, looked down gravely into her white little face.

"Your mother? Beloved—your mother died when your city was razed by our armies. Manlius told me so. She is dead. The dead, my child, are gone from us. Forever."

"I know. That is what Lucretia has always taught me. But—but that man said, not so. He said—"

She halted, flinching, pitifully abashed.

"What man, little treasure?" Flavius's fine scornful

lips were smiling, now. "What man? And what foolery did he speak?"

Dorigen was silent. How could she picture to Flavius, amused, a little bored, the power of that fagged, grimy, street preacher? How dull and meaningless his burning words would sound, told by her blundering lips! Yet, ever since that day, she knew those words had ruled her thoughts. "Those who are asleep. . . ." But sleep was never death! "In Christ shall all be made alive. . . ." Then, if Christ wished it very much, her mother could come and speak to her, could comfort, reassure. But if Christ were a false prophet, a blasphemer, as old Sarai had said— Well! How did Sarai know?

"Dumb, stubborn lips?" Flavius bent and kissed them again, teasing and light. "Let not your clear wits be muddled by these vagabond Apostles, my girl. I, too, have heard them prate, of the life to come. Believe them not. They are as dry leaves. They are weary, disappointed men, who have been tricked out of all the flaming joys of life, and so lull their jealous yearnings with promises of a life to come. But death is death. From it there can be no returning."

"But the man believed it, Flavius. He truly did. If I thought my mother still lived, that she loved me—"

"She is gone forever. She cannot come again. Sooner could this rose tree, autumn chilled, burst into bloom. Surely you have never seen roses bloom in October?"

"N-no."

"No more, then, can the dead awaken. Autumn is autumn. Death is death. So let us live and rejoice in to-day, my beautiful one. Life is only a spangle of joyous hours. Death is eternal."

Dorigen shivered. She leaned to him. But when he had bidden her good night, then turned back once more to hold her again an instant, close and silent against his hard-beating heart, then strode away without one backward glance, she found herself not yet agreeing, not yet content.

"If just that man had spoken truth! But Flavius is so great, so wise! He cannot be mistaken. But if only—"

The garden lay in darkness, now. No gleam of light shone from the house of Manlius. Master and servant alike, slept. In that deep hush, peace descended upon Dorigen, like the hush of wings.

AFTER a while, she realized that it was no longer the marble bench that upheld her. Arms, instead. Young, strong arms, that had snatched her up, that now rocked her, enfolded her, warm and deep. Against her cheek lay another cheek, velvet-soft.

In that soft strong clasp, Dorigen did not move. For ecstasy, she hardly dared to breathe.

"I knew you'd come," she sighed, at last. There was no answer from the crooning lips, so close. But pulse on pulse, she felt the mother-tenderness beat through her own flesh.

"If Flavius could only know that you have come to me!" Half said, half thought, were the words. "Then, maybe, he'd believe, with me. I love him so dearly, I want him to know the truth. I want him to see with his own eyes, that the wayfaring Teacher was right. That our dead still live. For Christ gives them life."

Soft as a petal, the mother's cheek pressed hers. Clearly as words, she knew, it was a promise, a covenant.

"And you will go on watching, shielding, all my days?"

Then, and not till then, the face above her bent and spoke.

"Child, your mother is your mother forever. My love is yours forever, and my shielding. You will know that I speak truth, my darling, when they put your first child into your arms."

SOFTLY, slowly, that warm, living embrace yielded. Quivering, thrilled with a joy that leaped in every vein, Dorigen opened her eyes. Above her leaned, not the shadowed face of her dream, but the face of Flavius, her lover.

"Flavius! Where did she go?"

"She? Who?"

"My mother." Dorigen's voice soared, exultant. Her little face was aflame with joy. "You thought her dead. But the vagabond Apostle was right, Flavius. She lives. She came back to me. She took me in her arms, and loved me, and comforted me. She lives, Flavius, she'll live always."

"Sweet, you have but dreamed an empty dream. The dead are dead. Sooner shall the rose tree bloom for your autumn bridal, than that your mother shall come back to you—"

"But, Flavius! Look!"

Flavius turned. He followed her pointing finger. As one smitten dumb, he stared, and stared. Then his proud head bowed. Into his cool eyes came the light of a wonder, of a reverence past all words.

Before them stood the great rose tree, the pride of Manlius's garden. One hour ago, it had stood wrapped in its winter cloak of green. Now, every lovely branch was wreathed in roses, whiter than frost, than pearl; and every twig was radiant, a miracle of bloom.



# Three Men and a Maid

By PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED by J. SIMONT

THIRD AND LAST INSTALMENT

AT HALF-PAST two that afternoon, full of optimism and cold beef, gayly unconscious that Webster with measured strides was approaching ever nearer with the note that was to give it to him in the neck, proper, Samuel Marlowe dangled his feet from the top bar of the gate at the end of the lane, and smoked contentedly as he waited for Billie to make her appearance. He had had an excellent lunch; his pipe was drawing well, and all nature smiled. He was looking forward with a rosy glow of anticipation to the moment when the white flutter of Billie's dress would break the green of the foreground. How eagerly he would jump from the gate! How lovingly he would—

The elegant figure of Webster interrupted his reverie. Sam had never seen Webster before, and it was with no pleasure that he saw him now. He had come to regard this lane as his own private property, and he resented trespassers. He tucked his legs under him, and scowled at Webster under the brim of his hat.

The valet advanced toward him with the air of an affable executioner stepping daintily to the block.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. S. Marlowe?" he inquired politely.

Sam was startled. He could make nothing of this.

"Yes, that's my name."

"Mine is Webster, sir. I am Mr. Bennett's personal gentleman's gentleman. Miss Bennett entrusted me with this note to deliver to you, sir."

Sam began to grasp the situation. For some reason or other, the dear girl had been prevented from coming this afternoon, and she had written to explain, and to relieve his anxiety.

"Fine day," he said, as he took the note.

"Extremely, sir," said Webster, outwardly unemotional, inwardly full of a grave pity. He edged a little nearer, in order to be handy to catch Sam if the shock knocked him off the gate.

As it happened, it did not. Having read the opening words of the note, Sam rocked violently; but his feet were twined about the lower bars and this saved him from overbalancing. Webster stepped back, relieved.

The note fluttered to the ground. Webster, picking it up and handing it back, was enabled to get a glimpse of the first two sentences. They confirmed his suspicions. The note was hot stuff.

"Thanks," said Sam mechanically.

"Not at all, sir. You are very welcome."

Sam resumed his reading. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. His toes curled, and something seemed to be crawling down the small of his back. His heart had moved from its proper place and was now beating in his throat. He swallowed once or twice to remove the obstruction, but without success.

There had seemed no possibility of that little ruse of his being discovered, and yet here was Billie in full possession of the facts. It almost made the thing worse that she did not say how she had come into possession of them. This gave Sam that feeling of self-pity, that sense of having been ill-used by fate, which makes the bringing home of crime so particularly poignant.

"Fine day!" he muttered. He had a sort of subconscious feeling that it was imperative to keep engaging Webster in light conversation.

"Yes, sir. Weather still keeps up," agreed the valet suavely.

Sam frowned over the note. He felt injured. Sending a fellow notes didn't give him a chance. If she had come in person and denounced him it would not have been an agreeable experience, but at least it would have been possible then to have pleaded and cajoled and—and all that sort of thing. But what could he do now? It seemed to him that his only possible course was to write a note in reply, begging her to see him. He explored his pockets and found a pencil and a scrap of paper. For some moments he scribbled desperately. Then he folded the note.

"Will you take this to Miss Bennett," he said, holding it out.

Webster took the missive, because he wanted to read it later at his leisure; but he shook his head.

"Useless, I fear, sir," he said gravely.

"What do you mean?"

"I am afraid it would effect little or nothing, sir, sending our Miss B. notes. She is not in the proper frame of mind to appreciate them. I saw her face when she handed me the letter you have just read, and I assure you, sir, she is not in a malleable mood."

"You seem to know a lot about it!"

"I have studied the sex, sir," said Webster modestly.

"I mean, about my business, confound it! You seem to know all about it!"

"Why, yes, sir, I think I may say that I have grasped the position of affairs. And, if you will permit me to say so, sir, you have my respectful sympathy."

Dignity is a sensitive plant which flourishes only under the fairest conditions. Sam's had perished in the bleak east wind of Billie's note. In other circumstances he might have resented this intrusion of a stranger into his most intimate concerns. His only emotion now was one of dull but distinct gratitude. If Webster, the valet, felt disposed, as he seemed to indicate, to comfort him, let the thing go on. At that moment Sam would have accepted condolences from a coal heaver.

"I was reading a story—one of the Nosegay Novellies; I do not know if you are familiar with the series, sir?—in which much the same situation occurred. It was entitled 'Cupid or Mammon.' The heroine, Lady Blanche Trefusis, forced by her parents to wed a wealthy suitor, despatches a note to her humble lover, informing him it cannot be. I believe it often happens like that, sir."

"You're all wrong," said Sam. "It's not that at all."

Sam's dignity, on its deathbed, made a last effort to assert itself.

"I don't know what it's got to do with you!"

"Precisely, sir!" said Webster, with dignity. "Just as you say! Good afternoon, sir!"

He swayed gracefully, conveying a suggestion of departure without moving his feet. The action was enough for Sam. Dignity gave an expiring gurgle and passed away, regretted by all.

"Don't go!" he cried.

The idea of being alone in this infernal lane, without human support, overpowered him. Moreover, Webster had personality. He exuded it. Already, Sam had

begun to cling to him in spirit, and rely on his support.

Webster coughed gently, to show his appreciation of the delicate nature of the conversation. He was consumed with curiosity, and his threatened departure had been but a pretense. A team of horses could not have moved Webster at that moment.

"Might I ask, then, what—?"

"There's been a misunderstanding," said Sam. "At least, there was; but now there isn't, if you see what I mean."

"I fear I have not quite grasped your meaning, sir."

"Well, I—I—played a sort of—you might almost call it a sort of trick on Miss Bennett. With the best motives, of course!"

"Of what nature would the trick be, sir? A species of ruse, sir, some kind of innocent deception?"

"Well, it was like this."

It was a complicated story to tell, and Sam, a prey to conflicting emotions, told it badly; but such was the almost superhuman intelligence of Webster that he succeeded in grasping the salient points. Indeed, he said that it reminded him of something of much the same kind in the Nosegay Novellies, "All for Her," where the hero, anxious to win the esteem of the lady of his heart, had bribed a tramp to simulate an attack upon her in a lonely road.

"The principle's the same," said Webster.

"Well, what did he do when she found out?"

"She did not find out, sir. All ended happily, and never had the wedding bells in the old village church rung out a blither peal than they did at the subsequent union."

"I wonder where I could get a good tramp," said Sam meditatively.

Webster shook his head.

"I really would hardly recommend such a procedure, sir."

Sam brightened.

"I've got it! You pretend to attack her, and I'll—"

"I couldn't, sir! I couldn't, really! I should jeopardize my situation."

"Then I don't see that there's anything to be done," said Sam morosely.

"Oh, I shouldn't say that, sir," said Webster encouragingly. "It's simply a matter of finding the way. The problem confronting us—you, I should say. . . ."

"Us," said Sam; "most decidedly us."

"Thank you very much, sir. I would not have presumed, but if you say so—The problem confronting us, as I envisage it, resolves itself into this: You have offended our Miss B., and she has expressed a disinclination ever to see you again. How, then, is it possible, in spite of her attitude, to recapture her esteem? There are several methods which occur to one—"

"They don't occur to me!" interposed Sam.

"Well, for example, you might rescue her from a burning building, as in 'True as Steel.'"

"Set fire to the house, eh?" said Sam reflectively. "Yes; there might be something in that."

"I would hardly advise such a thing," said Webster, a little hastily—flattered at the readiness with which his disciple was taking his advice, yet acutely alive to the fact that he slept at the top of the house himself.

"A little drastic, if I may say so. It might be better to save her from drowning, as in 'The Earl's Secret.'"

"Ah, but where could she drown?"

"Well, there is a lake in the grounds. . . ."

"Excellent!" said Sam. "Terrific! I knew I could rely on you. Say no more! The whole thing's settled. You take her out rowing on the lake, and upset the boat. I plunge in. . . . I suppose you can swim?"

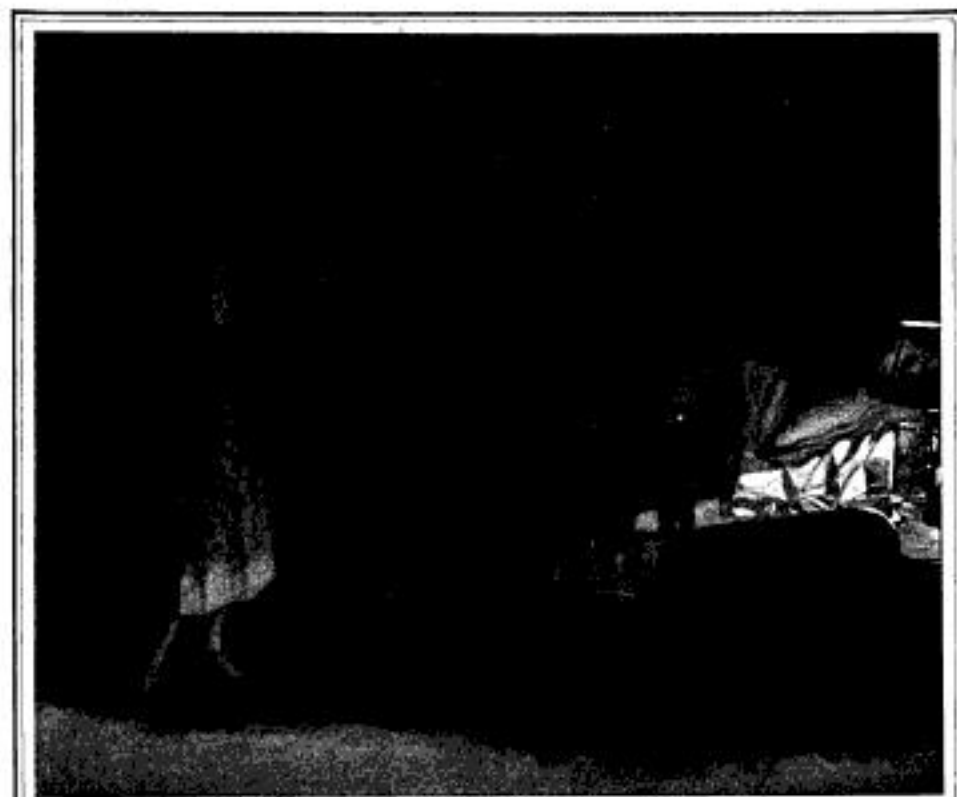
"No, sir."

"Oh? Well, never mind. You'll manage somehow, I expect. When is the earliest you could arrange this?"



"I will let you have the helmet back by parcel post," said Sam with bitter dignity





"Who are you?" Mrs. Hignett asked stiffly.  
"Who are you?" countered Jane

"I fear such a course must be considered out of the question, sir. It would certainly jeopardize my situation."

"Oh, hang your situation! You talk as if you were Prime Minister or something. You can easily get another situation. A valuable man like you," said Sam ingratiatingly.

"No, sir," said Webster firmly. "From boyhood up I've always had a regular horror of the water. I can't so much as go paddling without an uneasy feeling."

The image of Webster paddling was arresting enough to occupy Sam's thoughts for a moment. It was an inspiring picture, and for an instant uplifted his spirits. Then they fell again.

"Well, I don't see what there is to be done," he said gloomily. "It's no good making suggestions, if you have some frivolous objection to all of them."

"My idea," said Webster, "would be something which did not involve my own personal and active cooperation, sir. Did you ever read 'Footpaths of Fate,' in the Nosegay series, sir? I've only just remembered it, and it contains the most helpful suggestion of the lot. There had been a misunderstanding between the heroine and the hero—their names have slipped my mind, though I fancy his was Cyril—and she had told him to hop it."

"To what?"

"To leave her forever, sir. And what do you think he did?"

"How the deuce do I know?"

"He kidnapped her little brother, sir, to whom she was devoted, kept him hidden for a bit, and then returned him, and in her gratitude all was forgotten and forgiven, and never—"

"I know. Never had the bells of the old village church—"

"Rung out a blither peal. Exactly, sir. Well, there, if you will allow me to say so, you are, sir!"

"Miss Bennett hasn't got a little brother."

"No, sir. But she has a dog, and is greatly attached to it."

Sam stared. From the expression on his face it was evident that Webster imagined himself to have made a suggestion of exceptional intelligence. It struck Sam as the silliest he had ever heard.

"But, good heavens! Have you seen that dog? It has a bark like a steam siren, and, in addition to that, about eighty-five teeth, all sharper than razors. I couldn't get within ten feet of that dog without its lifting the roof off; and, if I did, it would chew me into small pieces."

"I had anticipated that difficulty, sir. In 'Footpaths of Fate' there was a nurse who assisted the hero by drugging the child."

"By Jove!" said Sam, impressed.

"He rewarded her," said Webster, allowing his gaze to stray nonchalantly over the countryside, "liberally, very liberally."

"If you mean that you expect me to reward you if you drug the dog," said Sam, "don't worry. Let me bring this thing off, and you can have all I've got, and my cuff links as well. . . . Oh, lord!" Sam's face fell. The light of hope died out of his eyes. "It's all off! It can't be done! How could I possibly get into the house? I take it that the little brute sleeps in the house?"

"That need constitute no obstacle, sir, no obstacle at all. The animal sleeps in a basket in the hall. . . . Perhaps you are familiar with the interior of the house, sir?"

"I haven't been inside it since I was at school. I'm

I was glancing into it myself in a spirit of idle curiosity only the other day. You could lock yourself in from the interior, and be quite comfortably seated on the floor till the household retired to bed."

"When would that be?"

"They retire quite early, sir, as a rule. By half-past ten the coast is generally clear. At that time, I would suggest, I come down and knock on the cupboard door to notify you that all is well."

Sam was glowing with frank approval.

"You know, you're a master-mind!" he said enthusiastically.

"I am glad that you appreciate my poor efforts, sir. Then we will regard the scheme as passed and approved?"

"I should say we would! It's a bird! I'll be round at about a quarter to eight. Will that be right?"

"Admirable, sir."

"And, I say, about that soporific. . . . Don't overdo it. Don't go killing the little beast."

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well," said Sam, "you can't say it's not a temptation."

IF THERE is one thing more than another which weighs upon the mind of a story-teller as he chronicles the events which he has set out to describe, it is the thought that the reader may be growing impatient with him for straying from the main channel of his tale and devoting himself to what are, after all, minor developments. This story, for instance, opened with Mrs. Horace Hignett, the world-famous writer on theosophy, going over to America to begin a lecturing tour; and no one realizes more keenly than I do that I have left Mrs. Hignett flat. I have thrust that great thinker into the background and concentrated my attention on the affairs of one who is both her mental and her moral inferior, Samuel Marlowe. I seem at this point to see the reader rising to remark that he doesn't care what happened to Samuel Marlowe, and that what he wants to know is, how Mrs. Hignett made out on her lecturing tour. Did she go big in Buffalo? Did she have 'em tearing up the seats in Schenectady? Was she a riot in Chicago and a cyclone in St. Louis?

The fact is, she never went to Buffalo. Schenectady saw nothing of her. She did not get within a thousand miles of Chicago, nor did she penetrate to St. Louis. For the very morning after her son Eustace sailed for England in the liner "Atlantic," she happened to read in the paper one of those abridged passenger lists which the journals of New York are in the habit of printing, and got a nasty shock when she saw that, among those whose society Eustace would enjoy during the voyage, was "Miss Wilhelmina Bennett, daughter of J. Rufus Bennett, of Bennett, Mandelbaum and Co." And within five minutes of digesting this information, she was at her desk writing out telegrams canceling all her engagements. Iron-souled as this woman was, her fingers trembled as she wrote. She had a vision of Eustace and the daughter of J. Rufus Bennett strolling together on moonlit decks, leaning over railings damp with sea spray, and, in short, generally starting the whole trouble over again.

In the height of the tourist season it is not always possible for one who wishes to leave America to spring onto the next boat. A long morning's telephoning to the offices of the Cunard and the White Star brought Mrs. Hignett the depressing information that it would be a full week before she could sail for England. That meant that the inflammable Eustace would have over two weeks to conduct an uninterrupted wooing; and Mrs. Hignett's

Mr. Hignett's cousin, you know."

"Indeed, sir? I wasn't aware. Mr. Hignett sprained his ankle this morning, poor gentleman."

"Has he?" said Sam, not particularly interested. "I used to stay with him," he went on, "during the holidays sometimes, but I've practically forgotten what the place is like inside. I remember the hall vaguely. Fireplace at one side, one or two suits of armor standing about, a sort of window ledge near the front door."

"Precisely, sir. It is close beside that window ledge that the animal's basket is situated. If I administer a slight soporific—"

"Yes; but you haven't explained yet how I am to get into the house in the first place."

"Quite easily, sir. I can admit you through the drawing-room windows while dinner is in progress."

"Fine!"

"You can then secrete yourself in the cupboard in the drawing-room. Perhaps you recollect the cupboard to which I refer, sir? Immediately behind the piano, sir. A nice, roomy cupboard."

heart sank, till suddenly she remembered that so poor a sailor as her son was not likely to have had leisure for any strolling on the deck during the voyage of the "Atlantic."

Having realized this, she became calmer, and went about her preparations for departure with an easier mind. She wound up her affairs in New York and, on the following Wednesday, boarded the "Nuronia" bound for Southampton.

The "Nuronia" is one of the slowest of the Cunard boats. It was built at a time when hilarious crowds used to swoon on the deck if an ocean liner broke the record by getting across in nine days. It rolled over to Cherbourg, dallied at that picturesque port for some hours, then sauntered across the Channel and strolled into Southampton Water in the evening of the day on which Samuel Marlowe had sat in the lane plotting with Webster, the valet. At almost the exact moment when Sam, sidling through the windows of the drawing-room slid into the cupboard behind the piano, Mrs. Hignett was standing at the Customs barrier telling the officials that she had nothing to declare.

Mrs. Hignett was a general who believed in forced marches. Having fortified herself with a late dinner, she hired an automobile and set out on the cross-country journey. It was only when the car, a genuine antique, had broken down three times in the first ten miles, that it became evident to her that it would be much too late to go to Windles that night, and she directed the driver to take her, instead, to the "Blue Boar" in Windleshurst, where she arrived, tired but thankful to have reached it at all, at about half-past ten.

At this point many, indeed most, women, having had a tiring journey, would have gone to bed; but the familiar Hampshire air and the knowledge that less than half an hour's walking would take her to her beloved home acted on Mrs. Hignett like a restorative. One glimpse of Windles she felt that she must have before she retired for the night, if only to assure herself that it was still there. She had a cup of coffee and a sandwich brought to her by the night porter, whom she had roused from sleep, for bedtime is early in Windleshurst, and then informed him that she was going for a short walk and would ring when she returned.

Her heart leaped joyfully as she turned in at the drive gates of her home and felt the well-remembered gravel crunching under her feet. She experienced a rush of emotion which made her feel quite faint, and which lasted until, on tiptoeing nearer to the house in order to gloat more adequately upon it, she perceived that the French windows of the drawing-room were standing ajar. Sam had left them like this in order to facilitate departure, if a hurried departure should by any mischance be rendered necessary, and drawn curtains had kept the household from noticing the fact.

All the proprietor in Mrs. Hignett was roused. This, she felt indignantly, was the sort of thing she had been afraid would happen the moment her back was turned. She marched to the windows and pushed them open. She had now completely abandoned her kindly scheme of refraining from rousing the sleeping house and spending the night at the inn. She stepped into the drawing-room with the single-minded purpose of rousing Eustace out of his sleep and giving him a good talking-to.

She pushed the curtains apart with a rattle and, at the same moment, from the direction of the door there came a low but distinct gasp, which made her resolute heart jump and flutter. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, but in the instant before it turned and fled she caught sight of a shadowy male figure, and knew that her worst fears had been realized. The figure was too tall to be Eustace, and Eustace, she knew, was the only man in the house. Male figures, therefore, that went flitting about Windles must be the figures of burglars.

Mrs. Hignett, bold woman though she was, stood for an instant spellbound, and for one moment of not unpardonable panic tried to tell herself that she had been mistaken. Almost immediately, however, there came from the direction of the hall a dull, chunky sound, as though something soft had been kicked, followed by a low gurgle and the noise of staggering feet. Unless he was dancing a *pas seul* out of sheer lightness of heart, the nocturnal visitor must have tripped over something.

The latter theory was the correct one. Montagu Webster's only desire when, stealing into the drawing-room, he had been confronted through the curtains by a female figure, was to get back to his bedroom undetected. He supposed that one of the feminine members of the house party must have been taking a stroll in the grounds, and he did not wish to stay and be compelled to make laborious explanations of his presence there in the dark. He bounded silently out into the hall, and instantaneously tripped over the portly form of Smith, the bulldog, who, roused from a light sleep to the knowledge that something was going on, and being a dog who always liked to be in the center of the maelstrom of events, had waddled out to investigate.

By the time Mrs. Hignett had pulled herself together sufficiently to feel brave enough to venture into the hall, Webster's presence of mind and Smith's gregariousness had combined to restore that part of the house to its normal nocturnal condition of emptiness. Webster's stagger had carried him almost up to the green baize door leading to the servants' staircase, and he proceeded to pass through it without checking his momentum, closely followed by Smith, who, now convinced that interesting events were in progress which might possibly culminate in cake, had abandoned the idea of sleep and meant to see the thing through. He gamboled in Web-



ster's wake up the stairs and along the passage leading to the latter's room, and only paused when the door was brusquely shut in his face.

Mrs. Hignett had listened fearfully to the uncouth noises from the hall. The burglars—she had now discovered that there were at least two of them—appeared to be actually romping. The situation had grown beyond her handling. If this troupe of terpsichorean marauders was to be dislodged she must have assistance. It was man's work. She made a brave dash through the hall, mercifully unmolested; found the stairs; raced up them; and fell through the doorway of her son Eustace's bedroom like a spent Marathon runner staggering past the winning-post.

IN THE moment which elapsed before either of the two could calm their agitated brains to speech, Eustace became aware, as never before, of the truth of that well-known line, "Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away." There was certainly little hope of peace in the present circumstances.

"Eustace!" Mrs. Hignett gasped, hand on heart. "Mother! I thought you were in America!" "Eustace, there are men in the house!" This fact was just the one which Eustace had been wondering how to break to her. "I know," he said uneasily. "You know!" Mrs. Hignett stared. "Did you hear them?"

"Hear them?" said Eustace, puzzled. "The drawing-room window was left open, and there are two burglars in the hall."

"Oh, I say, no! That's rather rotten!" said Eustace. "I saw and heard them. Come with me and arrest them."

"But I can't. I've sprained my ankle." "Sprained your ankle? How very inconvenient! How did it happen?"

Eustace hesitated. "I was jumping." "Jumping! But— Oh!" Mrs. Hignett's sentence trailed off into a suppressed shriek as the door opened.

Immediately following on Eustace's accident, Jane Hubbard had constituted herself his nurse. It was she who had bound up his injured ankle in a manner which the doctor on his arrival had admitted himself unable to improve upon. She had sat with him through the long afternoon. And now, fearing lest a return of the pain might render him sleepless, she had come to bring him a selection of books to see him through the night.

Jane Hubbard was a girl who by nature and training was well adapted to bear shocks. She accepted the advent of Mrs. Hignett without visible astonishment, though inwardly she was wondering who the visitor might be.

"Good evening," she said placidly. Mrs. Hignett, having rallied from her moment of weakness, glared at the new arrival dumbly. She could not place Jane. She had the air of a nurse, and yet she wore no uniform.

"Who are you?" she asked stiffly. "Who are you?" countered Jane. "I," said Mrs. Hignett portentously, "am the owner of this house, and I should be glad to know what you are doing in it. I am Mrs. Horace Hignett."

A charming smile spread itself over Jane's finely-cut face.

"I'm so glad to meet you," she said. "I have heard so much about you."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Hignett. "And now I should like to hear a little about you."

"I've read all your books," said Jane. "I think they're wonderful."

In spite of herself, in spite of a feeling that this young woman was straying from the point, Mrs. Hignett could not check a slight influx of amiability. She did not cease to look like a basilisk, but she began to look like a basilisk who has had a good lunch.

"My favorite," said Jane, who for a week had been sitting daily in a chair in the drawing-room adjoining the table on which the authoress's complete works were assembled, "is 'The Spreading Light.' I do like 'The Spreading Light!'"

"It was written some years ago," said Mrs. Hignett, with something approaching cordiality, "and I have since revised some of the views I state in it; but I still consider it quite a good textbook."

"Yes, it makes you feel—"

"Like some watcher of the skies," said Mrs. Hignett, "when a new planet swims into his ken, or like—"

"Yes, doesn't it!" said Jane.

Eustace, who had been listening to the conversation with every muscle tense, in much the same mental attitude as that of a peaceful citizen in a Wild West saloon who holds himself in readiness to dive under a table directly the shooting begins, began to relax. For the first time since his mother had come into the room he indulged in the luxury of a deep breath.

"But what are you doing here?" asked Mrs. Hignett, returning almost reluctantly to the main issue.

Eustace perceived that he had breathed too soon. In an unobtrusive way he subsided into the bed and softly pulled the sheets over his head, following the excellent tactics of the great Duke of Wellington in his Peninsular campaign. "When in doubt," the Duke used to say, "retire and dig yourself in."

"I'm nursing dear Eustace," said Jane.

Mrs. Hignett quivered, and cast an eye on the hump in the bedclothes which represented dear Eustace. A cold fear had come upon her.

"Dear Eustace!" she repeated mechanically.

"We're engaged," said Jane. "We got engaged this morning. That's how he sprained his ankle. When I accepted him, he tried to jump a holly bush."

"Engaged! Eustace, is this true?"

"Yes," said a muffled voice from the interior of the bed.

"And poor Eustace is so worried," continued Jane, "about the house." She went on quickly: "He doesn't want to deprive you of it, because he knows what it means to you. So he is hoping—we are both hoping—that you will accept it as a present when we are married. We really sha'n't want it, you know. We are going to live in London. So you will take it, won't you—to please us?"

We all of us, even the greatest of us, have our moments of weakness. Let us then not express any surprise at the sudden collapse of one of the world's greatest female thinkers. As the meaning of this speech smote on Mrs. Horace Hignett's understanding, she sank weeping into a chair. Windles was hers in perpetuity. Eustace, greatly encouraged, emerged slowly from the bedclothes like a worm after a thunderstorm.

How long this poignant scene would have lasted, one cannot say. It is a pity that it was cut short, for I should have liked to dwell upon it. But at this moment, from the regions down-stairs, there suddenly burst upon the silent night such a whirlwind of sound as effectually dissipated the tense emotion in the room. Somebody had touched off the orchestra in the drawing-room, and that willing instrument had begun again in the middle of a bar at the point where it had been switched off. Its wailing lament for the passing of summer filled the whole house.

"It's the burglars!" quavered Mrs. Hignett. In the stress of recent events she had completely forgotten the existence of those enemies of society. "They were dancing in the hall when I arrived, and now they're playing the orchestra!"

"Light-hearted chaps!" said Eustace, admiring the sang-froid of the criminal world. "Full of spirits!"

"This won't do," said Jane Hubbard, shaking her head. "We can't have this sort of thing. I'll go and fetch my gun."

She departed with a determined air. Mrs. Hignett stood staring at the door as Jane closed it behind her.

"Eustace," she said solemnly, "that is a wonderful girl!"

"Yes! She once killed a panther—or a puma, I forget which—with a hatpin!" said Eustace with enthusiasm.

"I could wish you no better wife!" said Mrs. Hignett.

She broke off with a sharp wail. . . . Out in the passage something like a battery of artillery had roared.

The door opened and Jane Hubbard appeared, slipping a fresh cartridge into the elephant gun.

"One of them was popping about outside here," she announced. "I took a shot at



"When we're married!" he repeated luxuriously. "How splendid it sounds!"

him, but I'm afraid I missed. The visibility was bad. At any rate, he went away."

In this last statement she was perfectly accurate. Bream Mortimer, who had been aroused by the orchestra, and who had come out to see what was the matter, had gone away at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He had been creeping down the passage when he found himself suddenly confronted by a dim figure which,

without a word, had attempted to slay him with an enormous gun. The shot had whistled past his ears and gone singing down the corridor. This was enough for Bream. He had returned to his room in three strides, and was now under the bed.

"We'd better go down-stairs," said Jane. "Bring the candle. Not you, Eustace darling. Don't you stir out of bed!"

"I won't," said Eustace obediently.

OF ALL the leisured pursuits, there are few less attractive to the thinking man than sitting in a dark cupboard waiting for a house party to go to bed; and Sam, who had established himself in the one behind the piano at a quarter to eight, soon began to feel as if he had been there for an eternity.

Cupboards, as a class, are badly ventilated, and this one seemed to contain no air at all; and the warmth of the night, combined with the cupboard's natural stuffiness, had soon begun to reduce Sam to a condition of pulp. He seemed to himself to be sagging like ice cream in front of a fire. The darkness, too, weighed upon him. He was abominably thirsty. Also, he wanted to smoke. In addition to this, the small of his back tickled, and he more than suspected the cupboard of harboring mice. Not once nor twice but many hundred times he wished that the ingenious Webster had thought of something simpler.

He found a temporary solace by playing a succession of mental golf games over all the courses he could remember, and he was just teeing up for the sixteenth at Muirfield, after playing Hoylake, St. Andrew's, Westward Ho, Hanger Hill, Mid-Surrey, Walton Heath, Garden City, and the Engineer's Club at Roslyn, L. I., when the light ceased to shine through the crack under the door, and he awoke with a sense of dull incredulity to the realization that the occupants of the drawing-room had called it a day, and that his vigil was over.

But was it? Once more alert, Sam became cautious. True, the light seemed to be off, but did that mean anything in a country house where people had the habit of going and strolling about the garden at all hours? Probably, they were still popping about all over the place. At any rate, it was not worth risking coming out of his lair. He remembered that Webster had promised to come and knock an all-clear signal on the door. It would be safer to wait for that. So he settled himself again.

But the moments went by, and there was no knock. Sam began to grow impatient. The last few minutes of waiting in a cupboard are always the hardest. Time seemed to stretch out again interminably. Once he thought he heard footsteps, but that led to nothing. Eventually, having strained his ears and found everything still, he decided to take a chance. He fished in his pocket for the key, cautiously unlocked the door, opened it by slow inches, and peered out.

The room was in blackness. The house was still. All was well. With the feeling of a life-prisoner emerging from the Bastille, he began to crawl stiffly forward; and it was just then that the first of the disturbing events occurred which were to make this night memorable to him. Something like a rattlesnake suddenly went off with a whirl, and his head, jerking up, collided with the piano. It was only the cuckoo clock, which now, having cleared its throat, as was its custom before striking, proceeded to cuck eleven times in rapid succession before subsiding with another rattle; but to Sam it sounded like the end of the world.

As he sat on the floor, passing a tender hand over the egg-shaped bump which had already begun to manifest itself beneath his hair, something cold and wet touched his face, and paralyzed him so completely both physically and mentally that he did not move a muscle but just congealed where he sat into a solid block of ice. He felt vaguely that this was

the end. His heart stopped beating and he simply could not imagine its ever starting again; and, if your heart refuses to beat, what hope is there for you?

At this moment something heavy and solid struck him squarely in the chest, rolling him over. Something gurgled asthmatically in the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 85]



# A Message of Hope



**D**URING an active surgical life of almost half a century, I have seen many hundreds of cases of cancer, and I am happy to assure my readers that it is curable, provided the advice of those who have been in constant contact with this terrible disease is sought and followed.

In a very large number of cases, especially cancer of the breast, the following represents the conversation which followed a careful examination:

"How long ago did you first notice this lump in your breast?"

"About a year ago." (Or it may be even longer.) This is an astonishingly frequent reply.

"Why in the world didn't you come to me at once?"

"Why, Doctor, it didn't hurt me at all." (As if "pain" meant that it was a dangerous lump, and "no pain" that it was a harmless lump! Cancer at the beginning is almost never painful.)

"I am sorry to tell you that I fear you have come too late to expect a cure. Had you come the moment you discovered this lump, I could have removed it by a very easy and safe operation, from which you would have been well within a week. But now I can promise nothing, except to do my very best for you."

## A Little Fire Should Be Put Out

**H**OW often my heart has been wrung by such a conversation (worded of course more tactfully and not in this brusque, almost brutal, form) with a wife and mother, who, by her neglect to seek aid at once, has condemned her husband and her children to lose so dear a wife, so cherished a mother, just when she is most needed! How often have I said to myself, "If only women knew; if only women knew!"

Sometimes they would declare, "I was afraid to come, for fear you would tell me it was cancer." To which I have so often replied, "If you smelt smoke in your house would you sit still and wait because you were afraid that you would find your house was afire? Why not do for your own self what you would do for your own house? Find out the truth at once."

Sometimes she would say—I am almost ashamed to admit it, but it is true: "I did see my doctor, and he told me to wait and see whether it would grow any bigger." I am glad to say this is not true of the younger men, but only of some of the doctors who graduated years ago and have not kept up with our modern discoveries. "If you saw a little fire in your house," I would reply, "would you wait to see if it would grow bigger before you tried to put it out?"

If every woman who found a lump in her breast would consult a competent surgeon at once—that is to say, within forty-eight hours, if possible, but in any case within a week—I am sure that eighty-five out of every one hundred, and it might well be ninety out of every one hundred, would be cured and stay cured. So cancer is curable—provided you consult a good surgeon at once. Remember that, when you find a lump already formed, the disease has been at work for weeks, and it may be for three or four months, before a discoverable lump has been formed.

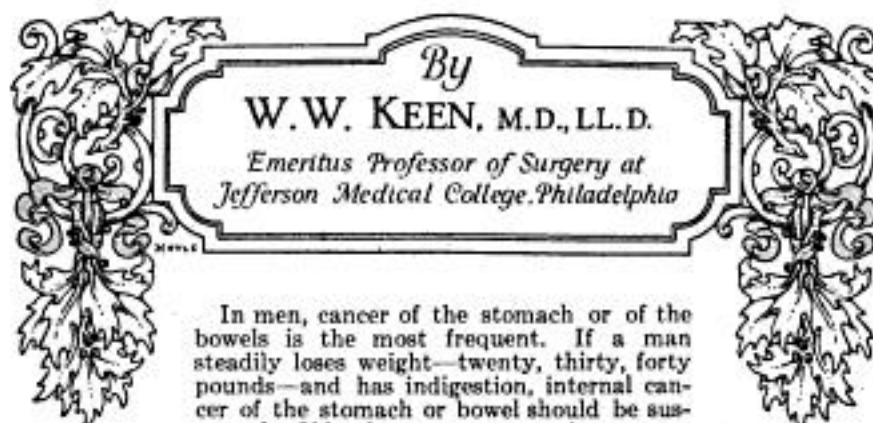
I have patients on whom I operated fifteen, twenty, and more years ago, and they are still well; but they came early, except one happy case of about twenty years ago. One breast had been removed before I saw her. The disease had returned on that side, and had begun in the opposite breast. I operated for the recurrent disease, and she is well to-day—twenty years later.

The complete operation is not a very long one. It has to-day, remember, practically no mortality, and the recovery is complete in a week or ten days without much suffering. Before the days of antiseptic and aseptic surgery, the suffering was severe and prolonged, practically every case became infected, and the mortality was large. Usually the patient was in the hospital for from four to six weeks, or longer, and if erysipelas or severe infection occurred, it might be three or four months before she was well—if, indeed, she escaped with her life.

## Another Danger Sign

**T**HE same rule applies to women who notice any abnormal discharge of blood. Consult a competent surgeon at once. Certain internal cancers that were formerly beyond our power to cure are now well within our power, but solely on the condition noted—*instant competent advice.*

Every man or woman who passes blood from the bowels should at once seek an examination. That is the anti-cancer slogan: "INSTANT, THOROUGH EXAMINATION BY A COMPETENT SURGEON." It may come from a slight and easily curable affliction; but it may, on the other hand, be the very first observed sign of something serious. Here, again, pain or its absence is no criterion of danger.



By  
**W. W. KEEN, M.D., LL.D.**

*Emeritus Professor of Surgery at  
Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia*

In men, cancer of the stomach or of the bowels is the most frequent. If a man steadily loses weight—twenty, thirty, forty pounds—and has indigestion, internal cancer of the stomach or bowel should be suspected. If he does not soon get better, say within two months, the abdomen should be opened and any necessary operation be done. The diseased section of the stomach or bowel is removed; but too often the exploratory operation is done too late and the disease returns after a while. If no cancer is found, the abdomen is closed and he is practically sure to get well within ten to fourteen days.

Warts and moles—not such as come and go on the hands of young people, but those which remain apparently harmless for years without any change—are serious sources of danger, more particularly those which are discolored, brown, or black. After many years of a quiet existence, for some unknown reason suddenly they begin to grow. Very soon the glands in the neck, armpit or groin begin to enlarge, at first always quite painlessly. When these glands become enlarged the whole system is often involved and the possibility of saving life is very doubtful.

All such permanent, pigmented moles and warts should be removed before they begin to grow, together with the whole thickness of the skin. To tie a woman's long hair around them is the very worst thing to do. It only stimulates them to grow more rapidly.

## Appalling Statistics

**T**HE deaths from cancer are continually increasing, and have reached a most alarming total. In the World War, from April, 1917, to July, 1919, 76,433 of our gallant soldiers lost their lives by wounds and disease. In the same length of time, about 180,000 of our population died from cancer—over 100,000 more than the total military deaths! Of our total annual deaths of persons over forty years of age, one person in every ten dies of cancer. Of all deaths among women over forty, one out of every eight is caused by cancer. Do not these figures startle you, my reader? Is it not all-important that you should recognize the red flag of "danger," when

**D**OCTOR KEEN is one of the best known and best loved surgeons in the world. He was president of the International Surgical Congress in Paris in 1920, and held the same honored position in 1917. His standing is indicated by the regard in which he is held by some of our most distinguished leaders. Senator Elihu Root, former Secretary of State, says: "I hold Doctor Keen in the highest esteem, and am grateful to him, as all good citizens ought to be, for what he has done for all of us in his long and useful and distinguished life." Our present Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, says: "Doctor Keen's professional attainments are unsurpassed. He has brought high honor to this country, and made humanity his debtor."

James Bryce, late Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States, pays Doctor Keen this tribute: "America may well be proud of such a citizen, unwearied in the pursuit of truth, and may rejoice still to count him among its fruitful and high-hearted workers."

you discover the first recognizable sign of possible cancer—a "lump" anywhere, or an abnormal discharge of blood?

"What is the cause of cancer?" you ask; "and why aren't you busy finding it?" I answer that no one problem of disease is being attacked as is the cause of cancer. If we find the cause, we will be at the half-way house on the road to prevention or cure.

There are special laboratories of research on cancer alone in Boston, New York City, Buffalo, London, Paris, Heidelberg, and other cities, and also not a few personal investigators in other places, all laboring to discover the cause, and how to prevent cancer and thus to avoid the dreadful alternative of a surgical operation.

The problem has been attacked from the surgical, the pathological, the microscopical, the chemical, the biological, and the experimental side. We have learned a great deal; for instance, that cancer is *always* a *strictly local* disease at the beginning, so that, if you remove this small lump early enough, cure is almost certain. If you wait, the disease spreads by the absorbent vessels and the blood vessels to the neighboring glands (under the jaw, in the armpit or the groin, or in internal glands) or to distant parts, and then the case is hopeless for cure. All we can do is palliate. *Early operation before the disease has thus spread is the sine qua non for success.*

## Ultimate Success Certain

**T**HE X-rays and radium are being very extensively experimented with, and most hopefully in certain forms of cancer. It is with this in view that the fine women of America presented Madame Curie with one gram (15 grains) of radium, costing one hundred thousand dollars. I have personally known of some remarkable cures by the X-rays and radium. But they should be used *only by experts*, or they may do irreparable damage. Even if they do no damage, in case they do not cure, their use not seldom delays operation until it is *too late*.

We have also learned by these laboratories of research that this, that, and the other line of research is not the true road to the discovery of the cause. Thus, by exclusion, we are gradually limiting our researches to the methods which give promise of possible success.

I feel as certain of our ultimate success as I do of my own existence. I am expectant, hopeful, and impatient for that glorious day to come. It will most likely come like a thief in the night to some lonely, patient, persistent worker. Then, indeed, after it has been tested and found true, may we chant a Te Deum—and turn our energies to the solution of the many other problems in medicine.

Above everything else not to do, I urge that none of the so-called "cancer cures" be used. I have seen the damage done by many of them, and the happy time when early operation might almost certainly have cured has gone by, and again "Too late" is the sad verdict.

The American Society for the Control of Cancer was formed in 1913. Dr. Charles A. Powers, a retired surgeon of Denver, whom I am proud to call an old friend, is the president. They are carrying on a vigorous campaign of enlightenment, to wake up the nation to the growing peril of cancer. They are a very live body. A large number of doctors are members and, what is most encouraging, an increasing number of public-spirited men and women are also members. The nominal dues are five dollars a year, but many give up to fifty dollars a year as patrons, and others, to aid the cause, give their hundreds and thousands. The society sends out circulars, pamphlets, etc., by the thousand, organizes lecture courses in many places, and spreads abroad the good news of the curability of cancer, provided that their advice is strictly followed. This year they propose to make a special effort during the week of October 30th to November 5th to arouse a nation-wide interest and a nation-wide activity to control cancer, by persuading all who have or suspect they have the disease to secure immediate competent advice and treatment.

I earnestly urge that every reader of this paper will join this admirable and wholly altruistic society. It takes much effort and much money to wake up a whole nation; but that is exactly our intention. We doctors are heartily in accord with the objects of this society.

## Preventing Sickness

**D**ID it ever occur to you that we of the medical profession, so far as I know, are the only persons who are doing our best to prevent sickness and death—the very source of our whole income? Who are the leaders in the prevention of typhoid fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and other grave dangers to life, and who are the promoters of the health of whole communities?—the doctors! I exult in this altruistic devotion! And not a few have given their own lives in the endeavor to save the lives of others!

Readers of the COMPANION may obtain any desired information on this subject by writing to the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.



Ho, for the merry Christmas-tide  
The bells and the glistening tree!  
The thrill of the gifts and a dashing ride  
And the dinner with Campbell's for me!



## A Merry Christmas to all!

And a feast as happy as the day, with the laughter of children for its music, sunny faces on every side and a table smiling with all good things! Campbell's Soup, of course, to give the dinner its first spark—spoonfuls of hot and savory deliciousness, inviting your most genial mood.

### Campbell's Pea Soup

brings the glow of early Springtime to your Winter's day—the delicate, enticing flavor of dainty, fresh, young peas, the sweetest on the vines. Rich country milk, smooth creamery butter, spices added with the nicest care delight the palate and satisfy the appetite. A soup that gives the touch of luxury to introduce your dinner.

#### Cream of Pea Soup

Heat Campbell's Pea Soup to the boiling point in saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point and stir it slowly into the soup just before serving. This extra rich soup is made even more attractive by serving in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream.

21 kinds

12c a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



# If You Knit or Crochet

*Here are several delightful suggestions for Christmas gifts*

Designed by  
**HELEN MARVIN**

**C**OMPLETE directions for making all these articles are ready to send out. If you wish to make the children's things (muff set, hat, and middy tie), order CK-175 and send ten cents in stamps. For directions for all the other articles (scarf, cozy jacket, sweater, and golf garter) order CK-176 and send fifteen cents in stamps. Address Knitting Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. (Keep this page, as the directions are not illustrated.)

**C**UT-WORK knitting—so-called from its similarity to cut-work embroidery—is used for the good-looking black sweater made of Shetland yarn shown below. Worn over a white blouse and with a white skirt this sweater makes an exceedingly smart costume. It may be developed in any color, of course—formosa, one of the new coppery browns, for instance, worn over a buff blouse and with a buff skirt, would be an effective combination.



**B**LOCK knitting grows more and more popular, and the blocks in this sports scarf are so daring in size that a stunning effect is produced. The blocks are made of turquoise blue, snuff color, and water green—and so is the fringe.

**I**SN'T she cute in her Christmas "furs"? Silk and wool floss in wild-rose color, combined with white Shetland floss, is used for this fascinating little tam, scarf, and muff set made in star-stitch and single crochet, with trimmings of white angora. The muff is made up over a muff-bed and has a crocheted cord to carry it by.



**V**ERY pert yet practical is this little two-piece hat crocheted in popcorn stitch, with its embroidered brim of white silk and its black velvet streamers reaching to the very bottom of little Miss Four-Year-Old's winter coat. And whether her coat is rose or blue or tan, the hat can be made to match it. We feel sure she'll approve of it.



**T**HIS delightful cozy wrap for Grandma (and it would be equally delightful as a breakfast-in-bed jacket for anyone) is made in plain knitting in a medium shade of heliotrope with a touch of chenille cross-stitch embroidery on the lighter-toned border, which is worked in afghan stitch.



The tasseled ends hang at the outside of the leg, showing beneath the stocking cuff.

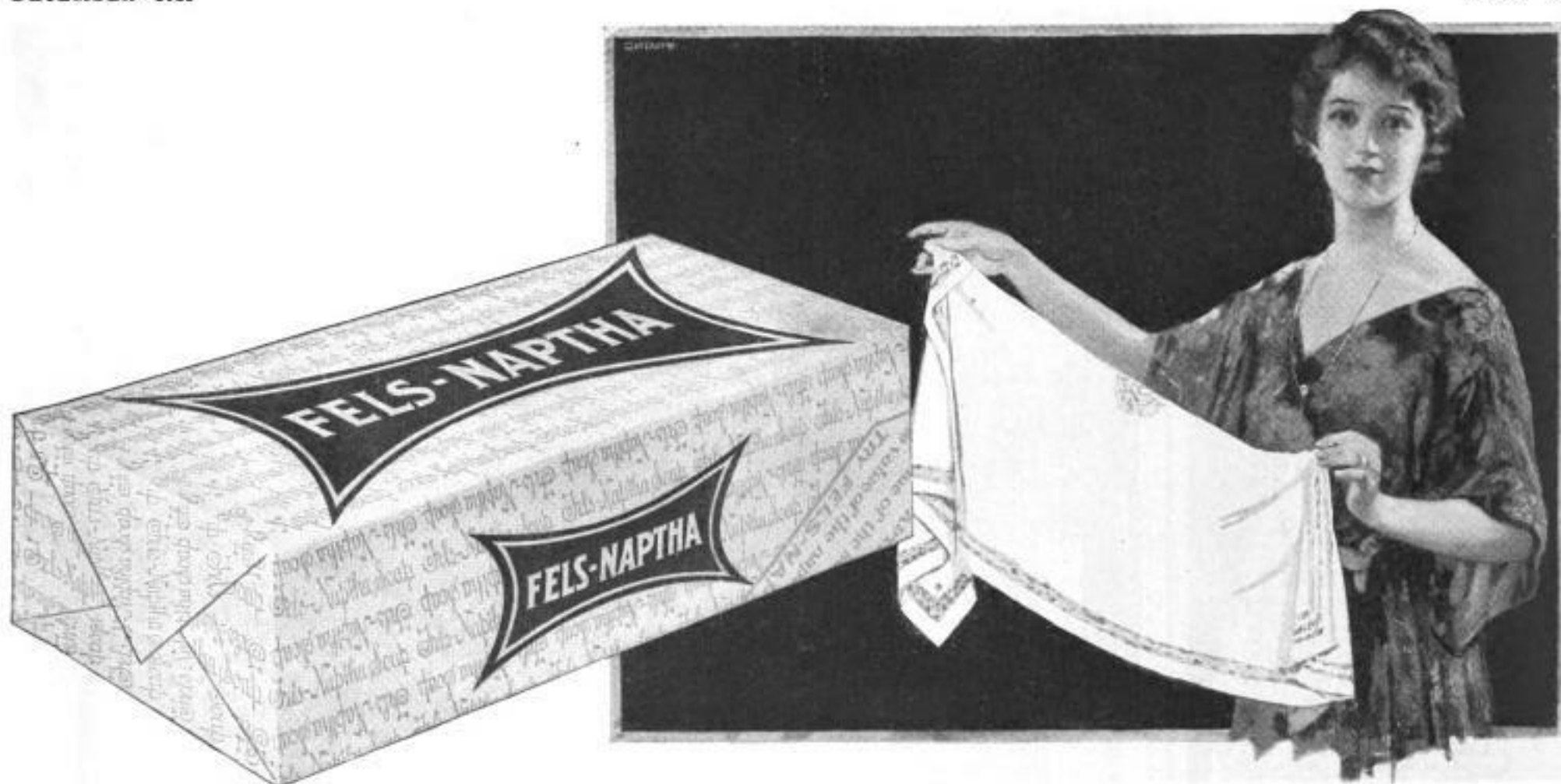
**K**NOW any man who'd like a pair of golf garters? These are probably a revival of the original stocking supporters from which plain knitting received its name of "garter stitch."



**T**O wear with a middy blouse is this very jaunty tie crocheted of heavy black silk. It takes only one spool.







# The Miracle of the Golden Bar



Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

## The easy Fels-Naptha way to get clothes clean

Wet the clothes. Soap with Fels-Naptha, roll up, soak half an hour in lukewarm water. The naptha loosens the dirt. Only a little rubbing is needed. Douse clothes through the soapy water to flush the dirt away. Rinse thoroughly.

Boiling is not necessary; but boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. Whether the water is cool, lukewarm, or hot, Fels-Naptha makes clothes clean quicker than ordinary soap.

## FREE

If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia"

The easy way Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go of clothes is the miracle of modern washing! A miracle brought about by the perfect combination of good soap and real naptha.

You know the astonishing results professional dry-cleaners get by using naptha to cleanse delicate finery safely and quickly.

When you wash clothes with Fels-Naptha you get the wonderful cleansing-value of real naptha and the washing energy of good soap. Thus Fels-Naptha gives clothes a double cleansing.

This is why they come white and clean so readily! And to think this

good golden bar makes snowy suds that give such whiteness to white clothes!

Not only for clothes, but for all your household cleaning, Fels-Naptha works wonders in time and labor saved.

From the standpoint of economy alone you need Fels-Naptha, whether you do your own work or have it done for you. The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

© 1921, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR





# THE GIFT ORIENTAL



That "he who runs may read" is true  
For those who like that pace;  
But he who reads and has to run  
Needs this to keep his place.

FROM tiny book-mark to elaborate pillow, all the gifts shown on this page were developed from materials purchased in the average department store.



A pull of this kind, though designed  
For quick illumination,  
Is also rather nifty as  
A bit of decoration.

JUST an ordinary little commercial telephone index dressed up in a brocaded cover, with silk cord and gay beads replacing the original wire handle.



This little index on your 'phone  
May save you time and worry  
When Central says, "What number, please?"  
And you are in a hurry.

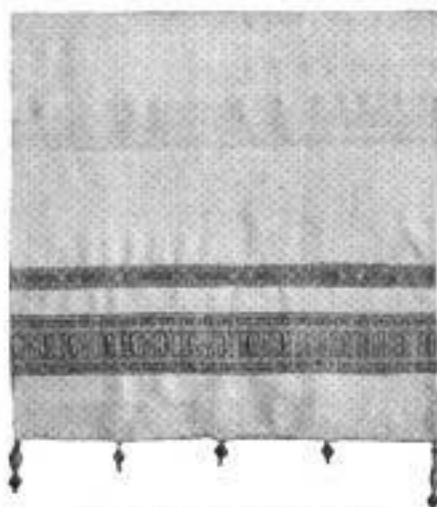
THE bookmark is simply a twelve-inch strip of inch-wide Japanese metallic trimming, finished at one end with five little graduated glass beads carrying out the colors in the trimming. A card to go with the bookmark is easily made by pasting a figure cut from a colored Oriental post card on a plain correspondence card, and lettering on an appropriate sentiment in verse.

COLLAR and cuff set of flesh-colored georgette crepe trimmed with bands of very narrow ( $\frac{1}{4}$  inch) embroidered ribbon—colors, wistaria, jade-green, and black.



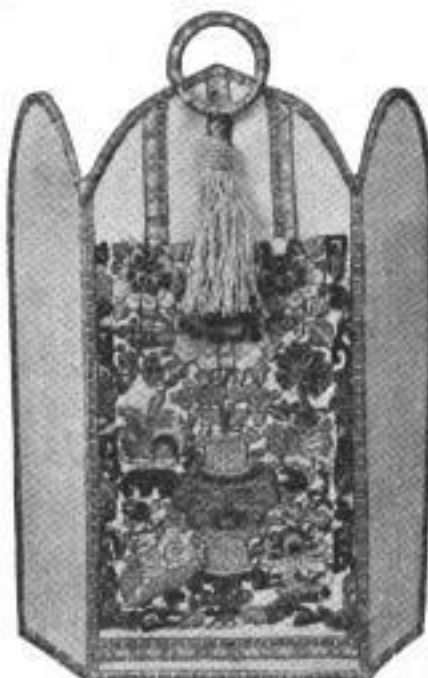
AHEM seven-eighths of an inch wide is first basted on both cuffs and collar, and then hem-stitched. The inside edge is picoted.

At first I thought I'd send you, dear,  
About a million dollars,  
But recollected just in time  
Your fad for cuffs and collars.



About this gift I'm sending you  
There's nothing sentimental,  
It's just a table runner made  
In manner Oriental.

ONE yard of natural-colored pongee was used for the foundation of these three gifts—table runner, telephone screen, and bag. On each end of the runner two widths of embroidered Oriental trimming are applied, while glass beads add weight as well as decoration.



A "phony" gift some might call this,  
But still it may not come amiss.



Don't know why it's carried,  
For vanity or use,  
But hope you may discover  
Some personal excuse.

AN EMBROIDERED butterfly medallion in gay colors is appliquéd to this pongee bag by a coarse chain-stitch in jade-green embroidery floss. Bands of Oriental embroidery, beads and tassels complete the decoration. The handles are made of heavy jade-green silk cord.

A PIECE of colorful embroidery ornaments the front panel of the telephone screen, and all the edges are outlined with inch-wide trimming. This trimming is also wound around the ring handle, from which a large decorative tassel dangles.



We send this with the hope 'twill please,  
And wish you all a life of ease.

JAPANESE silk in tones of old-blue, rose, and green, and plain old-blue silk, also Japanese, held together by narrow bands of embroidery, make up this stunning bolster-shaped pillow. The large tassels are made of heavy blue and gold silk.



A Christmas Gift  
of Rare Distinction

Fleurs  
d'Amour  
FLOWERS OF LOVE

Extrait,  
Eau de Toilette,  
Savon, Poudre,  
Sachet, Talc,  
Brillantine.

WILL YOU NOT MAKE THIS  
FRAGRANCE YOUR OWN?

ROGER & GALLET  
25 WEST 32<sup>ND</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK

Creators of Rare Perfumes  
Paris

Best dealers everywhere





# Made from Taffeta

*Are these unusual gifts in lovely shimmering colors*

A SQUARE of pink silk taffeta rounded at the corners and edged with narrow lace covers the padded dress hanger below, sachet being concealed in the padding. Little French flowers and loops of two-toned pink ribbon catch up the silk gracefully on each side, and a bow finishes the ribbon-wound hook.

For more detailed descriptions for making these gifts, send a stamped self-addressed envelope.



Clothes hanger and pincushion designed by Elizabeth M. Roth

THE pointed oval-shaped pincushion below is frilly and Frenchy enough to grace the most fastidiously furnished boudoir. Pink taffeta silk is used to cover the foundation pillow, and an embroidered medallion (such as can be found in any art needlework department) is then sewed on the top. Around this are three rows of narrow lace ruffling edged with narrow gold gauze ribbon, the ruffles covering the entire top of the cushion as illustrated. The medallion itself is outlined with French rosebud trimming.



A CLUSTER of roses with fluttering petals, their centers made of gold-thread French knots, ornaments the smartly practical tan silk bag below, while gold lace finishes the edges. The tan and gold form an exceptionally harmonious color combination appropriate for either daytime or evening use.



Taffeta bags and handkerchief case designed by Peggy Engleman



THE unique rose-petal bag above is made of an exquisitely soft shade of tan taffeta, with frosted turquoise beads forming the artistic center of the rose ornament.



A DESCRIPTION of the colors of the bag above can give only an inadequate idea of its unusual beauty: Lustrous black taffeta lined with old-blue, the semicircle of roses in old-blue, old-gold and old-rose taffeta—such are the materials used. Your imagination, and your fingers, will have to do the rest!

Lamp shades designed by Edna Selena Cave



THE newest lamp shades are puffed and scalloped—a very charming treatment when carried out in two-toned taffeta (blue and rose), like the one above. For the demure little candle shade another lovely two-toned taffeta is used—orange and yellow, this time—with a fringed ruching held in place by narrow old-gold soutache braid sewed through the center.

JUST a picoted strip of rose taffeta, folded in a special way so that it will hold several handkerchiefs, makes the little traveling case below, with a cluster of three silk roses by way of decoration.



ROSES again are the decorative feature of the rose taffeta party bag below, with its richly contrasting black velvet leaves and draw-strings—the latter gathering together into one big rose the artistic petals which form the top of the bag.



## Mrs. Knox's Corner

### DESSERT and CANDY for CHRISTMAS

IN planning your Christmas dinner this year why not try the ever welcome Plum Pudding made in the new, up-to-date way? It is so delicious and dainty and makes such a perfect ending to the usual hearty Christmas dinner. It may be made the day before and no more attention given to it until serving time. I am giving the recipe here and if you try it I am sure every member of your family will feel like extending me a vote of thanks for telling you about it.

Then, too, it would not be a real Christmas unless you had some good, pure, wholesome, inexpensive, home-made candy—the kind you can make with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. This may be served with your dinner or put up attractively in boxes for gifts. I can give only one recipe here but others will be found in my booklets and special candy recipe slip.



#### KNOX PLUM PUDDING

1 Envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 1 cup cold water 1/2 cup dates  
 1 cup sugar 1/2 cup sliced citron  
 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla 1/2 cup chopped nuts  
 2 tablespoons lemon juice 1/2 cup currants  
 1 cup seeded raisins 1/2 squares chocolate  
 1/2 cup figs 1 cup milk  
 Pinch of salt 1 cup coffee

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Cover raisins and other fruit with 1 1/2 cups water and cook until thick, then add the lemon juice. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate and when scalding point is reached add softened gelatine and sugar and stir until dissolved. Add coffee and salt, remove from fire and when mixture thickens add vanilla, cooked fruit and nut meats. Turn into large or individual molds first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with whipped cream or any plum pudding sauce, and decorate with holly.

#### ST. NICHOLAS CANDY

2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 4 cups granulated sugar  
 1 1/2 cups boiling water 1 cup cold water  
 Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add boiling water. When dissolved add sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand overnight; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors such as lemon, orange, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., and different colors, adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

#### Other Christmas Recipes

My booklets contain other Christmas Desserts, Salads, Candies, etc. Sent for 4 cents in stamps and grocer's name, together with my special candy recipe slip.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

**KNOX GELATINE**

109 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine, think of KNOX"



# ALVIN

*Long-Life Silver Plate Correct for Every Occasion*

*When representative American women met at luncheon in Boston, they preferred Alvin Long-Life Silver Plate.*

ALVIN PATENT

"At a luncheon of the Committee for the Bazaar given in aid of Devastated France, the Alvin Long-Life Silver Plate was used by special request and greatly admired by all those present."



*Mrs. R. L. Lott*

*Chairman -*

*Mrs. C. A. Field*

*Mrs. H. F. Edwards*

*Mrs. Russell Codman*

*Mrs. H. A. Lamb*

*Mrs. M. Chapman Gray*

*Mrs. L. M. Edwards*

*Mrs. L. E. Zerkow*

*Mrs. F. S. Whitcomb*

*Mrs. Horace Binnery*

Pickle Fork  
Lancaster Pattern



Oyster Fork  
George Washington  
Pattern

The Lancaster pattern, selected for use on this special occasion in Boston, can be seen at all leading jewelers. You can also secure admirable values in the Molly Stark, Victory, and George Washington patterns, exquisite designs which have received the express approval of America's social leaders. These patterns make appropriate gifts for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, or Christmas.

## ALVIN SILVER COMPANY

20 Maiden Lane, New York

Makers also of Alvin Sterling Silverware

## The Christmas Tower Room

By ANNE BRYAN McCALL

**G**OLD, frankincense, and myrrh—these were the symbols the Wise Men brought. How little in themselves, after all, but representative of what years and hopes and long devotions! A Christmas tree hung with gay-colored baubles; and Christmas carols ringing; how little under the high stars these things are in themselves, and how ephemeral; yet how they summon up the bounty and goodness of life.



**A** GREAT many of you write me, each Christmas season, asking for suggestions for appropriate gifts: "I have a friend of whom I am very fond. I would like to give him a book. Will you tell me what you think would be a suitable one?" Or you want to fashion some kind of gift, yourself, and are not sure what kind would be best.

Well, as a general answer to all such letters, I would say: "I do not think it matters very greatly what you choose to give, so long as your gift is a symbol—a symbol of something very much more valuable than itself. If it is that, and if you can make it clearly understood that it is that, it is almost certain to be suitable."

The trouble with many of our gifts is that they have to stand or fall on their own merits. Is that a handsome enough present for this person? Is that one too expensive, too pretentious; or is that one inadequate? Or is this one as pretty as the one I am likely to receive? When we begin asking questions like that we may be sure our gifts are going to be inappropriate.

### What is a Gift?

**T**HE whole question, really, is what does a gift stand for? Does it represent money and the skill of others, or does it represent unmistakably some fine affection on your part, some dependable loyalty, some generous appreciation? That is the trouble, you see; we wait until Christmas to give, whereas we should have been giving all the year before; using Christmas at last only as an occasion for giving some silent reminder and symbol of the large love, the large homage, the fidelity, the loyalty of the love, the appreciation, of which the whole year has been full. In this sense most of us do our Christmas shopping late, very late.

For, after all, I know of no Christmas gift that can be called a gift in itself. It is in itself silver or gold, or silk, or color, or form, or cunning workmanship, bought for a price; a mere piece of marketable stuff, a commodity, bought and sold in the common marts of men; it becomes a gift only when it changes magically and becomes representative; when it becomes ambassador of the spirit, envoy of the heart; when it stands for something else greater than itself, as an envoy or minister of a government stands for all that country and all the power and riches and intentions of it—in short, a gift is not a gift at all unless it be definitely a symbol.

Moreover, this question of symbols is not a matter for Christmas thinking, and Christmas application; but is linked with all our days. I believe most of us give far too little thought to it, and understand symbols far too little.

Always man has used symbols, and the higher he has gone in civilization the more deft he has been in the use of them. The savage has a few very simple rudimentary symbols. These he uses to represent certain facts very direct and simple. In Indian hieroglyphs three straight lines will represent unfailingly three men; a stone will represent a journey; one sun rudely drawn will represent one day; one moon, one night; but in the more highly civilized races, the symbols become more subtle and intricate and flexible and interwoven; until in the mind of a poet, for instance, the sun may represent strength or beauty or beneficence or fidelity or a bridegroom, or a strong man

rejoicing to run a race; and the moon may represent stateliness, or changeableness, or haughtiness, or chastity, or the remoteness and beauty of the woman a man loves.

Now the reason the Indian's symbols are so simple is because his life is so simple and his understanding is so simple; and the reason the poet's symbols are so rich and varied is because his experience and his understanding are these.

### Matching Silks Isn't Enough

**W**HAT is it, then, that you are really giving for Christmas, and what does the bauble stand for? What lies back of the gift? And what, for us, does Christmas Day itself call up and commemorate? Of what, for us, are Christmas nights and the Christmas stars representative? How large a conception and grasp have we of the nobility and unlimited possibility of life? Do we guess these things, at all? Or are we bent, instead, on matching silks and ribbons only? Come, show me your tokens, and what do they betoken? Your symbols, and what do they symbolize? The more you think about symbols, the more you may wonder and speculate about them. They are a kind of fine stenography, a way of saying the unsayable, a finite way of handling the infinite.

Thinking of all these things, I believe I wish you, as one of the best Christmas wishes in the world, a Christmas of symbols; and throughout the coming year a better understanding of symbols and of the vast beauty and meanings they represent; and perhaps I would wish that you might be a symbol, and a beautiful one; that wherever or however your life is led, it might call to mind never weakness, never selfishness, never those things which harm and mar the lives of others, but rather strength and comfort.

### The Tower Room Itself

**A**ND there is still one more symbol of which I wish to speak, and then I have done: I mean the Tower Room, the Tower Room itself, standing for things higher and nobler than itself. The letters on this page assembled, and the words they say—yes, and even the thought back of these—all these things are but small representatives of the things the Tower Room stands for; has always stood for. They are but reminders each month of the affection and comradeship and understanding and high ideals and broad vision and helpfulness that the Tower Room, since its beginning, has held dear and symbolized and hoped to attain.

I have always wanted the Tower Room to be a gift to girls—a gift, really, to anyone, young or old, who came to it; and now as a Christmas wish I would wish that it might stand in your lives for all those larger things that are dear to it.

It is to be open, as of old, through the coming year—a place, as of old, where you may come sharing joys or sorrows, ideals, or perplexities, and where you will always find someone who understands.

As a reminder of this throughout the year I would like to give to each of you who may care to send me your name and address the gift of a tiny Christmas blue print copy of a picture I love.

Now, a happy Christmas to all of you; a Christmas of symbols and high meanings.

Address all letters to Anne Bryan McCall, the Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# Of thousands of women examined 70% were wearing harmful corsets— AND DIDN'T KNOW IT!



Wrong posture—fatigue type

In the fatigue posture, which is very common, the sagging abdominal wall, rounded shoulders and flattened spine allow the abdomen to fall forward. Every organ in the abdominal cavity is forced out of place and its action disturbed. Headaches, backaches, indigestion and other more serious ailments are often due to this condition. A wrong corset makes this condition worse. Often the front clasps at the top of the corset poke into the body. A Spencer Corset specially designed to support the abdomen and relieve the strain on the spine, will correct this condition, and prove to you that comfort and style go hand in hand.



Wrong posture—lordosis type

The lordosis or "sway back" posture is often due to a poorly designed corset which was too tight at the waist line in back. Note the exaggerated curve of the back at the waist line. The result of this posture is that the stomach and other organs sag out of place and cannot function properly. Frequent backaches, headaches, indigestion and many other ills are caused by this condition. A Spencer Corset designed especially for the needs of the individual will correct lordosis.



Correct posture—erect type

This is the erect, or normal posture. It is the ideal posture—head and body erect, shoulders square and the weight supported evenly on both feet. Normal posture not only insures better health; it also gives a graceful, erect carriage and a smart looking figure, which lends an air of distinction to the simplest garments. If your figure is still youthful, a Spencer Corset will keep it so. If you are one of the 95 out of 100 women whose posture is wrong, a Spencer Corset, especially designed to meet your needs, will bring it back.

A public health organization of the highest standing recently made an announcement that was startling news to most women. This organization is unbiased and has no connection with any manufacturer. Its sole purpose is to improve the health of people who come to it for physical examination.

Its announcement was this—that of the thousands of women examined by its experts 70% were wearing incorrect corsets without knowing it—and that their corsets were wrong because they were either (1) improperly made or (2) did not meet the specific needs of the wearers.

This important announcement merely confirms what Spencer designers have been proving for fifteen years. The secret of good style and good health is correct posture. A figure improperly corseted is sure in time to fall into one of the harmful postures illustrated at the left.

You cannot have smart style and you cannot keep perfectly well without erect, normal posture. In our files are records of the measurements of half a million women. These show clearly that 95 out of every 100 women have faulty posture.

If you are one of the 95 out of 100 women who have faulty posture you need a corset designed for you alone. So far as we know we are the only corset makers in the world who create a special design for each separate client.

The Spencer Corsetière calls at your home and records complete measurements and an accurate description of your figure. At our workshops the designers create from these measurements and description a corset for your special needs.

With your Spencer Corset you receive a guarantee that every measurement and the description of your figure as well were actually used in designing and making the corset. Every line, every seam, every bone is planned to give you a smart figure, greater comfort and better health.

Because we make no corsets except from your measurements, *Spencer Corsets cannot be found in stores or listed in catalogs.*

Ask the Spencer Corsetière in your locality to call and explain the economy of Spencer Corsets.

## SPENCER Rejuveno CORSETS

Never sold in stores

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office



ABDOMINAL BELT

For comfortable negligee wear, for tennis, golf, swimming, dancing and other exercises, the Spencer Abdominal Belt is an ideal support. It is easy and light in weight and can be comfortably slept in.

SURGICAL CORSETS

Our Surgical Department is equipped to make any kind of surgical support or supporting corset. We were the first corset makers in the United States to have such a department, it having been in operation for 10 years. Our designers are required to have a training equivalent to a course in anatomy and dissection at a medical school of the first class.

*We shall be glad to hear from well-bred, capable, earnest women who desire to represent us. Those whose applications we accept will be given free training in the Spencer System of Corsetry. Spencer Corsetry is a profitable occupation in which you have the satisfaction of rendering service to others.*

Spencer Corsets are made by The Berger Brothers Company, 145 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut. If you do not find our representative in your telephone book under the listing "Spencer Corsetière," write direct to us for the address.





## Mothers! Give your children Bubble Books—

**R**EMEMBER when you were a little girl how you used to love the stories of Mary's Little Lamb, Tom the Piper's Son, Funny Froggy, and all the other childhood favorites? It was great fun just to have them read to you. But suppose you could have heard these little people sing to you on the phonograph!

Think of the hours and hours you could have spent just listening all by yourself or with your little playmates, leaving the grown-ups free to go about their duties. No need to bother mother, or auntie, or big sister! And now your own little ones can do that very thing, for all these lovable old nursery rhymes, stories, colored pictures and real phonograph records have been made into a wonderful combination called

## BUBBLE BOOKS "that Sing"

By Ralph Mayhew and  
Burges Johnson  
Pictures by Rhoda Chase

Each Bubble Book has a story, beautifully illustrated, about a little boy who has a wonderful fairy bubble pipe. He blows great big bubbles and out of these come the little people in the story to play and sing. The songs they sing and the things they do are in the three phonograph records that come in the pockets of each book.

There are lots of funny sounds in the records, too, such as "mooring" cows, "cawing" crows, "squawky" frogs, to say nothing of the three little kittens who mew ever so sweetly, and the little baby pigs who squeal and try to grunt. You too will love Bubble Books. All grown-ups do. You will be humming the quaint tunes and singing the old songs from the very first.

Of course Bubble Books are correct. Infinite care is used in making Bubble Books. Everything must be just so before they are ever published. Music, pictures, stories—everything just as you would want them. There are twelve Bubble Books now ready. Each one differs from the other and is complete in itself. Get them at phonograph, toy, book and department stores everywhere. \$1.25 each.

**HARPER & BROTHERS**  
Est. 1817 NEW YORK, N. Y.

# They're Block-Printed

*These quaint Christmas cards and bookplates*

By MARGARET O. GOLDSMITH



**GOLD** background, green tree, red balls, —your Christmas sticker

then painting in some of the white portions with tempera water colors mixed with a very little water.

There are endless possibilities in this: The jester is gay on orange paper with a cerise cap and collar, and green, gold, and blue bells against the black. He is delightful on a green paper with no painting; and he is equally seductive on gold-flecked tan paper, in his black panel with green cap and collar and orange bells.

The Noah's Ark design is excellent in black on orange with an olive-green sail for the Ark, green trees, and purplish and yellow trappings. On the tan paper, gold-splashed, the elephant and camel boast respectively cerise and blue trappings, the sail is orange, and the trees are green.

The traditional medium for block printing is wood, but as linoleum is much easier to cut, it is recommended for the novice. Ask for a sample or odd piece of Grade-A battleship linoleum. Pencil marks show up quite plainly on its brownish surface.

Then decide whether you will put in lettering. Sometimes it fits in above the design, and sometimes at the side or below. The words have to be backward on the plate. They may, however, be written in on the finished prints.

Work on a bread board and use a sharp fine-pointed penknife, or scalpel. The linoleum cuts like cheese, as you discover at the start in cutting the outer margin of the design. To avoid skidding on this straight line, hold the ruler firmly in place and cut slowly along the edge right through the linoleum.

The guiding principle in cutting the design is to carve out the portion or lines that are to appear white in the print, and to leave in relief between these cut-out portions the part of the design that is to come in contact with the ink and show as black in the print. This untouched portion needs to be marked off with your knife at the outset, lest in your zeal you trespass beyond the boundary lines. So, in the case of the funny old lady, you run your knife slowly in one continuous stroke as far as possible around her little figure, and then run the knife under bits big or little of the surrounding territory and pry it off until it is a level plane about one eighth inch below the old lady. You do the same inside the boundary line of her apron.

**I**F YOU want to be sure to have an individual Christmas card, make it yourself; and use the process of block-printing. If you think that you can't create your own designs—here are some for you to trace.

Block-printed bookplates, which, again, can and should express the personality of the owner, make delightful Christmas gifts for child or grown-up. You can copy one of these little Kate Greenaway's in a wood-block ink and print off a whole pack of them on Japanese art paper.

The bookplates are generally more effective in black and white, but you can get some stunning results with the Christmas cards by printing the design in black on colored paper, and

A word of precaution about the cutting:

(1) Cut away the portion of the design that is to be white in the print, and level it off so that no part can come in contact with the ink in printing, but do not penetrate to the canvas backing.

(2) The boundary line of a raised portion of the design should be clean-cut, not jagged. That is why it is best to outline such portions at the start, and to lift the blade as few times as possible.

(3) There is only one way to hold the knife in following a pencil line. That is, to slant it slightly away from the portion of the linoleum to re-



**THIS** jolly old jester harks back to a watermark in the time of King Charles the First

main uncut. Then, if the knife slips, it will cut into a space that is going to be cut out later anyhow.

The difficult thing for the amateur is to leave very small solid spots intact in an area that is to be carved out. Thus the eyes, nose, and mouth of the plump little lady defy ordinary methods. Well, then, cut them out entirely, and on the print fill in her blank face with the proper features, using a paint brush or the end of a pin dipped in ink. This is an unprofessional but practical suggestion.

When the plate is cut, shake off the clinging crumbs of linoleum and mount it on a block of wood an inch or less thick and the length and breadth of the plate. There are two ways of doing this: You can glue the linoleum to the wood (with real glue, not mucilage), or you can tack the linoleum to the wood in each corner, always through a depressed spot in the design, with small-headed nails pounded down below the raised surface, to prevent their catching the ink.



**FILL** in the name of the little girl dog-owner to whom you give this Kate Greenaway bookplate

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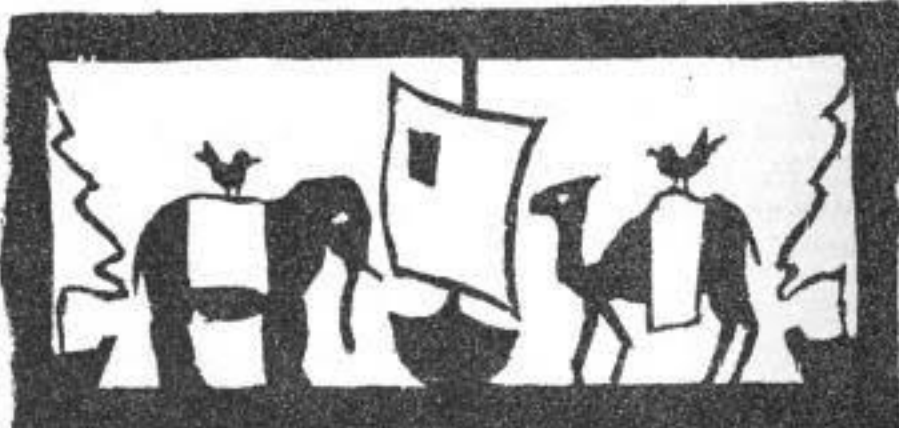
**P**RINTER'S ink is what you need to get a good-looking black and white print, and tempera water-color paint, if you want a colored print. First, let's discuss the ink. It is thick and "gooey" and delights in smearing everything. When you go to the nearest printer of handbills or newspaper, therefore, take a shallow tin box to entrap the wily stuff. Use a flexible putty knife in scooping it out and cover the work table with protecting paper. Wear old clothes. Then you are free to enjoy yourself, even as the "bad boys" in school, who forget to be bad when allowed to print.

But how about inking the design? Do you transfer the ink directly from the can to the linoleum? No, indeed. You transfer

it with the afore-mentioned knife from the can to an inking pad. It may be a ready-made pad from a stationer's shop, that is, one that has not already been charged with another kind of ink; or a home-made one, devised by covering a block of wood with five or six thicknesses of old linen, fine meshed and not linty. The linen must be tightly drawn and securely tacked in place. Work the ink into the pad, distributing it evenly over all the surface and removing lumps. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]



**FOR** a fisherman's Christmas card, or a little boy's bookplate, this design ought to be just right



**SUCH** a fascinating Christmas card, these Noah's Ark beasts make when printed in black on orange or green paper! And, for all you know, that little old ark may be fairly rocking with presents





## Nothing So Pretty as beautiful teeth—Keep the film coats off

Millions of women have in late years learned the way to whiter teeth. If you don't know it, we urge you to try it. Send for a ten-day test.

When you see teeth that glisten—teeth you envy—this method is probably used. It combats the dingy film-coats as nothing else has done. It keeps teeth cleaner, safer than before.

You also care for such things. Then make this test and see what quickly happens.

### Why teeth grow dingy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, despite your brushing, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth seem discolored. Often it forms the basis of a fixed and cloudy coat. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. So countless teeth brushed daily have their luster dimmed by film.

### Cause of tooth decay

That film does other damage. It is now regarded as the cause of most tooth troubles. Under old methods of brushing, those troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escape them.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles, local and internal.

Dental science long has realized that something must be done. So diligent research has been made for effective film combatants.

### Now ways to combat it

Two efficient methods have been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

The methods are combined in a scientific tooth paste, made to meet modern requirements. And millions of people have come to employ it, largely through dental advice.

The name of this tooth paste is Pepsodent. A 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. So all who will may quickly know what this new method does.

### What science requires

Modern dental science also requires other aids to Nature. The average diet, rich in starch, deficient in fruit acids, makes them necessary.

Pepsodent meets these requirements. It multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

These natural forces are increased each time

## You are welcome to 20 tests

The 10-Day Tube we offer will supply you 20 tests. Twenty times it will bring to you all these desired effects. The book we send will tell the reasons for them. Then you will realize what this method means to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it.

Pepsodent is used. And that alone, it is believed, means a new dental era.

Pepsodent does in these ways what nothing else has done. Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects. Compare results with the old results, and you will quickly realize what this new way means.



### Children, above all

Children need Pepsodent even more than adults. Their teeth are easily affected by the film and starch attacks. Few children avoid tooth troubles. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be used from the time the first tooth appears.

Men who smoke find that film-coats deeply stain. The use of Pepsodent therefore brings them most conspicuous results.

The woman in the home should prove these things for all. The 10-Day Tube will do it. The book we send explains the meaning of each new result.

Send this coupon and see how quickly the benefits appear. Then you will know how your family can better save their teeth.

Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

### The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which meets in five ways modern dental requirements. Approved by authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

### Watch the effects

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other three effects. This test will be a revelation to you.

## 10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 310, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
Only one tube to a family.





### PYREX—Gift Set

Useful and Always Welcome

HERE is the gift which ideally fulfills the three requirements of the Perfect Gift. Pyrex Transparent Oven Dishes are beautiful. They are useful. They are constant reminders of the giver.

Like all perfect gifts, Pyrex in sets or single pieces—plain or decorated—combine usefulness and beauty. Pyrex saves extra pan washing. Pyrex is guaranteed not to break with oven heat—never chips nor wears out—lasts a lifetime.

## PYREX

TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

### The Perfect Gift

Pyrex Gift Sets consist of eleven pieces—pie plate, bread pan, covered casserole, a round and an oval baking dish with handles and six individual bakers which can be used for scalloped foods, left-overs, or desserts. Each piece is selected for utility and beauty, all carefully packed in an attractive gift box. All dealers in housewares sell Pyrex.

The price of Pyrex Gift Sets is \$7.00 in the East, \$8.00 in the West, \$10.00 in Eastern Canada and \$10.50 in Western Canada.

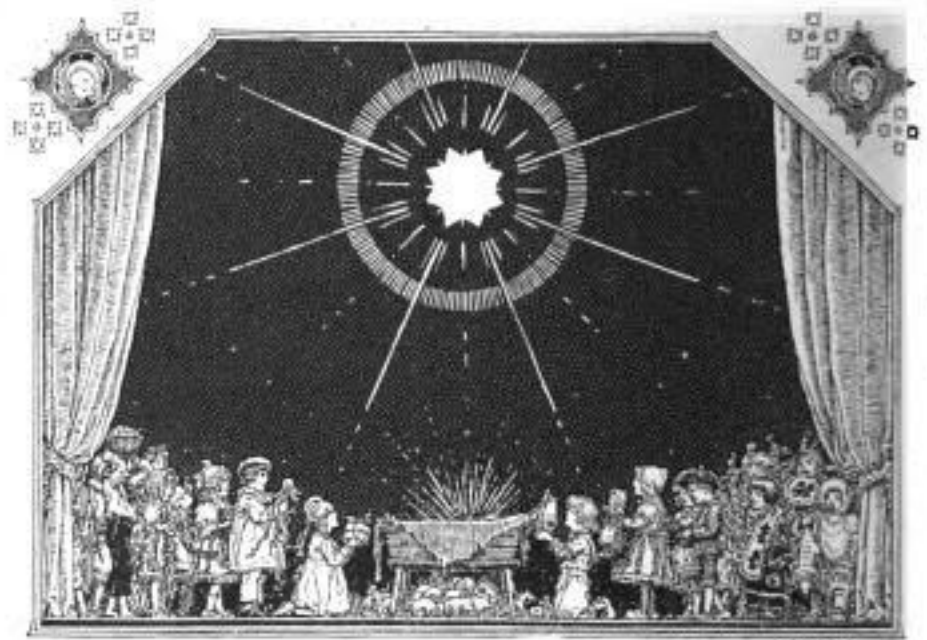
Pyrex is the original transparent ovenware. Always look for the Pyrex label and the name "Pyrex" stamped on each piece.

The Pyrex booklet, "New Facts About Cooking," is packed in every set or send your name and address and we will post it to you—free.

Pyrex Sales Division

CORNING GLASS WORKS  
657 Tioga Avenue, Corning, New York

World's largest makers of Technical Glass



## At the Sign of the Star

### A Christmas Eve Manger Service

By FANNIE R. BUCHANAN

LONG ago the Christmas Star led wise men from far lands to the manger-cradle of the Christ Child. Joyfully they came, bearing gifts in token of their reverence for the little child. To-night the star again shines out. Drawn by its light, children from distant lands meet about the Christmas manger. They come singing, as the angels sang on that first Christmas Eve, and, as the Wise Men, they, also, bring gifts. These, in token of their love for the Holy Child, they place before the manger to be given, in his name, to any who may be in need.

ABOVE the platform a large star is suspended. This should be made of thin white cloth through which high-power lights shed a soft radiance over the platform. In the center of the platform stands a rough manger about five by two feet. If possible it should be rustic; if not, then the lumber should be old and weather-stained. The construction should be very open, allowing the hay to protrude between the beams. The beams should have several small hooks upon which some of the gifts may be hung. A bright light concealed in the manger represents the Child. This light should shine out through the hay, and reflect upon the faces of the children as they bend over the manger. Before the manger service begins, the auditorium should be darkened. At this moment, the star and the manger are lighted, and the music is heard.

The organist plays very softly the Pastoral from the "Messiah." After a few bars of the music, the superintendent steps before the manger and, to the accompaniment of the music, reads as follows:

**Superintendent:** "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem, behold there came wise men from afar saying, 'Where is he that is born king? We have seen his star in the East and are come to worship him.' And lo! the star went before them till it came and stood over the place where the young child was. And they presented him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

As the reading ceases, the music modulates into the refrain of the song, "We

Three Kings of the Orient Are" and from their various stations the groups together sing the refrain twice through.

Oh, Star of wonder, Star of light  
Star with radiant beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to thy perfect light.

**Boys and Girls of France:** Without break the music passes into the old French carol, "Sing We Noël." From its corner the French group comes singing. Each child carries, held aloft in the right hand, a gift tied with tricolor and from which float long, slender streamers of red, white, and blue crepe paper. The singers mount the platform, circle the manger and deposit their gifts about it, hanging some upon the hooks. They then pass to rear of platform and seat themselves on the floor, watching as the other groups in turn come forward.

**Choir from Italy:**

As the French group finishes its song and passes to the rear, the music changes to "Adeste Fideles." The Italian group now comes forward singing this old hymn, if possible in Latin. The girls may be dressed in white and should carry garlands of flowers and holly. The boys should wear white blouses, open at the neck, and bright, loosely knotted ties. They should bear baskets of fruit upon their heads. Two by two they mount the platform, singing as they leave their offerings and pass from the platform to seats reserved for them near the front.

**Children of Holland:** The organist now plays the happy little song, "Christmas Comes Again," as a group of small boys and girls comes singing. The girls wear Dutch bonnets, and the boys long, baggy trousers (these may be bloomers borrowed for the occasion). Each child carries a toy. Some boys may have toy drums, which they beat in time to the singing. When the toys are deposited about the manger, the children join the French group.

**Girls of Russia:** As the Girls of Russia come slowly from the gallery, the music passes into the minor strains of "What Child is This?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]



### The People Taking Part



SUNDAY-SCHOOL  
SUPERINTENDENT  
BOYS AND GIRLS  
OF FRANCE  
A CHOIR FROM  
ITALY  
CHILDREN OF  
HOLLAND  
AMERICAN CHILDREN AND  
THEIR FRIENDS

GIRLS OF RUSSIA  
BOYS OF ENGLAND  
ORGANIST  
CHILDREN OF BELGIUM  
CHILDREN OF THE NORTHLANDS  
A SWISS GROUP

*Note: To designate the groups, the leader of each may carry the flag of the country represented. Groups should in turn come from different, remote parts of the church.*

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## To Hang on the Tree

*Five funny pencil people*



ALL the pencil dresses are made out of oilcloth, the hands and feet of felt and the faces of felt and wool, with such extras as beads and bells and tinkling brass rings. You can substitute touches of paint to show upon a plain oilcloth surface, and you can think, perhaps, of other original touches to add fun to the Christmas-tree celebration.

THE circus clown has a tinkling bell on the tip of his peaked hat. His clothes are all pink and white checked oilcloth with blue pompons of wool for trimming, and his mask is appropriately made up with painted streaks, silk stitches, and tiny blue beads for his twinkly eyes. His face and hands are flesh-colored felt, and his feet are shod in blue felt.

MR. BUNNY has a white felt head, blue bead eyes, painted red spots for cheeks, and a red silk stitch for a nose. His collar, hands, and feet are blue felt, and his casing is red and white checked oilcloth cut most simply.

THE country maiden with a rose in her hand sports a stylish frock of blue and white checked oilcloth, while her hands and feet and head are of flesh-colored felt, as they should be. Her hat and her neck scarf are of orange-colored felt, with a vivid green felt bow tied round the hat's crown, and some yellow woolen curls crowded under the modish drooping brim.



"I'll take your carrot order"



FOR the guest at your family Christmas tree one of these happy and useful dressed-up pencil persons is just the right remembrance—not too much and not too little. These particular gifts were made from giant pencils, but you can use any kind.

THAT elusive pencil! Where is it when you want to take a telephone message? Or make out the laundry list? Or jot down a memo for marketing? Now, here is a clever method of tagging it, and making it so conspicuously present that you never can miss it. Your pencil becomes a thing of humor and of decoration, as well.

DUSKY brown oilcloth makes the body of Handsome Sambo; hands and feet are appropriately of browner felt. He is stitched together by machine. His head, molded on the back end of the pencil is more brown felt, stuffed to give it shape, and adorned with white beads for eyes, red stitches for mouth and nose, and white bone earrings.

SAMBO'S hair is a pompon of orange wool, and his collar a strip of the oilcloth held in place by one black stitch that simulates a proper necktie. He's a suitable partner for Black Mandy at the left.

BLACK Mandy has a frock of bright red oilcloth, hands and feet of felt, like those of Handsome Sambo. Her head is concocted in much the same way as his, but her topknot is cut from a gorgeous strip of red and yellow and green printed calico; her standing collar is of white felt, and her earrings are of shining brass. A gorgeous figure she is for the tree.



"Hello da, honey chile!"

## Good Things for Desserts



# HEINZ Mince Meat

Heinz Mince Meat, in mince pie, is a dessert of the finest qualities. The fruits and other ingredients are delicious, fresh and wholesome—such as you would select for your own table use. The fragrant spices are Heinz own importations. The delicious blending and seasoning is done by skilled experts in the spotless Heinz kitchens. The Heinz label alone is a guarantee of complete goodness. In glass jars or tins.

## HEINZ Fig Pudding HEINZ Plum Pudding

Luscious, light, wholesome and easy to digest—appropriate for your most particular dinner parties, and your everyday meals, as well. Tastes best when served with the special sauce—recipe for which is on every can.

Here's a real plum pudding that is the pride of the "57". Only the choicest materials and the greatest skill can produce such a delicious dish. As wholesome and satisfying as it is good to eat—for children as well as for grown-ups.

*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*



# Good Looks

*Why don't you give them to your friends for Christmas*

Says GRACE MARGARET GOULD



**H**OW about good looks as a Christmas gift? Most of us could use them, couldn't we? Christmas to me always means making someone happy, and I've been wishing that I had a Christmas present for each of you. Then this idea popped into my head: Why not give good looks for Christmas?

Wouldn't I like to have a big Christmas tree all decked out with just what my Good Looks friends want most! A pair of sparkling black eyes tagged for the quiet girl who writes me she feels dull, looks dull, is dull, and yet just longs to be popular. A cupid's-bow mouth, in a holly box wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red and gold ribbons, for the girl who is dissatisfied with her big mouth and who frets and frets over it. Little soft, pinky, shell-like ears for the big-eared girl who simply cannot wear earrings, no matter how she longs to. And wouldn't a lovely soft white forehead without a wrinkle in it be a happy surprise to the girl who has puckered her brow and her disposition until she answers your smile with a frown?

But, dear me, how I am talking! I know I couldn't have that kind of Christmas tree! But there is always the next best thing. I'll do that, and let's be happy over it. If I can't hang the actual good looks themselves on a Christmas tree, I can pass them on to you in the form of beauty helps—real helps, too, that will uncover and emphasize the charms you already have and cover up the lack of those you haven't.

Perhaps powder is the best of these helps. What else can be more friendly to a poor complexion or more protecting to a good one? I am sure that most any woman would be glad to receive a box of delicately scented, softly clinging powder on Christmas morning, especially if it came in any of the containers you see under the Christmas tree in the picture. So often it's the way you send the gift that counts.

**W**HAT about a bowl of powder? It makes a fascinating little gift if the bowl is one of the new hand-painted glass ones. These come with covers, and if you know the coloring of your friend's room you can buy a plain glass one and paint it to match the furnishings. Sherbet glasses full of powder come with powder puffs, a mass of little French flowers. These glasses are dainty and made in different colors. Orange is much liked, and so is amber and a deep wine shade. The little flowers that cover the top of the puff and handle are of vari-colored ribbons. A bag of powder is another novel gift. Instead of the conventional box, one beauty specialist is packing her most popular powder in the cutest of bags. They are made of fine huckaback toweling and each bag is tied with violet ribbon. Using the little bag for the powder cuts the cost just in half. You put your money into the powder, not the container. Then there are new boxes for the powder compact, gilt ones combined with a color, the color being used as a background for little figures in graceful black silhouettes. Some of these boxes have a mirror in the cover and contain two powder compacts, one for daytime use and the other for evening. The compact is gaining in favor all the time. Of course it's more convenient than loose powder when traveling, and no shopping bag to-day is complete without it.

I don't need to tell you that in sending powder as a Christmas gift, you must select the right powder for the right woman. There are powders for the youthful skin that are specially made to protect it, and many, many different grades and shades of powder for the older woman who wants to keep her skin younger than her years. There is an art in powdering, and every woman who powders should learn it—that's why I want to reiterate some good old rules for choosing and applying powder, though I'm not suggesting that you have them typewritten and send them with your Christmas gift. Honestly, though, I can't help but wish you could, especially when I see so many women and girls who look as if they had just taken their noses out of a box freshly filled with marshmallows.

But to the rules: It is better to use no powder at all

than too much. Powder that shows defeats its purpose.

Heavy powders are for thick, oily skins.

Light, fine powders for dry skins.

The color of the powder must match the color of the skin it is to serve. If you can't buy the exact shade, use two or three powders and mix until you get it.

White is only for the most fair of blondes, pink for light complexions; brunette or peach for dark skins; mauve for evening use; green for the over-red face, and cream and naturale for all the in-between complexions.

The best powder is the one that protects and adds to natural beauty.

**I**N MENTIONING beauty helps, I mustn't forget the powder puff. Its condition and how you use it have much to do with good looks. As a Christmas gift and a lucky one, there's the rabbit's foot. Yes, it's a puff, and it's the fluffiest, softest little thing, shaped like a rabbit's foot and all dressed up with a perky lavender bow. Any girl would like it, not only because it's lucky, but because it makes such a nice puff. It is specially liked for a "take-off" puff. Nowadays, we have to have a "take-off" and a "put-on" puff, you know. It's the very latest idea. Doesn't sound very logical, does it? Well, who ever heard of a woman caring a fig about logic when she is bent on being her most beautiful self? Anyway, it isn't as absurd as it sounds. Every woman who powders knows that the puff that brings the powder to the face brings too much. Here's where the take-off puff comes into use. It takes away the superfluous powder, leaving only the beautifying and protecting film that you need. Be careful that the "take-off" puff is free of powder when it touches the face. Try using two puffs when powdering, and see if you don't like the result.

Do you know about the beauty bags? Six of them in an attractive box would help to give your friend good looks at Christmas time. They are packed with a preparation that refines the skin, does away with that oily look and reduces large pores. Here's the way to make the preparation: To a cup of oatmeal (the real old-fashioned meal and not the rolled or steamed oats) add a pinch of sulphur, a pinch of powdered benzoin, and a level teaspoonful of finely shaved castile soap. Mix thoroughly together and put a teaspoonful in each little white cheesecloth bag. The bags are to be used instead of soap—a bag to a basin of warm water. This preparation is also good for removing blackheads. Dip a bag into very hot water and apply to the face where you have the blackheads. Hold it there for a minute and then wash the face with the water in which you have soaked the bag. Don't finish with the usual dash of cold water until you have pressed out the blackheads, and in pressing cover the finger nails with a thin layer of absorbent cotton.

In sending the bags as a Christmas gift, put them into a tin box. You can make the box attractive by painting

it. A gray box would be artistic painted with sprays of holly, and an orange box decorated with mistletoe, the berries and the leaves, would also be original.

Though tired faces don't fit the Christmas scene, some way they are always there. That's why I am suggesting as a good looks gift, a new tonic I've just learned about for putting brilliancy and freshness into the tired skin. It's a lotion with a clean, spicy, flowerlike odor. You apply it to the face with absorbent cotton, pat it on gently, and then let dry it. After that the face is ready for powder. It really gives the look of youth—at least for an hour or so. It would come in rather conveniently to use just before the Christmas dinner or dance, don't you think? And if you are planning it as a gift, do send it in an attractive bottle. There are so many fascinating bottles to choose from at this Christmas time. Wouldn't it be appropriate to put this youth-giving tonic in one of the new exquisitely colored glass bottles that has for its stopper a cluster of flowers made of blown glass? These beautiful bottles, tall and slender, also come with little bunches of fruit as the stopper. There's a deep wine-colored bottle topped with a plum and two little golden-hued pears. Wouldn't it be charming for a yellow room?

**N**OW, here's still another way of conveying good looks to your friend. Send her a dainty vanity box, and fill it, not with its usual accessories, but with face salt. This special salt is a skin freshener and invigorator, and is most beneficial to an oily skin. One tablespoonful to half a glass of cold water is the required amount for one washing. You fill a little linen bag with the face salt and then put this bag into a larger silk one. The silk bag may have a mirror in the bottom to help along the good looks work.

Though perfumes do not give good looks, you naturally associate them with the dainty, pretty woman, and with Christmas time, too. Many girls often head their Christmas lists with perfume. Be sure you know your friend thoroughly, before you select a perfume for her. There are certain perfumes, you know, that belong to certain personalities, and if a perfume doesn't suit it is not at all desirable.

Always bear in mind that too strong a perfume or too much perfume is never desirable.

Have you ever thought of putting a little perfume in witch hazel? It isn't a bad idea, and in this way you take it out of the plain utility class and transform it into an astringent worthy to be given a friend, no matter how luxurious her tastes may be.

One of the new ways of sending perfume is on the back of a haughty little camel. Take a look at the camel in the picture. He has for his pack flasks of rare perfumes and bags of imported sachets and bales of potpourri. Or, if you want to send just a small gift, there are dainty little scent bottles of mother of pearl, enamel, or glass with applied silver. One of these little bottles, filled with a good perfume, would please most any girl. And let me tell you what I saw the other day: Such a dear little purse! Just big enough, I thought, for one's change and door key. But guess what it held—a little bottle of perfume.

Well, if I can't pack up Good Looks and send them to you as a holiday gift, I do send you my best wishes. Here's hoping you have Good Looks—and a right MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Grace Margaret Gould will be glad to advise any reader as to her own particular needs if she will write, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. The matter will be treated as strictly confidential. Address Grace Margaret Gould, Good Looks Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.





*Every day your skin is changing. By the right care, any girl can have a smooth, lovely complexion.*



## Every girl knows— *nothing can make you look right if your skin is not right*

**I**F your skin is smooth and clear—radiant with freshness and color—you cannot look dull and unattractive, no matter how simple your toilet.

But not even the prettiest clothes will make up for a sallow, lifeless complexion—for a skin that is disfigured by blackheads or ugly blemishes.

Don't neglect your skin.

Remember—any girl *can* have a smooth, lovely complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms in its place. By giving this *new skin* the special treatment it needs, you can actually make it over.

### *Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?*

Skins differ widely—and each type of skin should have the special treatment that meets its special needs. There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin.

For instance, if your skin is of the pale, sallow type—it needs the following treatment to stimulate the pores and blood vessels and give it a clear, fresh, healthy color:

ONCE OR TWICE a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

**T**HE first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling.

Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing. After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear and your skin will gain wonderfully in clearness and color.

This treatment and other complete treat-

ments for all the different types of skin, are given in the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

### *For 25 cents we will send you a complete set of the Woodbury skin preparations*

Send 25 cents for a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream  
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream  
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder  
Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 212 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 212 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*





# THERMOS

## The Bottle The Ideal Gift From Babyhood to Old Age

For baby in the nursery and away from home THERMOS, The Bottle is indispensable. It keeps milk at a temperature below which bacteria cannot originate. Physicians recommend the use of two bottles—one to keep the milk cold and sweet; the other for the hot water necessary to reduce the milk at feeding time.

For the young man in college, at work, or at play, motoring, boating, hunting or fishing THERMOS, The Bottle pays for itself the first trip out by providing the luxury of home prepared food and liquid at home cost.

For mother in the home or father at the office a THERMOS Jug provides chilled or hot

water, or other beverages, any hour of the day or night. Its use makes for health and comfort.

For the elder members of the family, who desire liquid refreshment at the proper temperature, hot or cold, a THERMOS Carafe is a blessing. Where the user is ailing it often prolongs life, and saves many a step for those entrusted with the care of the sick.

THERMOS is the original temperature-retaining vessel—none genuine without the name plainly stamped on the metal case.

Awarded Grand Prize at all International Expositions held since the issuance of THERMOS basic patents.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.

General Offices:  
366 Madison Avenue, New York City



## Very Frenchy

Christmas novelties  
with the real  
Parisian touch



No bobbed hair, no,  
So coarse and  
thick,

For me ze curls—  
Zey are more  
chic!



For French coiffures I do not care,  
Give me my straight and orange hair.

JUST above is a candy box brought back by Mrs. Roth from Paris, while at the right is one which she designed herself, just to show how easily these little importations may be copied.

TO MAKE either box, first cover the top of a round box with cotton, pasting the cotton down firmly and smoothly. Then cut a round piece of flesh-colored batiste, and on this draw the features of a doll. Outline the eyes with brown floss, fill in the irises with blue, the pupils with black, and use red for the nose and lips. Stretch the embroidered face over the cotton-covered top, pasting the edges down firmly.

FOR the bobbed-hair girl use orange wool sewed to the sides of the box and banded with a green ribbon ending in a rakish bow at the top. The French girl's coiffure is embroidered on her face and she wears a fetching blue bonnet tied with black ribbons and decorated with an orange worsted butterfly.

This picture doesn't  
tell  
You half how fair  
I am, with rose-red  
cheeks  
And auburn hair.



Designed by  
ELIZABETH M. ROTH

AN ORIGINAL little pincushion, which hangs up, is made of a rag doll, dressed in cerise satin ribbon, trimmed with French roses. The pincushion itself, half a circle in shape, is concealed beneath the flaring skirt.



No one here has caught on me,  
For I came straight from gay Paris.



THE little imported powder puff above has for its handle a tiny doll made of flesh-colored ribbon, around which, forming the dress and covering the puff, is a full skirt of green ribbon, trimmed with French roses. A hat of the green ribbon also adds greatly to the quaintness of the effect.

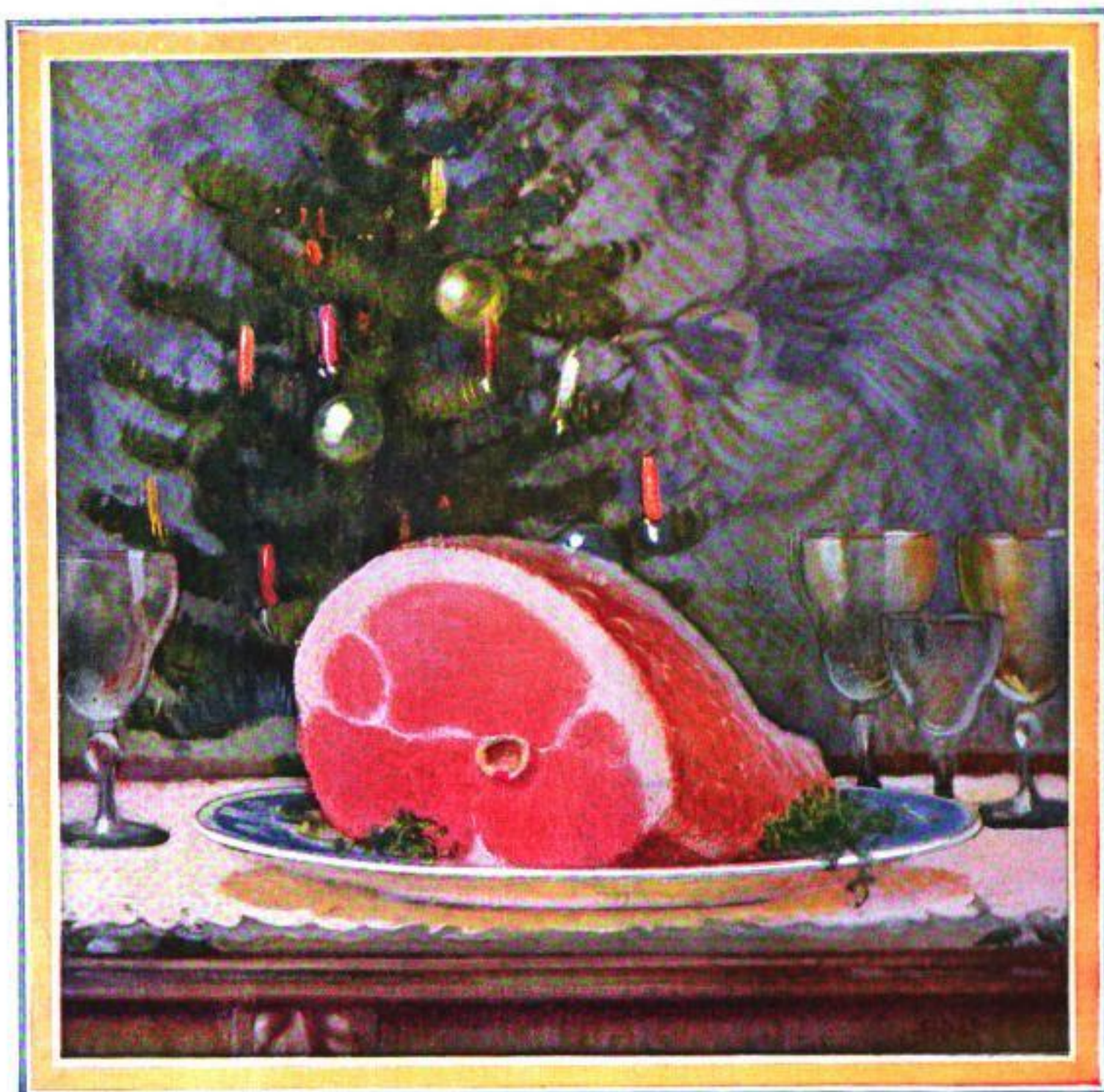
THE very aristocratic pound candy box above has a French bisque head inserted through the cover, to form the handle. This beautiful doll is dressed in an orchid color silk skirt (made of ribbon wide enough to cover the en-

tire box) and a bodice of silver lace. In her hand is an old-fashioned bouquet of French roses and lace. Information as to where this bisque head may be bought, and also the rag doll head shown above, will be sent upon request.

THE "parachute bag" is the very latest French novelty. It is made of heavy black silk, cut octagon in shape (about 13 ins. across without the fringe) and the fancy lining has a small pocket for a handkerchief, another for a powder puff, a mirror with a cover to protect it, and a change purse. The bag is made perfectly flat and a small black ring acts as a handle to carry it by. The inside is entirely finished before it is joined to the outside.







## The true Yuletide meat—Premium Ham

Not alone its appetizing savor, but tradition as well, make Premium Ham the meat favored for Christmas. The flesh of the pig has always been chosen for Yuletide feasting, from the old days in Merry England when the boar's head, "bedecked with bays and rosemary," was given the place of honor.

That, however, was before they knew ham could be made as delicious as the Premium cure makes Swift's

Premium Ham. So delicate is its tender, pink, lean meat, so succulent its well browned fat, so amply does it fill the platter, that it is just the thing for the joyous, generous hospitality of Christmas time.

*Place a Premium Ham in a kettle of cold water, bring to boil, then simmer until tender. Allow one-half hour to the pound. Remove the rind, sprinkle the fat with sugar and fine bread crumbs and roast one-half hour in a covered pan.*

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

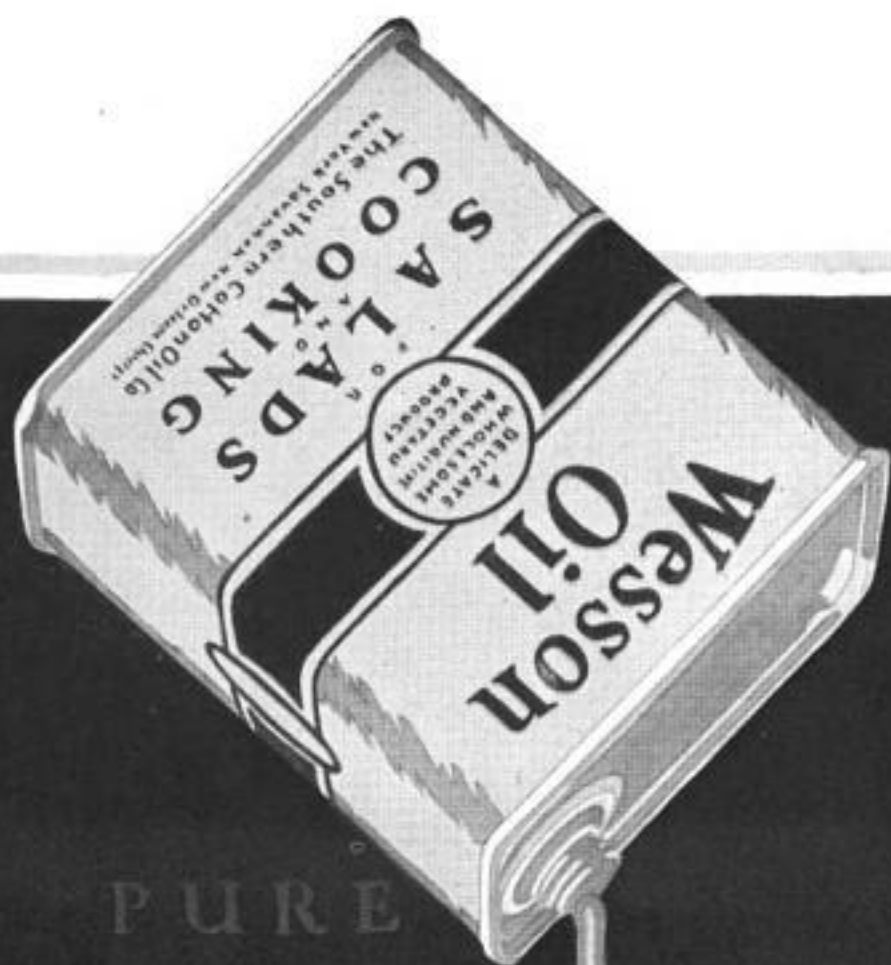
# Swift's Premium Ham



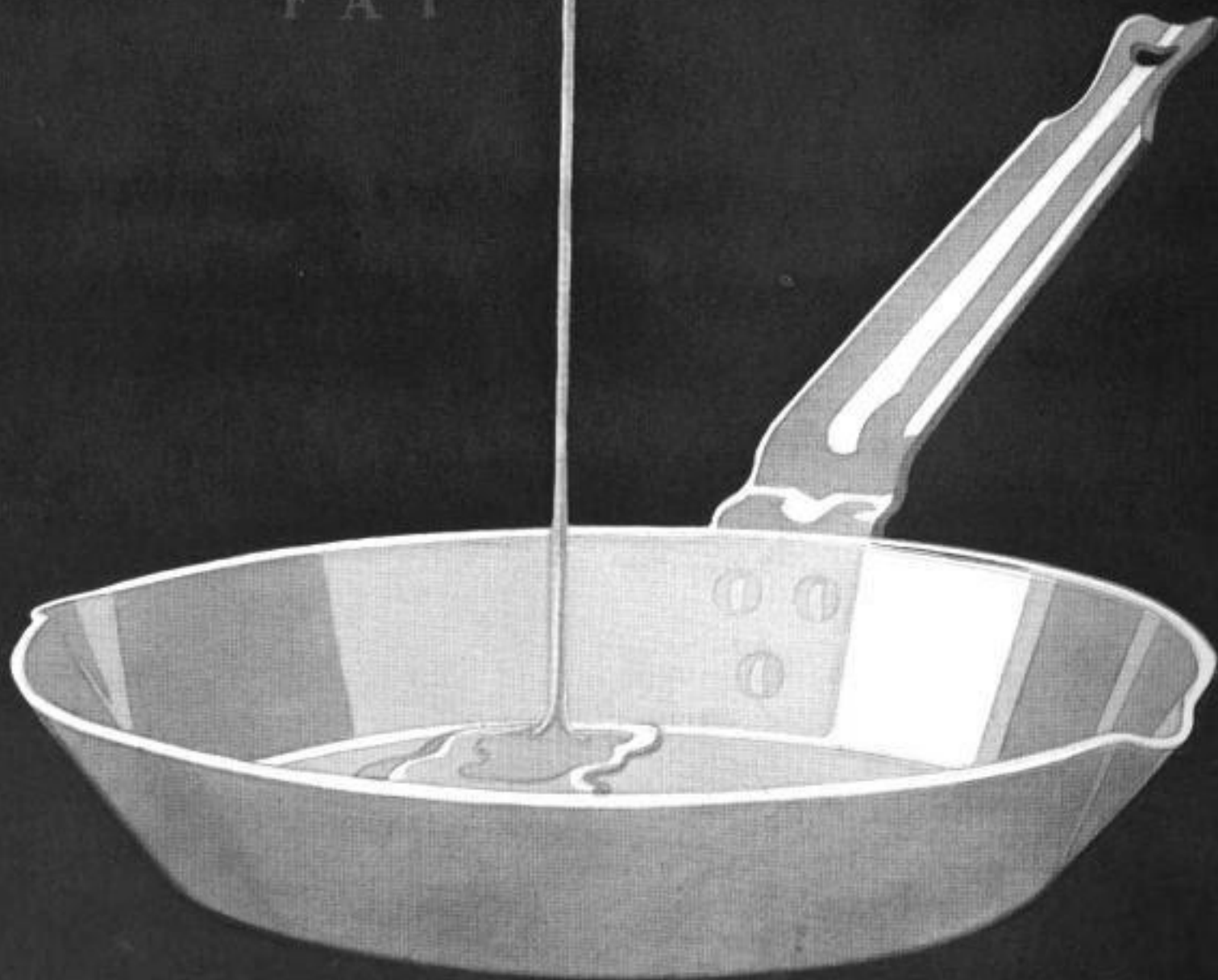
It is not  
necessary to parboil  
Swift's Premium Hams  
before broiling  
or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy  
a whole ham or when you buy a slice





PURE  
DELICIOUS  
VEGETABLE  
FAT





## The Companion's Christmas Picture Section



PAINTED BY JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE.

**I**N THIS issue begins Mrs. Deland's new novel, "The Vehement Flame," a real event of the literary year. Margaret Deland is the author of "The Iron Woman" and "The Awakening of Helena Richie," novels which have enjoyed the success of popularity and critical esteem. Brilliant, absorbing and profound, "The Vehement Flame" exhibits the forceful and penetrating quality that has brought Margaret Deland to the front rank of American writers.



*Etchings  
of  
American  
Cities*



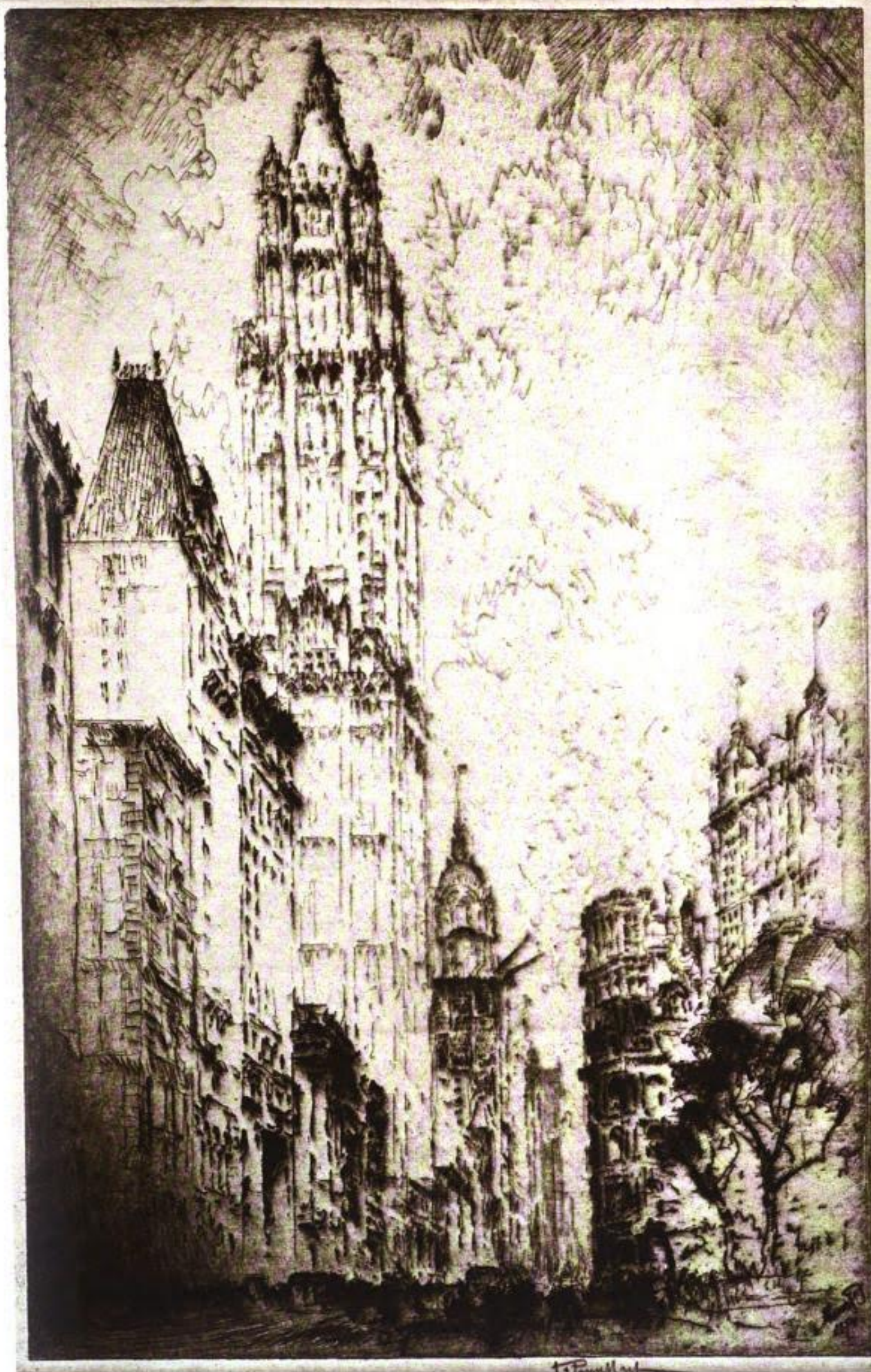
New York



THE cities of America are places of extraordinary interest and individuality and, we are beginning to realize, often of great beauty. Happily, in the last decade or so, many of our native artists have caught the intangible charm of these places made by man, and reproduced it in their etchings.

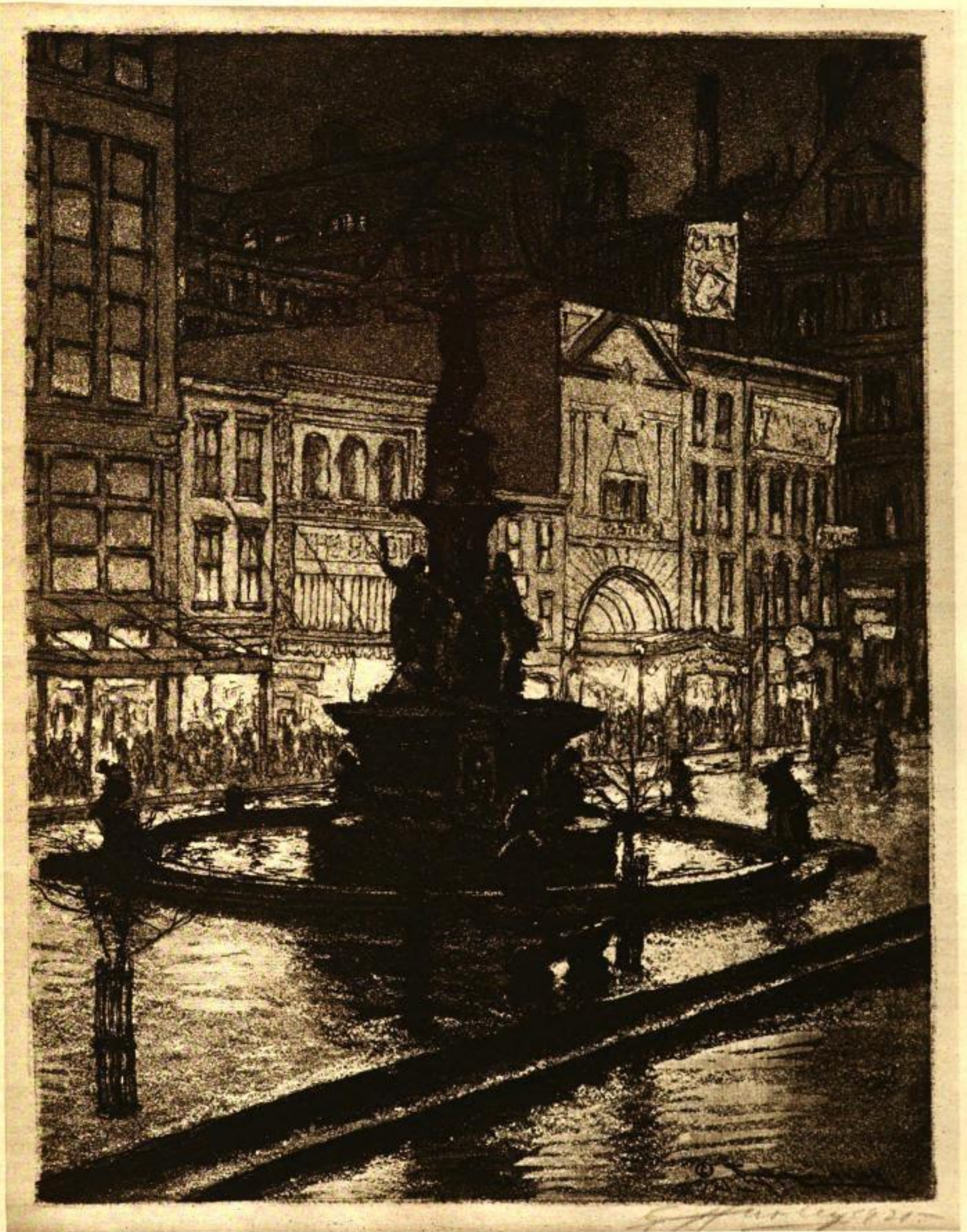
We are publishing herewith, in a form suitable for framing, the first of a series of characteristic scenes in American cities as etched by American artists. Two more will be published in January, and others will appear in following issues.

The picturesque quality and the aspiring lines of New York's skyscrapers are embodied in this etching of the Woolworth Building by Joseph Pennell. Mr. Pennell may be said to be the dean of contemporary American etchers, and the Woolworth Building is one of his most delightful achievements.



The Woolworth Building — By JOSEPH PENNELL.





*Etchings of  
American Cities*

*Cincinnati*

Fountain Square by Night — By E. T. HURLEY

SOMETHING of the spirit of the Middle-West is in this etching of Mr. Hurley's, with its brilliantly lighted street, the thronging crowds, and the fountain lifting its quiet loveliness in the center. Mr. Hurley, who is especially noted for his etchings of Cincinnati, adds to his other interests creative designing for the Rookwood Potteries.



# Youth and Success

Abound on this season's stage

EDWARD THAYER MORRIS

**TO THE** left is Dorothy Francis, slim and dark and lovely, one of the Americans in the international cast of "The Merry Widow." The revival of this really musical musical comedy has met with warm welcome from old and new friends.

**ON THE** right, Helen MacKellar, who was for two seasons the girlish heroine of "The Storm," and is now in Fannie Hurst's "Back Pay."

LEWIS SMITH



WHITE STUDIO

**ABOVE,** Cornelia Skinner, Otis Skinner's daughter, who made her debut this season in "Blood and Sand," by that same Ibañez who wrote "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."



ALL STUDIOS

**HELEN** MENKEN of the dark hair and eyes won fame in the early theatrical season by her interpretation of the unfortunate girl, in "The Triumph of X," who rose superior to the forces of heredity. Miss Menken is another hard-working girl who will be a Broadway star some fine day.



WHITE STUDIO

**FANIA** MARINOFF is now in "The Hero," where she does a repressed and convincing character very well.



EDWARD THAYER MORRIS

**IN THE** circle, Julia Sanderson, whose delicate coloring suggests primroses and who always charms by her refreshing, unaffected manner. She is the star in "Tangerine," a romantic musical comedy with a real story as well as melodies.

STRAUSS-PEYTON

**THE** lady in the bonnet is Marjorie Rambeau. We do wish a fairy photographer would snap her elusive charms some day when she is off guard. And charming she is in "Daddy Goes a-Hunting," the new Zoë Akins play of interesting character studies and clever dialogue, for which Messrs. Hopkins and Jones have supplied a notable setting.





# A Play for Every Taste

AT THE left, Mrs. Leslie Carter, John Drew, and Ernest Lawford, in Somerset Maugham's witty and distinguished satirical comedy, "The Circle." The play is extremely well written, acted, and presented.

"SIX Cylinder Love" is delightfully irresponsible and gay, and Ernest Truex makes it all the merrier.

WUTE STUDIO



EFFIE SHANNON and Augustin Duncan (below) portray with feeling and power the searching drama in "The Detour," a somber and ably written play.

APERA

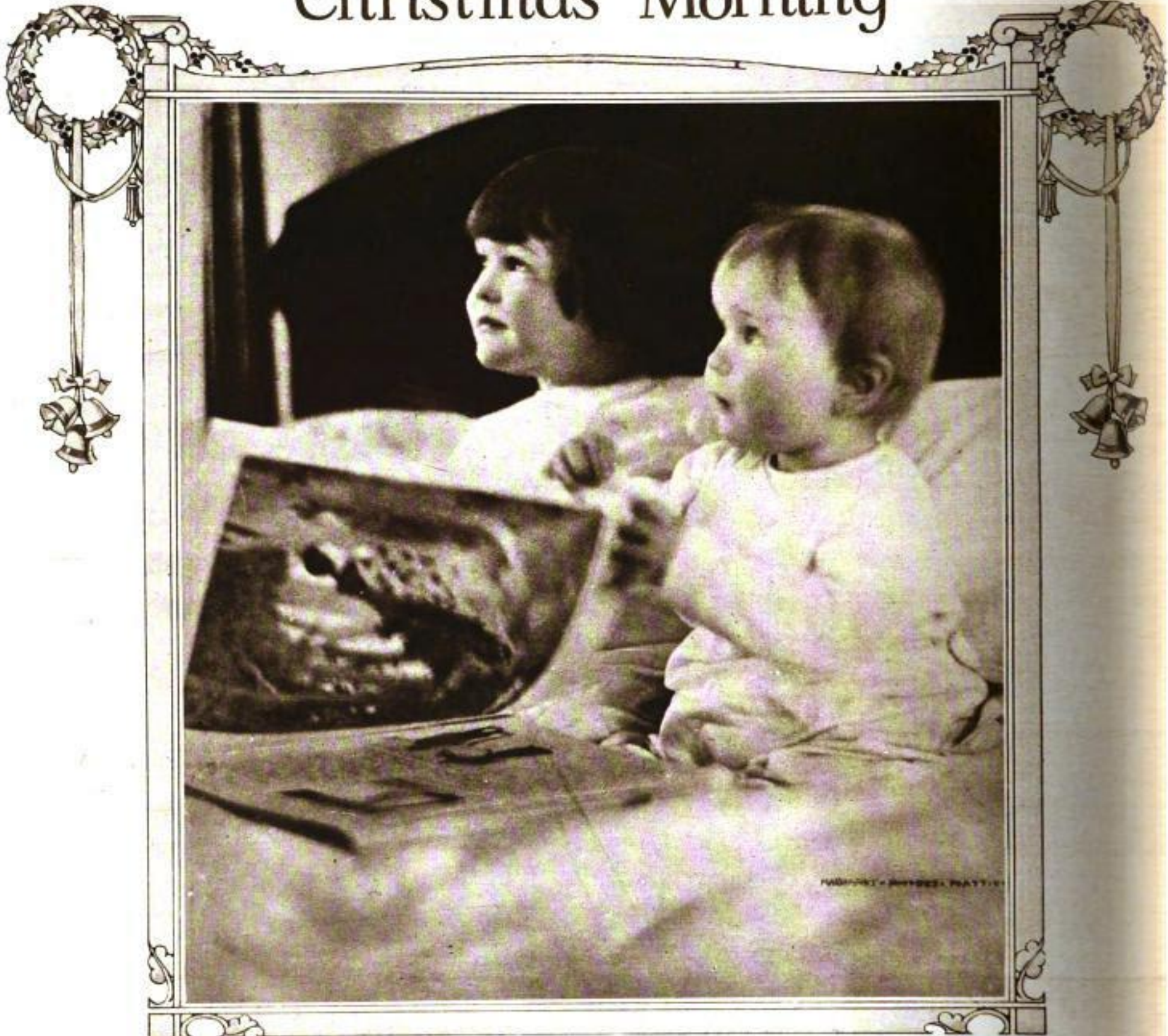


EVERYONE knows "Dulcy." She lives in every town and in every social group. "Let me do it," she offers helpfully. And always does it wrong. Lynn Fontanne (above) adds her charm to the light-heartedness of this comedy of everyday manners, morals, and jests.





# Christmas Morning



"Did he come, Muvver?—did he come? Did he bring my doll?—did he bring my drum?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY REMBRANDT  
STUDIO, SPRACUSE, N. Y.

It's my very first Christmas  
(I'm thirteen days old),

But, "keep your eyes open,"  
Is what I've been told.







DRAWN BY J. SIMONT

NEGLIGEE FROM BOUÉ SŒURS

## *Even Negligees Wear Capes Now*

**C**OATS, suits, and even dresses, having adopted capes, it's not surprising to meet this slim little negligee which nonchalantly puts on or leaves off, at will, a matching cape. Being a Boué Sœurs negligee, it's of fine lace and embroidery, with *ceinture* of Nattier blue, garniture of flowers, and gold cord and tassel.



# Ready-Mades to Give or to Keep

*Suitable for Christmas giving, and wearable any time*

**M**ERRY CHRISTMAS to you! If you haven't quite finished your shopping, maybe you will find the right things here. And if (we can't believe it!) you have your Christmas gifts all wrapped up ready to send, then please notice that these "gifts" are the kind you'd like to keep yourself, anyway.

**HOW TO ORDER:** Be sure to state size and color. Write your name and address plainly. Remit by bank draft, post-office money order, express money order, or check. If you send currency, be sure the letter is registered. We cannot be responsible for money lost in the mails. Send orders to Grace Margaret Gould, Ready-to-Wear Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. No article sent C. O. D., or on approval. Miss Gould does not do general shopping; but she will gladly purchase for you the articles shown on this page. Orders for these articles cannot be filled after January 20th.

**ABOUT RETURNED GOODS:** Any purchase not satisfactory may be returned; but the goods must be sent back to the shop within three days of their receipt. Always state if articles are for exchange or refunded money. Do not return to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Return direct to the firm that makes the shipment to you, by insured parcel post or prepaid express, and accompanied by the sales slip which the shop sends with each purchase. We cannot be responsible for returned packages lost in transit unless they are sent as directed.

If you cannot find these articles in your local shops, Miss Gould will be glad to buy them for you.



No. 7



No. 8. Wool Hose, \$1.95  
No. 9. Silk and Lisle  
Hose (see price below)

No. 10



No. 1. Voile Blouse, \$2.00  
No. 2. Overblouse, \$5.00

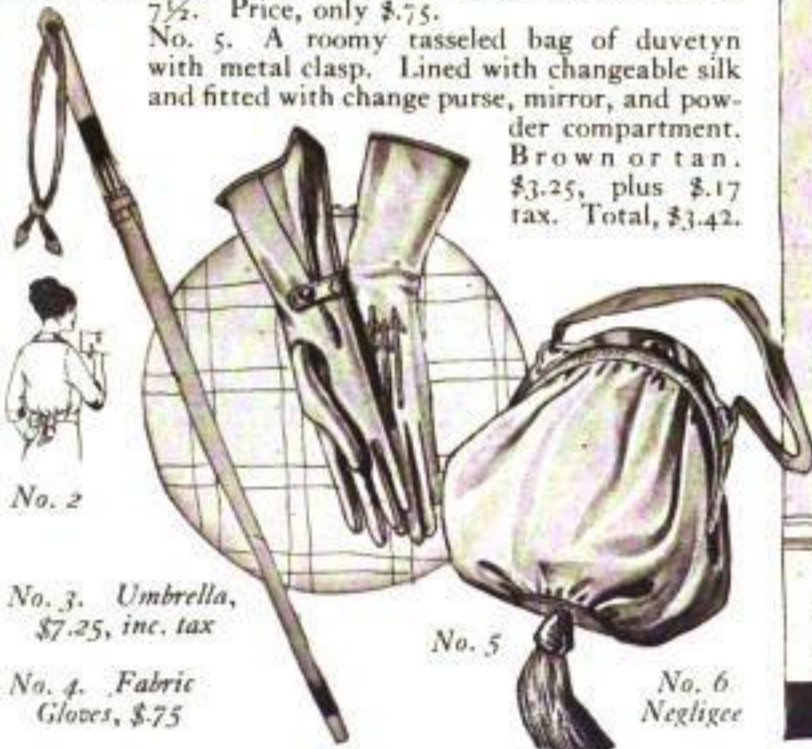
No. 1. \$2.00 will give full service invested in this dainty long-sleeved panel-front blouse of white voile, trimmed generously with valenciennes lace and insertion. Sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Price, \$2.00.

No. 2. The vogue for two-color combinations is shown in this overblouse of crepe de chine. It comes in navy with henna, black with gray, or brown with tan collar and vest, and embroidery in a combination of the colors in the waist. Sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Price, \$5.00.

No. 3. An umbrella, that favorite of the borrower's, is a welcome gift. This one of durable tape edge silk has stubby top, tips and handle of the smart amber-colored bakalite, with leather bracelet. Black, green, brown or navy silk. Price, \$6.95 and \$.30 tax. Total, \$7.25.

No. 4. Wearable, indeed, are these strap wrist fabric gloves in white, gray, or beaver brown. Sizes, 5½ to 7½. Price, only \$.75.

No. 5. A roomy tasseled bag of duvetyn with metal clasp. Lined with changeable silk and fitted with change purse, mirror, and powder compartment. Brown or tan. \$3.25, plus \$.17 tax. Total, \$3.42.



No. 3. Umbrella,  
\$7.25, inc. tax

No. 4. Fabric  
Gloves, \$.75

No. 5

No. 6  
Negligee



No. 6. A gift that's practical and satisfyingly frivolous is this changeable satin negligee with trimming of self-material ruchings and little silk fruit. In combinations of rose and copenhagen, or peach and white, or orchid and white. Sizes, 36 to 44 bust. Price, \$7.50, plus \$.35 for tax. Total, \$7.85.

No. 7. This Shetland scarf is a discriminating gift. It comes in white with ends striped in black, gray, or gay Tartan stripes in a combination of green, blue, and red. Price, \$5.00.

No. 8. Oxfords in cold weather make wool stockings a good gift. These are smartly open-work striped, and come in blue, brown or gray heather mixture. Sizes, 8½ to 10½. Price, \$1.95.

No. 9. The latest whim of well-dressed women is lisle stockings. These are of silk and lisle, in blue, brown or gray mixture. Sizes, 8½ to 10½. Price, with white clocks, \$3.00. Without clocks, \$2.00.

No. 10. An effective hat decoration of the season is the short fancy hatpin. This popular tassel pin is made of crystal beads in blue, amethyst, or topaz color, set in silver metal. Price, \$1.50, plus \$.08 tax. Total, \$1.58.



## The Iron Food for Vitality



**Free** We'll send a free book of 100 luscious raisin recipes to anyone who mails coupon below.



At Christmas, Of Course

Delicious cluster raisins are a part of a real Christmas dinner—a healthful and delightful custom that should be extended throughout the year.



The "Iron Dish" for Breakfast

One may get his or her iron daily also in stewed raisins—served as a breakfast dish. Serve plain, with cream or with oatmeal or with dry cereals and cream.

Try this delicious breakfast fruit and you'll have it every day.



Use left-over stewed raisins for sauce for baked apples, ice cream, rice-and-raisins, cold meats, etc.

## The Ever-ready Dessert

for Busy Days  
or when you forget to make one

**K**EEP cluster raisins always in the house, ready to serve on a moment's notice. As a luscious dessert when you haven't time to prepare one, or when you simply forgot dessert.

You never hear "What, no *dessert*?" when you are so protected. There's never that embarrassment.

The fact is, you'll serve these clusters more often on *request* than in emergencies. For the taste for these delicious fruit-meats was developed back in girl-and-boyhood days.

And everybody likes them. Try and see. Put a bowl on your table and see how soon they go. Let *that* be proof.

Raisins are also a health food, the result of their rich iron content. The system

needs but a small bit of iron daily, but that need *is vital*.

So when you serve these luscious clusters remember that they're both *good* and *good for you*—that they serve the double purpose of convenience and good health.

Men need iron for vitality and that lasting energy which enables them to forge ahead in business. Your helpmate burns up energy each day. You can replace it through the food you choose for him. He'll welcome it in luscious cluster raisins.

### 100 Recipes Sent Free

We've prepared a valuable book of raisin recipes which we will send to any woman *free* on request. All are tested so they're sure to work.

Learn through this book, the many ways to use nutritious healthful raisins.

Always ask for SUN-MAID Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes.

Raisins are cheaper by 30% than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.  
Membership 13,000 Growers  
DEPT. A-612, FRESNO, CALIF.

Seeded (*seeds removed*);  
Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Clusters (*on the stem*). At all dealers. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.



# SUN-MAID

# RAISINS

### CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.  
Dept. A-612, Fresno, California.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....





## L'Esprit Joyeux de Noël

[The joyous spirit of Christmas]

Here Monsieur Pogany, l'artiste fameux, depicts for us, en Amérique the gay abandon of an old-time Parisian Christmas Eve or Réveillon. Even today many of these quaint customs survive. Everywhere the spirit of carnival reigns. As brilliantly lighted as ball-rooms are the shops. Les rôtisseurs who cook each game at one may order, bustle about — heatedly but happily. Money is but to spend. Students roam the streets playing on queer road instruments called muslons. Through this night of good-will beggars are in high favor. As they carol their crowded way along, from windows little children toss them coins wrapped in flaming bits of paper. All care is forgotten. Supreme the spirit of happy rejoicing and giving reigns.

**H**ÉLAS! But few of us in America may know the joy of spending Réveillon à Paris. But any of us, mes amies, may know the joy of giving this Christmas these delightful Parisian Paquets de Noël—these Djer-Kiss holiday sets.

Can you Madame, Mademoiselle, imagine a more charming gift for your friends intimes? Assurément none could be more au fait—bringing as these paquets de Djer-Kiss do la joie de vivre française. So it is that you will give n'est-ce pas!

But you wish to receive one of these fascinating sets? Is it not true? Permettez, then a suggestion—merely un demi-mot. To Monsieur, votre bon ami it is but necessary that you barely hint. A whisper will suffice. For do not les messieurs Américains understand well how les demoiselles Américaines adore the charme français of these French toilettries—these French Djer-Kiss toilettries.

In the best shops everywhere they will be found—those Djer-Kiss holiday sets. More charming they are than ever before—gifts filled to the full with a fascination française. And, en plus, so splendid a variety of combinations. This year too, you may have un choix de couleur. So choose as you wish the blue or the old rose paquets. You will not forget? C'est une affaire si importante.

## Djer-Kiss

Made in France  
PRONOUNCED "DJER-KISS"

### HOLIDAY SETS

Djer-Kiss holiday sets are presented to you Madame, in six different combinations of these French Djer-Kiss Toilettries. Et aussi six different prices. Too, a happy choice of happy colors. Les paquets blue or les paquets old rose.



# The New Coiffures Are Wearable

*With here a curl and there a comb, and many a newfangled bandeau*

IT'S always such a comfort to be able to be fashionable and attractive at the same time. Styles in hairdressing are like styles in everything else. Some are becoming and some aren't. But we're pleased to state that right now the inclination seems to be toward coiffures that really help us to be good-looking. Their lines are natural. And isn't naturalness always an asset to good looks? Combing the hair back simply over the ears is a far cry from the weird-looking puff effects. And how much more wearable it is.

As far as parting the hair goes, the keynote of the new coiffure seems to be that you can suit yourself. Part it in the middle, to the left, or to the right—whichever is most becoming, for the back arrangement of the new hairdressing will be all the more successful if the front is arranged becomingly. Here are four coiffures to prove it.



THE woman who has passed forty or fifty has by no means passed the age of wearing a coiffure that's attractive as well as suitable. So often the charm of her appearance depends on the arrangement of her hair. It's surprising how many years the wrong coiffure will add to the face. It seems to be in league with the lines that are beginning to show. On the other hand, the right arrangement will do wonders in softening the lines. Combing the hair down a little on the forehead, as in the picture below, is in most cases very becoming to the older woman. The hair is brought back loosely over the ears, just letting them show a tiny bit. A soft twist fastened a little below the crown of the head completes a coiffure appropriate for daytime wear. Add a Spanish or jeweled comb, and you have a suitable evening coiffure for the older woman.

GIRLS who cut off their hair when fashion so directed needn't be downhearted now that the capricious pendulum is swinging back. There's a new arrangement that will cover up the havoc that's done. Let the ends grow out if you wish—but practice deception. For the evening party you can curl them up and arrange the curls high at the back, draw the front ends low across the back, and then apply a bandeau. And who shall know that one's hair is going through the awkward age of "just growing up"? The bandeau shown here is fashioned of white metal and brilliants in lace-work design. But there are many others—such as bandeaux of colored stones that sparkle, flower wreaths, and bands of gold or silver leaves.



THE coiffure for the girl in her teens and early twenties is as simple for daytime wear as it is frivolous for evening. Curls and puffs and fancy things should be taught their place. They have no part to play in the daily life of the well-dressed young girl. They live for special occasions, and keep company with bright-hued evening gowns, spangled fans, and feet that dance. There are various ways that the young girl can arrange her hair around her face. She can part it on the side, or in the middle, or wear it straight back. Perhaps what suits one will not be appropriate for another. But when one is young, variety is possible. Youth and adaptability go hand in hand, and adaptability can apply to hair as well as to one's nature.

The illustration above shows how gracefully the hair can be arranged and still have simplicity. Regardless of the way it is combed in front, the sides are brought softly back and caught into a loose knot that's fastened low in the neck. This arrangement of a low, loose knot is as charming and suitable for the girl who is just beginning to pin her hair up as for the young lady for whom a grown-up coiffure is no longer such a novelty.



THERE'S something decidedly new in this high evening coiffure at the left. Frankly, it's a little too sophisticated for the very young girl; but if you are just a little older, you will find it a becoming, yes, dignified, coiffure. No doubt you have noticed that the ears show. The fashion for earrings and ears go along together, naturally. If ears are out (out of the hair, not out of style), earrings appear. And if the earrings' attractions happen to be beguiling, ears are apt to come out just enough to accommodate them. At any rate, that's what's happening this season.

If you could see the back of this picture, you'd see a fan-shaped puff arranged high at the crown of the head. It tries its best to meet the high arrangement of the hair in front, and here it's successful. This style of coiffure makes a strong appeal with the present popularity of combs. The very newest are the feather ones. Some are made of tiny ostrich feathers, others of coque, and many of tiny, bright-colored feathers pasted together into butterfly and fan shapes.



# "Merry Christmas"—1921 Model

Gifts selected from the shops by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" to you! A Christmas of gracious givings and pleasant receivings! And may your gifts be guided by tact and discrimination—rather than by price marks and chance. If Cousin Lucy looks well in blue, don't send her a purple sweater, just because the fuchsia shades are fashionable this year. And don't force a Spanish comb on Elise, who is dainty and petite and "Dresden-chinaish."

But remember that up-to-dateness *does* count in a gift—if it's properly censored up-to-dateness. You know yourself how it is, when you open your Christmas packages and discover a cute little chemise of the latest cut, or a new necklace that you've just read is all the rage in New York. So temper your gifts both to the styles and also to your friends' preferences and complexions, if such be possible. Here are a few suggestions to make your giving easier. And once more "Merry Christmas!"

It's quite the fad to have your earrings match your necklace. A dull blue scarab motif set in silver and swinging on a silver chain matches its dangling pearl drops to earrings (above). Similarly, the carved green Chinese earrings and the pendant on the black cord (left) are made to be worn together.

The taupe faille silk bag—at the left above—is chosen for its novel shape and the charm of its gold beading and clasp; the bag below it for the newness of the white lace appliqué across it.

Pursuing the Italian idea, he might select a gold carved fan of Venetian suggestion, widely frilled with moss-green tulle.

Of all these foreign influences that come crowding in to us this Christmas, the Spanish seems most insistent. Any daughter of Eve will bless you for one of these tall carved Spanish combs.

A black lace fan is the logical running mate of a Spanish comb. If the lily is gilded to the extent of gold lace inserts, all the more fortunate the receiver. And then there's the black lace shawl. Surely nothing so becoming will want for a welcome. It's an evening accessory to be pined for.

And now this young lady whom we are cutting in two with our type! She is demonstrating the wearability of a Scotch plaided sweater and the desirability of wool stockings to match.

The "last cry" (as the French have it) in underwear is the little set that consists of step-in drawers and a straight vest chemise. Chic—but not for the bulky! These are of a shade that makes you taste strawberry mousse and watermelon, with bandings and "cherry" inserts of black net.

A new fad that deserves long life is the ordering of your garters and mules to match your negligee. The black ones at the left are garnished with jet.



Time was when he promised blue ribbon to tie up her bonny brown hair! But now, if he's wise, he offers a comb instead—perhaps a blue crystal one with gay, fat little roses on it. And earrings to match. Florentine, they call them.

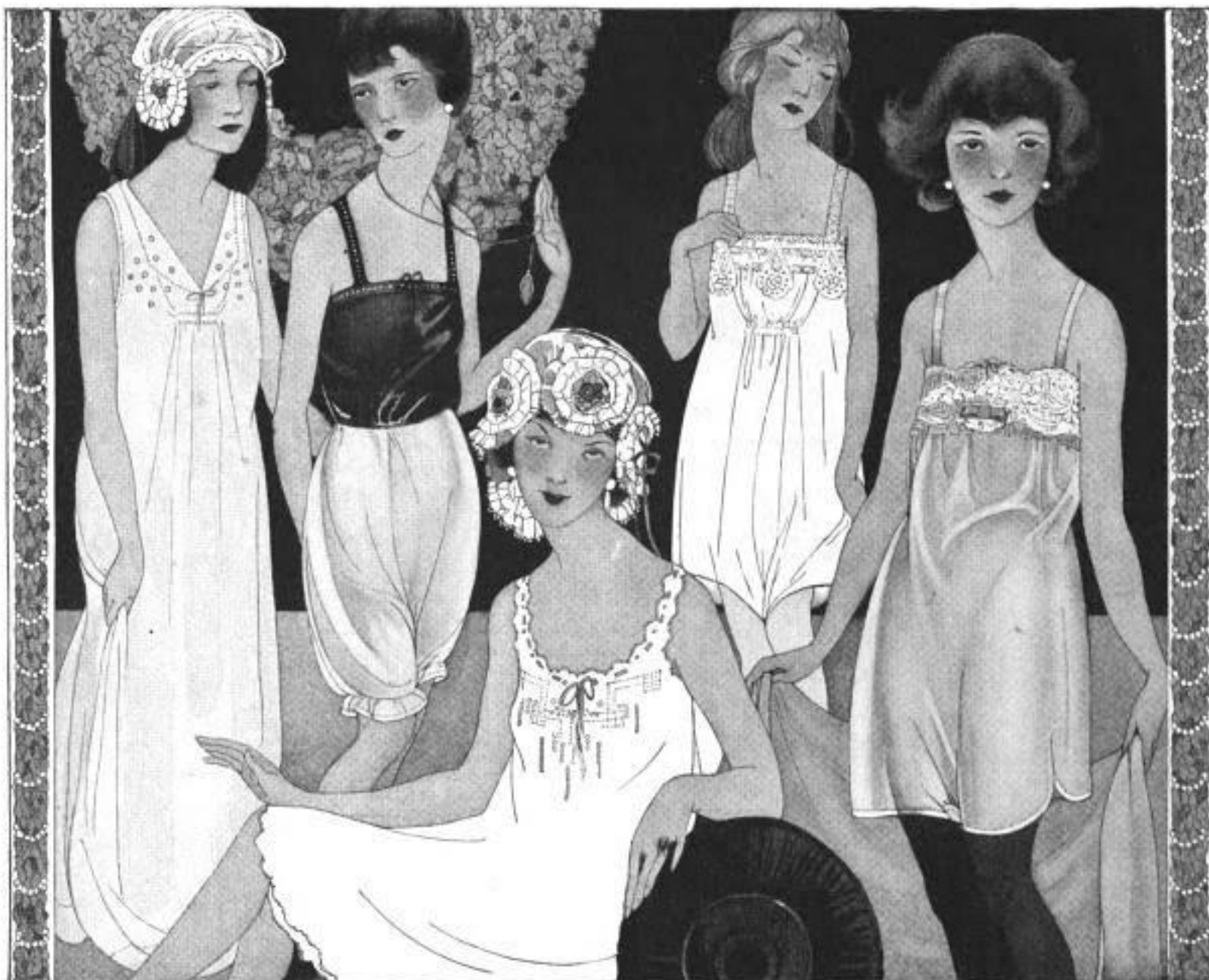


DRAWINGS BY  
ALBERT HENCKE



# Lingerie of Parisian Charm :: Lower Than One Expects

## Sheer Cottons & New Silks :: Philippine & Porto Rican Garments



**DOVE** Undergarments both of silk and cotton make ideal Christmas gifts. In doing your holiday shopping be sure to see them in the Lingerie Department. Many stores have them in individual gift boxes.

"STOUT" styles in "Dove" Undergarments are not mere adaptations of models for average women. They are not only comfortable because of ample sizing, but are also specially designed to achieve for the stout woman both grace and modesty.

IN THOUSANDS of stores all over the United States, you may buy "Dove" Undergarments of Parisian nicety of style and the dependable wearing qualities famous for fifty years, today at little more than half last year's prices. Merchants have followed our reductions faithfully. The retail prices now prevailing for "Dove" Undergarments will please every woman. And so will the new styles! Never was lingerie so attractive! Never before have sheer cottons and fine silks been so skillfully combined with dainty laces, embroideries, and hand-work to make intimate garments delightful both to wear and to possess!

NEW "Dove" garments of cotton are made from the sheer, fine nainsooks, batistes and novelty cloths so scarce during recent years. Also fine assortments of the practical "Dove" crepe garments which tub so well and need no ironing. Among the trimmings you will find embroideries in which St. Gall excels all its centuries of fame—laces such as Calais never before equalled. These are our own importations. And we have used the fine trimmings lavishly, yet with consummate taste. Lacy garments are trimmed back as well as front, conforming to the newest Parisian mode. There are, too, plenty of simple tailored styles, with designs of fancy stitchings or hand-embroidery.

**DOVE**  **Undergarments**  
*Beautiful, well-made Lingerie*  
Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

### New for December

(Illustrated—Left to Right)

- STYLE 5275—"Dove" Night Gown of excellent batiste, flesh color. Tastefully trimmed with hemstitching, and embroidered dots in blue.
- STYLE 604—"Dove" Camisole of black, navy or brown satin. Very smart for wear with street and afternoon frocks. Hemstitching around top and on shoulder straps.
- STYLE 407—"Dove" Bloomers of flesh-colored satin that tubs well. The dainty ruffle at the knee is hemstitched.
- STYLE E268—"Dove" Hand-made Philippine Envelope Chemise of sheer, white batiste hand-embroidered and hand hemstitched.
- STYLE 4741—"Dove" Envelope Chemise of fine, white nainsook. Trimmed with insertion of Fal lace and lace medallions. Shoulder straps of lace to match.
- STYLE 742—"Dove" Envelope Chemise of flesh-colored washable satin. Shirred across yoke and attractively trimmed with wide band of Calais Fal lace.

**SILK** lingerie for gifts, for trousseaux, or for every day wear by the woman who appreciates its true economy, is ready in splendid variety. Camisoles,

bloomers, night gowns and envelope chemises, amply cut from crepes de Chine, satin, and novelty silks which are both beautiful and new. Among them you will find the black, navy and brown silk camisoles so desirable for wear with dark blouses and frocks; and also plenty of dainty flesh-colored and peach silks. Orchid is a shade admirably adapted to some women, and the range of garments in this color is most satisfying. You may choose from among

chaste tailored styles or more elaborate lace and ribbon trimmed creations.

**DOVE** Philippine and Porto Rican lingerie is our exclusive importation. The designs are individual, the fabrics both sheer and strong, every stitch is hand-work. You will be charmed by the daintiness of this product of our own island possessions. Nothing that France has produced is more tasteful. As in other lingerie, the "Dove" label is your assurance of good material, correct and original styles, ample sizes, and painstaking care in the making of every garment at every price.

**WE** cannot fill mail orders. In nearly every town there are one or more stores offering "Dove" Undergarments. We will gladly tell you the name of the one nearest you.

D. E. SICHER & CO., INC. 45-55 W. 21ST STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y.  
"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"



## Be Well—Weigh What You Should Perfect Your Figure!

**BUILD** up your vitality and health! Do away with nagging ailments! Weigh what you should weigh! Improve your figure and appearance! Enjoy life! Be your own self and be at your best! In other words, live!

I can help you. I know I can—for in the past 20 years I have helped more than 100,000 other refined, intellectual women.

Simply devote a few minutes each day in your room to the common-sense directions I outline in personal letters to suit your individual case.

I will teach you to

**Stand Correctly**  
and to  
**Walk Correctly**

After a few weeks your friends will hardly know you.

Here are samples of letters from pupils:

"Last year I weighed 216 lbs., this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel so strong and at least 15 years younger." "Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night." "My weight has increased 30 lbs. I don't know what indulgence is any more, and my nerves are so rested! I sleep like a baby." I receive a number of such letters every day. Leading magazines editorially endorse my work. Physicians approve it. Their wives and daughters are my pupils.

Tell me in confidence your particular difficulties and I will write you frankly. The chances are nine in ten that I can help you become strong and well. If I cannot help you, I will tell you what will.

I can positively increase or reduce your weight, and build your vitality. Your letters will be held in strict confidence. I am here at my desk daily—8 to 5. It costs nothing to learn the particulars of my work. Write me NOW before you forget.

*Suzanna Acroft*

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You can now learn, easily and quickly, right in your own home, during spare time, by a wonderfully simple and practical new method, how to plan and make all your own and your children's clothes and save half, or more on everything.

You can make your last season's dresses and suits over into stylish new garments. You can make fashionable clothes from inexpensive materials. You can prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession and have a cozy, profitable shop of your own.

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(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## To All Children—Everywhere

### The Funnykin Family brings you a Merry Christmas

From  
MISS GOULD



**WON'T** you meet the Funnykins?

They're huggable and new.  
Dancing Sammy Funnykin  
And his sister Sue.

Mrs., in a jolly frill,  
Mr., mostly hat,

Not to mention Fido,

And the Funnykitten cat.

Won't you meet the Funnykins?

They're huggable and new,

And they'll bring a  
Merry Christmas

If they come to live  
with you.



Sammy,  
No.  
4114

**THIS** is the Funnykin family—or at least some of it. And it's a very delightful, squeezable, huggable family, being made of stockings and stuffed with cotton. There's Mrs. Funnykin, with a big mob cap and a very jovial smile. And Mr. Funnykin, who must be a clown by profession, according to his costume. The Funnykin twins, Sammy and Sue, are the jolliest lot, and very fond of dancing, as you will see from the way Sue's toes turn out, and Sammy is leaping and springing. Then there are Fido Funnykin and the Funnykitten, ancient enemies, though they belong to the same family. Funnykitten looks demure, but is really a good deal of fun, and you'll find Fido a very good dog around the house. All the Funnykins—Mr. and Mrs., Sammy and Sue, Funnykitten, and Fido—are recommended highly by Miss Gould for helping to make a "Merry Christmas."

**THE** patterns for the Funnykins may be bought only from the "Woman's Home Companion." You will find full descriptions at the lower left-hand corner of the page. Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Patterns are sent out by first-class mail.



Mrs. Funnykin, No. 4115



Funnykitten,  
No. 4116



Fido Funnykin (No.  
4116), who's not so  
black as he's painted



Sue,  
No.  
4114



Mr. Funnykin, No. 4115

No. 4114—Sammy and Sue Funnykin (including transfer patterns for faces). One size only—eight inches tall. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

No. 4115—Mr. and Mrs. Funnykin (including transfer patterns for faces). One size only—eight inches tall. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

No. 4116—Fido Funnykin and the Funnykitten (including transfer patterns). One size only—seven inches tall. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

"The Fashions," Miss Gould's book of patterns, is full of Christmas suggestions, too. If you have not secured your copy, send for it to-day. It costs only fifteen cents, which includes a coupon worth ten cents when you order a pattern. Address your order to Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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# Gifts You Can Make in an Evening

*Have just a seam or two and simple handwork*



*It's easy to make this one-piece sacque, No. 4109, as you will see by the pattern that is spread on the table.*

**O**F COURSE, you will have to be careful how you plan your gift if you expect to make it in an evening. Miss Gould has thought of five ways which she is glad to pass on to you.

The first is the crêpe de chine dressing sacque at the left. Then there is the new idea in underwear at the right—georgette vest chemise and step-in drawers. Or, if you have a little girl to make happy, Miss Gould says run up a gray linen pinafore and appliqué blue cats' heads for pockets. It's easy to do—just a square of material with a square hole in it and two straight pieces gathered on. The pattern No. 4112 provides a transfer for the cats' faces.

You can even make a blouse in an evening, if you choose a style which has the collar cut in one with the waist, like the waist on the lower left corner. The pattern is shown on the table in the picture.

A one-piece negligee that you can make at the very last minute is pictured at the lower right in printed wash satin edged with silver ribbon. If you look closely at the picture you will see the simple oblong-shaped pattern laid on the goods.



*No. 4113—Step-in drawers all in one piece, and a vest that is quickly finished with a double fold at the top.*



No. 4112

No. 4109—Slip-over Sacque. One size. Pattern, sixteen cents.

No. 4110—Two-piece Blouse. 36 to 40. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4111—One-Piece Negligee. One size. Pattern, twenty cents.

No. 4112—Child's Pinafore (including transfer pattern for pockets). Sizes, 4 to 8 years. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

No. 4113—Vest Chemise and Step-in Drawers. 36 to 40. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent by first-class mail.



No. 4110



No. 4111

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## GIFTS you can make yourself

The dainty camisole, smart little boudoir cap, trim tailored knickers—they're such delightful gifts when fashioned of

## Skinner's All-Silk Satin (36 inches wide)

The rich lustre of the satin requires no trimming, whether it is Skinner's regular or charmeuse finish.

There are ninety different shades of Skinner's All-Silk Satin, but there is no variety in its quality. You'll find after countless tubbings and constant wear that dainty underthings, blouses and frocks will look like new.

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

None genuine without it

Write for our new cut-out booklet in colors showing various uses of Skinner's All-Silk Satin.

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## The CLEAN TRAVELER

THE thousand-room hotel today advertises a thousand baths. Of all home comforts which luxurious modern travel provides, simple cleanliness stands easily first.

And this is the reason Fairy Soap, the whitest, simplest soap of all, is to be found in the traveling outfits of a large number of men and women. Cleanly folk, as they travel along, want to be doubly sure of the same refreshing soap-and-water comfort that Fairy gives them at home.

The almost-white floating soaps, which appeared a generation ago, pointed the way. Fairy Soap brought the idea to its ultimate perfection. One need only observe the households and clubs and Turkish baths in which Fairy is standard for baths, toilet and general cleansing uses, to understand why the Fairy fashion is extending in every neighborhood in America and abroad.

Fairy acknowledges no rival.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

# FAIRY SOAP

PURE FLOATING WHITE

The White  
Spirit of Purity  
lives in  
FAIRY SOAP



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## Cut in One Piece

Another last-minute Christmas suggestion—  
aprons that are easy to make

By  
ISABEL  
DE NYSE  
CONOVER



No. 4108



No. 4107

FOR the housekeeper's Christmas—four aprons, and each of them cut in only one piece. That's simplicity for you! Just curve the line here, cut off a corner there, and maybe jog a point or two, and the aprons are ready for their binding, or edge of lace, their button, or ribbon belt. The diagram below will give you an idea of how easy they are to shape.

You will find No. 4107 at the center top of the diagram. It's the circular upper part that gives it the pretty sleeve caps. Now, wouldn't you like to receive it yourself, made of unbleached muslin and trimmed with a gay chintz printed with morning glories climbing a black lattice, just as it's pictured on this page?

Sateen is a new apron material, too, that makes an apron seem more of a gift. There are lovely peach colors, jonquil-yellows, rosebud-pinks, soft light blues and lavenders to tempt you.

One always has friends that dote on the little, fancy, frilly Christmas aprons like these in the set No. 4108. Probably you have scraps enough left over from your summer organdies, dimities, and swisses to make them.

Although making them is merely a matter of finishing the edges, there isn't room to tell you about it here. See pattern descriptions at left.



You will find my dressmaking lesson on the pattern envelopes.

NO. 4107—One-Piece Apron. Sizes, medium, suitable for 36 and 38 bust, and large, suitable for 40 and 42 bust. Pattern, sixteen cents.

No. 4108—Set of One-Piece Fancy Aprons. One size only. Pattern, twenty cents. All pattern orders receive immediate attention. Send your pattern order to Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent by first-class mail.



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# When Wearable Clothes Are Hard to Find



*The Tall Woman*

**TALL?** Well, have you seen the new tunic blouses? They are just made for you—especially No. 4106 below, which, in combination with a matching slip (No. 4093), achieves a dress.

You may order the patterns from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. All patterns are sent first-class mail.

No. 4106—Long Tunic Blouse. Sizes, 36 to 42 bust. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

No. 4093—Straight-Hanging Slip with Ribbon or Pointed Shoulder Straps. Sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge in size thirty-

six, one and one-half yards. Pattern, twenty cents. The pattern envelope gives directions for making.

**T**ALL women, come very near and let us whisper something to you! This is your year! You may be slim or willowy or slender, or—less desirable states—bony or skinny or lanky. Of course the thinner you are the taller you seem. But being tall is fashionable. Whatever your degree of tallness, unless you are both very tall and very wide, you are in luck this year. For the wide-sleeved, floating-paneled, drapy gown of the moment is designed to be kind to you.

You can wear those soft side cascades that are the despair of the dumpy little person. For you there is no danger in tunics of circular persuasion, or in the accordion-plaited panels and tunics that so many canton crêpe dresses are wearing. Your lace frock may be banded, and even belted, with fur. And you, of all people, may indulge in caracul suits, gayly plaided top coats, and the popular Russian blouse costumes. Do you see your fashionable selves in the picture above?

One of the most charming of the new fads is the long tunic blouse that reaches almost to the bottom of the skirt. These blouses are made of such materials as canton crêpe, crêpe de chine, crêpe satin, satin, and georgette. Beading, embroidery, braiding, and lace are used for decoration, and the blouse is worn usually over a slip of crêpe or satin, making a very effective costume.

No. 4106, at the right, is particularly good for the tall woman, by reason of the wide black lace sleeves and graceful lace cascades that relieve its black crêpe satin simplicity.

Black is, of course, the very smartest thing this season. But brown is good, too. Or you might use black relieved by vivid sleeves and cascades—of embroidered jade or king's blue chiffon, for instance, or perhaps you would like it better of all one material. Many tunic blouses are simply of black satin or canton crêpe. If you want a touch of color add a few jade-green or copper-colored gelatin beads.



No. 4106  
No. 4093

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## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

### The Appreciated Present

#### Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

**T**HE world-wide reputation of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen suggests it as the perfect present for every member of the family.

In addition to pride of possession, it brings with it years of faithful service that endear it more and more each year.

#### THREE TYPES:

*Regular      Safety      Self-filling*

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**\$2.50 to \$250**

*Selection and Service  
at Best Dealers the World Over*

The quality standard in all Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens is the same. The difference in prices is determined by size or ornamentation.

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# HEBE

An Economical  
Holiday Dinner

Puree of Split Pea Soup

Celery — Olives

Chicken Pot Pie, Dumplings

Mashed Potatoes

Creamed Onions

Lettuce, Mayonnaise

Pumpkin Pie

Plum Pudding

Coffee



**Make this  
holiday dinner  
your best ever**

**YOU** can do it with the help of HEBE. Use this convenient and economical cooking aid in all your holiday cooking and you will notice the improvement—added richness, finer flavor and better results all around.

Begin by using HEBE in the soup for a rich, delicious puree. Then use it in the gravy and the mashed potatoes. Make the white sauce for the vegetables with HEBE, and the mayonnaise dressing for the salad. Tasty and nutritious desserts can be easily made with HEBE, and there you have the whole dinner prepared economically with the aid of HEBE—more appetizing foods, and the whole meal well balanced and nutritious.

The only way to find out how economical and convenient HEBE is, is to try a can in your daily cooking. HEBE is pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with cocoanut fat. In cooking operations it serves a threefold purpose—to moisten, to shorten and to enrich.

**Order HEBE from your grocer today and write to us for the free HEBE book of recipes. Address 4402 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.**

**THE HEBE COMPANY**  
Chicago Seattle



**IN THE** grapefruit basket serve sherbet, vanilla ice cream, or chantilly moussé, decorate it with a ribbon bow and sprays of holly, and accompany it with little frosted cakes.

## Christmas Parties

*Which feature the grapefruit basket*

**C**HRISTMAS vacation week means parties for college girls and boys—dances and luncheons, and all sorts of gay social affairs, of which the refreshments are by no means the least important part.

Among menu possibilities the grapefruit basket is one of the most versatile.

For a cocktail course at a luncheon fill it with a mixture of fruits such as grapefruit, orange, and pineapple cut in small pieces, free from membrane, sweetened with a sugar sirup, and chilled.

As a first dinner course the basket may hold grapefruit sections and freshly opened oysters, or oysters alone, mixed with a cocktail sauce.

As the salad course at almost any party, it may hold heart leaves of lettuce and a mixture of fruits, or of grapefruit sections and finely cut celery or grapefruit, small tomatoes quartered, or grapefruit, celery and fresh or canned crab meat, masked with mayonnaise and garnished with leaves of watercress and tiny circles of pimiento.

With a salad of this kind may be served paprika crackers or tiny biscuits.

If it is not convenient to serve a frozen dessert, the grapefruit juice may be used for a delicious jelly. This may be chilled, cut in cubes and filled into the baskets, and served with French dressing and cottage-cheese balls, or with whipped cream or boiled custard.

At the bottom of the page is given the menu for a luncheon for eight in which are used the following recipes:

### Grapefruit Cocktail in Grapefruit Baskets

Cut four grapefruit in two crosswise, then from each side cut through the skin, one-fourth inch from the top of each half, for the handles. These cuts must not meet. Cut between fruit and skin and between fruit and membrane. Remove membrane and chill grapefruit. Bring together above the fruit the pieces of skin for handles (see illustration), and tie together with red or green ribbon, inserting a spray of holly. To

By  
**ALICE BRADLEY**

*Principal of  
Miss Farmer's School of Cookery*

fruit add juice from a jar of red canned fruit, as raspberries or plums. Garnish each basket with maraschino cherries cut the size of holly berries and real holly leaves. Serve on

dolies on individual dessert plates, with a little fancy cake placed beside the basket.

### Christmas Bouillon

3 lbs. chopped shin of beef or stock  
1 egg white  
1 pint canned tomatoes  
1/2 onion chopped  
3 pints cold water or stock  
6 cloves  
2 teaspoons salt  
1/4 teaspoon pepper  
Bouillon cubes

Put everything but the bouillon cubes into a kettle, bring slowly to boiling point and simmer gently one hour. Add, if needed for flavor, bouillon cubes and more seasoning, and water to make six cups. Strain through cheesecloth and serve hot in bouillon cups. Color slightly with color paste to make a Christmas red.

The meat can be highly seasoned and used at another meal for hash, croquettes, or on toast.

### Toast Sticks

Cut a large-sized loaf of bread in one-fourth-inch slices, brush with melted butter, and cut slices in one-fourth-inch strips. Put in hot oven until delicately brown. Tie in bunches of three with narrow red ribbon.

### Lamb Chops Victor Hugo

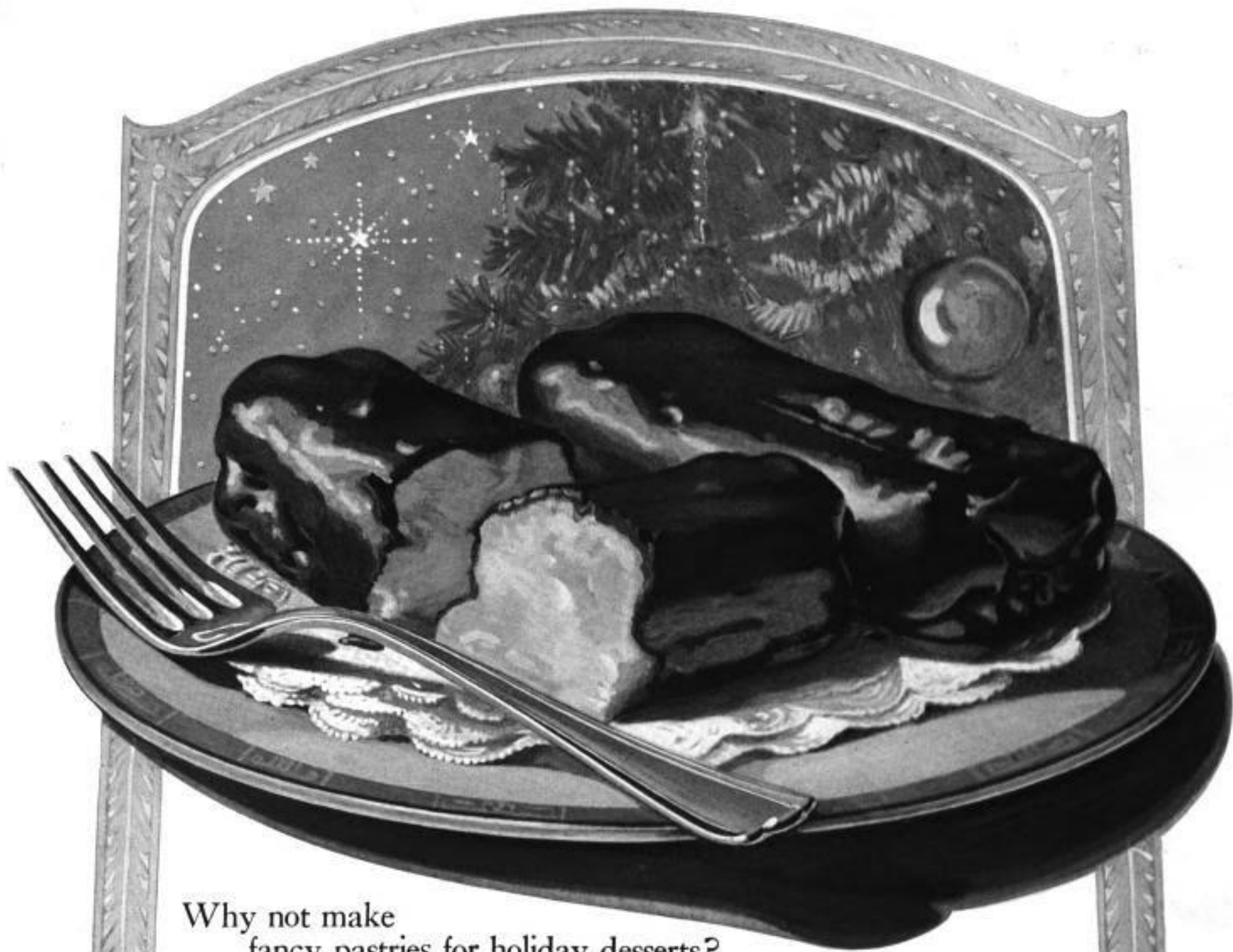
8 French lamb chops 1 1/2 inches thick  
4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese  
1/2 cup soft stale bread crumbs  
2 tablespoons melted butter  
Ripe olives  
Brown sauce

Wipe French chops. Make a cut into chop from outer edge to bone and stuff with horseradish stuffing. Sauté on both sides, sprinkle with grated cheese mixed with bread crumbs and melted butter. Bake until brown. Garnish with ripe olives which have been heated over hot water, with paper frills and parsley, and serve with brown sauce. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 61]

### A Luncheon for Eight

Grapefruit Cocktail in Grapefruit Baskets  
Olives — Salted Nuts  
Christmas Bouillon  
Toast Sticks  
Lamb Chops Victor Hugo  
Brown Sauce  
Currant Jelly  
French Fried Sweet Potatoes  
Celery Victory  
Luncheon Rolls  
Lettuce with Mint Cream Dressing  
Paprika Crackers  
Cocoa Ice Cream  
Christmas Candy  
Prize Cake  
Coffee





Why not make  
fancy pastries for holiday desserts?  
—they are easier to make than pie

Do you want to  
avoid failure in  
making pastries  
and pies?

Would you like  
some new recipes  
for the holidays?

Then send for the cookbook  
"Balanced Daily Diet" which  
contains complete instructions  
for making perfect pastry every  
time. Also gives you 150 de-  
licious exclusive recipes, in-  
cluding many equally as appro-  
priate for the holidays as  
Chocolate Eclairs. 95 pages,  
illustrated. Sent postpaid for  
10c. Address Section E-12,  
Dept. of Home Economics,  
The Procter & Gamble Co.,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOW the filling gets into eclairs is as  
puzzling as the question of where  
Santa Claus comes from—and the answer is  
as simple, once you are let into the secret.

Eclairs are filled through a slit cut in the  
side, after the shells are baked. There is  
no danger of the crust becoming soaked  
as with pie, because the custard is added  
to the pastry after both are cool. You  
can fill the shells as you use them.

The paste for eclairs is made simply by  
beating flour and eggs into boiling water  
and shortening. There are no tricks of  
mixing and handling and rolling to be  
mastered as in making pie crust.

The only thing that requires especial care  
in the making of eclairs and many other  
fine holiday pastries is the selection of the  
shortening. It must be rich, so that the

pastry will be tender. It must be pure,  
odorless and tasteless, so that it will not  
become strong when heated and spoil the  
delicacy of the dessert.

Crisco is the choicest vegetable oil, hard-  
ened to a pure white cream, 100% rich.  
It has neither taste nor odor, and can not  
be detected in anything prepared with it.  
It makes eclair shells and all kinds of pastry  
tender and flaky, and leaves them entirely  
free from any taste that detracts from the  
dainty flavor of custard or fruit fillings.

Crisco is the modern fat for every cooking  
purpose—frying, general baking, and the  
finest cakes. Try it—see how much  
better it makes everything taste.

Get Crisco at your grocer's, in sanitary  
sealed cans, one pound and larger sizes.  
Net weights. Never sold in bulk.

Crisco is also made  
and sold in Canada

**CRISCO**  
For Frying—For Shortening  
For Cake Making







## Today's interpretation of a favorite old-fashioned dish

**M**ANY a woman's complete dower—in the old days of good things to eat—was her ability to concoct flavorful, savory dishes for the delectation of her household. Nor was it a dower to be despised by one who had tasted of those homely delicacies!

A favorite that was almost a staple was the combination of dried beans simmered for hours with generous pieces of home-cured pork and flavored lightly with spices and salt and sugar. A stroke of culinary genius discovered that pork and beans were natural complements and gave to the world a delicious and popular dish.

*Beech-Nut Pork and Beans have that old-time flavor*

The skill which gave you Beech-Nut Bacon now makes it possible for you to enjoy this delicious old-fashioned dish, without all the fuss

and trouble your grandmother went through.

For the Beech-Nut people—famous for the excellence of their foods—produce Pork and Beans which have that genuine old-time goodness.

To get the exact blending of natural flavors, which is the secret of old-fashioned cookery, the Beech-Nut Packing Company chooses first-grade, hand picked beans and combines with them the right quantities of Beech-Nut cured pork and delicious tomato sauce. Unstinted time and money have been spent on perfecting Beech-Nut Pork and Beans so that they would take their place with the other famous "foods of finest flavor."

*15 cents for a full pound puts them at everyone's disposal*

Order some from your grocer and learn for yourself the delicious old-time flavor of Beech-Nut Pork and Beans. The price is 15 cents east of the Mississippi.

**BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY**  
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Plants at Canajoharie  
and Rochester, N. Y.

### **BEECH-NUT** "Foods of Finest Flavor"

Bacon  
Peanut Butter  
Pork and Beans  
Tomato Catsup  
Chili Sauce  
Ginger Ale  
Oscar's Sauce  
Macaroni  
Spaghetti  
Cider Vinegar  
Prepared Mustard  
Jams, Jellies, Marmalades and Preserves  
Confections  
Mints  
Chewing Gum



# Beech-Nut <sup>Pork</sup> and Beans



# Christmas Parties

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

## Horseradish Stuffing

2 tablespoons butter  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped  
4 tablespoons flour horseradish  
1 cup milk 4 tablespoons butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft bread  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
crumbs Few grains cayenne

MELT two tablespoons butter, add flour and milk. Stir until sauce boils. Add bread crumbs. Put in saucepan horseradish and four tablespoons butter, and simmer five minutes. Combine mixtures, cook one minute, and add seasonings.

## French Fried Sweet Potatoes

PARF large sweet potatoes, cut in finger-shaped pieces two inches long and one-half inch thick, and steam five to ten minutes, or until tender but not soft. Drain on soft paper and fry in hot, deep fat five minutes. Sprinkle lightly with salt and powdered sugar and serve immediately.

## Hot Celery Victory

2 bunches celery 1 bay leaf  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped carrots 2 sprigs parsley  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
Stock

WASH celery, leave each root whole, but cut off top leaves. Place in pan, sprinkle with chopped carrots, chopped onion, bay leaf, parsley and salt, and add stock to cover. Boil until tender but not soft. Arrange on platter, garnish with vegetables and with finely cut strips of green pepper and pimiento. Allow a small root of celery to a serving.

## Mint Cream Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup heavy cream  
2 tablespoons vinegar  
2 teaspoons salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika  
1 tablespoon mint  
2 tablespoons beets

TO HEAVY cream add vinegar, salt, paprika, mint finely chopped, and beets cut in tiny circles, by using two round cutters one smaller than the other. Serve on lettuce.

## Paprika Crackers

BRUSH thin wafers with melted butter, sprinkle generously with paprika, and put into slow oven until butter is absorbed.

## Cocoa Ice Cream

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup cocoa 2 eggs  
Few grains salt 2 cups cream  
1 cup sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 tablespoon corn- 1 cup raspberry or  
starch strawberry sirup  
2 cups milk Whipped cream

Mix cocoa, salt, sugar, and cornstarch. Add milk, scalded, and cook over boiling water twenty minutes. Pour over eggs well beaten. Add cream beaten stiff, vanilla, and fruit sirup. Freeze and serve with whipped cream.

## Prize Cake

4 egg yolks  $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons bak-  
2 egg whites ing powder  
1 cup sugar  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
2 cups flour  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter

Put egg yolks and whites into a bowl and beat until thick, using a Dover egg beater; then add sugar gradually, while beating constantly. Mix and sift flour and baking powder and add alternately with milk to first mixture; then add melted butter. Turn into a buttered and floured shallow cake pan and bake in a moderate oven thirty-five minutes.

When cool, cover with boiled frosting colored a delicate green, and sprinkle with

Green Shredded Coconut. Cut in small fancy shapes for serving.

## Green Shredded Coconut

DILUTE a very little green color paste in a teaspoon of water. Sprinkle shredded coconut on a sheet of white paper, over it pour diluted color and rub evenly through the coconut.

## Boiled Frosting

$1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla or  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon  
Whites 2 eggs juice

Put sugar and water into saucepan, mix and boil without stirring until sirup spins a thread eight inches long. While sirup is boiling, and before it reaches the stage when it spins a good thread, add three to four tablespoons sirup slowly to the stiffly beaten egg whites. Continue beating, and when sirup spins a thread add remainder, in a fine steady stream, to egg mixture, beating constantly and vigorously. As soon as frosting will stay in shape, pour over cake and spread into place, using as few motions as possible.

If refreshments for an evening party are desired, one of the two menus given on this page will be found to meet with unqualified approval. The recipes for them follow.

## Stuffed Celery Sandwich

2 cups cottage or  
Neufchâtel cheese  
1 cup chopped celery  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stuffed olives,  
chopped  
2 teaspoons salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika  
Milk

Mix the ingredients and moisten with enough milk to make of the right consistency to spread. Put between thin slices of bread cut in fancy shapes and garnish with stuffed olives.

## Raisin Sandwiches

Cut large seeded raisins in small pieces, using sharp knife or scissors. Mix with mayonnaise dressing and spread between thin slices of bread. Remove crusts and cut in fancy shapes. Chopped nuts may be added to the raisins if desired.

## Vanilla Ice Cream

2 tablespoons flour Yolks 2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar 1 tablespoon vanilla  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt 1 pint cream  
2 cups scalded milk Whites 2 eggs  
Mix flour with sugar and salt. Pour on scalded milk gradually, and cook over hot water ten minutes; then pour onto the beaten egg yolks. Strain, add vanilla, cream, and egg whites beaten stiff, and freeze.

## Grapefruit Sherbet

Rind of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oranges 2 tablespoons lemon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound crystallized juice  
ginger  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups grapefruit  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar juice  
3 cups water  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice  
Few grains salt

GRATE the orange rinds, add crystallized ginger chopped fine, sugar, and water; boil five minutes, let stand until cool; add lemon juice, grapefruit juice, orange juice, and salt; freeze. Pack in a mold in ice and salt. Serve sherbet and ice cream in grapefruit baskets prepared as for grapefruit cocktail.

## Little Decorated Cakes

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup nut margarine  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups flour  
1 cup sugar 1 egg  $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons bak-  
2 egg yolks ing powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup strong coffee  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]



THE house must be cleaned. Clothes left in closets must be gone over carefully. Moths thrive in dust. The solution of the entire housecleaning problem is

# The Premier

FIRST AMONG CLEANERS

The Premier has a revolving rubber nozzle brush. It is driven by air. Its rubber tips beat and vibrate the carpet. They loosen the imbedded dirt and pick up thread, hair and lint. The switch is in the handle—*The Premier is the cleaner that never makes you bend your back.* Light in weight, compact in size, its powerful suction is not exceeded by any other vacuum cleaner made. By the use of its attachments you can easily and efficiently clean mattresses, pillows, hangings and furnishings.

*The Premier's general completeness and dependability have made it the standard Electric Vacuum Cleaner for the American Home*

Because of standardized manufacture and quantity production, the price of the Premier is at least \$10.00 less than that of greatly inferior cleaners.

Mail the attached coupon with your name and address clearly written and a representative of your nearest dealer will bring the Premier to you and show you how easily it will clean your entire home. It is sold under a year's guarantee. Immediate service is given through 50 service stations in principal cities.



## Announcing THE PREMIER HANDY

The PREMIER HANDY—little brother of the Premier Cleaner—is now on the market. This is a small, light-weight electric vacuum cleaner, that is supported by a strap over the shoulder. It weighs slightly over six pounds. It is especially designed for cleaning shelf merchandise, book cases, draperies, billiard tables, automobile upholstery and for general use in small apartments. It cleans where other cleaners can't. It's a marvel and costs only \$30.00 cash. Send for free booklet today.

## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, Dept. 102, W. H. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

Please have your nearest dealer call or 'phone for appointment to demonstrate The Premier in my home. It is understood that this imposes no obligation on me.

Name .....

Street Address..... City.....

R. F. D..... State..... Telephone Number.....





## What did Cleopatra eat?

THE two most powerful Emperors of the age lost their hearts to her.

What was the source of her radiant health, her rich soft coloring and her perfect teeth?

What did Cleopatra eat?

Of one thing at least you can be sure. Like all the beauties of the Orient she had learned the secret of the date.

Packed full of nourishment, rich in sweets in the most digestible form, entirely wholesome—the date is meat and sweet and medicine in one.

An Arab will eat five or six pounds in a day, and travel for miles under the hot desert sun; some Americans have eaten hardly that many dates in a year.

But travellers returning from the Orient have introduced the date to society. On tea-tables, on luncheon tables and on the side-boards today, you will find a dish heaped full of Dromedary Dates.

America is learning the lesson which Nature began teaching men and women thousands of years ago—that good health, good complexion, and good teeth are all helped by the rich, luscious, wholesome Dromedary date.

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY  
375 WASHINGTON STREET · NEW YORK  
NEW YORK · LONDON · RUSSORAH  
SAN JUAN · SYDNEY · PANAMA  
THE OLDEST AND THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

# Dromedary Dates

Send for the free Dromedary booklet that gives eighty-four ways to surprise and please the most exacting family. It tells how DROMEDARY COCONUT, DROMEDARY TAPICOA and DROMEDARY DATES, can bring to the commonest dishes a touch of tropical elegance. Address Department T.

### DROMEDARY PRODUCTS

TAPICOA that is ready in an instant; COCONUT that keeps fresh to the last shred; GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden.



A fascinating baking-day equipment for the cookie-pie-doughnut-bread-maker

## Santa in the Kitchen

*Gifts that will last the year around*

By ALICE BRADLEY

*Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery*

MAYBE you've never thought of kitchen things as making very Christmasy presents, but they impart the holiday spirit quite as well as more poetic things, and make jolly and acceptable gifts.

You can combine several in a comical way to hang on the tree, like Miss Dolly Mopsy in the picture; or, on the other hand, you can tie each one up separately in gay paper and ribbon, so that the lady who has six shining new patty-pans handed down off the tree separately throughout the evening will become the center of a heap of fun.

An amusing way to give a number of household things, which was practiced by one family of boys and their father, was to put each object in its native habitat, so that when the lady of the house went trotting about her household duties, the gifts burst gradually on her vision, and it was Christmas night before her presents came to an end.

Another entertaining way of giving kitchen things would be to fasten to the gift a little picture, possibly cut from a magazine, with the explanation that it was promissory of next month's gift, and that a different present for the house would surprise the recipient on the first day of every month throughout the coming year.

For the young housekeeper, or the little girl who is just getting old enough to help with the dishes, create a mopsy doll. A dish mop forms the head; a painted wooden mixing spoon, the face; a dish towel, the body; a dustless duster, a skirt; and a woven dishcloth, a shawl. A ribbon tied around the neck of the doll in front forms a collar and holds the whole thing together firmly.

For the housekeeper who has difficulty with her baking get a reliable oven thermometer. This may be dressed up in one or two oven cloths, to which you have sewed a brass ring so that the cloth will always be on hand close to the stove for immediate use just when it is needed.

A set of knives like those described in the September number would appeal to the

heart of any up-to-date housekeeper.

There's the five-inch spatula with flexible blade for frosting little cakes and scraping out small bowls and cups; the broad spatula for flapping griddle cakes, eggs, and fish, or for slipping under corn bread or cookies; the six-inch spatula for scraping out saucepans and mixing bowls, and creaming and spreading butter for sandwiches. A knife-of-all-work is the general utility knife with blade slightly tapering to a rounded end, which, among its other accomplishments, cuts shortening into pastry; the cold-meat slicer, a narrow knife with a straight ten-inch blade; a small cleaver convenient for breaking up a shin bone or chicken for soup stock; for steak, a carving knife with six-inch blade and sharp-pointed end; a small knife with a three-inch blade for paring oranges and grapefruit and removing sections whole for salads and desserts; and the French knife, which is excellent for chopping small portions of food.

Stainless steel knives for cutting fruits and paring potatoes are a boon; a fluted knife is desirable for cutting potatoes, cucumbers, and other vegetables; a first-class knife sharpener will not come in amiss. And speaking of vegetables, why not select a

set of attractive cutters for shaping vegetables to be used in soups and stews and salads?

Mashed potato, whipped cream, frostings, mayonnaise dressing, cream puffs, and lady fingers can be attractively shaped if you own a pastry bag and rose and plain tubes.

Nothing could be nicer for the housekeeper, if she hasn't one already, than an electric waffle iron; if electricity is not available, an ordinary waffle iron, or one of those made up of five small hearts, is fine to use on Sundays morning and for emergency desserts.

A heavy piece of canvas twenty-eight by nineteen inches, and a knitted cover to go over the rolling pin, once used will always be used for rolling [CONTINUED ON PAGE 65]

For the candy maker—a candy recipe book, a thermometer, candy dipper, nickel bars for cooling fudge, a broad spatula, boxes of color paste, bottles of flavoring

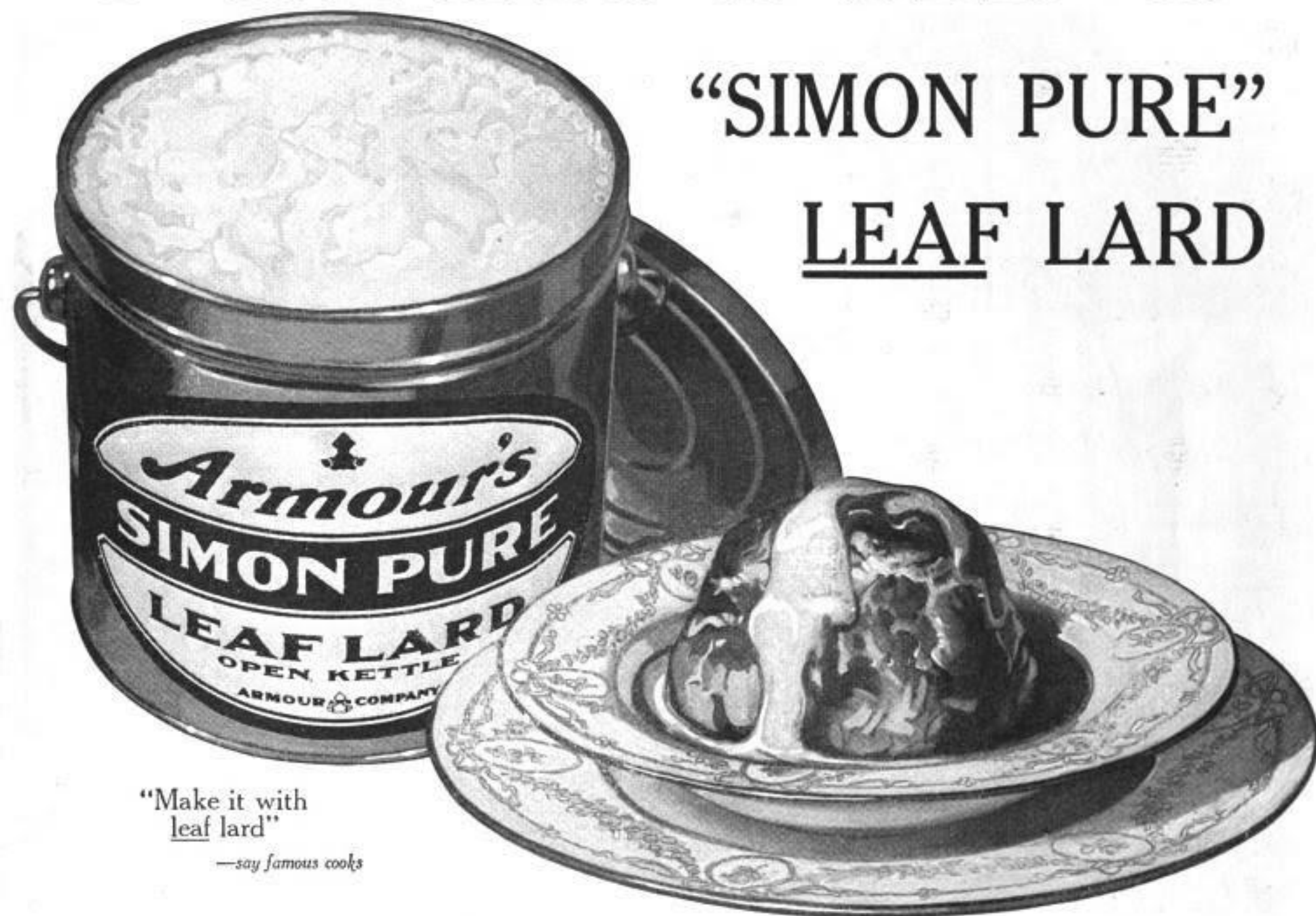




# Armour's

"SIMON PURE"

LEAF LARD



"Make it with  
leaf lard"

—say famous cooks

## Real Apple Dumplings!

So much depends upon the shortening! *Flavor, texture, appearance, digestibility*—it's easy to forfeit any of these when you use the *wrong* cooking fat. But there's one shortening upon which good cooks all agree—*pure leaf lard!*

### Apple Dumplings

Recipe by Helen Harrington Downing  
Director, Armour Department  
of Food Economics

(Preparation: 10 to 20 min. Serves 6 persons.)  
4 c. flour 6 medium sized apples  
2 tbsp. Simon Pure Leaf Lard  
5 tsp. baking powder  
½ tsp. salt Ice water to moisten

**Method:** Sift the baking powder, salt and flour three times. Mix in the lard, with finger tips. Add sufficient water to make a stiff dough. Knead slightly. Roll out into a sheet one-fourth inch thick. Cut in rounds the size of a saucer. Core apple, fill center with sugar, and a speck of cinnamon, if desired. Place apples on rounds of dough. Fold and press dough around the apple. Bake in quick (hot) oven twenty minutes. Serve with cream and sugar or vanilla sauce.

Try the Apple Dumpling recipe. It's a delicious December dinner dessert—easy to make—*palatable* to the last crumb. "Simon Pure" is unsurpassed for deep frying, too. It cooks without fat absorption, foods fried in it are most digestible. As there is no shrinkage, it is highly economical. "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is sold in one pound cartons and in 2, 5 and 10 pound pails.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago



The Armour Oval Label on food packages is your positive assurance of *first* quality *always*. It is the mark we reserve for the *highest* grade of the entire Armour production.

In addition to "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, dealers everywhere can also supply you with other Armour Oval Label Products, such as

Star Ham  
Star Bacon  
Best Canned Meats  
Best Sausage  
Cloverbloom Butter  
Nut-ola Margarine  
Best Eggs  
Best Cheese  
Best Peanut Butter  
Best Pork and Beans  
Best Evaporated Milk



# Personal Gifts

For your girl friends

By EVELYN PARSONS



2049-A

Of pink wash satin is this dainty brassiere, embroidered in pink, blue, green, and lavender. The shoulder straps are double bands of the material blanket-stitched with blue.



2050-A

THE bandeau brassiere above is a simply made garment cut in three pieces (the front 9 ins. deep). It is so designed that it does not require elastic at the sides.

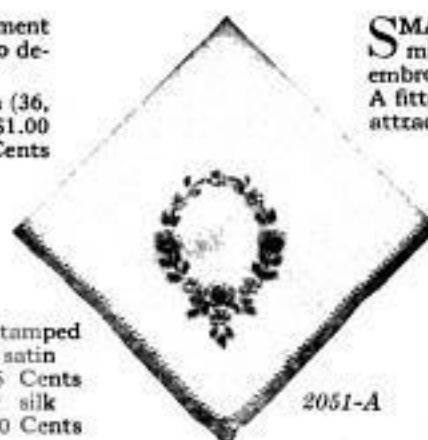
2049-A—Brassiere stamped on heavy pink wash satin (36, 38, or 40 bust) \$1.00  
Colored embroidery cottons 16 Cents

GREEN leaves in loop-stitch and a rose with deep pink French knot center and rows of outline stitch in lighter pink around it decorate these dressy garters made of blue satin ribbon.



2052-A

2052-A — Stamped on blue satin ribbon 85 Cents  
Embroidery silk 30 Cents



2051-A

SMART and becoming is this tam of midnight blue velour cloth, with yarn embroidery in French blue and magenta. A fitted lining gives the tam its unusually attractive shape. The band has stiffening at the front and elastic at the back.

2050-A—Stamped on blue velour cloth \$1.50  
Magenta and blue yarn and a blue tassel 35 Cents

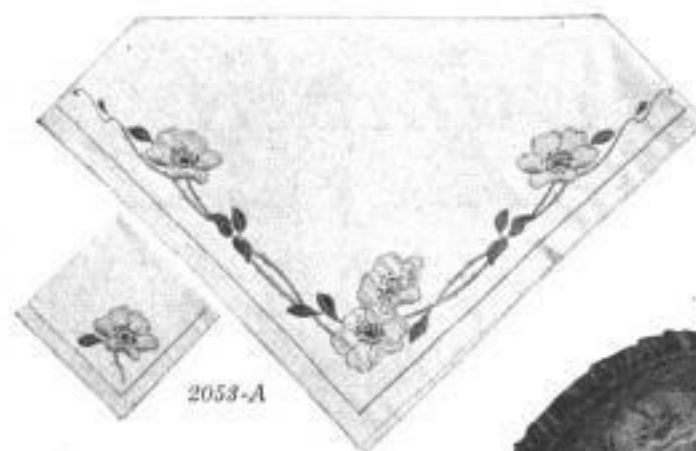
We provide a paper cutting pattern for the fitted lining and directions for making.

THIS exquisite little handkerchief of sheer linen with a French blue border is embroidered in two shades of pink, blue, and green. The little wreath measures 1 1/4 by 1 1/4 inches. The tiny pink roses may be worked in bullion-stitch or in rows of outline stitch around a French knot center. The leaves are in knot-stitch; the stems outlined.

2051-A—Stamped handkerchief 60 Cents  
Embroidery cotton 5 Cents

HOW TO ORDER: Give name and address. Remit by check or money order. Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To a check drawn on a bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Address Embroidery Dept., Woman's Home Companion, New York City.

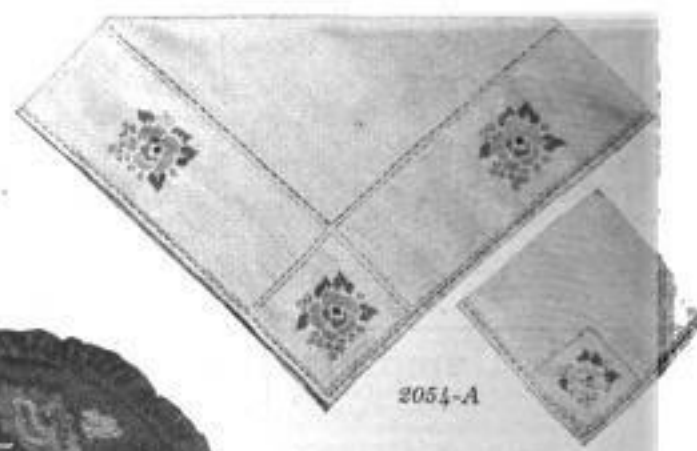
## Practical Gifts for the House



2053-A

THE luncheon set above is made of white linene with appliqué roses in either pink or yellow. The leaves and the turned-over parts of the petals are solid embroidery. The appliqué edge is covered with outline-stitch. The hem is finished with an outline of green.

2053-A—Cloth stamped on linene (44 ins. square) \$1.45  
Pink or yellow for appliqué, and embroidery cotton 70 Cents  
Six stamped napkins \$1.00  
Appliqué and embroidery cotton for napkins 30 Cents  
Transfer pattern of set 40 Cents



2054-A

CROSS-STITCHED bunches of flowers in pink, blue, lavender, green, and orange and drawn-in threads (or running stitches) of blue and black decorate the luncheon set above.

2054-A—Cloth stamped on white linene (44 ins. square) \$1.45  
Embroidery cottons 65 Cents  
Six stamped napkins \$1.00  
Emb. cotton for napkins 35 Cents



2055-A

Poppy cushion of black surf satin with appliqué of red and green satine

2055-A—Stamped cushion cover (for 18-in. pillow) with red and green satine appliqué \$1.50  
Embroidery silk \$1.00

SMARTLY groomed women prefer Burson Fashioned Hose because they have no clumsy seams to pull awry and make a dainty ankle seem ungainly. They conform perfectly to the natural curves of the leg, fitting softly and snugly. Wind-whipped skirts cannot twist seams into crooked lines, for Burson stockings have no seams. They hold their shape always and they wear a long time.

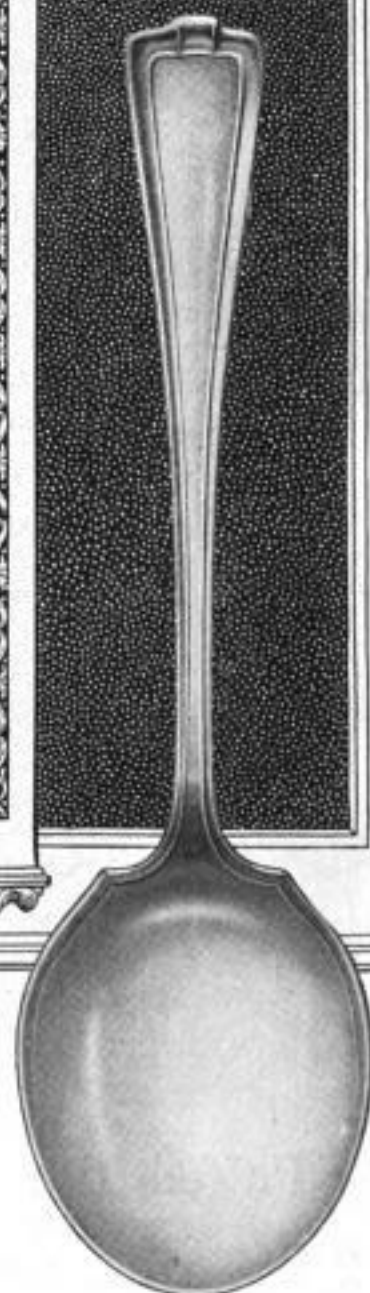
**BURSON**  
Fashioned Hose

SILK · COTTON · LISLE  
MERCERIZED



# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

## SILVERPLATE



THE GIFTS were simply wonderful. The many articles of silverplate all chosen in the same pattern—the 1847 ROGERS BROS. “Cromwell” for which a preference had been expressed.

This growing custom of friends to combine in their gift-giving is a logical result of the pattern harmony that is a feature of 1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate, making it possible to have a complete service with all pieces matching.

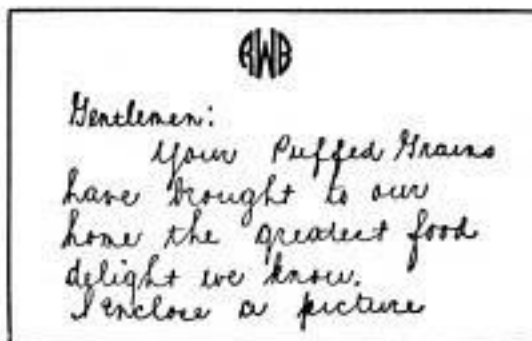
Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder L-48, illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

*The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Cromwell Sugar Shell  
In Blue Velvet Lined Box.  
Each, \$1.50





# The Letters

## Mothers write about Puffed Grains

They come from everywhere. They tell new ways of serving. They thank Prof. Anderson for inventing such fascinating cereal foods.

Think of the millions of children to whom Puffed Grains daily bring some added joys.

### Children better fed

But Puffed Grains are not mere food delights.

They are whole grains made so tempting that children will eat a-plenty, as they should.

They are whole grains made wholly digestible.

Every food cell is exploded. Over 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence.

\* \* \*

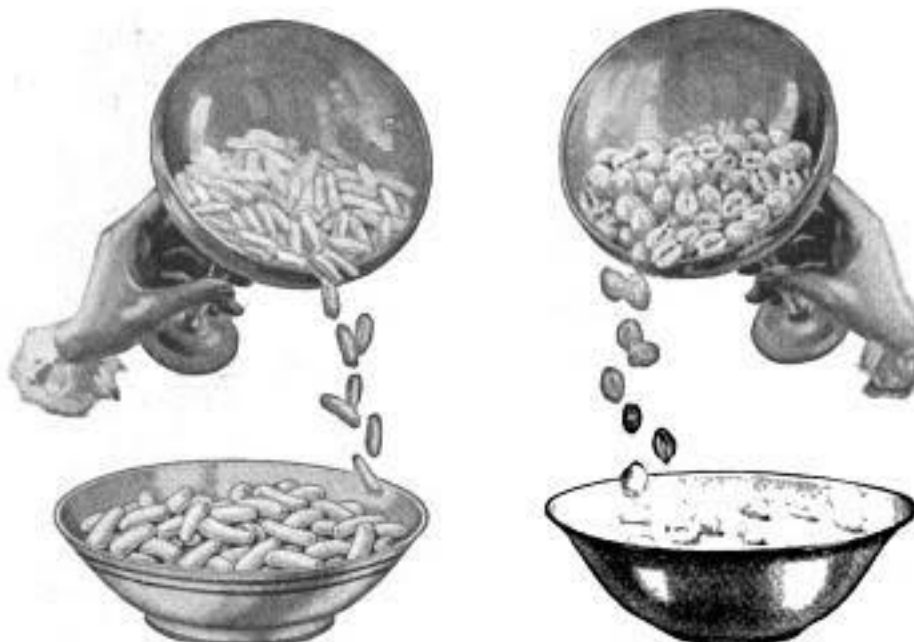
Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. This process makes all of them available as food.

It fits whole grains for all-hour foods—they so easily digest.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice should be served to children abundantly and often.

Not at meal time only. Try dousing them with melted butter for hungry children after school.

Every serving means an ideal food.



## Puffed Rice

The supreme breakfast dainty. As flimsy as a snowflake, as flavory as almonds. It forms a food confection.

## Puffed Wheat

In every bowl of milk. Whole wheat puffed to bubbles. No other method makes wheat so enticing, so easy to digest.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers



*I'm Billy Boy,  
Brave and bold,  
But still I do  
As I am told.*

2045-A



*I'm Mary Jane,  
Gentle and shy,  
I never fuss,  
I never cry.*

2046-A

# Cuddle Toys

*That mothers can make for Christmas*

Designed by EVELYN PARSONS

CAN you 'magine it! Waking up on Christmas morning and finding Benjamin Bunny peeking at you over the foot of your bed, or Pete the Pup scampering across the counterpane, or Billy Boy and Mary Jane waiting for you, eyes as big as saucers, underneath the Christmas tree!

And each of them so merry and full of fun! They'll tuck right under your arm without any fuss at all, and they'll never break, and they just love to cuddle down into bed at night.



2047-A

2045-A—Billy Boy: Stamped on unbleached muslin, with red and blue appliqué, embroidery cottons, and yellow yarn for the hair 85 Cents

2046-A—Mary Jane: Stamped on unbleached muslin with pink and white checked gingham appliqué, colored embroidery cottons, and brown yarn for the hair 85 Cents

2047-A—Benjamin Bunny: Stamped on unbleached muslin, with blue and red appliqué and colored embroidery cottons 85 Cents

The dolls and Bunny are each 16 inches high when finished.

2048-A—Pete the Pup: Stamped on unbleached muslin, with brown and red appliqué and colored embroidery cottons 85 Cents

Pete measures 16 inches from "tip to tip."

FOR these cunning toys we provide the stamped unbleached muslin, the colored gingham, stamped ready to cut out, and the embroidery cottons. First cut out the gingham pieces and apply them to the unbleached muslin with an outline stitch in the black embroidery cotton. Then finish the rest of the embroidery and machine-stitch the backs and fronts of the toys together on the wrong side. Turn, and stuff with silk floss, a very light weight material, or cotton batting. (We do not provide the stuffing.)

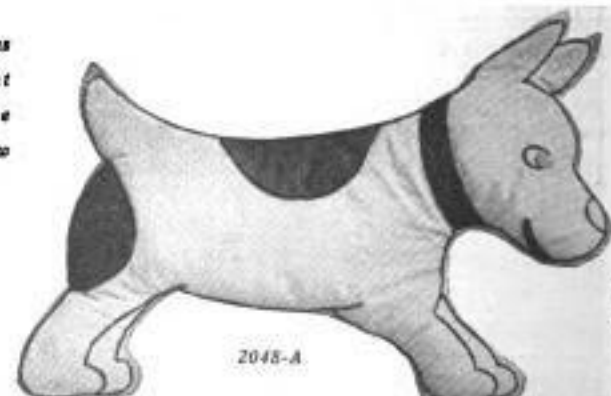
HOW TO ORDER: Give full name and address. Remit by check or money order.

Stamps or currency used at sender's risk. To check drawn on bank not in New York City, add ten cents for exchange. Please send in your orders early and avoid the rush. Address Embroidery Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

There are lots more toys that mothers—and fathers—can make, in the "Companion's" little illustrated booklet called "Playthings."

There's a "choo-choo" train, a doll house, a "real" barn and a dog kennel, Jack Horner pies, cute things for the Christmas tree, and everything. Price, 25 Cents. Address "Playthings," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

*With Christmas wishes  
We're right here,  
And we hope  
you'll have  
A bright New Year!*



2048-A

*Here I come,  
Pete the Pup,  
If you don't watch out,  
I'll eat you up!*





*Let your Kodak  
keep the Christmas Story*

Eastman Kodak Company    Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*





THERE is a Corona dealer near you who will be glad to deliver Corona for you at Christmas time, gaily wrapped in this attractive holiday box over its own smart traveling case. If you don't know his address, we will gladly furnish it on request.

## Give a Corona this Christmas



So little and so light—it is at home on milady's dainty desk.



A student without a Corona is handicapped at the start.



The younger a child learns coronatyping the better.

To mother—it will make letter writing a joy.

To father—no more evening work at the office.

To the invalid—to make the long hours fly.

To any ambitious friend—as a certain help toward success.

To the college boy or girl—for better work; higher marks.

To your business associate—a traveling private secretary.

To your pastor—for his letters and sermons.

To your literary friend—to make manuscripts more acceptable.

NOTE: The cash price of Corona, including the smart traveling case, is only \$50. If you do not wish to pay the entire amount just at Christmas time, you can arrange to buy on easy terms.

Look in the telephone directory for the nearest Corona dealer; or write to the Corona Typewriter Company, Inc., 111 Main St., Groton, N. Y., and we will send you his name and address, and an interesting book about Corona.



# CORONA

*The Personal Writing Machine*

Built by CORONA TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.  
111 Main St., Groton, N. Y.

There are more than 1000 Corona Dealers and Service Stations in the United States

## Christmas Cards

*Each planned to go with a special gift*

DESIGNED BY  
ELIZABETH M. ROTH  
AND  
MARTHA C. SANFORD

IT'S the way a gift is given that counts with most folks, and yet few of us have time to think up original presentation verses in addition to thinking up the gifts themselves! Here is a unique solution of the problem. And there are more gift cards for the children on page 72.

No. 1



This little index on your 'phone will save you time and worry. When Central says, "What number, please?" And you are in a hurry.



TAKE an ordinary little 'phone index, such as can be bought at any stationery store, make new covers for it (hand-painted or silk-covered), and send it with this saucy little gift card.

The card below lifts the gift of a handkerchief quite out of the commonplace.



A guest towel for the kitchen is really something new. It's not only useful, but decorative, too.



No. 3

This frivolous little trifle is really nothing new. It's only just a pretzel. To send a thought to you.

No. 2

BELOW is shown a very fetching little card to send with a hat sachet and veil case—the latter made of two small circles of silk buttonholed together and edged with a frill of lace, the under circle being open in the center. Inside is tucked a round sachet pad and a veil. Two tiny gilt safety pins sewed to the under side hold the sachet in the crown of the hat.

If this is pinned in to your hat, you'll always have your veil.



Where you can find it instantly in any sudden gale.

No. 4



No. 5

CUT a man-in-the-moon paper pattern (6½ in. by 4 in.); from this cut two pieces of orange velvet, and two of black for the inside lining. First seam the outside curve of the orange pieces together, then one orange and one black piece together along the face edges. Turn, and fell the black velvet to the flat seam of the orange velvet inside the holder. Embroider an eye on each side in black silk floss. The card tells the purpose of the gift.



Nothing else can hold a candle. For a red-hot teapot handle, To this jolly looking fellow. Dressed in his imperious yellow.



No. 7

CARD No. 7 has a verse appropriate to send with a fancy hand bag.



No. 6

When packing for the week-end, This little cretonne case Will help you keep your slippers in their proper place.

HOW TO ORDER: The hand-colored gift cards here illustrated (together with those on page 72) may be bought for ten cents each; or one dollar a dozen (all one kind or assorted). Please order very carefully by the number given under each illustrated card. Address Christmas Card Editor, Care Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. Send stamps, money orders, or checks. We cannot be responsible for cash sent through the mail.

No. 8

CARD No. 8 carries a verse to send with a boudoir cap or negligee—it's really very "captivating"



# Heirloom Plate



## The lasting charm of Heirloom Plate

makes it the most highly prized and sincerely appreciated of all gifts. It is a remembrance that gains in interest with the passing of the years.

For Heirloom Plate is so exquisitely patterned—so worthily wrought that it will be tenderly cherished for the use of the generation to come. *It is guaranteed for one hundred years.*

Quality jewelers are furnishing Heirloom Plate piece by piece or in complete chests. Write for illustrated literature and name of dealer near you.

WM. A. ROGERS, LTD., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

Toronto







## Break down that wall between you and your boy

That baby whose first smile was directly into your eyes, that toddler who took his first steps with his little hand gripped round your fingers, is he growing away from you?

It is natural that he should outgrow his first complete reliance on your care and love. You and his teachers are constantly urging him to think for himself. More and more he is weighing, judging, making his own conclusions. Each careless rebuff to his natural and spontaneous spirit of investigation cautions him to build a wall of reserve against ridicule. Each mis-

understanding of his dreams, his schemes and his enthusiasms builds the wall higher and thicker.

Between the ages of 10 and 20 what boys most need is association with fellows and men of strong character, who understand them and whom they understand. They need to work with them and play with them, seeing the real world as it is, meeting experiences and boy-adventures with them, learning the right way to think and the right way to act.

This is the companionship that more than a half million boys are finding and being developed by in

## THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World"

It is edited by men who have never lost their understanding of the boy heart. Its stories teach a boy to know himself and trust himself, to understand motives, principles, temptations, to know courage and to use it, to distinguish between the clean and ignoble and to choose the clean, to understand the virtue of unselfishness and to practice it.

Each and every story is written to let boys face a real boy-problem and it teaches them how a regular fellow will meet and solve it. There is nothing preachy about THE AMERICAN BOY. (How boys do hate preaching!) There is nothing namby-pamby or wishy-washy about it. Its articles are instructive, boy-building, man-building, and have an instant power to suggest all that is best and healthiest to a boy.

Each issue is full of sports, as champions play at them; mechanics that a boy can practice; the great out-doors, which is boyhood's natural element.

Your boy's feet are already on the road leading to somewhere. THE AMERICAN BOY will easily persuade him to walk with you, while he gains the poise and stature of a man.

Right now you are facing the Christmas season. What an opportunity to begin to break down the wall that separates you and your boy. Make him a present of a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. You'll never make an investment that will pay such large dividends in increased understanding between him and you, nor one that will bring him more hours of genuine enjoyment.

Perhaps there is also some other boy in whom you are interested. Make this a great Christmas for him. Send him THE AMERICAN BOY.

**Price Reduced! THE AMERICAN BOY** is again \$2.00 a year by mail! 20 cents a copy at news-stands. Subscribe for a year, or leave a standing order at your news-dealer's.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.

No. 236 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

Enclosed find \$2.00, for which send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year, beginning with the Christmas, 1921, number, to

Name.....

Address.....



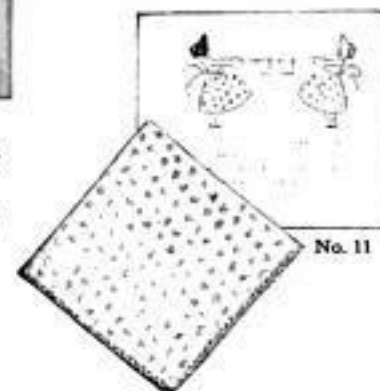
No. 9

Oh, what do you think he's brought you,  
Sealed up in an envelope tight?  
I'm sure it must be something  
In which you will delight.



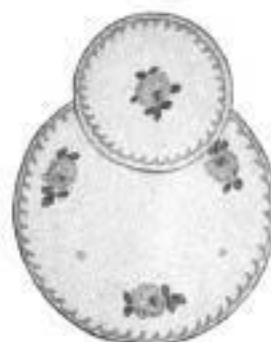
No. 10

I love a bow with lots of  
style.  
And, if I had my way,  
I'd have a million different  
ones—  
A new one for each day.



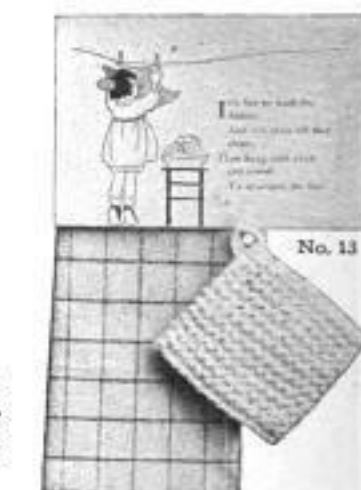
No. 11

Oh, linen's soarin' so awfully high  
We won't have any, by and by.  
But we're as happy as we can be  
With handkerchiefs of dimity.



No. 12

DOLLY, of course, must find something in her stocking. She'd simply adore a hand-painted oilcloth luncheon set, or a white crocheted face cloth with a pink or blue edge, all tied with ribbon to a pair of real linen towels, hand-scarved in pink or blue to match. And for her little mother, what could be nicer than a pair of dish towels, and a knitted dish cloth with a loop to hang it up by?



No. 13

It's fun to wash the dishes  
And rub them till they shine,  
Then hang both cloth and towel  
To dry upon the line.



No. 14

If all the babies in the world  
Were half as sweet as you,  
I'd have to send so many gifts,  
I don't know what I'd do.

FOR the weeny baby, a dainty sachet or a pair of embroidered cap strings, or any gift at all, for that matter, may be accompanied with the fetching little card above.

TO SEND with a book, or just as a little gift by themselves, a set of twelve of these charming hand-colored bookplates printed on vellum paper, with a decorated envelope to hold them, are just the thing for some little girl or boy (or a larger girl would like them, for that matter). These may be ordered at twenty-five cents a set. Order by number.



No. 15



No. 16

**HOW TO ORDER:** The hand-colored gift cards illustrated on this page and on page 70 may be ordered for ten cents each; or twelve for one dollar (all one kind, or assorted). The bookplates are twenty-five cents for a set of twelve. Order by the number given under each card. Address Christmas Card Editor, care Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Please remit by check, stamps, or money order.





**P**ROMISES—those blessed promises you have made to your children. Last week—or yesterday—when you made them you doubted that you could keep all of them; but then you thought your "Good Fairy" might show you a way. You just hadn't the heart to say, "Santa won't bring all those things"—you said, "We'll see."

To-day you see—"There is a Way." Your own WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION tells you the good news—that the Pin-Money Club has helped thousands of women and girls to keep their promises, and it will help you, too.

In ten thousand happy homes there will be all sorts of good things—surprises, sure-to-please gifts—this Christmas, for there are just that number of members in our money-making club, and they are steadily piling up the dollars for the best Christmas ever.

Who are these girls and women? COMPANION readers like yourself. They are mothers of little children, and in their spare moments they are earning money. This may seem impossible when you think how little time you have, but when you join us you'll be truly surprised.

Then there are the hundreds of business girls and school teachers. Their salaries are not big enough to buy them all the comforts they need—all the pleasure they should have. So they, too, in odd moments after business hours, earn \$10, \$25, and more, here in the P.M.C.

Scores of women and girls who are not physically strong enough to go to business find Club work enjoyable and remunerative. The dollars they earn help so much to pay for the medicine they need—the doctor's fees, also. It makes them happier to feel less dependent; besides, the Club's way for earning money is so interesting.

Schoolgirls—yes, hundreds of them—are working here with us. And could you read their dear letters of thanks for the money they earn so quickly, for beautiful gifts they receive from time to time, why, they'd make you confident that the Club can help you, too!

WHEN A P. M. C. ER TELLS A FRIEND

**S**OMETHING always happens—the Club gets a new member. Sarah Thomason, a school teacher and a

member of the Club, went a-visiting this summer—her Club earnings paying expenses. She left her lovely home in Georgia and took a trip to sunny California. And—

She showed her lovely gifts of the P. M. C.—her pearl ring, her la vallière, many more—and told her little friend, Louise Hurley, all about our Club. The result is—Miss Hurley is now one of our most enthusiastic newcomers. Here are just a few of the nice things she has just said about us:

"Our Club pin—the little gold and pearl beehive—is just darling—

"Pin Pointers, our little Club paper, does help—

"I enjoy the work so much, and expect to earn enough money to help pay my expenses at the university."

Perhaps that's just what you'd like to do—earn money for your education. Surely, Miss Hurley convinces you that "there is a way" for you.

Mrs. Boyd, a South Carolina member, is another one of our successful and persevering women.

Handicaps she had a-plenty when, in 1911, she wanted to join the Club. Her babies were small, her husband didn't approve. But she was firm, and now she tells us the money she has earned helped her in her missionary and other church work—to bank a few dollars for herself, too.

You can realize—can't you?—what a blessing the Pin-Money Club is to thousands of women who have very little spare time! It will be to you, also.

WHAT CAN THIS WORK BE?

**I**D TELL you all about it, but there is so much to be said and I haven't half enough space; so again I am going to ask you to write to me. Don't put off writing another day. Christmas is but a few weeks off, and there are those promises—you want to keep them.

My address is

*Margaret Clarke*

Secretary, Pin-Money Club  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION  
Department 16

416 West 13th Street, New York City



Two needs of the body  
her food was not supplying

The discovery which must revolutionize  
the housewife's ordering of meals

**E**VEN on three meals a day we may be slowly starving our vital tissues!

This startling new knowledge is radically changing the ordering of meals in millions of homes.

We now know that our diet is at fault if it does not supply two great essentials—the life-giving elements which build up our body tissues, and the elements which rid our bodies of poisonous waste matter.

Because these two elements are lacking in the meals of a large portion of American families, thousands fall off in health, "grow old young," and perhaps shorten their period of life. Statistics show that yearly thousands of men and women still under forty die of old-age diseases.

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. For yeast is the richest known source of the new found vitamins which experts maintain is lacking in many of our foods.

Fleischmann's Yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body more resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness it helps the intestines in their

elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

A noted professor of therapeutics says that fresh compressed yeast is more or less of a stomach and intestinal antiseptic, that it increases the action of the intestines, and stimulates the production of white corpuscles.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a food assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Housewives are finding that there are many delicious ways of serving Fleischmann's Yeast. The easiest way is just plain, but try it as a sandwich spread or on crackers with after dinner coffee. Take it in water, milk or fruit juices.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth. Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily.

Send 4c. in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many requests are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. NN-22, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

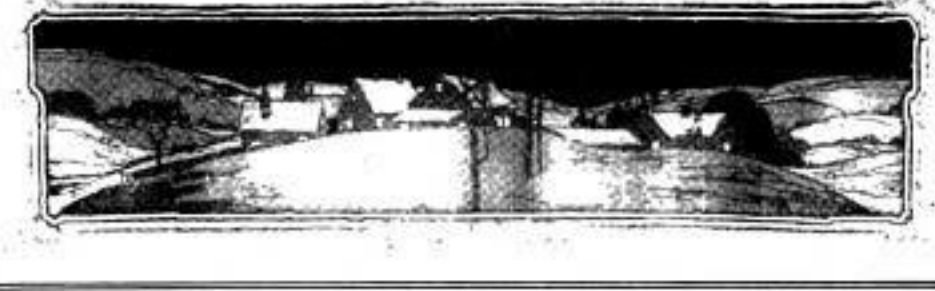
Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance. . . ." This is especially true where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, by its very nature better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

Beware of new and untested yeast preparations. The name Fleischmann is your protection and guarantee of uniform purity and strength.







For Holiday Gifts  
**"Onyx" Hosiery**

Emory & Reers Company, Inc.  
 Wholesale New York

The Sort of Novels that Vigorous Folk  
 Like to Read

## The FLAMING FOREST

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of "The River's End," "The Valley of Silent Men"

EVER feel mentally fagged? Then adventure with Curwood into the wild North Woods—"the last outpost of romance"—where men and women still live rugged lives and die with the grandeur of pioneer days.

His latest and greatest novel is:

**The Flaming Forest**

Wherever Books  
 are Sold—

\$2.00

"The Flaming Forest" is the book that the present Theodore Roosevelt has publicly praised as "good clean adventure in the open spaces."



**TWO IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS—**

"The Pride of Palomar" is the tremendous story that has aroused more newspaper commentaries than any romantic novel of recent years.

Those brain workers go farthest who can put other things aside for brief daily vacations with great present-day fiction such as this:

## The PRIDE of PALOMAR

By Peter B. Kyne

Author of "Kindred of the Dust"

A MIGHTY drama of the New West, so "alive" that you'll feel tempted to cheer aloud for its characters when the surprising climax catches you off your guard.

Illustrations include two full-color pages.  
 Wherever Books are Sold—\$2.00

**Cosmopolitan Book Corporation**  
 Publishers

210 West 40th Street, New York



It holds a lingerie band or veil  
 And safely travels through the mail.

## Christmas Gift Cases

Made from paper and paint



Collar and cuffs, a length  
 of lace,  
 Or Christmas gloves fit in  
 this case.



One handkerchief,  
 or two or three.  
 This case will hold  
 most daintily.

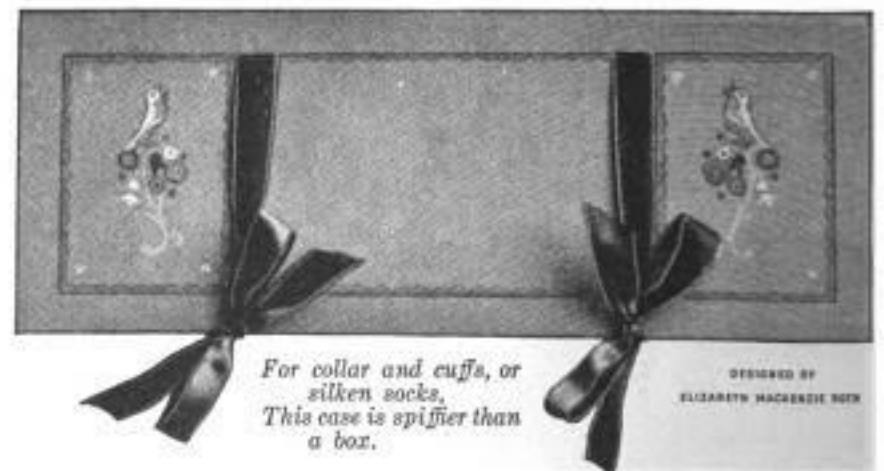
THE long case above is of gray paper, with a gold and purple basket filled with red and green; the candlestick case is old-blue with a design in purple, pale yellow, red, and green; the cheerful birds and their flower sprays are orange, purple, red, green and blue; one handkerchief case has a quaint bright flower design on gray; the other uses a Christmas card on scarlet paper. A double-faced satin ribbon, green and orange with gold edge, was used effectively for several of these cases, and plain red for others.

PATTERNS for the painted designs on the gift cases, and color directions, will be sent on receipt of fifteen cents. Order H-378 and address Handicraft Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Make each case to fit the gift you have in mind, allowing two inches at the bottom to turn up for the lap. This holds the gift in place. Trace and transfer the design (or draw it in freehand), and fill it in with water colors.



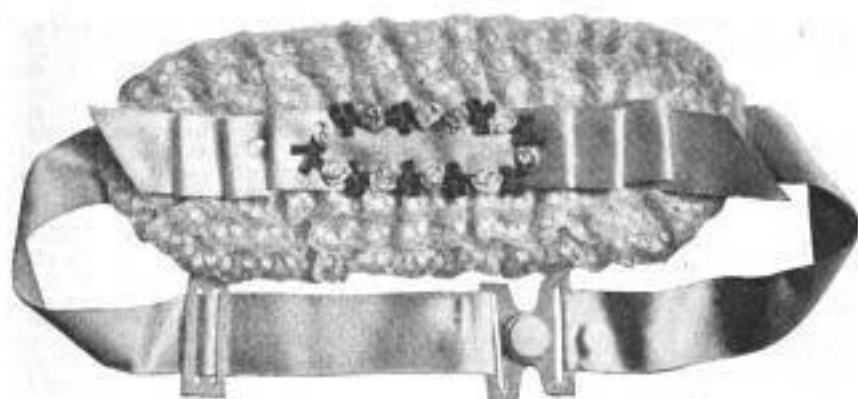
A little more than a card  
 Is a case with a hanky in it,  
 Preparing it isn't hard—  
 You can paint this one in a minute.



For collar and cuffs, or  
 silken socks,  
 This case is spiffier than  
 a box.

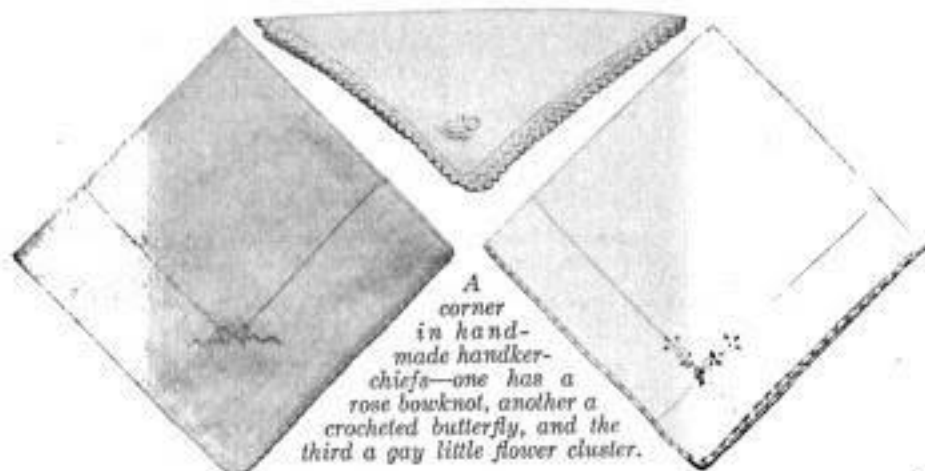
DESIGNED BY  
 ELIZABETH MACKENZIE BETH



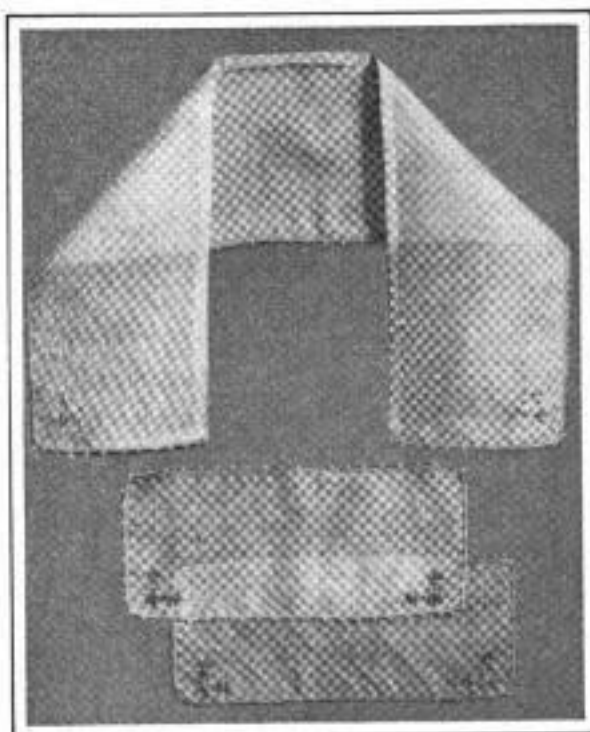


Of pink ribbon with a lace-frilled sachet to hold a girl's lingerie in neat piles

## And things to go in 'em As holiday remembrances

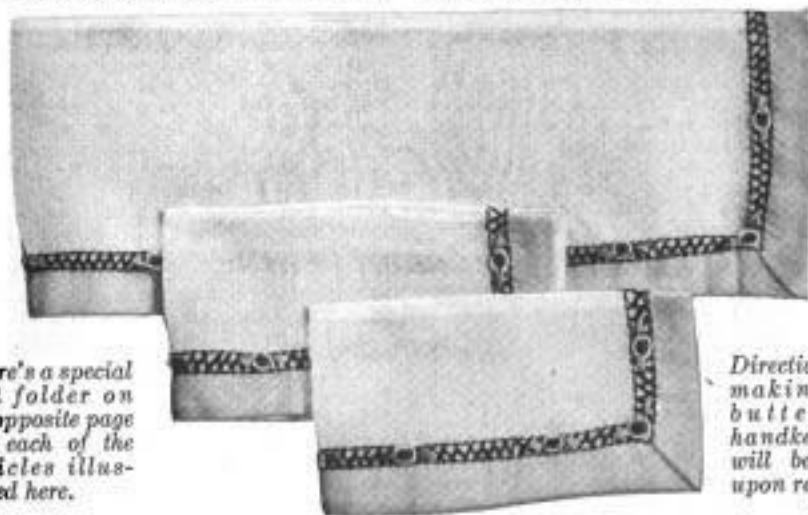


A corner in hand-made handkerchiefs—one has a rose bowknot, another a crocheted butterfly, and the third a gay little flower cluster.



**SHEER** checked organdie in roguish jade is most engaging with a picoted edge in green, and wee "handkerchief" flowers embroidered in colors in the corners.

**YELLOW** organdie (doubled), black catch-stitching, and two-toned yellow French-knot roses with green leaves finish collar and cuffs of white organdie.



There's a special gift folder on the opposite page for each of the articles illustrated here.

Directions for making the butterfly handkerchief will be sent upon request.

## Your Reading Problem Solved by Dr. Eliot of Harvard

The reading you have always wanted to do, that means a broader outlook, thinking straight, and talking well—how you can do this reading in fifteen minutes a day is told by Dr. Eliot in this booklet.



Gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of liberal education through reading.



**H**OW can you gain, in just a few delightful minutes' reading each day, that knowledge of a few truly great books which will distinguish you always as a well-read man or woman? How can you, by reading, acquire a deep and true conception of human nature and human affairs? How are you to become well versed in those niceties, no less than in those fundamentals of life, which you can know only by carefully selected reading, never by random reading?

woman should at least know something about

### Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

It is that question, of so much importance to you, as it is to every thinking person, that you will find answered in the booklet describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

The booklet tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the books essential to the Twentieth Century idea of a cultivated person;" how he has so arranged these books that even fifteen minutes a day are enough; how, in these pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that progress in every walk of life demands to-day.

It tells you what few great books—biographies, histories, novels, dramas, poems, books of science and travel, philosophy, and religion—picture the progress of civilization, and, as Dr. Eliot says, "enrich, refine, and fertilize the mind."

"For me," wrote one man, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

Every well-informed man and

Every reader of *Woman's Home Companion* is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book which is being distributed to acquaint people with Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books. Merely mail the coupon to-day.

Send for the  
booklet which  
gives Dr. Eliot's  
Own Plan  
of Reading

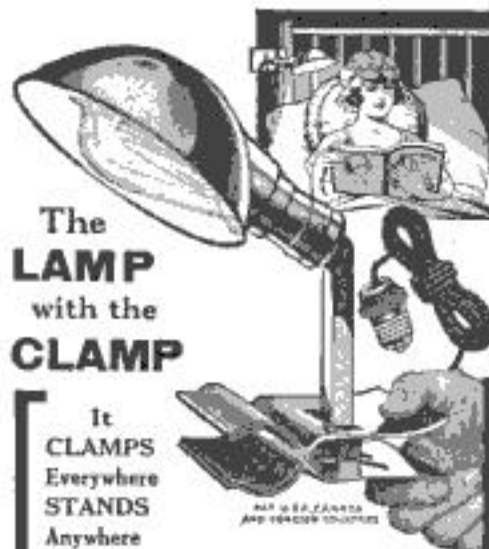
P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY  
416 West Thirtieth Street, New York  
W. H. C. 12-21

By mail, absolutely free and without obligation, send me the little guidebook to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





## The LAMP with the CLAMP

It CLAMPS Everywhere STANDS Anywhere

# Adjusto-Lite

The lamp of a thousand practical uses. Clamps—stands—hangs—anywhere and everywhere. All the light you need where and when you need it. Prevents eye strain—reduces light bills. No other lighting device like it.

Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. Guaranteed five years. Complete with 8-ft. cord and plug ——— \$5

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it order direct.

S. W. FARBER

141-151 SO. FIFTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Patented in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket. Brass frame polished, \$5.00; Stagnary Bronze or Nickel finish, \$6.00. West of Atlantic, \$7.00. Price \$2.00 per lamp lighter.



TRADE MARK



## IT'S EASY WITH THE BROIDERFAST

Does beautiful embroidery in one-quarter the usual time. Gives your lingerie, outer garments and household linen the exquisite charm of beautiful needlework. Works a wonderful beaded effect for sport blouses or coat suits. Embroiders chain stitch or French knots.

Send only one dollar for holder, three sizes needle-points and full directions. Money back in three days if not satisfied. Agents make big money. Terms company first order.

Dept. D, Broiderfast Sales Co., Ft. Worth, Tex.

## Fresh, Flavorsome Coffee

Here's the secret of making it. Buy coffee in the bean and grind at home as you need it, in an Arcade Crystal Coffee Mill. With a few turns of the handle, the ground coffee drops from the air-tight glass hopper which holds the beans, to the measuring glass. It is then put into the coffee pot before any of the aroma is lost.

The result is—a delightful cup of coffee, full of aroma, freshness and color.

The Arcade Crystal Coffee Mill attaches to kitchen wall or cabinet—handy, yet out of the way. Your dealer will supply you with one. Write us for booklet "How to make coffee."

ARCADE MFG. CO.

Freeport, Illinois

U. S. A.

# ARCADE CRYSTAL COFFEE MILL

family they sang the song of the open road and it's in your blood. But that doesn't mean anything to the police, Sally, nor to these ladies here; whose cars you and your gang took. It was square of you to take them all to the hospital, and it was square of you to come here and own up to me. But I'm afraid squariness can't save you now."

The judge was a small man and he looked very tired as he talked on. "There's only one thing I can do with you. If you were a boy, perhaps we could figure out some sort of job for you with machines—see if we couldn't get you fed up with them. But you're a girl, Sally. So—" he stopped and cleared his throat and looked up at the ceiling—"so I guess I'll have to send you up to the Reform School."

Sally Dart sprang to her feet with a cry which echoed through the close room. Old Madame Channell was in a position to see her clearly, and instantly she was reminded of a mountain lion which Hank Channell had once trapped alive and kept in a cage for days, until she had begged Dave Quincy to shoot it. It wouldn't eat or drink or sleep; it had only looked. It was years since she had remembered it, but she was remembering it now.

"Hush, Sally," said the judge. "I'm sorry; you know I'm sorry. If there were anything else I could do with you— But you know it's your fifth offense, and your stepmother has washed her hands of you, and there's no one responsible for you. I'm mighty sorry to send you up there, Sally, because I know what it will be like for you to be penned up, and I hate to think of your being with girls who are all kinds of bad girls. I know you will do your best for me, but it'll be pretty hard not to pick up their ways and their ideas." He shook his head and looked at her, where she stood trembling, making an odd, moaning sound. "But you see, Sally, no one wants you, and you haven't got a job."

Old Madame Channell was on her feet, shaking like a withered leaf. "She has, too, got a job," she snapped, "and somebody does want her!"

Hildegard had risen and was hurrying forward, and young Dave Quincy was grinning widely, and Sally Dart had stopped her lamentation and was listening dazedly.

The old woman advanced sternly upon the little judge. "You don't know what you're talking about. I want her. She's going to be my chauffeur!"

HILDEGARDE disposed of the scene temporarily as hysteria—poor Mother Channell had been overcome by the emotional strain, and she blamed herself severely for subjecting her to it, but not half so severely as she blamed the judge for promptly and joyously handing the girl over to the custody of the old lady, nor young Quincy for aiding and abetting in every possible way. But it was not so easy to dispose of the girl herself. She was lodged for the present in the gardener's cottage, and the limousine was undergoing repairs; but it would be out only too soon, and then this absurd fancy of the old lady's must be dealt with. Meanwhile, it seemed wise to occupy her mind as fully as possible with other things, and so the red sea of

will. So, while living all the year as selfish lookers-after-themselves, they were terrible sentimentalists about Christmas and Thanksgiving. On these days they dabbled in a little amateurish way at those concerns which ought to have been the main business of their lives—true friendliness and neighborliness.

"After a while I found two homes in Manchester where there were friends who agreed with my point of view, and in process of time we came to live in three houses next one another; the Thompsons, the Blythes, and I. We formed a club founded upon our principles, and I should like to read you the constitution of that club." He took up a small piece of paper and read:

### "Principles of the Three Hundred and Sixty-Three Club"

- "1. Everyone ought to be generous and thankful every day in the year.
- "2. Nobody can be generous and thankful every day in the year.
- "3. Therefore, be it enacted, that we, the members of this club, do observe as solemn festivals two days in every year, (a) *The National Day of Grumbling and Growling*, and (b) *Devilmas Day*. Into the first of these we shall try to concentrate all the necessary grumbling and growling which has to be indulged in by any decent man who is human. On it we shall try to locate those tasks (like moving or house cleaning) which cannot be accomplished by anyone not a hypocrite, without tension, strain, and pro-

## "Nary Christmas"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

Christmas preparations rolled up, and over her threshold. Old Madame Channell didn't believe there was any peace on earth, and she was rapidly losing all her good will toward men.

When Humphrey came up to report that the limousine was repaired and returned, and to ask if she cared to drive during the forenoon, she sent him packing. "If I do, I'll go with my own chauffeur," she said. "I told you to report to Mrs. Henry for orders from now on." At ten o'clock she sent down-stairs, after tying up her last parcel—which seemed to her the million and tenth—and inscribing the last card.

The old head of the house had her bonnet and her warm cloak on and she let herself quietly out of doors and went to the gardener's cottage. Sally Dart came running to meet her. "Say, listen," she said, eagerness radiating from her, "the big bus is back! Say, did you mean it—honestly, cross your heart?"

"Cross my heart, hope-never-to-see-the-back-of-my-neck," said Madame Channell solemnly. "Come on!" Just as they were gliding out of the garage she cried to the girl to stop. "Wait a minute! I'm going to sit up front with you. I'm dressed warm. Won't do me a mite of harm."

The girl was wearing her shabby middie blouse and pinched skirt and her head was bare, but her olive cheeks glowed warmly. "Look here," said the old lady, "first off, we're going to get you something fit to ride in! Go on down to Fuller's."

They found the trimmest and smartest of brown tweed suits, with a dark brown velvet toque, and brown suede gauntlets, and high brown shoes, and a boyish silk shirt with a round collar and an impudent little tie, and Sally Dart looked astonishingly like the flapper granddaughters and their pals, only, Madame Channell considered, much less of a bold-faced jig. They drove to the office building which housed Badger, Coates, and Badger and sent up for Dave Quincy.

"I want you should come for a ride with us," said his benefactress. "You'll have to sit inside in that jail, but I guess it won't hurt you, for once. Tell 'em you won't be back for a while—I'm not going home till I have to. My land!—red baby ribbon's like the red rag to the bull to me, and the rustle of tissue paper fairly makes me gag!"

Young Dave's blue gaze was on the transformed Sally, but his voice was warm with sympathy and indignation. "I wish you could cut it out, Aunt Sally! I wish you could just ditch the whole show!"

The old woman sat staring at him, her eyes narrowing with the intensity of her gaze. "Well, good lord, why can't I?" It burst from her, and she began to shake as she had done in the court-room. "Why can't I? I've wrapped and written and signed checks; there's nothing for me to do! This may be the last Christmas I ever see, and I want it'll be the way I want it!" She stopped trembling and became brisk and collected. "You fly up-stairs, Dave Quincy, and get me some money—lots, two

or three hundred dollars, and you tell Badger to telephone Hildegard just before three o'clock that I've decided to spend Christmas out of town with friends; and that I'm all right, and she doesn't need to worry. Then we'll drive round and get your bag, and say Sally and me what we'll need for a day or so, and then we'll go!"

THEY had lunched at a road-house and dined in a town, and at ten o'clock they were bowling smoothly toward a bright young city. The old lady was still up in front, bundled to her ears in a fur robe. Her bonnet was askew, and there was no hint of powder on her little, shining cheek. She would have been very sleepy if she hadn't been too happy. Early in the day she had forbidden her companions to mention the date, but now she reopened the subject herself.

"The small fry's gone to bed now, but there's about fifty stockings hung up round the fireplace . . . and Marjorie Anne and her gang of hoodlums are dancing like South Sea Islanders . . . and not much more on . . . Well," she sighed, "live and let live. It's their way, I s'pose." She was feeling very calm and very amiable. It was odd, but she seemed to have left Christmas behind and journeyed to find it; to have cast aside the letter for the spirit. Sally Dart's slim young body beside her seemed to warm her more than the fur robe did, and whenever Dave Quincy tucked her up and waited on her, the years folded back for a swift instant, and she saw hard-won flowers in a prairie garden and heard old-fashioned tunes on a fiddle. . . . She found herself hoping that Hildegard's headache was better. After all, poor Hildegard . . . she worked like a nailer for all she got out of life. And Hildegard wouldn't bear malice; she would soon weave this mad prank into the legend. The old lady chuckled impishly. "I bet you Hildegard's telling somebody this minute how quaint Mother Channell was, slipping away for a quiet holiday! I bet you she'll make it the quaintest thing I ever did, Hildegard will!"

"Say, listen," Sally Dart leaned coaxingly nearer, "do you care if I step on her?"

"Who?—Hildegard?" The old lady sat up, startled.

"No, the boat—the big bus here!"

"All right," said Madame Channell, "go ahead! Step on her!"

The great car shot forward like a living creature, and the girl at the wheel laughed aloud, joyfully. The little old woman sat bolt upright, swallowing great mouthfuls of the fine, frosty air. She reflected good-humoredly that she was glad they were having their kind of good time back home; then she let herself plan happily for the two young things under her care.

"I didn't know a body could be as glad as I am, at my age," she said, presently. "I guess all I needed was to get away from the doings for once. Nary Miss Fisher, nary dinner-dance, nary guest towel and boudoir cap, nary Hildegard—my land!" She rocked so vehemently with mirth that young Dave inside started toward her, and the girl took her foot off the accelerator. "Nary Christmas! Children, listen—Nary Christmas!"

## Our Christmas Criminal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

fanity. And on Devilmas Day we shall try to work off all the year's accumulated meanness which, even in the best of lives, must accumulate, and even by the best of men must somehow be worked off, if insanity is to be dodged. The rest of the three hundred and sixty-three days of the year we shall observe as Thanksgiving and Christmas days.

"We lived for some years to our own great satisfaction and, I fear, to the utter mystification of our neighbors, in obedience to these principles. Then business changes made it necessary for me to move away."

"Last year I observed Devilmas Day, as you may remember, on the 25th of December, by working off some of my accumulated irritation at the rudeness and carelessness of some of your children. This, together with my extremely irritated remark to Mrs. Nosegood, made me sure that a woman of her type would try to prove, from my past, her theory about me."

"My last action last Devilmas Day was to write to my friends, the Thompsons and Blythes, at Manchester, to tell them that an old woman named Nosegood would be there soon to look up my record. I told them to tell her I was suspected of killing my aunt. My aunt really never existed. I would not be so queer, perhaps, if I were not an only child of two only children."

"This telegram which I hold shows me that my friends in Manchester, true to their vows, are celebrating Devilmas Day in their own jovial fashion. My friends, I call you to witness that my celebration of these festivals of mine have been concentrated observances of types of action indulged in by you all through the year."

We hung our heads, as one of us was guilty of premature ash barrels, one of an occasional public washing, and another of the nocturnal howling dog.

"My friends," he continued, "I was wrong. I am here to confess it heartily, and ask your pardon. Once a man ceases being a mere observer, and becomes really entangled in life, he needs far more of an outlet for growling and devilment than I had supposed. I hereby renounce my previous plan, and return with the rest of you to the method of trying to be as nice as possible two days in the year."

Turning to Mrs. Nosegood he continued: "It may astonish you to learn that right here under your eyes and without your knowledge has taken place one of the most thrilling of modern dramas. A would-be onlooker in your street has been entangled in life by love. Or, to put the matter in a more conventional way, Miss Farquerson and I have the honor to announce—"

When, after a few moments, Doctor Brown returned to the table and said that Mrs. Nosegood had recovered so far that he thought it was all right to send her home in the station hack, Mr. Jones came round and took the place she had so suddenly vacated beside Miss Farquerson.



# The Vehement Flame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

little young for it. Didn't you enjoy it?" she demanded, astonished.

He said that if she enjoyed it, that was all he cared about! He didn't tell her—perhaps he didn't quite know it himself—that his own lack of enjoyment was due to his inarticulate consciousness that he had not belonged anywhere at that dinner table. He was too old—and he was too young. The ladies talked down to him, and Brown and Hastings—and even Mort—were polite to him. "Damn 'em, polite! Well, of course, they know that a man in my position isn't in their class. But—" After a while he found himself thinking, "Those hags Eleanor raked in had no manners. Talked to me about my 'exams'! I'm glad I snubbed the old one. . . . I don't think Rose was too young," he said aloud. "Oh, Star, you are wonderful!"

And she, letting her hair fall cloudlike over her shoulders, silently held out her arms to him. Instantly his third bad moment vanished.

But a fourth was on its way; even as he kissed that white shoulder, he was thinking of the letter which must certainly come from Mr. Houghton in a day or two. "What will he get off?" he asked himself; "probably old Brad and Mrs. Newbolt have fed oats to him, so he'll kick—but what do I care? Not a hoot!" Thus encouraging himself, he encouraged Eleanor. "Don't worry! Uncle Henry'll write and beg me to bring you up to Green Hill."

THE fifty-four minutes of married life had stretched into eight days, and Maurice had chewed the educating nails of worry pretty thoroughly before that "begging" letter from Henry Houghton arrived. There was an enclosure in it from Mrs. Houghton, and the young man, down in the dark lobby of the hotel, read what both old friends had to say, with his heart in his mouth—then rushed up-stairs (without waiting for the elevator), to make his triumphant announcement to his wife:

"What did I tell you? Uncle Henry's white!" He gave her a wild hug; then, plugging his pipe full of tobacco, handed her the letters, and sat down to watch the effect of them upon her; there was no more "worry" for Maurice! But Eleanor, standing by the window, silhouetted against the yellow twilight, caught her full lower lip between her teeth as she read:

"Of course," Mr. Houghton wrote—(it had taken him the week he had threatened to "concoct" his letter, which he asked his wife if he might not sign "Mr. F.'s aunt." "I bet she doesn't know her Dickens; it won't convey anything to her," he begged; "I'll cut out two cigars a day if you'll let me do it." She would not let him do it, so the letter was perfectly decorous.)—"of course it was not the proper way to treat an old friend; marriage is too serious a business to be entered into in this way. And I am indeed sorry that there is any difference in age between you and your wife. But that is all in the past, and Mrs. Houghton and I wish you every happiness, and we are looking forward to seeing you next month." ("Exactly," Henry Houghton added to his Mary, "exactly as I look forward to going to the dentist's. You tell 'em so.")

As Mrs. Houghton declined to "tell 'em," Eleanor, reading the friendly words, was able to say, "I don't think he's angry!" "Course not!" Maurice said. Then she opened the other letter:

"MY DEAR BOY:—I wish you hadn't got married in such a hurry; Edith is dreadfully disappointed not to have had the chance 'to be your bridesmaid'! You must give us an opportunity soon to know your wife. Of course you must both come to Green Hill for your vacation, as usual."

"She is furious," said Eleanor. "She thinks it's dreadful—to have eloped." She had turned away from him, and was looking out across the slow, brown current of the river at the furnaces on the opposite bank; it was the same river, that a week ago, had run sparkling and lipping over brown depths and sunny shallows, past their meadow. Her face lightened and darkened as the sheeting violet and orange flames from the great smokestacks roared out against the sky, and fell, and rose again. The beauty of them caught Maurice's eye, and he really did not notice what she was saying, until he caught the words: "Mrs. Houghton's like Auntie—she thinks I've injured you—" Before he could get on his feet to go and take her in his arms, and vehemently deny that preposterous word, she turned abruptly and came and sat on his knee; then, with a sort

of sob, let herself sink against his breast. "But you made me do it!"

He gave her a quick squeeze, and chuckled. "You bet I made you!" he said; he pushed her gently to her feet, and got up and walked about the room, his hands in his pockets. "As for Mrs. Houghton, you'll love her. She never fusses; she just says 'Consider the stars.' I do want you to like 'em, Eleanor!" he ended, anxiously. He was still in that state of mind where the lover hopes that his beloved will approve of his friends. Later on, when he and she love each other more, and so are more nearly one, he hopes that his friends will approve of her, even as he used to be anxious that they should approve of him. "I do awfully want you to like 'em at Green Hill! We'll go the minute your school closes."

"Must we?" she said nervously; any deliberating decision was, to Eleanor, like holding water in cupped hands. "I couldn't take Bingo," she objected.

"Well, no," Maurice said; "their old Rover would swallow him in one mouthful. But I'm afraid we've got to go. I must find out about ways and means. And Edith would be furious if we didn't come," he ended, chuckling.

"Is she nice?" "Why, yes," he said; "she's just a child, of course; only eleven. But she and I have great times. We have a hut on the mountain; we go up for a day, and Edith cooks things. Her beloved Johnny Bennett tags on behind."

"But do you like to go round with a child," she said.

"Oh, she's got a lot of sense. Say, Nelly, I have an idea! While we are at Green Hill, let's you and I camp out up there?"

"You don't mean stay all night?" she said, finching. "Oh, wouldn't it be very uncomfortable? I—I hate the dark," she confessed.

The sweet foolishness of it enchanted him (baby love feeds on pap!). "Pitch dark," he teased; "and lions and tigers roaring around, and snakes—"

"Of course I'll go, if you want me to," she said, simply, but with a real sinking of the heart.

"Edith adores it," he said; "oh, Nelly, speaking of Edith, I must tell you something so funny. Three years ago—no, two, I think it was. She was nine. I was at Green Hill for the summer; and one night Mr. and Mrs. Houghton were away, and there was a storm. Great Scott! I never saw such a storm in my life! Edith has no more nerves than a tree, but even she was scared. Well, I was scared myself."

He had stretched himself out on the sofa, and she was kneeling beside him, her eyes worshipping him. "I would have been scared to death," she confessed, smiling.

"Well, I was!" he said. "Course I was only a boy—seventeen. The tornado—it was just about that!—burst onto us, and nearly blew the house off the hill—and such an infernal bellowing, and hellish green lightning, you never saw! Well, I was just thinking about Edith, wondering whether she was scared, when in she rushed, in her nightgown—"

"Into your room?"

"Bless you, that was nothing. She made a running jump for my bed, dived into it, grabbed me, and hugged me so I was most suffocated, and screamed into my ear. 'There's a storm!'—as if I hadn't noticed it. I said—I couldn't hardly make myself heard in the racket—I yelled. 'Don't you think maybe you'd better go back to your own room? I'll come and sit there with you.' And she yelled back, 'I'm going to stay here.' So she stayed."

"Maurice!"

He looked at her in puzzled astonishment—she seemed to be annoyed. "What's the matter?" he said. He flung his long legs off the sofa, and sat up. "Do you mind my pipe? I'll not smoke in here, if you don't like it."

"I think she's horrid."

"Edith? Do you mean Edith?" He threw himself back on the lounge with a shout of laughter. "Eleanor! Do you mean to tell me you don't see how awfully funny it was? The little thing hugged me with all her might until the storm blew over. Then what do you suppose she did? She shoved me away, and said, calmly, 'It's cold. I'll stay here. You can go and get in my bed if you want to.'"

Eleanor had risen and gone over to the window again. "I won't go to Green Hill."

Maurice looked worried. "I hate to urge anything you don't like, Nelly; but I really do feel we ought to accept their invitation. For one thing, I've got to find out about money. And really, you'll like them."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



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## The Vehement Flame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

Of course they're not in your class. Nobody is! I mean they're old, and sort of commonplace. But we can go and live in the woods most of the time, and get away from them. You see, I must go, because," he said, with a broad grin, "I've got to find out about our income!"

"I don't see how you can like to be with a child. It seems to me a little undignified—playing with a child!" Her voice was suddenly irritated.

Maurice was too amazed to speak. He half rose, then fell back again on the lounge. His face was very young in its bewilderment. "Why, Eleanor," he faltered; "why do you—look like that? I—I don't understand," he said.

At which, in instant contrition, she ran to him, falling on his breast, and sobbing against his heart. At once his bewilderment was gone; he was holding her, kissing her, murmuring all sorts of passionate and foolish words. He tried, clumsily, to wipe her eyes with his big handkerchief; he even laughed at her as an "angel goose;" he called her his silly sweetheart, his little girl—all the tender idiocies of love! His moment of young bewilderment was gone; his face, as he rallied her and pretended to scold her, and tasted her tears on his lips, was suddenly old and protecting.

And she, swallowing her tears, said she knew she was silly, and he must forgive her. "Maurice! You will love me?" She was agonizingly conscious of her foolishness. "Maurice! What should I do if you stopped loving me?" she said.

"I couldn't, unless I stopped living!"

"But you were angry because I disappointed—"

"Of that imp Edith; I wasn't angry in the least. Of course you disapproved of her! I can see how it struck you. Anything is coarse to such purity as yours. You are a star! But she's nothing but a child; she can't be judged by your standards. You won't think she was—wasn't—wasn't proper?"

"No! No! Of course not! Oh, it wasn't that. Of course it wasn't that! It was—" She could not say what it was; perhaps she did not quite know; perhaps she did not realize that her annoyance at Maurice's delight in Edith was the inarticulate pain of recognizing that he might possibly have more in common with a child, eight years his junior, than he could have with a woman twenty years his senior. In a whisper, that fear which, in these days of complete belief in her own happiness, she had forgotten even to deny, came back: "What really upset me was the letters. The Houghtons are angry because I am—" she flinched, and would not utter the final word, which was the reason of her annoyance at Edith; so, instead of uttering it, she said, "because we eloped."

"Nonsense! They're old, and can't understand love. But the romance of it will touch them; you see if it doesn't!"

And again Love cast out Fear; Eleanor, her face hidden on his shoulder, told herself that it didn't matter, anyway, if the Houghtons didn't like... an elopement.

### Chapter V

THE cloud of their first difference had blown over almost before they felt its shadow, and the sky of love was as clear as the lucid beryl of the summer night. Yet even the passing shadow of the cloud kept both the woman and the boy repentant and frightened; he, because he thought he had offended her by his failure to understand her exquisiteness; she, because she thought she had shocked him by what he might call jealousy. Even a week afterward, as they journeyed up to Green Hill in a dusty accommodation train, there was an uneasy memory of that cloud—black with Maurice's dullness, and livid with the zigzag flash of Eleanor's irritation—and then the shower of tears!... What had brought the cloud? Would it ever return?... As for those twenty dividing years, they never thought of them!

In the train they held each other's hands under the cover of a newspaper; and sometimes Maurice's foot touched hers, and then they looked at each other, and smiled—but each was wondering: his wonder was, "What made her offend?" And hers was, "How can he like to be with an eleven-year-old child?" Their talk, however, confessed to no wonderings; it was the happy commonplace of companionship: Mrs. Newbolt and her departure for Europe; what Maurice's business should be; should they live in Philadelphia or Mercer? Then Maurice yawned, and said he was glad that the commencement exercises at Fern Hill were over; and she said she was glad, too; she had danced, she said, until she had a pain in her side! After which he read his

paper, and she looked out of the window at the flying landscape. Suddenly she said:

"That girl you danced with last night—you danced with her three times!" she said, with arch reproach—"didn't know we were married!" She wasn't a Fern Hill girl. She told me she had been dancing with my 'nephew'."

"Did she?... Eleanor, look at that elm tree, standing all alone in the field, like—like a wine glass full of summer!"

For a moment she didn't understand his readiness to change the subject—then she had a flash of instinct: "I believe she said the same thing to you!"

"Oh, she got off some fool thing." The annoyance in his voice was like a rapier thrust of certainty.

"I knew it! But I don't care. Why should I care?"

"You shouldn't. Besides, it was only funny. I was tremendously amused."

She turned and looked out of the window.

Maurice lifted the paper which had been such a convenient shelter for clasping hands, and seemed to read for a while. Then he said, abruptly, "I only thought it was funny for her to make such a mistake."

She was silent.

"Eleanor, don't be—that way!"

"What way? You mean—" her voice trembled—"feel hurt to have you dance three times with a girl who said an uncomplimentary thing about me?"

"But it wasn't uncomplimentary! It was just a silly mistake anyone might make—" he stopped abruptly, for there were tears in her eyes—and instantly his tenderness enfolded her like sunshine. But even while he was making her talk of other things—the heat, or the landscape—he was a little preoccupied; he was trying to explain this tiny, ridiculous, lovely unreasonableness, by tracking it back to some failure of sensitiveness on his own part. It occurred to him that he could do this better if he were by himself—not sitting beside her, faintly conscious of her tenseness. So he said, abruptly, "Star, if you don't mind, I'll go and have a smoke."

"All right," she said; "give me the paper; I haven't looked at the news for days!" She was trembling a little. The mistake of a silly girl had had, at first, no significance; it was just, as it always is to the newly-married woman, amusing to be supposed not to be married! But that Maurice, knowing of the mistake, had not mentioned its absurdity, woke an uneasy consciousness that he thought it might annoy her! Why should it annoy her?—unless the reason of the mistake was as obvious to him as to the girl—whom he had found attractive enough to dance with three times! It was as if a careless child had pushed open a closed door, and given Maurice's wife a glimpse of a dark landscape, the very existence of which her love had so vehemently denied.

An hour later, however, when Maurice returned, she was serene again. Love had closed the door—bolted it! barred it! and the gray landscape of dividing years was forgotten; perhaps because she had forgotten herself in gently reassuring a fellow passenger—a feeble old man, alarmed lest he should be carried past his destination. At any rate, she was so preoccupied in looking after the old gentleman that when Maurice came back her face had cleared—and so had his. He had explained things by calling himself a clod! "Eleanor hated not to be thought married—of course!" What a brute he was not to have recognized the subtle loveliness of a sensitiveness like that! With this self-reproach he forgot the whole business. He brought back a smoking-car story, at which she laughed, and said she was shocked; but Maurice was suddenly thoughtful; she hadn't seen how funny Edith was. It seemed to him that she had been really shocked at Edith—not a pretended shock, such as she felt now, for she certainly did see the humor of the smoking-car story. Eleanor's stabbing realization that he was nearer to Edith's mind than to hers entirely escaped him. He didn't feel it himself, so how could he solve his perplexity with such an explanation? When he was puzzled, Maurice looked very young and wistful; perhaps Eleanor saw the wistfulness, for she pushed the newspaper toward him, and slipped her hand under it to feel for his. He clutched it and gripped it so hard that her rings cut into the flesh—which reminded her to open her pocketbook and show him the little circle of grass which he had slipped over her wedding ring after fifty-four minutes of married life. Instantly his whole face radiated. It was as if, through those gay blue eyes of his, he poured pure joy from his heart into hers.

"Be careful," he threatened; "be careful!—or I'll kiss you right here before people!"

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# The Vehement Flame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

She snapped her purse shut in pretended terror, but after that they held hands under the newspaper, and were perfectly happy—even during the embarrassing moment of meeting the waiting Houghtons on the platform at the junction.

Henry Houghton, obliged to throw away a half-smoked cigar, and saying under his breath that he wished he was asleep, was cross; but his wife was pleasantly commonplace. She kissed the bride, and the groom, too, and said that Edith was in a great state of excitement about them; then she consoled with Eleanor about the heat, and told Maurice there were cinders on his hat. But not even her careful matter-of-courteseness could make the moment anything but awkward. In the four-mile drive to Green Hill—during which Eleanor said she hoped old Lion wouldn't run away—the young husband seemed to grow younger and younger; and his wife, in her effort to talk to Mr. Houghton, who talked back with painstaking politeness, seemed to grow older and older.

"If I didn't happen to know she was a fool," Henry Houghton said to his wife, washing his hands before going down to supper, "I should think she was quite a nice woman—she's so good-looking."

"Henry! At your time of life, are you deciding a woman's 'niceness' by her looks?" "But tell her she mustn't bore him," he said, ignoring the rebuke. "Tell her that when it comes to wives, every husband on earth is Mr. F.'s aunt—he 'bates' a fool!"

"Why not tell her yourself?" his Mary said, then she sighed, "Why did she do it?" "She did it," he instructed her, "because the flattery of a boy's adoration went to her head. Champagne on an empty stomach. Think of the starvation dullness of living with that Newbolt female! Edith likes her," he added.

"Oh, Edith!" said Edith's mother, with a shrug. "Well, if you can explain Eleanor, perhaps you can explain Maurice!"

"That's easy; anything in petticoats will answer for a while, as a peg for a man (we are such simple creatures!) to hang an ideal on. Then, there's her music—and her pathos. For she is sort of pathetic, Kit."

But Mary Houghton shook her head: "It is Maurice who is pathetic—my poor Maurice!"

When they went down to the east porch, with its great white columns, and its broad steps leading into Mrs. Houghton's gay and fragrant garden, they found that Edith was there before them—sitting on the top step, her arms around her knees, her worshipping eyes fixed on the bride. Edith had nothing to say; it was enough to look at the "bridal couple," as the kitchen had named them. When her father and mother appeared, she did manage, in the momentary bustle of rising and offering chairs, to say to Maurice:

"Oh, isn't she lovely! Oh, Maurice, let's go out behind the barn after supper and talk! Maurice, did she bring her harp? I want to see her play on it! I saw her wedding ring," she ended, in an ecstatic whisper.

"She doesn't play on the harp; she plays on the piano. Say, did you twig her hair?" Maurice whispered back; "it's like black down!"

Edith was speechless with adoration; she wished, passionately, that Maurice would put his coat down for the bride to step on: "she's a Queen!" Edith thought; then Maurice pinched her, and she kicked him—and after that she was forgotten, for the grown people began to talk, and say it had been a hot day, and that the strawberries needed rain—but Eleanor hoped there wouldn't be a thunderstorm.

"They *are* to say things, I suppose," Edith reflected, patiently; "but after supper, Maurice and I will talk." So she bore with her father and mother, who certainly tried to be conversational. The bride, Edith noticed, was rather silent, and Maurice, though grown up to the extent of being married, hadn't much to say—but once he winked at Edith, so she knew that he, also, was patient. She was too absorbed to return the wink. She just stared at Eleanor. She only dared to speak to her once; then, breathlessly, "I—I'm going to go to your school, when I'm sixteen." It was as if she looked forward to a pilgrimage to a shrine! It was impossible not to see the worship in her face! "She is a dear little thing," Eleanor told herself, with a sudden, warm consciousness of her own happiness. Yes; she was that wonderful thing Edith had called a "bride!"—and Maurice loved her. . . .

She couldn't think of anything to say; she just watched him as he sat beside Mrs. Houghton, pulling old Rover's ears, and answering maternal questions about his winter underclothing and moths; she caught

that wink at Edith, and the occasional broad grin when Mrs. Houghton scolded him for some carelessness, and the ridiculous gesture of tearing his hair when she told him he was a scamp to have forgotten this or that. Looking at the careless youth of him, and the beauty of it, she laughed to herself for sheer joy!

But Edith's plan for barn conversation with Maurice fell through, because after supper, with an air of complete self-justification, he said to his hosts, "Now you must hear Eleanor sing!"

At which she protested, "Oh, Maurice, no!"

The Houghtons, however, were polite; so they all went into the studio, and standing in the twilight, with Maurice playing her accompaniment, she sang, very simply, and with quite poignant beauty, the song of "Golden Numbers," with its serene refrain: "O sweet, O sweet content!"

"Lovely, my dear," Mrs. Houghton said, and Maurice was radiant.

"Is Mr. F. your father?" Edith said, timidly; and while Eleanor was giving her maiden name, Edith's father said, in a ferocious aside, "Mary! Kill that child!" Late that night he told his wife she really must do something about Edith! "Fortunately, Eleanor is as ignorant of Dickens as of 'most everything else. I bet she never read 'Little Dorrit.' But, for God's sake, muzzle that daughter of yours! . . . Mary, you see how he was caught?—the woman's voice."

"Don't call her 'the woman'!"

"Well, the vampire, if you like it better." Then he commented on Maurice's steadiness. "When he came into the studio to talk things over, he was as sober as if he were fifty, and hadn't made an ass of himself. . . . What do you make of her?"

"I wish I knew what to make of her! I feel sure she is really and truly good. But, oh, Henry, she's so mortal dull! She hasn't a spark of humor in her!"

"Course not. If she had, she wouldn't have married him! Mary, maybe her music will hold him?"

"Maybe," said Mary Houghton, sighing. "Consider the stars," he quoted, sarcastically; but she took the sting out of his gibe by saying, very simply, "Yes, I try to."

"He is good stuff," her husband said; "straight as a string! He took up the income question in a surprisingly businesslike way; then he said, 'Course, Uncle Henry, I know you didn't like it—my giving up college and flying off the handle, and getting married without saying anything to you. But Eleanor's aunt is an old hell-cat—she was going to drag Eleanor abroad; 'course I had to get her out of her clutches! . . . I think,' Henry Houghton interrupted himself, "that's one explanation of Maurice; rescuing a forlorn damsel! Well, I was perfectly direct with him; I said, 'My dear fellow, Mrs. Newbolt is not a hell-cat; and the elopement was in bad taste. Elopements are always in bad taste. But the elopement is the least important part of it. The difference in age is the serious thing. I got it out of him just what it is—almost twenty years. She might be his mother!—he admitted that he had had to lie about himself to get the license. I said, 'Your age is the dangerous thing, Maurice, not hers; and it's up to you to keep steady!' Of course he didn't believe me," said Mr. Houghton, sighing. "He's in love all right, poor infant! Next thing is for me to find a job for him. . . . She has a charming face, Kit?" She nodded, and he said again, "A Burne-Jones woman; those red lips, and that black hair growing so low on her forehead. And a lovely voice. And a good figure. But I tell you one thing; she's got to stop twitting on facts. Did you hear her say, 'Maurice is so ridiculously young, he doesn't remember'—? I don't know what it was he didn't remember. Something unimportant. But she must not put ideas about his youth into his head. He'll know it soon enough! You tell her that."

"Thank you so much!" said Mary Houghton. "Henry, you mustn't say things before Edith! Suppose Eleanor had known her 'Little Dorrit'!"

"She doesn't know anything; and she has nothing to say."

"Well, it might be worse," she encouraged him, "suppose she was talkative?"

He nodded: "Yes; a dull woman is bad, and a talkative woman is bad; but a dull talkative woman is hell."

"My dear! I'm glad Edith's in bed. Well, I think I am going to like her."

## Chapter VI

BUT the time arrived when Mrs. Houghton was certain that she "liked" Maurice's wife. It came about through [CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]

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## The Vehement Flame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

Eleanor's timidity; for she was very timid... a thunder storm sent her, blanched and panting, to sit huddled on her bed, shutters closed, shades drawn; she schemed not to go up-stairs by herself in the dark; she was preoccupied when old Lion took them off on a slow, jogging drive, for fear of run-aways.

Everybody was aware of her nervousness. Henry Houghton was touched by it. Probably there is no man who is so intelligent that the Clinging Vine makes no appeal to him! Mrs. Houghton was impatient with it. Edith, who could not understand fear in any form, tried, in her friendly little way, to reason Eleanor out of one panic or another. The servants joked among themselves at the foolishness of "Mrs. Maurice," and the monosyllabic Johnny Bennett, when told of some of Eleanor's scares, was bored. "Let's play Indian," said Johnny.

It was only Maurice who found all the scares—just as he found the silences and small jealousies—adorable! The silences meant unspoken depths; the jealousies meant love. . . . One of the unfair irrationalities of love is that it may, at first, be attracted by the defects of the beloved, and later repelled by them. Maurice loved Eleanor for her defects. Once, when he and Edith were helping Mrs. Houghton weed her garden, he stopped grubbing, and sat down in the gold and bronze glitter of coreopsis to expatiate upon the exquisiteness of her. Her wonderful mind: "She doesn't talk, because she is always thinking; her ideas are way over my head!" Her funny timidity: "She wants me to take care of her!" Her love: "She's not jealous, you know, Mrs. Houghton, or anything like that; but she's so fond of me, don't you know, that she sort of objects to having people round. She—well, this is in confidence; she said she'd like to live on a desert island, just with me."

"So would I," said Edith; but her mother laughed:

"Tell her desert islands have to have a man Friday, anyhow."

Eleanor was, Maurice said, like music heard far off, through mists and moonlight in a dark garden. "Full of—of, well, what are those sweet-smelling things, that bloom only at night? Well, anyway, what I mean is that she isn't like ordinary people, like me—"

"Or Johnny," Edith broke in, earnestly.

"Johnny? Gosh! Why, Mrs. Houghton, things that don't touch most human beings, affect her terribly. The dark, or thunderstorms, or—or anything, makes her nervous. You understand?"

Mrs. Houghton said yes, she understood, but she was tired, and would leave the rest of the wedding to her assistants. In the studio, dropping her dusty garden gloves on a fresh canvas, lying face up on the table, she almost wept: "Henry, it is too tragic! What shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what not to do—spoil my new canvas! Don't worry, Kit. Tragedy has its uses. I've known tragedy make a man out of an artist! And that's saying something."

Down in the garden, Edith was not aware of any tragedy. "When I go to Fern Hill, Maurice, I'm going to tell all the girls I know Eleanor! I'm a clown, too, beside her. And so is Johnny; and so is Mother."

Maurice agreed. "We are all crude, compared to her." Edith sighed with joy; if she had had any inclination to be contemptuous of Eleanor's timidity, it vanished when it was pointed out to her that it was really a sign of the Bride's infinite superiority. . . . So the three Houghtons accepted—one with amusement, and the other with concern, and the third with admiration of such super-refinement!—the fact that Eleanor was a coward. Yet it was through this defect that she made Mary Houghton say, "I like her!"

The conquering incident happened in August. The hut up in the woods meant to Maurice and Edith and Johnny that eager grasping at hardship with which Age has no sympathy, but which is the very essence of Youth. Within a day or two of her arrival at Green Hill, Eleanor, who did not like hardship, had been carried off for a day of eating smoky food, cooked on a camp fire, and watching cloud shadows drift across the valley and up and over the hills; she had wondered, silently, why Maurice liked this very tiring sort of thing—and especially why he liked to have Edith go along! "I should think a child of her age would bore him," Eleanor thought. But he did like it, all of it!—the fatigue, and the smoke, and the grubby food (to say nothing of Edith!)—he liked it so much that, late in August, just before the time set for their departure for Mercer, and the "business opening" for Maurice—a position in a real-estate office—he said:

"Nelly, let's camp out up in the cabin for our last week, all by ourselves!"

Edith's face fell, and so, for that matter, did the Bride's. Edith said, "By yourselves? Not Johnny and me, too?" And Eleanor said, "At night? Oh, Maurice!"

"It will be beautiful," he said; "there'll be a moon next week, and we'll sit up there and look down into the valley, and see the tree tops lift up out of the mist, like islands from the foam of 'faery lands forlorn!' You'll love it."

"I'm crazy about camping," said Edith—and waited for an invitation, which was not forthcoming. Instead, Maurice, talking his plans over with her, made it quite clear that her room was better than her company. It was Edith's first experience in being left out, and it sobered her a little; but she swallowed the affront with her usual good sense: "I guess he likes Eleanor more 'an me, so, 'course, it's nice to be by himself with her."

The being "by themselves" for a week, "was going to be a wonderful thing," Maurice told his wife. And even Eleanor, though she quaked at the idea of spiders or thunderstorms, thought of the passion of it with a thrill. "We'll be all alone!" she said to herself.

The morning that they started gyping, everything was very impatient and delightful. The packing, the rolling up of blankets, the stowing of cooking utensils, the consulting of food lists to make sure nothing was being forgotten—all meant much tearing about and fussing—then came the loading of the stuff into the light wagon, which, with old Lion, Mr. Houghton had offered to convey the campers (and a temporary Edith) up to the top of the mountain. Edith was, of course, frankly envious, but accepted the privilege of even a day in camp with humble gratitude.

"Rover and Johnny and I will come up pretty often, even if it's only for an hour, because Eleanor must not hurt her hands by washing dishes," she said earnestly (still fishing for an invitation).

But Maurice only agreed as earnestly: "No! Imagine Eleanor washing dishes! But I don't want you to stay all night, Skeezies," he told her, candidly; then he paused in his work, flung up his arms with a great breath of joyousness. "Great Scott!" he said, "I don't see why gypsies ever die!"

Edith felt an instant answering throb of joy. "Oh, Maurice, I wish you and I were gypsies!" she said. She did not in the least resent his candor as to her presence during the week of camping; though, as it happened, just before they started her feelings really were a little hurt; in trying to help Eleanor pack, she was close enough to her to notice a thread on her hair; instantly, she put out a friendly and officious thumb and finger to remove it—at which Eleanor winced, and said "Ouch!"

"Oh, I thought it was a white thread," Edith explained; "I'm awfully sorry! Did I hurt you?"

Eleanor said, sharply, "Please don't touch my hair!" which conveyed nothing to Edith except that Eleanor (who instantly ran up to her room) "was mad." "She's gone to smooth her hair, I suppose," Edith thought; "Oh, dear, I wish I could remember to smooth my hair!" When Eleanor came back (the "thread" having disappeared) Edith apologized. "Awfully sorry I mussed your hair," she said.

She went up the mountain with them, walking on the hard grades, and trying to placate Eleanor by keeping a hand on Lion's bridle, so that she might feel sure he wouldn't run away. When at last, rather blown and perspiring, they reached the camp, Eleanor got out of the wagon and said she wanted to "help;" but Edith, still contrite about the "thread," said "No! I'm not going to have you hurt your lovely hands!" In the late afternoon, having saved Eleanor's hands in every possible way, she left them, and thinking, without the slightest rancor, of the rough bliss she was not asked to share, went running down the mountain with Rover at her heels.

Eleanor, wondering at her willingness to take that long road home with only the lumbering old dog for company, was intensely glad to have her go. She did not dislike Edith, she only disliked youth. "Girls of that age are so uninteresting," she told Maurice; "and now we'll be all by ourselves!"

"Yes; Adam and Eve," he said; "and twilight; and the world spread out like a garden!"

He had made her comfortable with some cushions piled against the trunk of a tree, and lighted a fire in a ring of blackened stones; then he brought her her supper, and ate his own on his knees beside her, watching eagerly for ways to serve her, laughing

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]

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# The Vehement Flame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

because she cringed when, from an overhanging bough, a spider let himself down upon her skirt, and hurrying to bring her a fresh cup of coffee, because an unhappy ant had scalded himself to death in her first cup. Afterward he would not let her "hurt her hands" by washing the dishes. When this was over, and the dusk was deepening, he went into the woods to the "lean-to" in which Lion was quartered, to see that the old horse was comfortable, but a minute later came crashing back through the underbrush, laughing, but provoked.

"That imp, Edith, didn't hitch him securely, and the old fellow has walked home, if you please!"

"Lion—gone? Oh, what shall we do?"

"I'll pull the wagon down, when I want to go back for food."

"Pull it?"

"Won't need much pulling! It will go down by itself. If I put you in it, I'll have to rope a log on behind as a brake, or it would run over me. I bet I give Edith a piece of my mind, when I get hold of her! But it doesn't really matter, I think I like it better to have not even Lion. Just you—

and the stars. They are beginning to prick out," he said. He stretched himself on the ground beside her, his hands clasped under his head, and his happy eyes looking up into the abyss; "Sing, Star, sing!" he said. So she sang, softly:

"How many times do I love again?

Tell me how many beads there are

In a silver chain

Of evening rain

Unraveled from the tumbling main,

And threading the eye of a yellow star—

So many times—

"It looks," she broke off, "a little black in the west? And—was that lightning?"

"Only heat lightning. And if there should be a storm, I have you here, in my arms, alone! Just the mountain, and the storm, and us!" He turned and caught her to him, and his mouth crushed hers. Her eyes closed, and her passion answered his, and all that he whispered. Yet while he kissed her, her eyes opened and she looked furtively beyond him, toward that gathering blackness.

They lay there together in the star-lit dark, for a long time, his head on her breast. Sometimes she thrilled at his touch or low word, and sometimes she held his hand against her lips, and whispered to it, and pretended it was a baby—which made him laugh; until suddenly he said, "By George, Nelly, I believe we are going to have a shower!"

Instantly she was alert with fright, and sat up, and looked down into the valley, where the heat lightning, which had been winking along the line of the hills, suddenly sharpened to a flash. "Oh!" she said, and held her breath until, from very far off, came a faint grumble of thunder. "Oh, Maurice!" she said, "it is horrible to be out here—if it thunders!"

"We won't be. We'll go into the cabin, and we'll hear the rain on the roof, and the clash of the branches; and we'll see the lightning through the chinks," he said, with a satisfaction that ignored her fright; "and I'll have you. Oh, Nelly, we shall be part of the storm, and nothing in God's world can separate us!"

But this time she could not answer with any elemental impulse; she had no understanding of "being part of the storm," instead, she watched the horizon. "Oh dear!" she said, flinching. "I don't like it. What shall we do! Maurice, it is going to thunder!"

"We'll go into the cabin," he said; "I think I felt a drop of rain." Then he held out his hand: "Yes, Star, rain! It's begun." He helped her to her feet, gathered up some of the cushions and hurried her toward the little shelter. She ran ahead of him, her very feet reluctant, lest the possible "snake" should curl in the darkness against her ankles; but once in the cabin, with a candle lighted, she could not see the lightning, so she was able to laugh at herself; when Maurice went out for the rest of the cushions, she charged him to hurry!

"The storm will be here in a minute!" she called to him. And he called back:

"I'll only be a second!"

She stood in the doorway looking after him, and saw his figure outlined against the glimmer of their fire, which had already felt the spatter of the coming storm and was dying down; then, even as she looked, he seemed to plunge forward, and fall. . . .

"Maurice!" she called; "oh, Maurice! Have you hurt yourself?" And again, shrilly, "Maurice!"

He did not rise. A splash of rain struck her face; the mountain darkness was slit by a rapier of lightning, and there was a sud-

den violent illumination; she saw the tree and the cushions, and Maurice on the ground—then blackness, and a tremendous crash of thunder.

"Maurice!" she called. "Maurice!" The branches over the roof began to move and rustle, and there was a sudden downpour of rain; the camp fire went out, as if an extinguisher had fallen on it. She stood in the doorway for a breathless instant, then ran back into the cabin, and, catching the candle from the table, stepped out into the blackness; instantly the wind bore the little flame away; then seemed to grip her, and twist her about, and beat her back into the cabin. In her terror she screamed his name; and as she did so, another flash of lightning showed her his figure, motionless on the ground.

"He is dead," she said to herself, in a whisper. "What must I do?" Then, suddenly, she seemed to know what to do; she remembered that she had noticed a lantern hanging on the wall near the door; and now something impelled her to get it. In the stifling darkness of the shack she felt her way toward it, held its oily ring in her hand, thought, frantically, of matches, groped along toward the mantelpiece, stumbled over a chair—and clutched at the match box. Something made her open the isinglass slide, strike a match, to touch the blackened wick with the sulphurous sputter of flame. She had the sense of being an observer of the whole thing. She found herself with the lighted lantern in her hand, moving toward the door, out into the sheeting blackness of the rain; hurrying—running—along the path toward that still figure by the deadened fire. Just before she reached it, a twig rolled under her foot, and she said "a snake,"—but she did not flinch. As she gained the circle of stones, a flash of lightning, with its instant and terrific crack and crash of thunder, showed her a streak of blood on Maurice's face. . . . He had tripped and fallen, and his head had apparently struck one of the blackened stones.

"He is dead," she said again, aloud. She put the lantern on the ground and knelt beside him; she had an idea that she should put her hand on his heart to see if he were alive. "He isn't," she told herself; but she laid her fingers, which were shaking so that she could not unfasten his coat, somewhere on his left side; she did not know whether there was any pulse; she knew nothing, except that he was "dead." She said this in a whisper, over and over. "He is dead. He is dead." The rain came down in torrents, and the trees creaked and groaned in the wind; twice there were flashes of lightning and crashes of thunder. Maurice was perfectly still. The smoky glimmer of the lantern played on the thin streak of blood and made it look as though it was moving—trickling—trickling.

Then Eleanor began to think: "There ought to be a doctor. . . . If she walked down the mountain to the Houghtons, he might bleed to death before she could bring help back to him. Instantly, as she said that, she knew that she did not believe that he was dead. She knew that she had hope! With hope, a single thought began to possess her. She must take him down the mountain. . . . She could not carry him; she had managed to prop him up against her knee—his blond head lolling awfully forward—on her breast; but she knew that to carry him would be impossible. And Lion was not there! "I couldn't have harnessed him if he were," she thought.

She was entirely calm, but her mind was working rapidly: "I must do something. . . . What? The wagon! Could she get him into the wagon? The road was down-hill. . . . Almost to Mr. Houghton's door. . . . Doctor Bennett would come. . . .

Again, as if propelled by some impulse of decision not her own, she got onto her feet and, with the pale gleam of the lantern zig-zagging across the path, she ran back to the lean-to; just as she reached it, a glimmer of light fell on the soaked earth, and she looked up with a start and saw the moon peering out between two ragged, swiftly moving clouds; then all was black again—but the rain was lessening, and there had been no lightning for several minutes. "He will die; I must save him," she said, her lips stiff with horror. She lifted the shafts and gave a little pull; the wagon moved easily enough, and, guiding it along the slight decline, she brought it to Maurice's side. There, looking at him, she said again, rigidly:

"He will die; I must save him."

As Henry Houghton said afterward: "It was impossible!—so she did it."

It took her more than an hour to do it, to pull and lift and shove the inert figure! Her inventiveness was like a new sense; as

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



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# The Vehement Flame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

she did one practical thing after another, she was faintly astonished at herself. Afterward she used to wonder about it; wonder how she had given the final push, which got his sagging body up onto the floor of the wagon! It had strained every part of her!—her shoulder against his hips, her head in the small of his back, her hands gripping his heavy, dangling legs. She was soaking wet; her hair had loosened, and stray locks were plastered across her forehead. She grunted like a toiling animal.

It seemed as if her heart would crack with her effort, her muscles tear; she forgot the retreating rumble of the storm, the brooding, dripping forest stillness; she forgot even her certainty that he would die. She entirely forgot herself. She only knew—straining, gasping, sweating—that she must get the body—the dead body perhaps!—into the wagon. And she did it! Just as she did it, she heard a faint groan. Her heart stood still with terror, then beat frantically with joy.

He was alive!

She ran back to the cabin for the cushions he had saved from the rain, and pushed them under his head; then tied the lantern to the whip socket. Then she recalled what he had said about "roping a log on behind as a brake." "Of course," she thought, again astonished at her own intelligence. How she managed—the splinters tearing her hands—to fasten a fairly heavy piece of wood under the rear axle, so that it might bump along behind the wagon as a drag, she could never understand. She even pondered as she did it, why she should know so certainly how it should be done. But when it was done, she said, "Now!" and went and stood between the shafts.

It was after midnight when the descent began. The moon rode high among fleecy clouds, but on either side of the road gulfs of darkness lay under motionless foliage. Sometimes the smoky light from the swaying lantern shone on a wet black branch, snapped by the gale and lying in the path, and Eleanor, seeing it, wedging her heels into the mud and sliding stones of the road, and straining backward between the shafts, would say, "A snake. . . I must save Maurice." Sometimes she would hear, above the crunching of the wheels behind her, a faint noise in the undergrowth: a breaking twig, a brushing sound, as of a furtive footstep—and she would say, "A man. . . I must save Maurice."

The yellow flame of the lantern was burning white in the dawn as, holding back against the weight of the wagon—the palms of her bleeding hands clenched on the shafts, her feet slipping, her ankles twisted and wrenching; by and by, with the tears of physical suffering streaming down her face, she reached the foot of the mountain. The thin, cool air of morning flowed about her in crystalline stillness; suddenly the sun tipped the green bowl of the world, and all at once shadows fell across the level road like bars. They seemed to her, in her haze of terror and exhaustion, insurmountable; the road was level now, but she pulled and pulled, agonizingly, over those bars of nothingness; then one wheel sank into a rut, and the wagon came to a dead standstill; but at the same moment she saw ahead of her, among the trees, Doctor Bennett's dark, sleeping house. So, dropping the shafts, she went stumbling, and running, and gasping, to pound on the door, and gasp out: "Come—help—Maurice—come—"

"I THINK," she said afterward, lying like a broken thing upon her bed, "I was able to do it, because I kept saying, 'I must save Maurice.' Of course, to save Maurice, I wouldn't mind dying."

"My dear, you are magnificent!" Mary Houghton said huskily. Then she told her husband: "Henry, I like her! I never thought I would, but I do."

"I'll never say 'Mr. F.'s aunt' again!" he promised, with real contrition.

It was Eleanor's conquering moment, for everybody liked her, and everybody said she was magnificent—except Maurice, who, as he got well, said almost nothing.

"I can't talk about it," was all Maurice had to say, choking. "She's given her life for mine," he told the doctor.

"I hope not," Doctor Bennett said, "I hope not. But it will take months, Maurice, for her to get over this. As for saving your life, my boy, she didn't. She made things a lot more dangerous for you. You'd have come too, after a while. But don't tell her so."

"Well, I should say not!" Maurice said hotly. "She'll never know that! And anyway, sir, I don't believe it. I believe she saved my life."

"Well, suit yourself," the doctor said, good-naturedly; "but I tell you one thing: whether she saved your life or not, she did

a really wonderful thing—considering her temperament."

Maurice frowned: "I don't think her temperament makes any difference. It would have been wonderful for anybody."

"Well, suit yourself," Doctor Bennett said again; "only, if Edith had done it, say, for Johnny, who weighs nearly as much as you, I wouldn't have called it particularly wonderful."

"Oh, Edith," Maurice said, grinning; "no; I suppose not. I see what you mean. And to himself he added: "Edith is like an ox, compared to Star. Just flesh and blood. No nerves. No soul. Doctor Bennett was right. Eleanor's temperament does make it more wonderful."

### Chapter VII

IT WAS after this revealing act of love that the Houghton family entirely accepted Eleanor. There were a few days of anxiety about her, and about Maurice, too; for though his slight concussion was not exactly alarming—yet, "Keep your shirt on," Doctor Bennett cautioned him; "don't get gay. And don't talk to Mrs. Curtis." So Maurice lay in his bed in another room, and entered, silently, into a deep understanding of love, which, as soon as he was permitted to see Eleanor, he tried stumblingly, to share with her.

Physically, she was terribly prostrated; but spiritually, feeding on those broken words, she rejoiced like a strong man to run a race! She saw no confession in the fact that everybody was astonished at what she had done; she was astonished herself. "I wasn't afraid!" she said, wonderingly.

"It was because you liked Maurice so much," Edith explained to her.

What it meant to "like" anybody was revealed to Edith the day that Maurice had been allowed to come across the hall, rather shakily, to adore his wife.

His first sight of her was a great shock. . . The strain of that terrible night had blanched and withered her face; there were lines on her forehead that never left it, and in her soft dark hair there were two more of those "threads" which were not threads.

Edith, sneaking in behind him, said under her breath, "Goodness! Don't she look old!"

She did. But as Maurice fell on his knees beside her, it seemed as if she drank youth from his lips. Under his kisses, her worn face bloomed with joy.

"It was nothing—nothing," she insisted, stroking his thick hair with her trembling hand, and trying to silence his broken words of wondering worship.

"I was not worthy of it. . . To think that you—" He hid his face on her shoulder.

Edith, with her heart in her mouth, skulked away. "They like each other awfully," she told herself; it was Edith's first recognition of Love as a factor in life, and it frightened her. "I never heard Father and Mother talk that way," she reflected; "I guess they don't like each other as much as Maurice and Eleanor do." But such liking furnished Edith with the explanation she had offered Eleanor of her lack of fear on the mountain!

Afterward, when Maurice went back to his own room, Eleanor lay smiling tranquilly to herself; her look was the look one sees on the face of a woman who, in that pallid hour after the supreme achievement of birth, has looked upon her child. She was entirely happy. From the open door of Maurice's room came, now and then, the murmur of Edith's honest little voice, or Maurice's chuckle. They were talking about her, she knew, and the happy color burned in her cheeks. When he came in for his second visit, late that afternoon, she asked him, archly, what he and Edith had been talking about so long in his room?

"I believe you were telling her what a goose I am about thunderstorms," she said.

"I was not!" he declared—and her eyes shone. But when she urged—

"Well, what were you talking about? I heard you chattering for an hour!" he couldn't remember anything but a silly story about Edith's hens. He repented it, and Eleanor sighed; how could he be interested in anything so childish?

As it happened, he was not; the only thing that interested Maurice now, was what Eleanor had done for him. Thinking of it, he brooded over her silently, his cheek against hers, until Mrs. Houghton came in and banished him, saying that Eleanor must go to sleep; "and you and Edith must keep quiet!" she said.

He was so contrite that, tiptoeing to his own room, he told poor faithful Edith her voice was too loud; "You disturb Eleanor. So clear out, Skeezies!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 83]



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## The Vehement Flame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

As he grew stronger, and was able to go down-stairs, Edith felt freer to talk to him—for down on the porch, or out in the garden, her eager young voice would not reach those languid ears. Then, suddenly, all her chances to talk stopped. "What's the matter with Maurice?" she pondered crossly; "he's backed out of helping me. Why can't he go on shingling the chicken coop?" For it was while this delightful work was under way that it, and "talk," came to an abrupt end.

The shingling, begun joyously by the big boy and the little girl on Monday, promised several delightfully busy mornings. (Of course the setting out for Mercer had been postponed; there was no possibility of moving Eleanor for at least a month; so Maurice's "business career," as he called it with vast pomposity, had to be delayed for a week or so, for Eleanor turned white at the mere suggestion of convalescing at Green Hill without him; so Maurice, when not worshipping his wife, had nothing to do, and Edith seized the opportunity to make him useful.) "We'll shingle my henhouse," she announced. Maurice liked the scheme as much as she did. The September air, and the smell of the fresh shingles, the lying full length on the hot slope of the roof, the tapping of the hammers, the booming of Edith, the trying to talk of Eleanor, and thunderstorms, while you hold eight nails between your teeth; then the pause while Edith climbed down the ladder, and ran to the kitchen for hot cookies; all these things would be an intense and delightful occupation for anybody!

"It'll take three mornings to do it," Edith said, importantly; and Maurice said: "It will, because you keep putting the wrong end up! I wish Eleanor was well enough to do it," he said—and then burst into self-derisive chuckles: "Imagine Eleanor straddling that ridgepole! It would scare her stiff!"

It was after this talk that Maurice "backed out" on the job—but Edith never knew why. She saw no connection between the unfinished roof and the ridgepole, and the fact that that same afternoon, sitting on the floor in the Bride's room, she had, in her anxiety to be entertaining, repeated the ridgepole remark. Eleanor, who had had an empty morning, listening to the distant tapping of hammers, had drooped a weary lip. "I should hate it. Horrid, dirty work!"

"Oh, no! It's nice, clean work," Edith corrected her. "But you wouldn't like it, of course," she said, with satisfaction; "you'd be scared! You're scared of everything, Maurice says. You were scared to death, up on the mountain."

Eleanor was silent. "He thinks it's lovely for you to be scared; it's funny about Maurice," said Edith, thoughtfully; "he doesn't like it when I'm scared—not that I ever am, now, but I used to be when I was a child."

The color flickered on Eleanor's cheeks; "Edith, I'll rest now," she said; her voice broke.

Edith looked at her, open-mouthed. "Why, Eleanor!" she said; "what's the matter? Are you mad at anything? Have you a stomachache? I'll run for Mother!"

"There's nothing the matter. But—but I wish you'd tell Maurice to come and speak to me."

Edith tore down-stairs, and out of the front door: "Maurice! Where are you?"—then, catching sight of him, reading and smoking in a hammock slung between two of the big columns of the east porch, she rushed at him, and pulled him onto his astonished feet. "Eleanor wants you! Something's the matter, and—"

Before she could finish, Maurice was tearing up-stairs, two steps at a time.

And so it happened that Edith, sulkily, worked on the roof by herself.

Yet Maurice had not entirely "backed out." . . . The very next morning, before Edith was awake, he had gone out to the roof and, alone, done more than his share of the shingling.

"But, Maurice, why didn't you wake me up?" Edith protested, when she discovered what he had done. "I'd have gone out, too!" "I liked doing it by myself," Maurice evaded.

And for five minutes Edith was sulky again. "He puts on airs, 'cause he's married! Well, I don't care. He can shingle the whole roof by himself if he wants to! I don't like married men, anyhow."

The married man had, indeed, wanted to be alone—to put the nails in his mouth, and to lie down on the cold, slippery shingles in the gray September morning, and to tap-tap-tap—and think, and think.

But he didn't like his thoughts very well. He thought how he had rushed up-stairs, terrified lest Eleanor was fainting or had a "stomachache," or something—and found

her sitting up in bed, her cheeks red and glazed with tears, her round, full chin quivering. He thought how he had tried to make out what she was driving at about Edith, and the henhouse, and the ridgepole. "You told Edith I was scared!"

Maurice's bewilderment was full of stumbling questions: "Told Edith? When? What?"

And as she said "when" and "what," ending with, "You said I am scared!" Maurice could only say, blankly, "But my darling, you are!"

"You may think I am a fool, but to tell Edith so—Edith!"

"But Great Scott! I didn't!"

"I won't have you talking me over with Edith; she's a child! It was just what you did when you danced three times with that girl who said—Edith is as rude as she was!—and she's a child; how can you like to be with a child?" It was all just the fear of Youth; but Eleanor did not know that, she thought she was hurt at his neglect. Her face, wet with tears, was twitching, her voice—that lovely voice!—was shrill in his astonished ears. . . .

Maurice, on the sloping roof, in the chill September dawn, his fingers numb on the frosty nails, stopped hammering, and leaned his chin on his fist, and thought: "She's sick. She almost killed herself to save me; so her nerve has all gone. That's why she talked—that way." He put a shingle in its place, and planted a nail; "it was because she was scared, that what she did was brave! I couldn't make her see that the more scared she was, the braver she was. It wouldn't have been brave in that gump, Edith, without a nerve in her body. But why is she down on Edith? I suppose she's a nuisance to a person like Eleanor. Talks too much. I'll tell her to dry up when she's with Eleanor." And again he heard that strange voice resounding in his astonished ears: "You like to talk to a child."

Maurice, pounding away on Edith's roof, grew hot with misery, not only because it was so terrible to have Eleanor angry with him; not even because he had finally got irritated, and answered back, and said, "Don't be silly!" (though of course he was sorry that he had been cross). The real misery was something far deeper than this half-amused remorse. It was that those harmless, scolding words of his held a perfectly new idea: he had said, "Don't be silly." Was Eleanor silly?

Now to a man whose feeling about his wife has been a sort of worship, this question is terrifying. Maurice, in his boy's heart, had seen in Eleanor, not just the god of love, but the love of God. And was she—silly? Oh, no—no! Of course not. He pounded violently, hit his thumb, put it into his mouth, then proceeded, mumblingly, to bring his god back from the lower shrine of a pitying heart, to the high altar of a justifying mind: Eleanor was ill. . . . She was nervous. . . . She was an exquisite being of mist and music and courage and love! So of course she was sensitive to things ordinary people did not feel. Saying this, and fitting the shingles into place, suddenly the warm and happy wave of confident idealism began to flood in upon him, and immediately his mind as well as his heart was satisfied. He reproached himself for having been scared lest his star was just a common candle, like himself. He had been cruel to judge her, as he might have judged her had she been well—or a gump like Edith! For had she been well, she would not have been "silly!" Had she been well—instead of lying there in her bed, white and strained and trembling, all because she had saved his life, harnessing herself to that wagon, and bringing him, in the darkness, through a thousand terrors—non-existent, to be sure, but none the less real—to safety and life! Oh, how could he have even thought the word "silly"? He was ashamed and humble; never again would he be cross to her! "Silly? I'm the silly one! I'm an ass. I'll tell her so! I don't suppose she'll ever forgive me. She said I 'didn't understand her,' well, I didn't! But she'll never have cause to say it again! I understand her now." Then, again, he thought, frowning, "But why is she so down on Edith?"

That Eleanor's irritation was jealousy—not of Edith, but of Edith's years, never occurred to him. So all he said was, "She oughtn't to be down on Edith; she has always appreciated her." Edith had never said that Eleanor was "silly!" But so long as it bothered Eleanor (being nervous) to have the imp round, he'd tell her not to be a nuisance. "You can say anything to Edith; she always understands."

But all the same, Maurice shingled his part of the henhouse before breakfast.

[CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]



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THERE are some subjects that your most intimate friends habitually dodge in conversation. Even wives and husbands often back away from them.

Halitosis is one of these.

What is it? Why, halitosis is the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath. And nine people out of ten suffer from this trouble either chronically or from time to time.

One of the most trying things about halitosis is this: the victim of it is usually not aware himself of the fact that his breath is not agreeable to those about him.

Halitosis may come from a disordered stomach, from bad teeth, catarrh, too much smoking, eating or drinking. It may be temporary; it may be lasting. When it is chronic it's a case for your physician to look after. Let him get at the seat of the trouble.

For temporary relief, however, and for that comfortable assurance that your breath is sweet and clean, there is one simple, ready precaution you may yourself observe. Listerine—used as a mouth wash.

Thousands of people now know this delightful antiseptic for its wonderfully effective properties as a breath deodorant. They use it systematically as a mouth wash and gargle because it relieves them of that uncomfortable suspicion that their breath may not be just right.

By doing so, of course, they are at the same time observing a sensible method of preserving mouth hygiene, guarding against sore throat and the more serious germ diseases that find entrance to the system through the mouth—all of which the antiseptic properties of Listerine combat.

If you are at all sensitive about your breath, you will welcome Listerine. It is the most agreeable and effective way to counteract halitosis.

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## What Happened to the Parker Children

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

the danger as long as possible, for the death rate is in direct proportion to the youth of the patient. It is heaviest among children under five years of age, and particularly under two years.

Q. Is a school system or board of health doing the best thing for children, when it decides, as has been done here, that it is better for all suspicious cases to be sent to school until the disease is accurately diagnosed, and that probably the children would contract the disease elsewhere if they did not attend school?

A. No! Such proposal is not in accord with modern methods of preventive public health work. When a case of measles or whooping cough has reached the point where a physician can diagnose it as such, the mischief has already been done. Germs have been thrown off toward all children with whom the patient has come in contact. True preventive work in schools demands that a child be excluded from the classroom immediately when the first suggestive signs of a contagious or communicable disease appear, such as sneezing, snuffling, running nose, coughing, and sore throat. And the child is not permitted to return until such symptoms have disappeared, or, if the suspected disease did develop, until the quarantine period has elapsed. In this way, the well children get the benefit of the doubt, and the patient may be the sole sufferer from the disease in that particular school or classroom. This rigid exclusion of children at the very first suggestion of a communicable disease is the foundation of modern health work in schools.

Now let us reconsider and rearrange the replies to Mrs. Parker's questions until they present a simple, and connected explanation of methods for protecting children from communicable disease and preventing epidemics in communities.

First, what communicable or contagious diseases can be traced most commonly to the association of children in schools?

Diphtheria, whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever, influenza, pneumonia, cerebral spinal meningitis, infantile paralysis. Some of this group of highly contagious diseases are often responsible for a state of panic in the community and the closing of schools. They are united by a common bond. They are transmitted largely by the discharge from nose, throat, and respiratory tract. The suggestive signs or symptoms of their onset are much alike—catarrh, sneezing, snuffling, coughing, fever. Preventive medicine emphasizes the fact that any child who apparently has "just a cold in the head," with or without fever, may be headed for one of these contagious diseases.

Preventive measures must be taken before mere suggestions like the above develop into rank symptoms. The teacher, school nurse, or doctor, who permits a child to remain in the classroom while suffering from such suggestions as snuffling, sneezing, sore throat, and coughing, may be exposing all the other pupils to one of the dangerous diseases mentioned above. The parent who waits to segregate the child from other children until a rash appears is either ignorant or utterly indifferent to the fact that her carelessness may deal out sickness and death to other children.

The schoolhouse, with its close association of children from all sorts of homes, offers fertile soil for disease germs, but, fortunately, it also offers ideal opportunities for discovering suggestions of approaching disease and for checking epidemics.

Please note the importance of the italicized phrase. In watching for suggestions, not symptoms, lies the success of public health work in schools.

We will now study the different phases of health work in public schools.

The schoolhouse is the property of the parent-taxpayer. He has a right to know whether it is a fit building for his child to study in. If it is not, he is justified in demanding its immediate overhauling. You cannot secure one hundred per cent results from medical inspectors and nurses in schools, if the school buildings themselves are insanitary.

Mrs. Parker asks if a school should not be closed for a few weeks when an epidemic of such a disease as measles or whooping cough starts.

In an overwhelming majority of cases, closing the schools is the confession of defective conditions in the school building, or points to the fact that the local health staff is too poorly organized to detect disease in the beginning and to prevent its spread when it develops, conditions which taxpayers should not permit. Such a step is not preventive. It is merely remedial, and is possible only in a village where community life is so crude and simple that such action would not paralyze business and social life.

To be consistent, not only the schools should be closed, under such conditions, but churches, theatres, and business houses.

So let us get down to preventive, not remedial measures.

The schoolhouse should not be overcrowded. It should be properly heated, and have a ventilation system uniformly effective at all seasons of the year; good drinking facilities, individual cups, or if the fountain or faucet method is installed it should be of the proper, sanitary type.

Right here let me say that I feel strongly on this subject of health versus education. I rate health as of primary and fundamental importance in the life of the child.

Now, having supplied the pupil with a sanitary building and sanitary equipment, we will take up the topic which interested Mrs. Parker most—medical inspection in the school, exclusion of suspected cases, and quarantine.

The first duty of the school nurse and doctor is the discovery and correction of conditions in the child which invite or promote epidemic diseases. These include decayed teeth, diseased tonsils, growths of any sort in nose or throat, and a state of under-nourishment.

The next duty is to discover the slightest evidence of any kind of infectious disease before the nature of the disease can even be guessed at. As emphasized before, such evidence, suggestive of contagious diseases which throw off germs through nose, throat, and respiratory tract, may be running nose, sneezing, sore throat, or coughing. The sanitary code, the rules, and regulations of health work in a progressive community should oblige the school nurse to send home any such child so afflicted by undeveloped or suggestive symptoms, and to ask that the family physician, or, if preferred, a public health physician, determine the exact nature of the trouble, or diagnose the case. In other words, the school nurse does the real preventive work when she excludes from the classroom any child who may be suspected of being a germ carrier.

Don't wait to diagnose in your school-rooms. Watch for the very first symptoms or suggestions of disease, and exclude the patient at once.

The third important step in public-school health work is visiting absentees in their homes, for the purpose of uncovering unrecognized or concealed disease. If the school nurse follows the absentee into the home, she learns its true condition, also whether the mother is protecting other children, her own or her neighbor's, from contact with the suspected case.

This program may impress the uninitiated as entailing great expense; but it can be cheaply carried out if school nurses have the right spirit. In fact, all public health work depends upon the personnel of the nursing and medical staff. In future articles, the financing of public health work will be considered; but every voter must realize that public health work in schools performs three important services: It must detect defects in children which invite disease; it must detect the very earliest suggestion of communicable disease, to prevent contagion and epidemics; it must visit the absentee in the home, and make sure that the community is being safeguarded by proper segregation.

Now we will assume that by arousing public sentiment in favor of more modern methods of medical inspection in the schools and stricter quarantine regulations, Mrs. Parker and her neighbors succeed in throwing every possible safeguard around their children in school.

Are those children thus fully protected from contagious disease?

No! Communicable diseases have still two avenues of approach by which they can strike at the children. These will be described in the next article.

When your community has raised health barriers at all three approaches, it can boast efficient and up-to-date protection against the preventable diseases peculiar to childhood.

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**THE COUNCIL-ROOM:** Anybody interested in promoting the Better Babies movement through contests, health exhibits, club work, etc., may write us for suggestions and literature. Libraries, Milk Stations, Child-Welfare Leagues, Colleges or Schools may secure our set of seven Better Babies Health Posters, 22 by 26 inches in size, also literature for distribution. Address all inquiries to BETTER BABIES BUREAU, or to Mrs. Caroline French Benton, Counselor, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.



# Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

darkness. Something began to lick his eyes, ears, and chin in a sort of ecstasy; and, clutching out, he found his arms full of totally unexpected bulldog.

"Get out!" whispered Sam tensely, recovering his faculties with a jerk. "Go away!"

Between Smith and the humans who provided him with dog biscuits, and occasionally with sweet cakes, there had always existed a state of misunderstanding which no words could remove. The position of the humans was quite clear: They had elected Smith to his present position on a straight watch-dog ticket. They looked to him to pin burglars by the leg and hold on till the police arrived. Smith simply could not grasp such an attitude of mind. He regarded Windles not as a private house but as a social club, and was utterly unable to see any difference between the human beings he knew and the strangers who dropped in for a late chat after the place was locked up. He had no intention of biting Sam. At the present moment what he felt about Sam was that he was one of the best fellows he had ever met, and that he loved him like a brother.

Sam, in his unnerved state, could not bring himself to share these amiable sentiments. He scrambled stiffly to his feet and tried to pierce the darkness that hemmed him in. He ignored Smith, who snuffed sportively about his ankles, and made for the slightly less black oblong which he took to be the door leading into the hall. He moved warily, but not warily enough to prevent his cannoning into and almost upsetting a small table with a vase on it. The table rocked and the vase jumped, and the first bit of luck that had come to Sam that night was when he reached out at a venture and caught it just as it was about to bound to the carpet.

He stood there, shaking. If he had been an instant later, there would have been a crash loud enough to wake a dozen sleeping houses. This sort of thing could not go on. He must have light. It might be a risk; there might be a chance of somebody upstairs seeing it and coming down to investigate; but it was a risk that must be taken. He groped his way with infinite care to the door, on the wall adjoining which, he presumed, the electric-light switch would be. It is odd to reflect that as his searching fingers touched a knob, a delicious feeling of relief came to Samuel Marlowe. This misguided young man actually felt at that moment that his troubles were over. He positively smiled as he placed a thumb on the knob, and shoved.

He shoved strongly and sharply, and instantaneously there leaped at him out of the darkness a glare of music which appeared to his disordered mind quite solid. It seemed to wrap itself round him. It was all over the place. In a single instant the world had become one vast bellow of Tosti's "Good-by."

How long he stood there, frozen, he did not know. But, suddenly, drowning even the impromptu concert, there came from somewhere up-stairs the roar of a gun, and, when he heard that, Sam's rigid limbs relaxed and a violent activity descended upon him. He bounded out into the hall, looking to right and to left for a hiding place. One of the suits of armor which had been familiar to him in his boyhood loomed up in front of him, and with the sight came the recollection of how, when a mere child on his first visit to Windles, playing hide and seek with his cousin Eustace, he had concealed himself inside this very suit. He leaped at it. The helmet was a tight fit, but he managed to get his head into it at last, and the body of the thing was quite roomy.

"Thank heaven!" said Sam. Smith the bulldog, well satisfied with the way things had happened, sat down, wheezing slightly, to await developments.

HE HAD not long to wait. In a few minutes the hall had filled up nicely: There was Mr. Mortimer in his shirt sleeves, Mr. Bennett in blue pajamas and a dressing gown, Mrs. Hignett in a traveling costume, Jane Hubbard with her elephant gun, and Billie in a dinner dress. Smith welcomed them all impartially.

Somebody lit a lamp, and Mrs. Hignett stared speechlessly at the mob.

"Mr. Bennett! Mr. Mortimer!"

"Mrs. Hignett! What are you doing here?"

Mrs. Hignett drew herself up stiffly. "What an odd question, Mr. Mortimer! I am in my own house!"

"But you rented it to me for the summer. At least, your son did."

"Eustace let you Windles for the summer!" said Mrs. Hignett incredulously. Jane Hubbard returned from the draw-

ing-room, where she had been switching off the orchestra.

"Let us talk all that over easily to-morrow," she said. "The point now is that there are burglars in the house."

"Burglars!" cried Mr. Bennett, aghast. "I thought it was you playing that infernal instrument, Mortimer."

"What on earth should I play it for at this time of night?" said Mr. Mortimer irritably.

Jane Hubbard had practically every noble quality which a woman can possess with the exception of patience. A patient woman would have stood by, shrinking from interrupting the dialogue. Jane Hubbard's robust course was to raise the elephant gun, point it at the front door, and pull the trigger.

"I thought that would stop you," she said complacently, as the echoes died away and Mr. Bennett had finished leaping into the air. She inserted a fresh cartridge, and sloped arms. "Now, the question is—"

"You made me bite my tongue!" said Mr. Bennett, deeply aggrieved.

"Serves you right!" said Jane placidly. "Now, the question is, have the fellows got away or are they hiding somewhere in the house? I think they're still in the house."

"The police!" exclaimed Mr. Bennett, forgetting his lacerated tongue and his other grievances. "We must summon the police!"

"Shall I go for the police?" said Billie. "I could bring them back in ten minutes in the car."

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Bennett. "My daughter gadding about all over the countryside in an automobile at this time of night!"

"If you think I ought not to go alone, I could take Bream."

"Where is Bream?" said Mr. Mortimer.

Jane Hubbard laughed the wholesome, indulgent laugh of one who is broad-minded enough to see the humor of the situation even when the joke is at her expense.

"What a silly girl I am!" she said. "I do believe that was Bream I shot at upstairs. How foolish of me, making a mistake like that!"

"You shot my only son!" cried Mr. Mortimer.

"I shot at him," said Jane. "My belief is that I missed him. Though how I came to do it beats me. I don't suppose I've missed a sitter like that since I was a child in the nursery. Of course," she proceeded, looking on the reasonable side, "the visibility wasn't good, but it's no use saying I oughtn't at least to have winged him, because I ought." She shook her head with a touch of self-reproach. "I shall be chaffed about this if it comes out," she said regretfully.

"The poor boy must be in his room," said Mr. Mortimer.

"Under the bed, if you ask me," said Jane, blowing on the barrel of her gun and polishing it with the side of her hand.

"Oh, he can't be!" cried Billie, revolted.

A girl of high spirit, it seemed to her repellent that the man she was engaged to marry should be displaying such a craven spirit. At that moment she despised and hated Bream Mortimer. I think she was wrong, mind you. It is not my place to criticize the little group of people whose simple annals I am relating—my position is merely that of a reporter; but personally I think highly of Bream's sturdy common sense. If somebody loosed off an elephant gun at me in a dark corridor, I would climb onto the roof, and pull it up after me. Still, rightly or wrongly, that was how Billie felt; and it flashed across her mind that Samuel Marlowe, scoundrel though he was, would not have behaved like this.

"I'll go and look, if you like," said Jane agreeably. "You amuse yourselves somehow till I come back."

She ran easily up the stairs, three at a time. Mr. Mortimer turned to Mr. Bennett.

"It's all very well your saying Wilhelmina mustn't go; but, if she doesn't, how can we get the police? The house isn't on the 'phone, and nobody else can drive the car."

"That's true," said Mr. Bennett, wavering.

"I'm going," said Billie resolutely. It occurred to her, as it has occurred to so many women before her, how helpless men are in a crisis.

She stepped firmly to the coat rack, and began to put on her motoring cloak. And just then Jane Hubbard came down-stairs, shepherding before her a pale and glassy-eyed Bream.

Billie cast a scornful look at her fiancé. Absolutely unjustified, in my opinion, yet, nevertheless, she cast it. But it had no

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]



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## Three Men and a Maid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

effect at all. Terror had stunned Bream Mortimer's perceptions.

"Bream," said Billie, "I want you to come with me to fetch the police."

"All right," said Bream.

"Get your coat."

"All right," said Bream.

He followed Billie in a docile manner out through the front door, and they made their way to the garage at the back of the house, both silent. The only difference between their respective silences was that Billie's was thoughtful, while Bream's was just the silence of a man who has unhitched his brain and is getting along as well as he can without it.

In the hall they had left, Jane Hubbard once more took command of affairs.

"The first thing to do," she said, "is to go through the ground-floor rooms."

"Tchuo!"

"What!" said Jane.

"I didn't speak," said Mr. Mortimer.

"Achoo!"

"Do you feel a draft, Mr. Bennett?"

cried Jane sharply, wheeling round on him.

"There is a draft," began Mr. Bennett.

"Well, finish sneezing, and I'll go on."

"I didn't sneeze!"

"Somebody sneezed."

"It seemed to come from just behind you," said Mrs. Hignett nervously.

"It couldn't have come from just behind me," said Jane, "because there isn't anything behind me from which it could have—". She stopped suddenly, in her eyes the light of understanding, on her face the set expression which was wont to come to it on the eve of action. "Oh!" she said in a different voice, a voice which was cold and tense and sinister. "Oh, I see!" She raised her gun, and placed a muscular forefinger on the trigger. "Come out of that!" she said. "Come out of that suit of armor and let's have a look at you!"

"I can explain everything," said a muffled voice through the visor of the helmet. "I can—achoo."

"I shall count three," said Jane Hubbard. "One—two—"

"I can't get this dashed helmet off!" said Sam petulantly.

"If you don't hurry, I'll blow it off."

Sam stepped out into the hall, a picturesque figure which combined the costumes of two widely separated centuries. Modern as far as the neck, he slipped back at that point to the Middle Ages.

"Hands up!" commanded Jane Hubbard.

"My hands are up!" retorted Sam querulously, as he wrenched at his unbuckling headgear.

"Never mind trying to raise your hat," said Jane. "If you've lost the combination, we'll dispense with the formalities. What we're anxious to hear is what you're doing in the house at this time of night, and who your pals are. Come along, my lad, make a clean breast of it, and perhaps you'll get off easier."

"My name is Marlowe. . . Samuel Mar-

lowe."

An explosive roar burst from Mr. Bennett.

"The scoundrel! I know him! I forbade him the house, and—"

"And by what right did you forbid people my house, Mr. Bennett?" said Mrs. Hignett with acerbity.

"I've rented the house; Mortimer and I rented it from your son!"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Jane Hubbard.

"Never mind about that."

"Are you my nephew Samuel?" said Mrs. Hignett.

"Yes," said Sam.

"Well, what are you doing in my house?"

"It's my house," said Mr. Bennett, "for the summer, Henry Mortimer's and mine. Isn't that right, Henry?"

"Dead right," said Mr. Mortimer.

"Yes, yes, yes!" interrupted Jane.

"You can thresh all that out some other time. The point is, if this fellow is your nephew, I don't see what we can do. We'll have to let him go."

"I came to this house," said Sam, "to make a social call. . ."

"At this hour of the night!" snapped Mrs. Hignett. "You always were an inconsiderate boy, Samuel."

"I came to inquire after poor Eustace's ankle. I've only just heard that the poor chap was ill."

"He's getting along quite well," said Jane, melting. "If I had known you were so fond of Eustace. . . Eustace and I are engaged, you know!"

"No, really? I hope you'll be very happy."

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Marlowe. I'm sure we shall."

"All this," interrupted Mrs. Hignett, who had been a chafing auditor of this interchange of courtesies, "is beside the point."

Why did you dance in the hall, Samuel, and play the orchestra?"

"Don't ballyrag the poor man," said Jane Hubbard. "Be human! Lend him a can-opener!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Hignett. "I never liked him, and I dislike him now. He has got himself into this trouble through his own wrong-headedness."

"It's not his fault his head's the wrong size," said Jane.

"He must get himself out as best he can," said Mrs. Hignett.

"Very well," said Sam with bitter dignity. "Then I will not trespass further on your hospitality, Aunt Adeline. I have no doubt the local blacksmith will be able to get this darned thing off me. I shall go to him now. I will let you have the helmet back by parcel post at the earliest possible opportunity. Good night!" He walked coldly to the front door. "And there are people," he remarked sardonically, "who say that blood is thicker than water! I'll bet they never had any aunts!"

BILLIE, meanwhile, with Bream trotting docilely at her heels, had reached the garage and started the car. Like all cars which have been spending a considerable time in secluded inaction, it did not start readily. At each application of Billie's foot on the self-starter, it emitted a tinny and reproachful sound, and then seemed to go to sleep again. Eventually, however, the engine began to revolve and the machine moved reluctantly out into the drive.

"The battery must be run down," said Billie.

"All right," said Bream.

Billie cast a glance of contempt at him out of the corners of her eyes. She hardly knew why she had spoken to him, except that, as all automobilists are aware, the impulse to say rude things about their battery is almost irresistible.

Billie switched on the headlights and turned the car down the dark drive. She was feeling thoroughly upset. Her idealistic nature had received a painful shock on the discovery of the yellow streak in Bream. That she, Wilhelmina Bennett, who had gone through the world seeking a Galahad, should finish her career as the wife of a man who hid under beds simply because people shot at him with elephant guns was abhorrent to her. Why, Samuel Marlowe would have perished rather than do such a thing! You might say what you liked about Samuel Marlowe—and, of course, his habit of playing practical jokes put him beyond the pale—but nobody could question his courage.

There are only a few makes of car in which you can think hard about anything except the actual driving without stalling the engine, and Mr. Bennett's Twin-Six Complex was not one of them. It stopped as if it had been waiting for the signal. The noise of the engine died away. The wheels ceased to revolve. The automobile did everything except lie down.

Billie trod on the self-starter. Nothing happened.

"You'll have to get down and crank her," she said curtly.

"All right," said Bream.

"Well, go on," said Billie impatiently.

Bream emerged for an instant from his trance. "All right," he said.

The art of cranking a car is one that is not given to all men.

"Here, let me do it," cried Billie.

She jumped down and snatched the thingummy from his hand. With bent brows and set teeth she wrenched it round. The engine gave a faint protesting mutter, like a dog that has been disturbed in its sleep, and was still once more.

"May I help?"

It was not Bream who spoke but a strange voice—a sepulchral voice, the sort of voice someone would have used in one of Edgar Allen Poe's cheerful little tales if he had been buried alive and were speaking from the family vault. Coming suddenly out of the night it affected Bream painfully. He uttered a sharp exclamation and gave a bound which, if he had been a Russian dancer, would probably have caused the management to raise his salary.

Billie, on the other hand, was pleased.

"Oh, would you mind? Thank you so much. The self-starter has gone wrong."

Into the glare of the headlights there stepped a strange figure, strange, that is to say, in these tame modern times. In the Middle Ages he would have excited no comment at all. But in the present age it is always somewhat startling to see a helmeted head pop up in front of your automobile. At any rate, it startled Bream. With a single outlike screech which took

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 87]

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**86 What Next?**

# Three Men and a Maid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86)

years off the lives of the abruptly awakened birds roosting in the neighborhood trees, he dashed away toward the house and, reaching his room, locked the door and pushed the bed, the chest of drawers, two chairs, the towel stand, and three pairs of boots against it. Only then did he feel comparatively safe.

Out on the drive Billie was staring at the man in armor who had now, with a masterful wrench which informed the car right away that he would stand no nonsense, set the engine going again.

"Why—why," she stammered, "why are you wearing that thing on your head?"

"Because I can't get it off."

Hollow as the voice was, Billie recognized it.

"S—Mr. Marlowe!" she exclaimed.

"Get in," said Sam. He had seated himself at the steering wheel. "Where can I take you?"

"Go away!" said Billie.

"Get in!"

"I won't."

Sam bent over the side of the car, put his hands under her arms, lifted her like a kitten and deposited her on the seat beside him. Then, throwing in the clutch, he drove at an ever-increasing speed down the drive and out into the silent road.

"PUT me down," said Billie.

"You'd get hurt if I did, traveling at this pace."

"What are you going to do?"

"Drive about till you promise to marry me."

"You'll have to drive a long time."

"Right-ho!" said Sam.

The car took a corner and purred down a lane. Billie reached out a hand and grabbed at the steering wheel.

"Of course, if you want to smash up in a ditch!" said Sam, righting the car with a wrench.

"You're a brute!" said Billie. "I'm not going to talk to you."

"All right. Lean back and doze off. We've the whole night before us."

"What do you mean?" cried Billie, sitting up with a jerk.

"Have you ever been to Scotland?"

"What do you mean?"

"I thought we might push up there. We've got to go somewhere, and, oddly enough, I've never been to Scotland."

Billie regarded him blankly.

"Are you crazy?"

"I'm crazy about you. If you knew what I've gone through to-night for your sake, you'd be more sympathetic. I love you," said Sam, swerving to avoid a rabbit.

"And, what's more, you know it."

"I don't care."

"You will!" said Sam confidently. "How about North Wales? I've heard people speak well of North Wales. Shall we head for North Wales?"

"I'm engaged to Bream Mortimer."

"Oh, no, that's all off," Sam assured her. "You could never bring yourself to marry a man who dashed away like that and deserted you in your hour of need. Why, for all he knew, I might have tried to murder you. And he ran away! No, no, we eliminate Bream Mortimer once and for all. He won't do!"

This was so exactly what Billie was feeling herself that she could not bring herself to dispute it.

"Anyway, I hate you!" she said, giving the conversation another turn.

"Why? In the name of goodness, why?"

"How dared you make a fool of me in your father's office that morning?"

"It was a sudden inspiration. I had to do something to make you think well of me, and I thought it might meet the case if I saved you from a lunatic with a pistol. It wasn't my fault that you found out."

"I shall never forgive you!"

"Well, I hope you're fond of motoring," said Sam, "because we're going on till you do."

"Very well! Go on, then!"

"I intend to. Of course, it's all right now while it's dark. But have you considered what is going to happen when the sun gets up? We shall have a sort of triumphal procession. How the small boys will laugh when they see a man in a helmet go by in a car! I know what we'll do! We'll go to London and drive up and down Piccadilly! That will be fun!"

There was a long silence. Billie was looking before her down the hedge-bordered road. Always a girl of sudden impulse, she had just made a curious discovery, to wit, that she was enjoying herself. There was something so novel and exhilarating about this midnight ride that imperceptibly her dismay and resentment had ebbed away. She found herself struggling with a desire to laugh.

"Why are you wearing that thing?"

"I told you. Purely and simply because I can't get it off."

"But why did you ever put it on?"

"Well, it was this way: After I came out of the cupboard in the drawing-room..."

"What?"

"Didn't I tell you about that? Oh, yes, I was sitting in the cupboard in the drawing-room from dinner time onward. After that I came out and started cannoning about among Aunt Adeline's china, so I thought I'd better switch the light on. Unfortunately, I switched on some sort of musical instrument, instead. And then somebody started shooting. So, what with one thing and another, I thought it would be best to hide somewhere. I hid in one of the suits of armor in the hall."

"Were you inside there all the time we were—?"

"Yes. I say, that was funny about Bream, wasn't it? Getting under the bed, I mean."

"Don't let's talk about Bream."

"That's the right spirit! I like to see it! All right, we won't. Let's get back to the main issue. Will you marry me?"

"But why did you come to the house at all?"

Sam was a little perplexed for a moment. Something told him that it would be injudicious to reveal his true motive and thereby risk disturbing the harmony which he felt had begun to exist between them.

"To be near you! To be in the same house with you!" he said vehemently, feeling that he had struck the right note. "You don't know the anguish I went through after I read that letter of yours. I was mad! I was—Well, to return to the point, will you marry me?"

Billie sat looking straight before her. The car, now on the main road, moved smoothly on.

"Will you marry me?" said Sam. "Will you marry me? Will you marry me?"

"Oh, don't talk like a parrot," cried Billie. "It reminds me of Bream."

"But will you?"

"Yes," said Billie.

Sam brought the car to a standstill with a jerk, which was probably very bad for the tires.

"Darling!" said Sam, leaning toward her. "Oh, curse this helmet!"

"Why?"

"Well, I rather wanted to kiss you, and it hampers me."

"Let me try and get it off. Bend down!"

"Ouch!" said Sam.

"It's coming. There! How helpless men are!"

"We need a woman's tender care," said Sam depositing the helmet on the floor of the car and rubbing his smarting ears.

"You're rather a darling, after all," said Billie. "But you want keeping in order," she added severely.

"You will do that when we're married. When we're married!" he repeated luxuriously. "How splendid it sounds!"

"The only trouble is," said Billie, "Father won't hear of it."

"No, he won't. Not till it is all over," said Sam.

He started the car again.

"What are you going to do?" said Billie. "Where are you going?"

"To London," said Sam. "It may be news to you, but an old lawyer like myself knows that, by going to Doctors' Commons or the Court of Arches or somewhere, or by routing the Archbishop of Canterbury out of bed or something, you can get a special license and be married almost before you know where you are. My scheme—roughly—is to dig this special license out of whoever keeps such things, have a bit of breakfast, and then get married at our leisure before lunch at a registrar's."

"Oh, not a registrar's!" said Billie.

"Very well, angel. Just as you say. We'll go to a church. There are millions of churches in London. I've seen them all over the place." He mused for a moment.

"Yes, you're quite right," he said. "A church is the thing. It'll please Webster."

"Webster?"

"Yes, he's rather keen on the church bells never having rung out so blithe a peal before. And we must consider Webster's feelings. After all, he brought us together."

"Webster? How?"

"Oh, I'll tell you all about that some other time," said Sam. "Are you comfortable? Fine! Then off we go."

The birds in the trees fringing the road stirred and twittered grumpily as the noise of the engine disturbed their slumbers. But, if they had known it, they were in luck. At any rate, the worst had not befallen them, for Sam was too happy to sing.

[THE END]



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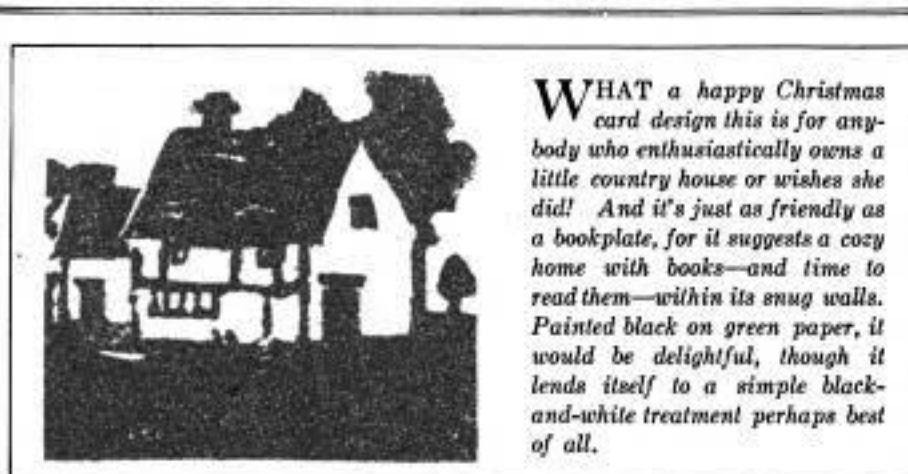
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## They're Block-Printed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

however tiny. The pad takes a lot of ink. Then press the linoleum face down into the pad. Do this several times. Examine carefully the raised part of the design to see that no spot is left uncoated with ink. After the block has once been used, less ink is required to make a good print. Print quickly before the ink has time to dry.

The process of charging the linoleum is just the same if you use tempera paint instead of printer's ink, except that the pad in this case is a square of clean felt. It is important that the paint be as thick as thick cream, so add very little water to the paint as it comes from the tube. A drop of mucilage in the paint makes it print better.

Two things have to be considered in choosing the kind of paper on which to print the design: It must have a rough, soft finish rather than a hard, glazed surface, so as to beautify the effect of the printing; and yet the paper must have body so that paste will not show through. Above all, it must not be too thick to paste smoothly into a book cover. Of the various kinds of drawing paper which may be obtained from an artist's supply store, a tan, rough-finished ledger paper is best. Japanese etching paper is even better. Any of the soft Japanese papers for printing purposes, except the thin tissues, give the print an indescribable artistic quality, and take a thin coat of liquid paste nicely.

For your printing press, pad a bread board with layers of newspapers. Tack over them a sheet of paper large enough to make several bookplates, and bring down

the inked block onto it, exerting pressure. Without moving the block, pound gently with your fist over every section of the back. Re-ink the block after every impression. After six or more printings you will find it wise to clean off the block—with water if you are using tempera, and benzine if you are using printer's ink. The first few prints from a new plate are never perfect.

If the process of printing fails to appeal to you, you can take your blocks to a local printer and get him to run them on a regular press.

HERE are some common defects, with their causes and remedies:

If a white line doesn't show in the print, the corresponding groove on the plate needs to be cut wider and deeper.

If a black line is too thick, pare off some of the corresponding ridge on the plate.

If black smears appear on a supposedly white area of the print, level off the peak of linoleum that is catching the ink.

If part of the design is indistinct, re-ink the pad where that part of the design strikes it, and exert more pressure on that spot when printing.

If fine lines are obliterated, the plate is probably too heavily charged with ink and needs wiping off.

If edges of lines are not sharp, ink has become encrusted in the crevices of the plate, and needs to be removed.

If the paper shows here and there through the black parts of the print, do not think it a defect, for it is one of the distinctive marks of block printing and lends charm.

## At the Sign of the Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

The leader carries, extended before her, an incense jar. Each girl carries a long white taper, burning. The girls should wear loose slips of white or light gray, girdled with a heavy cord. (Such cords may be easily made by braiding strips of soft material.) The girls finish their song kneeling about the manger. The leader, rising, passes the incense jar to each girl. Each in turn touches the light of her taper to the incense, at the same time extinguishing her light. The jar is then placed at the head of the manger and the girls pass from the platform.

**Boys From England:** Singing, "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," the English Boys come down the center aisle. The leader carries, held high on a large platter, a great English plum pudding. Following him in single file the other boys support on the right shoulder a gayly trimmed Yule log. This, with the plum pudding, is placed before the manger. Still singing, the boys pass from the platform.

**Children of the Northlands:** As the music changes to "From Far Away," the Children of the Northlands come singing. They are warmly dressed. Each, in passing the manger, removes, and leaves as an offering, some article of apparel, a cap, hood, scarf, mittens, etc., then joins the group at the rear of the platform.

**Children of Belgium:** The children of Belgium come with the song, "Under the Stars." Each little girl carries a doll, each boy a little fancy box or basket of cookies or cakes. After depositing their gifts, they join the others at the rear of platform.

**The Swiss Group:** The organist gives a moment of silence. It is broken by the sound of a little toy music box. When its tune is finished, the organ begins the song,

"Christmas Eve." Now, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, the Swiss children come singing. They carry toy horns, pipes, and whistles or music boxes. Some may have strands of bright ribbon to which little Christmas bells are tied. Leaving their gifts, they pass to the rear of the platform.

**American Children and Their Friends:** This is a large group representing children of the United States and children from lands where missions are maintained. Hand in hand with boys and girls of the United States, are Eskimo, Hindu, Indian, Japanese, Chinese, and Armenian children. Over the shoulder of each is slung a stocking bulging with packages, bags of peanuts, apples, etc. The stockings are hung on the books of the manger, and deposited about it. The children sing "Carol, oh, Carol." When the song is finished, the music passes into the song, "Joy to the World!"

The American children turn to the groups at the rear of the platform, beckoning them to come forward. Singing together, all now join in a grand march led by the American group around the platform and to the rear of the auditorium. As they finish the march and song, the superintendent steps to the front of the platform and reads:

**Superintendent:** "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy. Unto you this day is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

As the last word is spoken, the organist strikes the chords of the "Hallelujah Chorus" and, led by the Italian Choir, the audience joins in the singing as the auditorium is flooded with light.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 89]



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# The Cricket

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

ninety dollars a month for Maynie Coffin. All that one needed for affairs like that was a lawyer. As soon as Aunt Dollie was absorbed in her morning vases, she slipped out, going a long block round so as not to pass what was still her rightful home.

The pleasant town was growing into a city, and in the business blocks she found three lawyers' signs. Two of them had names familiar to her childhood, so she chose the third, which was so new that there were still bits of gold leaf sticking in the corners of the letters.

"Lawyers are like priests: you can trust them absolutely with any secret," she told her shaking heart as she knocked on the glazed door of "William Langdon, Atty."

The door was opened with alacrity by a surprisingly young man. Cricket had it so firmly in her head that lawyers were middle-aged that she looked just him for Mr. Langdon; but there was no one else in the brand-new little room, not even a stenographer, and the young man was saying, "What can I do for you?"

It would have been evident to any cool observer that Mr. William Langdon had a serious fear of being considered too young for his profession; the active kink of his bright hair had been smashed down by a wet brush, his dress was sober, his manner a choice blend of the family physician and the undertaker. He could not help a look of flagrant ruddy-brown vigor, but no one was going to call him Billy in that office, or catch him whistling at the top of his lungs!

"Mr. Langdon, I have come to you about a queer sort of thing I want done," she began, gasping a good deal but plowing bravely ahead. "I want to give someone some money, and it has got to be dead secrets—where the money comes from, and why. Can you do that?"

Mr. Langdon showed a fine legal caution. "As far as you have stated the case, I see no objection," he admitted.

"It is right for her to have it," Cricket assured him earnestly. "She—she ought to have more. But ninety a month is all I can manage yet. It's conscience money, Mr. Langdon."

He nodded gravely, as though his clients often told him things like that. "Tell me just as much or as little as you like," he said. "No; I can't tell anybody anything." She was certain about that. "I sha'n't even tell you my name; and you must promise on your sacred honor not to let her know whether I'm old or young or man or woman or anything. Will you swear it?"

Mr. Langdon saw no objection to such a promise. "But suppose she won't take this unexplained money?" he suggested.

"Oh, she will!" Cricket did not see Maynie as troubled by hyper-sensitive-ness. "And if you don't know my name, you can't send it back, anyway." A flash of her own brown liveliness came out with that, and the undertaker fell away from him, though he still maintained the family physician.

"I wonder if we couldn't do something about this conscience business," he began, settling down in his chair with an air of comfortable resource. "Isn't it possible that you are taking too much responsibility for something? Have you talked it over with anyone?"

He looked so kind and nice that Cricket had one of those outrageous thoughts that she hid so ashamedly from the family: it was that ninety dollars a month was not much to pay for meeting William Langdon. Her foot curled up under her unnoticed.

"It doesn't need to be talked over," she

said regretfully. "It is as plain as Thou Shalt Not Steal. I am not being good or anything. I'm perfectly rotten!"

The earnestness of that made him smile. "You can't expect me to believe it," he said, one ankle sliding up into a genial clasp.

"Yes," she insisted. "People don't know it, but I am. My whole life has been a sham—hiding and pretending."

He was not smiling at all now. "People tell anything to their lawyers," he urged.

"There was one thing, years ago, when my grandfather died," her voice had to drag at the old shame, to get it up into the light. "I acted sorry, but I was not. I was relieved." She looked for him to recoil, but he waited gravely for more, his eyes averted. "I had played backgammon with him every night since I could remember, and I did get so tired of it. He was stone-deaf and dreadfully cross if he didn't beat. I was a youngster, but even at thirteen one might have the decent feelings that everyone else has!" Cricket hated herself.

If he had made little of it, he would have lost her confidence forever, for the Cricket knew past argument that it was sin. But he looked up with a quick, "I know!" that was like a handclasp in the dark.

Then he ventured further: "And yet one is pretty cheerful, most of the time."

"Oh, yes—one's cheerful," she admitted, and suddenly, inexplicably, they burst out laughing.

"Now couldn't we make up the letter telling her about the ninety dollars a month?" Cricket suggested.

They drafted and redrafted it, Cricket so light-hearted with relief that her laughter kept spilling over. The form that she finally approved merely said:

DEAR MADAM: A client who wishes to remain unknown has directed me to place in your hands the sum of ninety dollars a month. This is for your personal use, and entails no obligations of any kind, present or future. The allowance will be continued until further notice. My client begs that you will make use of it without hesitation, questions, or thanks. Enclosed please find—

And then Cricket, who had stopped at the bank on her way down, laid ninety dollars on the desk.

"Now, if ever you don't get the money, you can know that I am dead," she assured him, rising to go.

He looked depressed. "How shall you send the money?" he asked.

She had to realize that checks, money orders and registered letters all required a name. "Why, being anonymous is very difficult," she exclaimed. "I suppose I shall have to bring it myself." He was careful not to show any pleasure; but she could not help hoping that he liked it a little. "Well, everything is settled," she said happily, her hand on the door.

"You haven't given me the lady's name and address," he reminded her.

She gave it with some bitterness: "Miss Maynie Coffin, 176 Pleasant Avenue. M-a-y-n-i-e, not Mamie," she added, for his writing hand had stopped as though paralyzed. Then a second client knocked at the door—or, at least, a strange man; he might have been selling books, of course; so they said a formal and rather confused good morning and Cricket flew back to pack her bag. Nothing could induce her to spend another day in the neighborhood of Maynie Coffin.

[CONCLUDED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]

## At the Sign of the Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

### The Music for the Service

HANDEL'S "Messiah" and "The Hallelujah Chorus" may be had from any large music house, such as Schirmer Co., East 43d Street, New York City.

The songs "We Three Kings of the Orient Are," "Sing We Noel," "Adoro Fideles," "Christmas Comes Again," "From Far Away," "Under the Stars," and "Christmas Eve" may be found in Dann's Christmas Carols, published by the Ameri-

can Book Company, New York City. The songs "What Child Is This?" "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," may be found in "Old Christmas Carols," by S. Archer. Schirmer Co., No. 17512.

The song, "Carol, oh, Carol" is from "Songs and Games for Little Ones," by Walker and Jenks, published by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.


"Joy to the World" may be found in almost every collection of hymns. It is in the Methodist Church Hymnal.

## Giving a Party for the Primary Class?

TRY a Christmas Treasure Hunt. It's described in "The Children's Party Book," in which there's also a Christmas Stocking Party to give little girls an idea

for doing something for poorer children. Price, 15 cents. Address "Children's Party Book," Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

GOOD BOOKS ARE THE FOUNDATION OF A HAPPY CHILDHOOD



**Bradley Quality Books for Children**

<p><b>Worth While Stories For Every Day</b> By Lawton B. Evans Price \$2.00</p> <p>This book contains 185 complete stories from mythology, nursery rhymes retold in prose, natural history stories, biographical sketches of the great in history.</p> <p><b>Tell Me Another Story</b> By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey Price \$2.00</p> <p>Provides for children from three to eight years, new stories based on a carefully considered plan to train the child to think. A book that will prove of vital help to both mother and child.</p> <p><b>In The Child's World</b> By Emily Poulsson Price \$2.50</p> <p>For children of kindergarten or lower primary school age. These stories are concerned with objects, festivities, and activities with which, as the title suggests, the child is in actual contact, or has some relation and of which he is eager to talk and to hear.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Ask your bookseller for Bradley Quality Books.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY, Springfield, Mass.</b></p>	<p><b>CHILDREN live in Storyland. Their imaginations are stimulated by every impression. The happiest moments of childhood are spent reading about and dreaming of their special favorites in fact and fiction.</b></p> <p>Youngsters are ever interested in Bradley Quality Books—their authors know what the critical little readers enjoy. Heroic stories with high ideals, folk lore, fairy tales—told in the charming, intimate way so dear to the heart of a child. All these topics and many more in</p>
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# Schoenhut



**Schoenhut All-Wood Doll**

American ingenuity and invention

**The world's only educational doll**

The child's greatest tragedy is the breaking of the new doll or of the old favorite. Schoenhut Dolls prevent this heartbreak.

Be especially careful this Christmas. You will be offered cheaply built foreign made dolls twice as big as the Schoenhut doll for the same price. A Schoenhut doll will outlast them many times over.

Schoenhut All-Wood Dolls are practically unbreakable. The sturdy arms, legs and head don't come off. In the go-to-sleep dolls the eyes are so firmly pivoted that they can't come out.

All the joints are flexible, so that the doll can be placed in any position and will stay there. With every doll a metal foot-stand which enables it to stand alone.

### Schoenhut All-Wood Dolls

Made entirely of wood. Painted in enamel oil colors, easily cleaned with damp rag. Fully jointed at wrists and ankles with new patented telescoping hinge with double spring tension and swivel connections. No rubber cord. A unique foot pedestal by means of which the doll stands by itself. Real mohair wigs—blonde or Tacea or carved painted hair. Eyes fixed or movable, conventional or natural child faces.

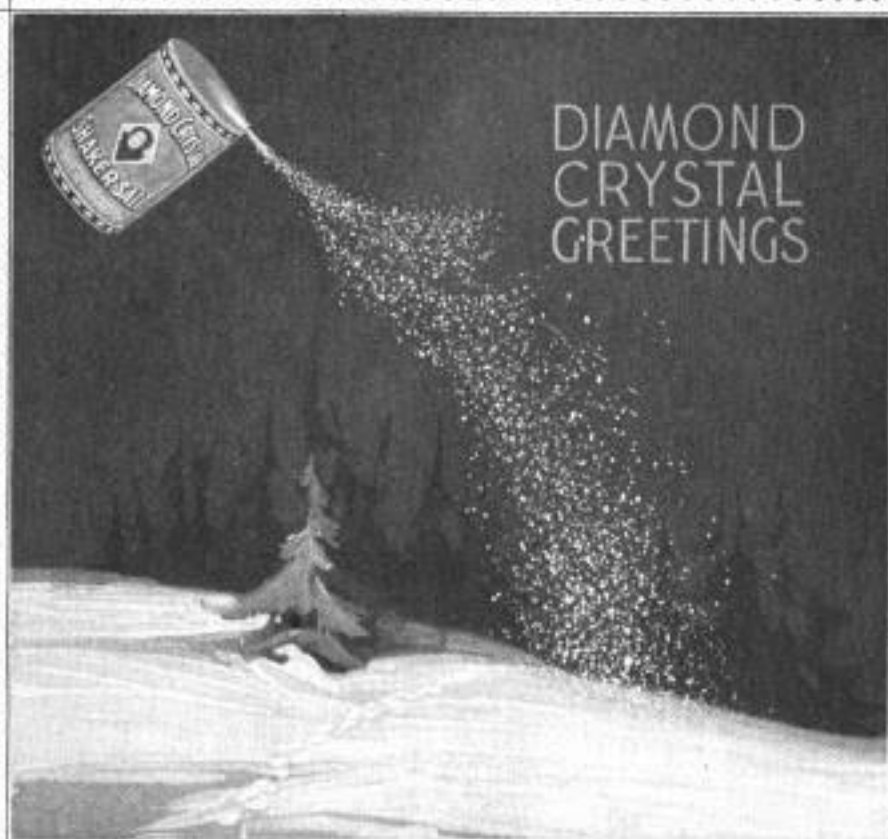
Finest quality wigs, or hair carved on the wooden head and painted in natural colors. Each doll wears a union suit. Either the good old doll faces, or natural character faces in varied types for the child who wants a whole family of Schoenhut All-Wood Dolls. If your dealer cannot supply you send to us for illustrated doll booklet.

The Schoenhut All-Wood Dolls are made by The A. Schoenhut Co., makers also of the famous Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys—the most popular toys in the world—Schoenhut toy pianos, "Alphie" Blocks, the "Walking Walla-pus" and other standard toys.

**The A. Schoenhut Company**  
2154 Adams Street, Philadelphia

**Toys** Since 1872 **FAMOUS** **Dolls** Made in U.S.A.





May your blessings flow as freely, may all friendships prove as fine, may adversities as rapidly dissolve, as Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. And may each day bring out the full flavor of a happiness as pure. This is our Christmas wish to you.

## Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt

Interesting booklet, "One Hundred and One Uses for Salt," on request DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., SAINT CLAIR, MICHIGAN Since 1887, Makers of DIAMOND CRYSTAL "The Salt that's all Salt."

In sanitary boxes or sacks—for table and cooking use

A little goes a long way  
**LIEBIG'S**  
COMPANY'S  
Extract of Beef

### Wilmort Crumb Sweeper

#### A Handy, Sensible Holiday Gift

**R**OLLS smoothly over the table collecting and concealing all crumbs. Used every day, it is a constant reminder of your good wishes.

In utility, convenience and beauty have delighted thousands of women all over the country. Substantially made and finished in nickel, copper, silver and ivory enamel, \$2.75 up (Poodle Coat prices 25c higher). Nickel plate, without design, \$3.15; model illustrated, silver plate, \$6.50. Write for free booklet.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send direct postpaid.

Wilmort Mfg. Company  
430 South Green Street  
Chicago, Ill.

A Table Necessity

**Now Only \$10.85**  
Save fuel, food and time—quit standing over hot cook stove. Take advantage of this low direct-to-you price on a  
**Rapid Fireless COOKER**  
Aluminum lined—cooks like Wonder Bread. Boils, bakes, fries, steams, roasts. Highest grade cooker on market. Write today. Ask for Free Home Science Book. Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 27, Detroit, Mich.

#### Does your tooth-brush show "pink"?

**A** DISCOLORED tooth-brush is an order from nature. "Take care of your gums as well as your teeth," she says.

And use IPANA Tooth Paste, which acts as a tonic to the gums as well as a cleanser for the teeth.

Your druggist carries it in full-sized tubes.

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

Send 10c for a generous sample to Bristol-Myers Co., New York City.

## Christmas Parties

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

Work margarine until creamy, add sugar, egg, and egg yolks beaten together, and add alternately coffee and flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in dripping pan twelve by seven and one-half inches in size, lined with oiled paper. When cold, cut in fancy shapes, frost, and decorate with holly leaves and berries or tiny Christmas trees.

The decorations may be chosen from among the following:

#### Ornamental frosting.

Red cinnamon candies and pistachio nuts. Angelica for leaves and almond paste mixed with twice the amount of confectioner's sugar, with rose water to moisten, and scarlet color paste worked into the mixture for the berries.

#### Christmas Punch

Juice 4 oranges 1½ cups loganberry juice  
Juice 2½ lemons ½ teaspoon salt  
1 quart water ½ pint ginger ale  
1 cup sugar Maraschino cherries  
Mint leaves

Mix orange and lemon juice, water, sugar, loganberry juice, and salt. Pour over block of ice in punch bowl, add ginger ale, and serve very cold garnished with mint leaves and maraschino cherries cut in quarters.

#### Chicken à la King in Patty Cases

3 tablespoons chicken fat 4 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons cornstarch 2 cups cold boiled fowl, cut in strips  
1 cup chicken stock 1 cup sautéed sliced mushroom caps  
1 cup milk ¼ cup canned pimientos cut in strips  
½ cup cream 2 egg yolks  
1 teaspoon salt

Melt chicken fat, add cornstarch, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, stock, milk, and cream. Bring to the boiling point and add salt, butter bit by bit, fowl, mushroom caps and pimientos. Again bring to the boiling point and add egg yolks, slightly beaten. Serve in patty cases. Ripe olives may be used instead of mushrooms if more convenient.

#### Tartare Sandwiches

4 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons gherkins  
2 tablespoons chives 2 tablespoons olives  
2 tablespoons capers

2 teaspoons tarragon 1 teaspoon French vinegar mustard  
2 teaspoons lemon 1 teaspoon paprika juice Salt  
Pimientos (stuffed olives)

CREAM butter and add chives, capers, gherkins, and olives, all finely chopped, tarragon vinegar, lemon juice, mustard, paprika, and salt to taste. Mix thoroughly and spread between thinly sliced white bread. Garnish with pimientos.

#### Guava Sandwiches

MOISTEN cream cheese with cream and season with salt. Slightly beat guava jelly with fork. Cut bread lengthwise of the loaf in thin slices, spread with cream cheese, with guava jelly, and put lettuce leaves on jelly. Cover with second slice of bread, remove crusts and cut in triangles, so that no bread is wasted.

#### Raspberry Ice

1 pint raspberry Juice 2 oranges  
purée Juice 2 lemons  
1 pint raspberry 1 cup water  
syrup 1 cup cream

Mix purée and syrup obtained from a quart can of berries with orange and lemon juice. Let stand one hour, add water, and freeze. When partly frozen add cream beaten until stiff. Continue freezing, then pack. Serve in paper cases or tall glasses.

#### White Fruit Cake

1 cup butter 1 teaspoon baking powder  
Chopped rind 1 lemon ½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup sugar ¼ cup pistachio nuts  
4 egg yolks ½ cup red candied pineapple  
1½ cups flour  
4 egg whites

CREAM butter; add yellow rind of lemon, finely chopped, and add sugar gradually. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored; add to first mixture, and beat thoroughly. Then add flour sifted with baking powder, and salt; pistachio nuts cut in small pieces and candied pineapple, also cut in small pieces, and egg whites beaten stiff. Mix well and bake in pan, lined with greased paper, sprinkled with two tablespoons each of flour and sugar sifted together.

## Santa in the Kitchen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

out doughnuts, cookies and pastry, and for kneading bread. A pastry jagger for cutting pie crust and turnovers with fancy edges, and a rubber-set pastry brush for greasing pans may go with the cover, also a glass pieplate or little patty pans such as you use in making lemon tarts.

Does anybody ever have an egg-beater that works? If you have one now it may not last. A set of three—the baby size, the medium size, and the large double egg beater—would make a splendid present. If you include with this a wire whisk for making smooth white sauce and batters, it cannot but be popular. A set of glass shakers to put on the shelf immediately above the stove, to hold cayenne, paprika, salt, and pepper will be of assistance in making everyday dishes more palatable. A set of glass kitchen bowls makes cooking processes attractive, and the glass baking dishes, including a casserole, custard cups and ramekin dishes, might be added.

If your friend does not like to buy ice cream, you might send an ice-cream freezer, an ice bag, and mallet or ice pick, and one

or more fancy molds. If she entertains, she will appreciate some new sandwich cutters, or an angel-cake pan, timbale molds, a ring mold, a charlotte russe mold, and jelly molds of various kinds.

For the young housekeeper who has not yet secured her full supply of utensils select tin sheets, or a cake cooler, or a small onion grater, a collander or a purée sieve, a set of steel skewers, a potato ricer, one of the new jar openers for glass jars, a double boiler, a Scotch kettle, or some nice muffin pans.

A jar of silver polish with squares of cheesecloth, cotton flannel, and a piece of chamois skin makes a good present.

A white enamel garbage can with an automatically raised cover will be greatly appreciated by the one who scrapes the dishes. If you want to spend more money, a pressure cooker or a fireless cooker, or a kitchen cabinet may be just the gift your mother, or your daughter or your sister is looking for. And the whole family might chip in on an electric dish washer, an electric washing machine, or a vacuum cleaner.

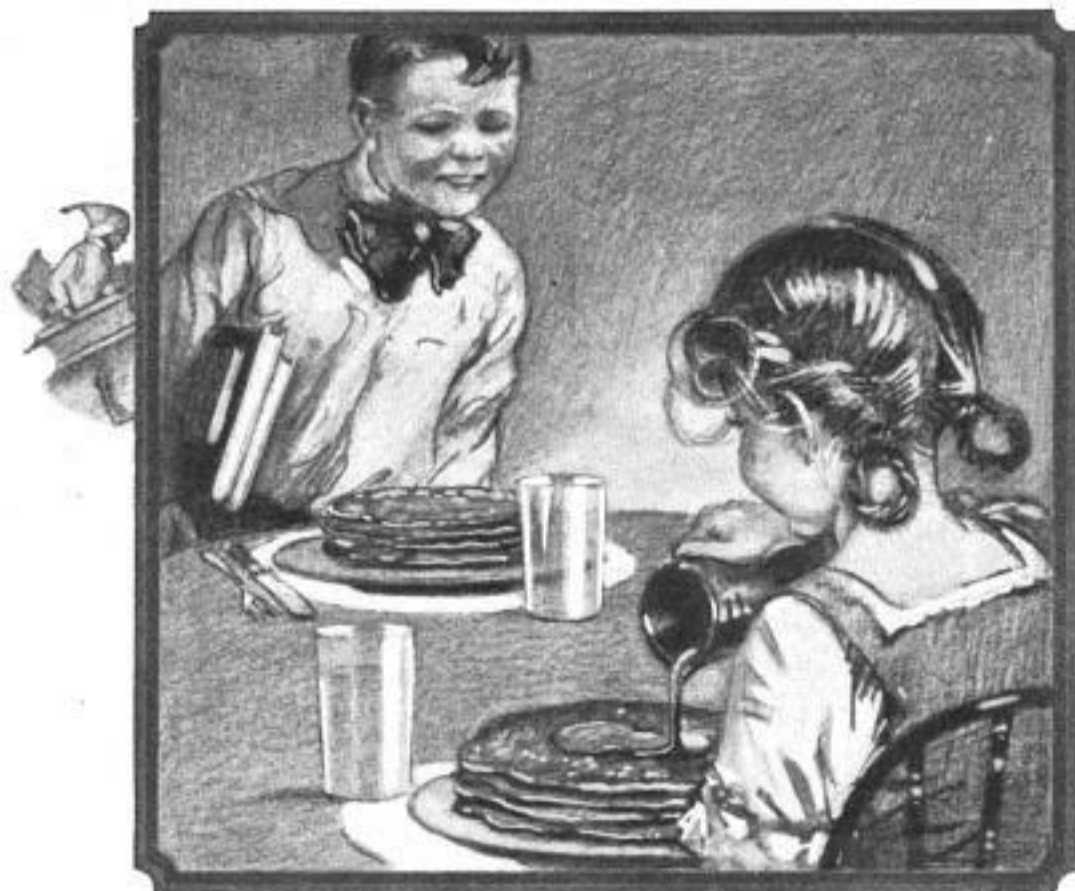
## Christmas Eve Games



**H**OLLY-TIME is jolly time for most families. Try some new games this year—they're corkers, as you'll agree when you see Grandma scrambling for a chair in "Automobile," or Grandpa and seven-year-old Susie curtsying to each other in "Parlor Slapjack." "And I" and "The Band" are equally good fun. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for Christmas Eve Games, Entertainment Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# Fine Fuel for Young Engines!



**T**HOSE young human engines—with their healthy, hundred horse-power appetites—what heaps of Aunt Jemima Pancakes they do consume!

Everybody likes these pancakes. But children—they “love” ’em.

And it’s well that they do, for their ever-active little bodies need just such breakfast nourishment as they get in this famous food. It warms them and satisfies them—gives them an abundant store of energy to start the day with.

*Aunt Jemima Pancakes* are always light and fluffy and tender because Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour is always exactly right. It’s ready-mixed with everything perfectly proportioned, with even the sweet milk in it.

**So easy to prepare! So inexpensive!**

Just a little water stirred into Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, then a hot griddle—

—in two minutes you have a big, inviting plate of golden-brown pancakes on the table. Pancakes wonderfully light and fluffy, rich and satisfying, too—perfect pancakes!

And they’re so inexpensive—just a few cents for the whole family’s breakfast.

Order from your grocer today a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and, for a change-off pancake treat, a package of Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour. That’s the yellow package, you know.

Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

*Try Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour for waffles, muffins and breadsticks. They’re mighty good!—and economical*



“I’m in town, Honey!”

Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour  
in the red package.  
Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour  
in the yellow package.

**For the kiddies’ Christmas  
Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls**

With any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour you will receive instructions (printed on the top or on slip enclosed) telling just how to get the jolly Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. These dolls come in bright colors, ready to cut and stuff—and top off gaily the little Christmas stockings.

Copyright, 1921, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.





*Help nature to keep your skin clear, fresh and lovely.*

**Y**OU can't be indifferent to the needs of your skin, and expect it to retain its youthful softness and beauty. Nature demands daily assistance if she is to make a healthy rose-like complexion.

Don't be afraid to use plenty of soap. It's the greatest cleanser and it can't hurt you if it's the right kind.

Resinol Soap is the right kind. Gently massaged into the skin, it forms a copious, non-irritating lather that searches every pore. It rinses easily and takes with it the excess oil, bits of dead skin and other impurities, so often the root of complexion troubles.

Try it and see how really clean your skin feels. Then note the softness, smoothness and delicate glow which follow. Adopt Resinol Soap for your toilet and bath. Begin today to keep the charm of youth!

*Sold at all drug stores  
and toilet goods counters*

*Resinol  
Soap*



## "Dear Editor"

THIS MONTH we are devoting the "Dear Editor" page to readers' letters which have a peculiarly timely appeal at this Christmas season and to which appeal we feel confident other readers will generously respond.



**DEAR EDITOR:** A dear old lady who during the past few years has become almost totally blind has for her only occupation the sewing, or, rather, the braiding, of the old-fashioned rag rugs which are once again so popular in the modern versions of the "four-poster bedrooms." She is so patient and cheerful about it all, and her only concern seems to be with the scarcity of materials with which she has to work. I wonder if the COMPANION readers could find it in their hearts to insure for her as happy and contented a winter as possible, by sending such pieces of worn-out clothing, bedding, or goods of any description for which they have no further use. If anyone would like to give an order for rugs, she would be glad to carry out any color scheme described, as by dyeing the lighter colored pieces touches of bright shades are produced.

Address to which pieces may be sent:  
Box 19, South Bristol, Maine.

We hope the post box will be full to overflowing! Please do not send any contributions to the "Companion," however. Address them, as requested, and then there will be no unnecessary delay in your package reaching its destination.



**DEAR EDITOR:** For twenty-one years I have lived upon a lonely ranch, far from neighbors, and back from a traveled road, so I seldom see anyone pass. Being a semi-invalid, I seldom visit or entertain visitors.

It is so terribly lonely; no music, no companions, no entertainment of any sort. In the winter sometimes weeks at a time pass without our seeing anyone, and we never get the mail in winter oftener than once a week, usually a longer time.

I love to make fancywork, and I wonder if some of your readers would not send me some material to use during the coming winter. I would like a discarded bag top of metal or shell, and any and all sorts of beads and old bead trimmings. Odds and ends of colored wools, embroidery silks or cottons, bits of organdie, crepe, or silk. Making gay flowers upon a stormy day is a delightful pastime. Would also like books on crochet and tatting designs.

I have taken the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for about twenty years and could not keep house without it. I keep all my magazines, and in the winter I look them all over and find much enjoyment in so doing.

Mrs. I. M. Miller, Circle, Montana.

Since receiving the letter above we have been in communication with Mrs. Miller, and have learned that a recent cloudburst caused serious damages to her homestead, even ruining what few "odds and ends" of materials she had on hand for fancywork! Surely, we can make up this loss to her.



**DEAR EDITOR:** I wonder do you know of any company that furnishes designs for the tufted coverlets, and buys them when finished? Would be so glad if I could find some way to earn a few dollars. I have tried quilting, but it is too hard on one's side, and one cannot earn one's bread at fancy quilting for one cent a yard.

Should also be glad to exchange a braided rug for a girl's coat, second-hand, eight or nine years of age size.

I am so anxious, though, over the coverlets. The doctor seems to think a change would help me so, and if I could make a few coverlets I might get the means for a wee vacation—something I have read of, but never met with. Thirty years in the same place—the same hills, the same work day after day, year in and year out—sometimes I think I shall have to scream, tear my hair, or something, but I never do. I just work on while I can and rest a bit when I have to. No doubt I have wearied you beyond words. Forgive me.

My stamp box is empty, so I will just have to trust to the goodness of your heart to answer. We are quite a bit from the carrier's route and don't often see him.

F. B., Tennessee.

This is such a very intimate letter that we have withheld the writer's name and address. We shall, however, be very glad to take care of any communications for her if they are addressed to "Dear Editor" in care of the "Companion."

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## Clothes that Belong in the Smartest Gathering

*And for less money than any clothes you ever made before*

**I**MAGINE it! The kind of clothes you have always longed for, and for less money than any clothes you ever made before! Imagine having the fulfillment of your dearest desires become an economy instead of a luxury! A wonderful invention—the Deltor—makes it all possible! For now every woman, no matter what the skill of her needle or the limitations of her purse, can revel in clothes that bespeak Paris.

Though the Deltor endows every woman with the talent of a Parisian modiste, its saving comes in addition to that effected by making clothes at home!

*Lines! Paris lines! And at less than any clothes ever cost you before!*

Enclosed in the envelope with your new pattern is this wonderful Deltor. It is not a part of the pattern itself, but a separate patented service—a picture-guide especially planned for the pattern it accompanies.

It is a practical, easy-to-follow and marvelously economical interpreter of the smartness that is Paris!

The first thing that the Deltor does is to save you money by an individual layout chart, (yes, *individual*, not just a general chart, but one for your exact size and for each suitable width of material). Because of it you buy  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards less

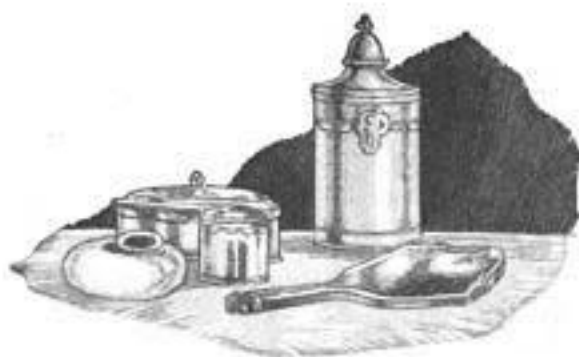
### The DELTOR

*Saves you 50c to \$10  
on Materials*

Suggests Correct Fabrics  
For Each Fashion

- I. YOU buy  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards less material because of an individual layout chart.
- II. IT guides you in putting your garment together so that you attain the fit, drape and finish of an expert.
- III. IT gives you Paris' own touch in finish—those all-important things upon which the success of your gown depends.

**BUTTERICK**  
*Style Leaders of the World*



material than would otherwise be possible—a saving of 50c to \$10 on material alone.

Then you follow the inspired originator, as he tells you, through the simplest of pictures and words, just how he would put your own frock together. You take every step he would take, sewing instinctively, with real professional finesse. Indeed, making Parisian clothes, the *Parisian* way, becomes far easier through the Deltor, than even ordinary dressmaking could be!

And finally—the smartest new ideas of finish! This year, with the irregular hem, the bizarre sleeve, bateau neck and oddities of trimming, the finish is the most important part of the frock. But the Deltor illustrates any puzzling new whim which your frock may embody—tells you exactly how the Parisian would achieve the smartest effect!

*Your winter wardrobe—brimful of  
Paris Clothes!*

Select your winter wardrobe from among the new Parisian fashions which appear at Butterick counters simultaneously with their acceptance in the Butterick Shop in Paris on the Avenue de l'Opera.

From the simplest blouse for a boy to the most intricate frock for yourself—your sewing can attain a new professional appearance. And no matter how small the garment, the Deltor saves money *always!*



# The Postscript.

**T**HIS is the Christmas number for the year of grace 1921, as may be learned, even before you look inside, from the cover, with its earnest youngster proclaiming his Noël! Noël! as he sings his Christmase Carolles. The Postscript can't help liking the old English form of nowel, though we shouldn't advise you to go down the street Christmas morning shouting the word, with or without the cute little dots, since it would certainly tend to make the policeman look at you and swing his club thoughtfully. Better stick to good old "Merry Christmas!" and "Same to you!"

Once inside the magazine you find the holiday character still more strongly emphasized, especially with its dozens and dozens of things to make or give for Christmas presents. This reminds us that one of The Postscript's valued correspondents recently made an interesting suggestion for a holiday gift which we must not forget.



## The Best Christmas Present

**F**OLLOWING the plan of this lady, you begin by saving all the bits of ribbon that come off of the Christmas gifts that you get. We may as well say right here that the plan will appeal to you if you are hard up. It involves work, but no expenditure of cash. If you are a millionaire, or anything of that sort, don't bother to read further. This is for the poor but proud.

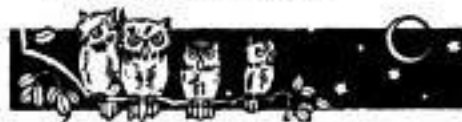
Well, having all your last year's ribbon in a box, different colors, mainly red, cut into pieces a foot or more long, about a month before Christmas you begin to gather kittens. Of course, kittens don't cost anything; in every community there are people who have kittens that they are glad to give away. Grocers, especially, nearly always have a few in the back room or down cellar, and if you ask, most grocers will give you one or two, even if you do get the bulk of your groceries from the man on the other corner, who's all right, of course, even though his stock scarcely compares in freshness with the one carried by this establishment.

By the day before Christmas, if you have been at all industrious, you have as many kittens as you need. The rest is simple; you tie a bit of ribbon around the neck of each kitten, slip it into a paper bag (saved from the groceries), and take it around and deliver it to the friend you wish to remember. What could be simpler—or cheaper? Everybody likes kittens; anybody who would not welcome a fluffy little kitten, with a ribbon round it, like Lucy Lockett's pocket, is no sort of friend for you to have. We are sure The Tower Room will back us up in this.

So there you are—or, no, not quite; all the Christmas pages insist on how much is added to a gift by sending with it a suitable verse. To the bow of ribbon attach a card on which you have inscribed this in your best penmanship:

### With a Kitten

Oh, may this happy Christmas time  
Both gladden and enthuse you!  
I'm sending something with this rhyme  
I'm hoping will amuse you.



## A Poetical Month

**S**PEAKING of poetry for presents, we do not remember when the domestic poets have been so active as they are in this issue. They swarm all over the place, and we have to admit that their verses are not bad, even if we can't seem to make them rhyme all their lines. Occasionally they don't quite carry their ideas to a conclusion. For example, in one place they sing,

It holds a lingerie band or veil,  
And safely travels through the mail.

The author should certainly have added:

Or you can send it by express,  
And it will land, I rather guess.

Of course, you wouldn't ship by freight;  
It would be sure to get there late.  
Besides, it would be silly to  
send a thing this way which has  
such a serious lack of weight.

Then, don't you honestly think, while the poet was about it, she should have put the last paragraph in rhyme? Like this, say, only she could have done it better:

Patterns for every last jigger  
Sent you for fifteen good cents,  
Which we have found is a figger  
Practically no one resents.  
Order by number—remember—  
H, hyphen, three, seven, eight.  
This is the last of November—  
Don't put it off till too late!

But we mustn't spend all day talking about the fireside poets. We think readers are going to like the poem by Laura Spencer Porter, which fills a whole page and breathes the true spirit of Christmas. It is pleasant to meet the aziola, not a common bird under this alias. In fact, where does he appear in English except in Shelley? And Shelley himself doesn't seem to have been much up on aziolas at first, since,

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?  
Methinks she must be nigh!"—  
Said Mary,—

and the poet goes on to explain how he thought she meant some "tedious woman," though he soon finds that it is "nothing but a little downy owl."

Then he continues:

Sad Aziola! many an eventide  
Thy music I had heard  
By wood and stream, meadow and moun-  
tainside,  
And fields and marshes wide—  
Such as nor voice nor lute nor wind nor bird  
The soul ever stirred;  
Unlike and far sweeter than they all;  
Sad Aziola! from that moment I  
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

And in the heading of Miss Porter's poem there is a picture of Aziola. What Shelley says of Italian aziolas may all be true, but we know an American one who passed the late fall nights in a certain apple tree who ought to go to Italy and take vocal lessons.



## Mrs. Deland's New Serial

**A**S DULY announced, "The Vehement Flame" begins this month. Perhaps this is going to prove the most notable serial that the COMPANION has printed during the past several years; at least, those who have read the story in manuscript think it one of the best novels that Mrs. Deland has ever produced.

A thing that followers of Mrs. Deland are going to miss at first glance will be the name and work of the artist who has illustrated so many of her stories—all that have appeared in the COMPANION—that of F. Walter Taylor. Only the death of Mr. Taylor a few weeks ago caused this; he had been commissioned to do the drawings for the story, and had already planned many of them, if he had not actually started upon some of them, when he was stricken at his home in Philadelphia. It has long been Mrs. Deland's wish that Mr. Taylor should illustrate her stories when it was possible for him to undertake the work.

There was not much time for the Editors to make other arrangements after Mr. Taylor died, but they were lucky in getting the two men that they did. Mr. Chambers, in his two large pictures, certainly starts admirably, and as for the little pen-and-ink outdoor scenes, we think they're the best things Thomas Fogarty ever did. You know The Postscript's weakness for pen-and-ink drawings that are well done.

The first instalment of "The Vehement Flame" discloses a situation which sounds as if it were going to lead to many an interesting chapter. Those people are certainly married hard and fast. Edith seems a dear, especially in the picture, sitting in the chicken coop and thinking about it all.

On one of the gift pages there is a bookmark and a verse on a card to go with it. But why should not the verse be put on a card the right shape and let that become the bookmark? This is what the Pin-Money Club did for all

its members a few years ago, and here is the verse it used:

I dearly love to read a book,  
To "lose my place" I can't endure;  
I look, and look, and look, and look,  
And when I find it I'm not sure.  
So, little bookmark, mind you stay  
And keep my place while I'm away!



## Other Stories, Short and Long

**T**HOUGH "The Vehement Flame" may roar up the chimney, there is "The Cricket" on the hearth, and a very pleasant chirp it has, too. Further, it's a serial also, though perhaps a modest one as regards length, since this instalment isn't very long and the statement at the end is that it will conclude in January. The Postscript likes stories by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins so much that we wish it were going to be longer.

The little Cricket in this story is certainly a charming girl, to whatever family she may belong. It's our private opinion that if the Cricket doesn't look out she'll find herself soon in an entirely new family, a small family of which she'll make up half. When a young lawyer starts out, "his manner a choice blend of the family physician and the undertaker," he has the right idea; he will go far.

But the serials haven't a monopoly of the fiction space, even counting the closing one, for there are at least three short stories, all quite Christmasy. We can't think, try as we may, that the girl in the illustration for "The Mother" looks the least bit like an ancient Greek girl. But why worry about little things like this with Christmas shopping at the door waiting to be done?

And after all, Pinky-Boodles doesn't bite the British lion, though Sam Marlowe sits on the top bar of a gate and "tucked his legs under him." Quite a bit of balancing, we say!

"And then, with the White Queen, shout, 'Off with his head!'" we read on a certain page. But wasn't it the Queen of Hearts? The White Rabbit was there, but we don't quite place any White Queen at the party where Alice had so many adventures.



## The Woman's Home Companion

XII

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, it prints right at the last.

A page so fine and lovely folks simply stand agape.

"Good gracious!" cry the readers. "That page is not the worst."

We love to hear it scolding the pages that come first.

We always read it first thing, although we know it's wrong.  
But doing it the right way—we cannot wait so long.

That page that marks the ending, we can't help but adore!"  
Yes, child, a hundred pages most likely come before!

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, that Postscript at the back.

The author and the artist, it puts 'em on the rack;

It overhauls their products and asks them what they mean.

And where the thing seems needful it bats them on the bean.

It stands right by the readers and makes a gallant fight.

It's got the authors frightened—they tremble when they write.

"Oh, keep it up, old Postscript!" the readers all implore.—

Why, yes, dear, there are pages each month that come before!

[THE END]



## "Christmase Carolles"

**I**F PETE the Pup and Pinky-Boodles ever meet there is going to be a dog fight. Pelham Grenville Wodehouse may be able to get hold of Pinky's tail, but Miss Parsons will have difficulty in trying to haul Pete off in this way.

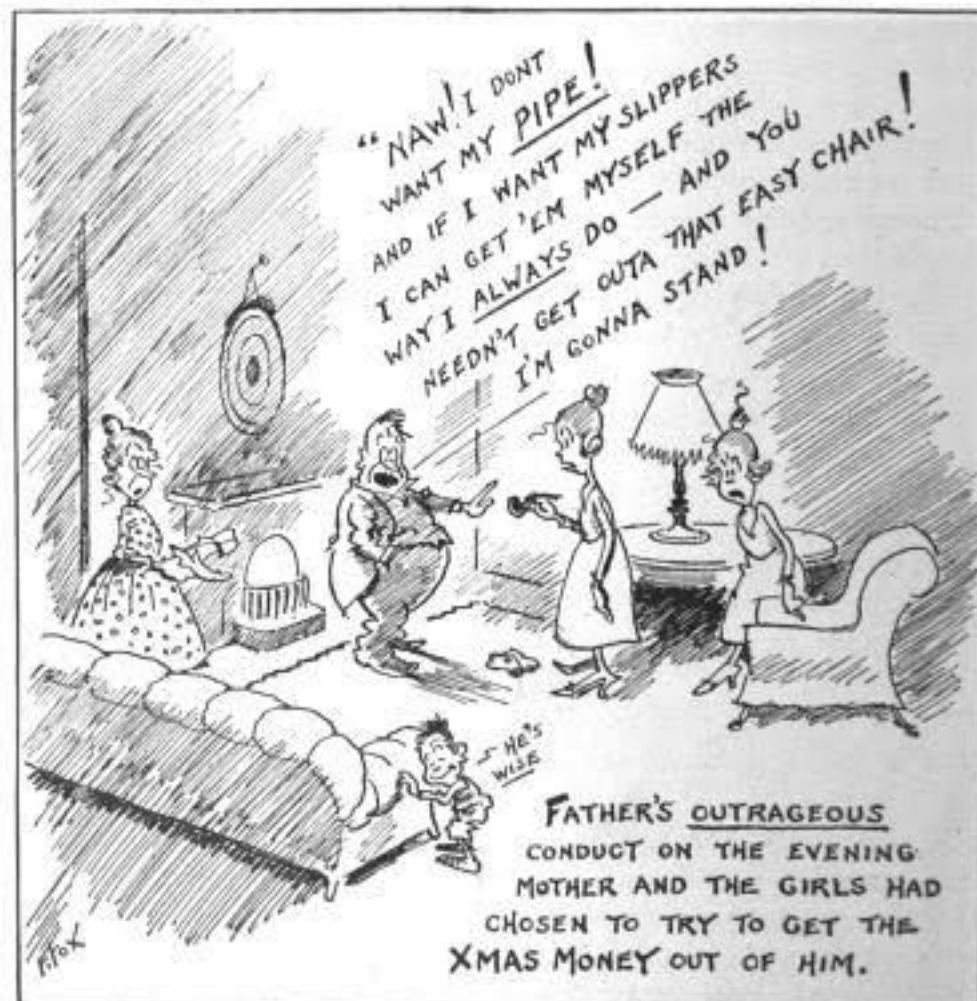
Says "Good Citizenship": "Preparing, answering, and discussing questionnaires has become the woman voter's favorite indoor amusement." "My dear, I've got tickets for Ethel Barrymore for this evening. Is the fifth row too near?" "How kind!—but run along and take Mama—there's a dear. I'd much rather stay home and work out the new questionnaire on civic uplift."

There may be trouble, too, if Pete the Pup and Fido Funnykin meet. We don't know if Fido has or has not a tail for Miss Gould to grab.

In "Good Citizenship" a school is told of where the children "had to go a quarter of a mile for drinking water." In the institution of learning which we attended it was necessary to go a half-mile. Fortunately there was no danger from the use of one towel; there was no towel.

The Postscript, in the little play, "At the Sign of the Star," would like to see the German children included. The war is over; and was there ever a war anywhere against children? And where are the Latin-American children? Their homeland covers the whole vast continent to the south, and a good-sized corner of this one on which these United States are spread out.

*Hayden Arruth?*



**FATHER'S OUTRAGEOUS  
CONDUCT ON THE EVENING  
MOTHER AND THE GIRLS HAD  
CHOSEN TO TRY TO GET THE  
XMAS MONEY OUT OF HIM.**















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Woman's home companion.



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